

Enjoying Literature

VOICES OF AMERICA

By

LEONIDAS WARREN PAYNE, Jr.

*Professor of English, The University of Texas
Austin, Texas*

MARK A. NEVILLE

*Head of English Department, John Burroughs School
St. Louis, Missouri*

NATALIE E. CHAPMAN

*Head of English Department, Lindblom High School
Chicago, Illinois*



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PREFACE

This book, *Voices of America*, is one of a series of books in literature entitled "Enjoying Literature." The purpose of the series, as may be gleaned from the title, is to help the student enjoy reading literary productions. Enjoyment, however, comes only through purposeful activity. Every effort has been made, therefore, to make the selections seem worth while. They can be worth while to the student only when he is able to interpret them in terms of his own interests and needs.

In choosing and organizing the selections in *Voices of America* the authors have been guided by such agencies as (1) the National Council of Teachers of English, (2) the College Entrance Examination Board, (3) the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, and (4) committees influencing the direction of various state and city courses of study. In addition, they have been guided by the experimental use of the materials in the classroom, the advice of teachers in service, and the interests and abilities of high-school students themselves.

The subject matter of the book, as the title indicates, has been drawn from American literature. It reveals the thoughts, feelings, and ideals that have characterized the American people as they have been interpreted by American writers. It has been impossible, of course, to bring together in a single book a complete anthology of American literature, but the selections chosen give an excellent cross section of American literary expression. Thus the book serves several important purposes in relation to American literature. First, it gives the student a panoramic view of American life, past and present. Second, it reveals to him the customs, beliefs, attitudes, and ideals that have given America its significant personality. Third, it gives him an acquaintance with various authors who have felt the pulse of American life. Fourth, it helps him see that these authors have expressed common everyday feelings as well as noble thoughts. Fifth, it shows him that American writers have produced literature distinctive in character and in sufficient quantity to make up an important part of the literature of the world.

In the light of the foregoing, the philosophy of the book is readily apparent. Briefly stated, its purpose is to help the student interpret literature in such a manner that he may apply its benefits to his everyday life. Every selection, therefore, has been chosen on the basis of two criteria: (1) its literary worth and (2) its value to the student in the light of his own experiences. In harmony with this philosophy the selections have been grouped around centers of abiding interest. Each unit, therefore, is an experience unit, representing a major influence in the life of the student himself. Every selection helps to give him a better understanding of the major underlying theme. As a result of such an organization, a unit is more than a group of selections. It is an integrated

thought pattern fitting into the student's own scheme of life. Moreover, each unit is well rounded and complete.

The centers of interest chosen as underlying themes for the units are the common experiences of man down through the succeeding years. In other words, they are not limited by time or space. Selections written many years ago fall into the same thought pattern as others written at a more recent date. The old and the new come together in a unit, much as old people and young people drop in on a friend to chat. There is one exception to this plan of organization. The selections in the first unit, "Our Country's Progress," are arranged approximately in a chronological order to help the student note the influences of changing times and conditions. Appearing at the first of the book, the unit serves as a foundation for the experience units that follow.

The last unit in the book, "Getting Acquainted with an Author," is especially significant because it provides a chronological survey of American literature and thus serves as a logical summary to the book as a whole. Throughout the book it is assumed that the student is interested in literature largely because he sees it related to his own interests and needs. When he reaches the last unit in the book, however, he is ready to catalog his knowledge in a chronological scale. Such a treatment gives him an opportunity to review literature from a different point of view. He reads a discussion of authors whom he has met at various times during the year and of selections which he has read in the various units of the book. Thus he sees familiar authors and selections in a new relationship—the relationship of time. He learns to associate literature with the personalities who produce it and with the time in which it was written. The purposes of the unit may be summarized as follows:

1. To make the student acquainted with the background and personality of authors.
2. To help him see something of the relationship between an author's writings and the physical and social environment in which he lived.
3. To help him become acquainted with types of writing which each author used to express himself.
4. To help him associate authors and their writings with the significant contemporary movements and events in American history.
5. To help him realize something of the contribution each author has made to the literature of his time and to the general culture of the country.

At the end of the last unit is a chronological chart which shows the history of American literature by authors and periods. This chart serves as a summary of the unit as a whole. The names of authors and their significant writings are placed opposite the names of important events in American history to enable the student to see the relationship between literature and history. Furthermore, the chart classifies productions according to their social, political, economic, and cultural significance.

Throughout the book special emphasis is given to literary types. The treatment begins in an informal way in the first unit and continues to the end.

When a type is introduced for the first time, it is defined. When it is familiar, questions are asked to stimulate thinking. A complete index by types entitled, "Index to Types of Literature," is provided at the end of the book. This index serves as a ready reference when more intensive study of any particular type is desired.

The method of instruction is suggested by the organization of the materials and by the helps provided for the student. In general, the suggestions are sufficient for the student to direct himself. The teacher, however, should consider the outcomes of each unit to make certain that the student accomplishes the intended results. Her major work is to lend encouragement to reading and the related activities and to direct discussion. The latter is very important, for the student often organizes his thinking better under the influence of discussion than he does by any other means. Following are some of the aids provided for learning:

1. Preceding the first unit is an introduction entitled "Voices of America." This introduction presents in a simple manner the philosophy of the entire book. The year's work might well start with a discussion of the introduction and some of the larger ideas it implies.

2. Each unit, as already indicated, is built around a major experience in life. To help the student see its underlying purpose, proceed intelligently, and arrive at an understanding of the issues involved, the following aids are provided:

- a. At the beginning is a preview to explain the purpose of the unit and to stimulate interest in what is to follow. As in the case of the introduction addressed to the student, each preview should be discussed thoroughly.
- b. At the end of each unit is a section of summarizing activities entitled, "Postview of the Unit." This section is made up of three principal parts: The first part, "Checking Your Experiences," consists of a series of new-type tests to help the student review what he has read. These tests may be used individually or assigned to the class as a whole. The second part of the Postview, "Enjoying Creative Experiences," suggests activities which will help the student relate the unit to his own experiences and at the same time round out his thinking with reference to the unit as a whole. It is not expected, of course, that every student will carry out all the suggestions. Rather will he examine the list and carry out those which seem most interesting and helpful. Altogether, the suggestions offer an excellent opportunity to care for individual differences. The third part of the Postview, "Enjoying Further Reading," includes a list of selections from which the student may choose for further reading. The selections included are similar to those included in the unit and hence are related to the underlying center of interest. A brief statement concerning the content is included with the title of each selection to help the student make his choice.

- c. Accompanying each selection in the book are notes to help the student relate it to the underlying theme of the unit and to interpret its literary value. An introductory statement orients the student and helps to make the selection purposeful. Questions and comments following the selection stimulate his thinking and help him arrive at a point of view. The questions check his understanding of the author's purpose in writing the selection, the literary form and merit of the selection, and its relation to his own experiences. Here again is an excellent opportunity to care for individual differences.

To summarize, then, *Voices of America* has been written to help the student enjoy reading and to become appreciative of American literary art. It has been planned to make him acquainted with both the old and the new in American literature integrated into natural centers of interest. Thus he comes to see the underlying purposes of all literary endeavor and to interpret productions in terms of life itself. He meets authors, reads selections, studies types, and builds up an organized understanding of American literature as a part of an enjoyable program.

VOICES OF AMERICA

VOICES OF AMERICA

The more you read, the more you will understand how greatly the present depends upon the past. The man who first supported himself in the water by means of a floating object made a contribution to the building of ships. The man who first carved pictures to convey a message laid the foundation for the present system of writing. Likewise the literature of yesterday has helped to make the literature of today. This book, *Voices of America*, will introduce you to some of the best of the old in American literature as well as some of the best of the new.

The literature of America tells the story of a rugged, active, and inventive people. It arouses a feeling of deep admiration and respect for the men and women who have helped to make social and cultural life what it is today. This, however, is not its only value. It demonstrates that man down through the years has been guided by the same general interests as those by which you are guided in your own life. Daniel Webster's "Bunker Hill Oration," for instance, shows the same spirit of Americanism as Woodrow Wilson's "War Message to Congress," although it was delivered almost a century earlier. Henry Thoreau interpreted nature with the same keen understanding as do nature lovers of the present time. In other words, the reactions of the American people have changed little through succeeding generations.

In view of the foregoing, you are primarily concerned with the major interests which have led men to action. You will find these interests explained in the various units of the book. Each unit represents a major underlying center of interest. It is made up of selections written by people who lived years ago as well as by people who are living today. These selections appear in the unit much as old and young friends drop in for a chat. As you read, therefore, you will get both the old and the new point of view on the major interests in American life.

OUR COUNTRY'S PROGRESS



UNIT ONE

OUR COUNTRY'S PROGRESS

Scarcely more than three hundred years ago, a sturdy band of pioneers landed on the shores of the American continent. Their indomitable courage, trust in God, and faith in themselves resulted in the founding of colonies dedicated to the principles of freedom and the pursuit of happiness. The first settlers were largely English, but down through the years people have come to America from all parts of the world. They have come largely because of the ideals set up by the sturdy pioneers which have guided the progress of the American people down to the present time.

The boundaries of our country have been extended from a narrow strip of land along the Atlantic seaboard to a great area extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south. A vast wilderness has been transformed into a busy land of farms and cities. The changes, however, have not taken place without dangerous adventures, hard work, and difficult decisions. Certain mistakes have been made, but the American spirit has always carried us forward. What is the American spirit? It is made up largely of courage, industry, and optimism—characteristics that inspire men with confidence in attacking any problem that may arise.

In this unit Captain John Smith tells about some of the dangers that faced the first English colonists in America. Patrick Henry tells why the colonists opposed their mother country, and the Declaration of Independence tells why they finally sought their freedom. Benjamin Franklin gives a taste of the practical wisdom that helped to guide the colonists in their struggles. Crèvecoeur describes a typical American of his day, and Webster reviews the progress of the country during its first fifty years. Key expresses patriotic joy over the safety of the American flag, and Calhoun discusses the relation between state and nation. Lincoln and Timrod express grief over fallen heroes, and Grady explains the need for renewed friendship between the North and South. Finally President Wilson sets forth the reasons why the United States should enter the World War.

It is hoped that reading these selections will give you greater appreciation of present-day problems. After all, you are a product of American progress. Further progress, however, depends to a great extent upon how well you and other young people understand American ideals and are willing to carry them on. As you read, then, keep in mind your own responsibility in the matter of helping to carry on the work so well started by those who lived in earlier days.

INDIANS*

By CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

Our country really began with the settlement at Jamestown in 1607, the first permanent English settlement in America. At various times it looked as if the little colony might be wiped out by disease or starvation. If it had not been for John Smith, the colony probably would have failed. The following selection was written by Smith himself about some of his experiences.

And now the winter approaching, the rivers became so covered with swans, geese, duckes, and cranes, that we daily feasted with good bread, Virginia pease, pumpions,¹ and putchamins,² fish, fowle, and diverse sorts of wild beasts as fat as we could eate them: so that none of our Tuftaffaty³ humorists desired to goe for England.

But our Comadies never endured long without a Tragedie; some idle exceptions being muttered against Captaine Smith, for not discovering the head of Chickahamania⁴ river, and taxed by the Councell, to be too slow in so worthy an attempt. The next voyage hee proceeded so farre that with much labour by cutting of trees insunder he made his passage; but when his Barge could passe no farther, he left her in a broad bay out of danger of shot, commanding none should goe a shore till his returne: himselfe with two English and two Salvages⁵ went vp⁶ higher in a Canowe; but hee was not long absent, but his men went a shore, whose want of government gaue both occasion and



FROM THE MARGIN OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S
MAP OF NEW ENGLAND

opportunity to the Salvages to surprise one George Cassen, whom they slew, and much failed not to haue cut off[f] the boat and all the rest.

Smith little dreaming of that accident, being got to the marshes at the rivers head, twentie myles in the desert, had his two men slaine (as is supposed) sleeping by the Canowe, whilst himselfe by fowling sought them victual: who finding he was beset with 200. Salvages, two of them hee slew, still defending himselfe with the ayd of a Salvage his guid, whom he bound to his arme with his garters, and vsed him as a buckler, yet he was shot in his thigh a little, and had many arrowes that stucke in his cloathes but no great hurt, till at last they tooke him prisoner.

When this newes came to Iames⁷ towne, much was their sorrow for his losse, fewe expecting what ensued.

¹ *James*: James; *I* and *J* were interchangeable.

* From *Generall Historie of Virginia*.

¹ *pumpions*: pumpkins.

¹ *putchamins*: persimmons.

¹ *Tuftaffaty*: fussy, critical, from tuft taffeta, worn during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

* *Chickahamania*: Chickahominy.

⁶ *salvages*: savages.

* *ep*: *p* was often used for *u*, and *u* for *v*.



From Smith's *Generall Historie*

SMITH BEING TAKEN PRISONER

Sixe or seuen weekes those Barbarians kept him prisoner, many strange triumphes and coniurations¹ they made of him, yet hee so demeaned himselfe amongst them, as he not onely diverted them from surprising the Fort, but procured his owne libertie, and got himselfe and his company such estimation amongst them, that those Salvages admired him more than their owne Quiyouckosucks.²

The manner how they vsed and deliuered him, is as followeth.

The Salvages hauing drawne from George Cassen whether Captaine Smith was gone, prosecuting that opportunity they followed him with 300. bowmen, conducted by the King of Pamavneke, who in diuisions searching the turnings of the riuer, found Robinson and Emry by the fire side: those they shot full of arrowes and slew. Then finding the Captaine, as is said, that vsed the Salvage that was his guide as his shield (three of them being slaine and diuers other so gauld³) all the rest would not come neere him.

Thinking thus to haue returned to his boat, regarding them, as he marched, more then his way, (he) slipped vp to the middle in an oasie⁴ creeke and his Salvage with him; yet durst they not come to him till being neere dead with cold, he threw away his armes. Then according to their composition⁵ they drew him forth and led him to the fire, where his men were slaine. Diligently they chafed⁶ his benumbed limbs.

He demanding for their Captaine, they shewed him Opechankanough, King of Pamavneke, to whom he gaue a round Ivory double compass Dyall. Much they marvailed at the playing of the Fly and Needle, which they could see so plainely and yet not touch it, because of the glasse that covered them. But when he demonstrated by that Globe-like Iewell, the roundnesse of the earth, and skies, the spheare of the Sunne, Moone, and Starres, and how the Sunne did chase the night round about the world continually; the greatnesse of the Land and Sea, the diversitie of Nations, varietie of

¹ *coniurations*: rites performed to avert evil.

² *Quiyouckosucks*: small gods.

³ *gauld* (gôld): wounded.

⁴ *oasie*: oozy, muddy.

⁵ *composition*: plan, agreement.

⁶ *chafed*: rubbed to bring back circulation.

complexions, and how we were to them Antipodes,¹ and many other such like matters, they all stood as amazed with admiration.

Notwithstanding, within an houre after they tyed him to a tree, and as many as could stand about him prepared to shoot him: but the King holding vp the Compass in his hand, they all laid downe their Bowes and Arrowes, and in a triumphant manner led him to Orapaks, where he was after their manner kindly feasted, and well vsed . . . Not long after, early in a morning a great fire was made in a long house, and a mat spread on the one side, as on the other; on the one they caused him to sit, and all the guard went out of the house, and presently came skipping in a great grim fellow, all painted over with coale, mingled with oyle; and many Snakes and Wesels skins stuffed with mosse, and all their tayles tyed together, so as they met on the crowne of his head in a tassell; and round about the tassell was a Coronet of feathers, the skins hanging round about his head, backe, and shoulders, and in a manner covered his face; with a hellish voyce, and a rattle in his hand. With most strange gestures and passions he began his invocation, and environed the fire with a circle of meale; which done, three more such like devils came rushing in with the like antique tricks, painted halfe blacke, halfe red: but all their eyes were painted white, and some red stroakes like Mutchato's² along their cheekes: round about him those fiends daunced a pretty while, and then came in three more as vgly as the rest; with red eyes, and white stroakes over their blacke faces, at last they all sat downe right against him; three of

them on the one hand of the chiefe Priest, and three on the other. Then all with their rattles began a song, which ended, the chiefe Priest layd downe fve wheat cornes: then strayning his armes and hands with such violence that he sweat, and his veynes swelled, he began a short Oration: at the conclusion they all gaue a short groane; and then layd down three graines more. After that, began their song againe, and then another Oration, ever laying downe so many cornes as before, till they had twice incirculed the fire; that done, they tooke a bunch of little stickes prepared for that purpose, continuing still their devotion, and at the end of every song and Oration, they layd downe a sticke betwixt the divisions of Corne. Till night, neither he nor they did either eate or drinke; and then they feasted merrily, with the best provisions they could make. Three dayes they vsed this Ceremony; the meaning whereof they told him, was to know if he intended them well or no. The circle of meale signified their Country, the circles of corne the bounds of the Sea, and the stickes his Country. They imagined the world to be flat and round, like a trencher;³ and they in the midst.

After this they brought him a bagge of gun-powder, which they carefully preserved till the next spring, to plant as they did their corne; because they would be acquainted with the nature of that seede.

Opitchapam the Kings brother invited him to his house, where, with as many platters of bread, foule, and wild beasts, as did environ him, he bid him wellcome; but not any of them would eate a bit with him, but put vp all the remainder in Baskets.

At his return to Opechancanoughs, all the Kings women, and their chil-

¹ *Antipodes* (án-típ'ô-dêz): on the opposite side of the earth.

² *Mutchato's* (müt-chä'tôz): mustaches.

³ *trencher*: old-style platter.



POWHATAN
*Held this state & feyison when Capt. Smith
 was delivered to him prisoner*

From Smith's Generall Historie

POWHATAN IN COUNCIL

dren, flocked about him for their parts; as a due by Custome, to be merry with such fragments.

But his waking mind in hydeous dreames did oft see wondrous shapes,

Of bodies strange, and huge in growth, and of stupendious makes.

At last they brought him to Mero-nocomoco where was Powhatan, their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim Courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had beene a monster; till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselves in their greatest braveries.¹ Before a fire vpon a seat like a bedsted, he sat covered with a great robe, made of Rarowcun² skinnies, and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 16 or 18 yeares, and along on each

¹ had put themselves in their greatest braveries: had dressed up in their best clothes.

² Rarowcun: raccoon.

side the house, two rowes of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red: many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of Birds; but every one with something: and a great chayne of white beads about their necks.

At his entrance before the King, all the people gaue a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, in stead of a Towell, to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines, Pocahontas the Kings dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne vpon his to saue him from death: whereat the Emperour was contented he should liue to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselues. For the King himselfe will make his owne robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt, or doe any thing so well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant shew,
 But sure his heart was sad.
 For who can pleasant be, and rest,
 That liues in feare and dread:
 And having life suspected, doth
 It still suspected lead.

Two days after, Powhatan having disguised himselfe in the most fearefullest manner he could, caused Captain Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there vpon a mat by the fire to be left alone.



From Smith's Generall Historie

SMITH SAVED BY POCAHONTAS

Not long after from behinde a mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefulllest noyse he ever heard; then Powhatan more like a devill then a man, with some two hundred more as blacke as himselfe, came vnto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should goe to Iames towne, to send him two great gunnes, and a gryndstone, for which he would giue him the Country of Capahow-sick, and for ever esteeme him as his sonne Nantaquoud.

So to Iames towne with 12 guides Powhatan sent him. That night they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every houre to be put to one death or other: for all their feasting. But almightie God (by his divine providence) had mollified the hearts of those sterne Barbarians with compassion. The next morning betimes they came to the Fort, where Smith having vsed the Salvages with what kindnesse he

could, he shewed Rawhunt, Powhatans trusty servant, two demi-Culverings¹ and a millstone to carry Powhatan: they found them somewhat too heavie; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with Isickles, the yce and branches came so tumbling downe, that the poor Salvages ran away halfe dead with feare. But at last we regained some conference with them, and gaue them such toyes; and sent to Powhatan, his women, and children such presents, as gaue them in generall full content.

Now in Iames Towne they were all in combustion, the strongest preparing once more to run away with the Pin-nace; which with the hazzard of his life, with Sakre falcon² and musket shot, Smith forced now the third time to stay or sinke.

Some no better than they should be, had plotted with the President, the next day to haue put him to death by the Leviticall law,³ for the liues of Robinson and Emry; pretending the fault was his that had led them to their ends: but he quickly tooke such order with such Lawyers, that he layd them by the heeles till he sent some of them prisoners for England.

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. Captain John Smith was only twenty-seven years old when he went to Virginia, but he had already had many exciting adventures. The colony at Jamestown was ruled by a council, but was not easy to govern. It seems to have been Smith's own qualities of leadership as a member of the council that held the colony together and kept it struggling on through its difficulties. One of his chief tasks was

¹ *demi-Culverings*: small cannon for nine- to thirteen-pound ball.

² *Sakre falcon*: light cannon.

³ *Leviticall law*: "And he that killeth any man shall surely be put to death" (Leviticus 24:17).

to maintain trading relations with the Indians. He was usually able to keep on friendly terms with them, but the selection tells about a time when he almost failed.

What can you tell about the character of John Smith from the selection? Remember that he wrote the selection himself, even though it is written in the third person. Can you tell as much about him as you probably could if it had been written by someone else? Can you always believe what an author writes about himself? about someone else?

2. Smith is the first author who wrote entirely on subjects dealing with America. He had an interesting story to tell, and he told it in straightforward language. Some people have doubted whether any of his story is true. There is little doubt, however, but that much of it is true. Some of the statements can be proved by other writings. It is probable, however, that he "dressed-up" the story a little, to make his adventures sound more thrilling.

Many people have doubted especially the story about Pocahontas, but Pocahontas was a real person, whether or not she saved John Smith's life as told in the story. Later she married an Englishman named John Rolfe. He took her to England for a visit, and she was received at court as a princess because her father was a chief. How does Smith's story about Pocahontas agree with other stories you have read?

3. What type of literature would you call this selection? Why could you not call it a short story? It is biographical, but it is not a complete biography because it is concerned only with Smith's adventures and not with his whole life. Smith's *Generall Historie*, from which the selection is taken, belongs to a type of literature that was rare in his day but quite common now. This type is known as a personal narrative, and tells of a particular series of adventures in an author's life. Good recent personal narratives are *Discovery*, by Richard E. Byrd, and *North to the Orient*, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Have you read either of these books?

4. Would you say that John Smith was a very poor speller? The spelling in this selection is better than that used by most

people of his time. Spelling was not yet very well settled, and people spelled words much as they sounded when pronounced. Look up other selections written about the time of John Smith and note how the words are spelled.

SPEECH IN THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION

By PATRICK HENRY

It was the eve of the Revolutionary War. Indeed, there had already been violence in Massachusetts. Would the South fight if war broke out in the North? This was a question even the Southerners were asking. Patrick Henry answered the question in the following speech, delivered in the House of Burgesses, or legislature of Virginia.

No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subjects in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth *my* sentiments freely, and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment¹ to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at the truth and fulfill the great responsibility which we owe to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country and of an act of disloyalty toward the

majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

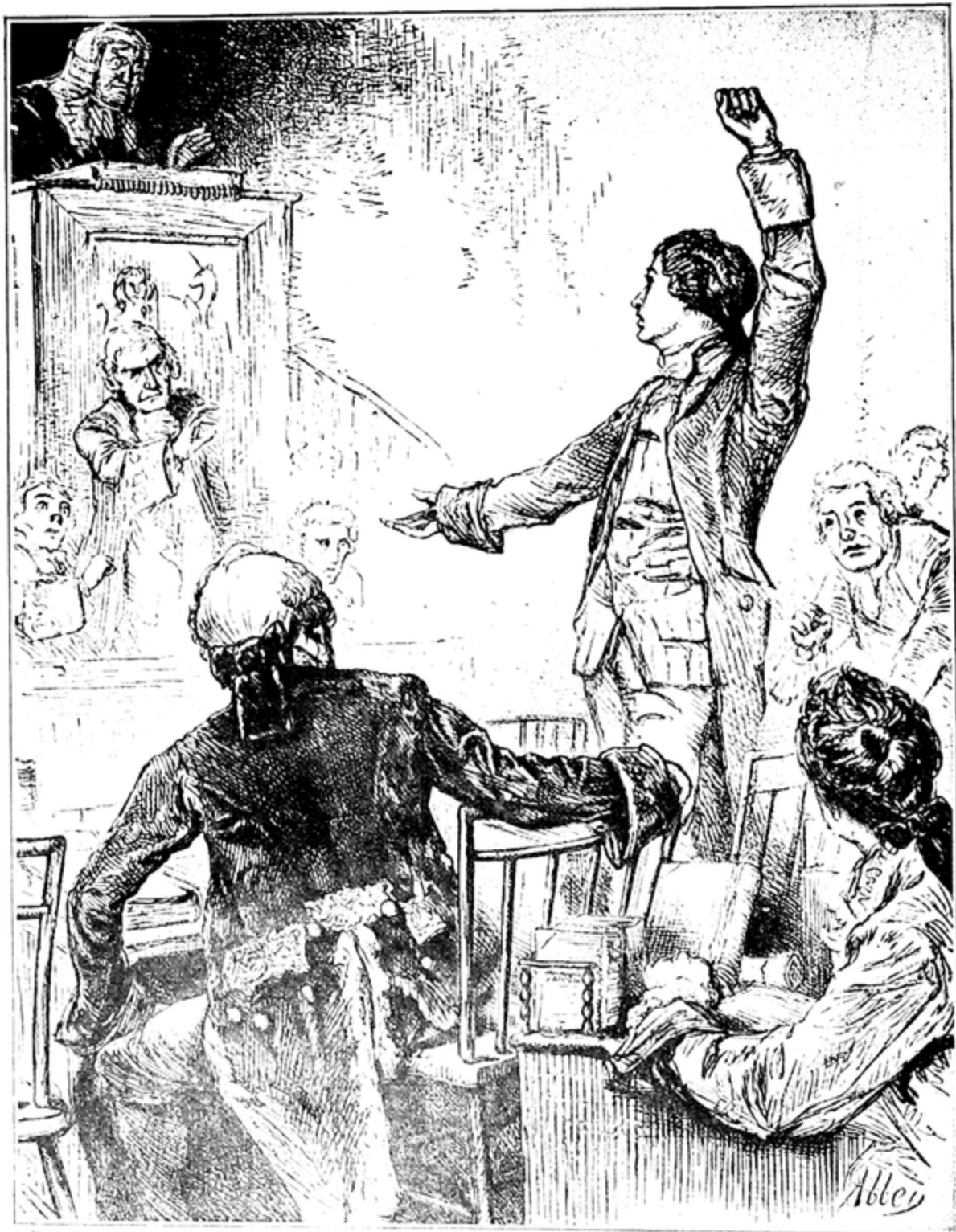
I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with² those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation³—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose

¹ *comports with*: is suited to.

² *subjugation*: conquest or suppression.

¹ *awful moment*: fateful importance.



From drawing by Edwin Abbey

Courtesy New York Public Library

PATRICK HENRY BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION

be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world

to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are

sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate¹ those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an

¹ *inviolable* (in-vī'ô-lât): whole, undamaged.

adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely² on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty and in such a country as that which we possess are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

Besides, sir, we have no election.³ If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate⁴ the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish?

² *supinely* (sû'pîn-ll): without spirit.

³ *election*: choice.

⁴ *extenuate*: excuse.

What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

PONDERING OVER THE SPEECH

1. Patrick Henry was born in the back country of Virginia, above the fall line. This part of the country had not been settled so long as the lands nearer the sea. The feeling of freedom and independence, however, was stronger than along the seaboard. People resented interference and always were ready to protect their rights by force of arms. What effect do you think this background had on Patrick Henry's attitude toward the Revolution?

2. What is a speech? Is it merely a talk before an audience? When you turn on the radio and hear someone talking, how can you tell whether or not he is making a speech?

3. Speeches are not all alike. They differ according to the occasion on which they are delivered and the effect the speaker wishes to produce. Some speeches appeal largely to reason and others largely to the emotions, while some appeal to both. What parts, if any, of the foregoing speech appealed to the reason? What parts appealed to the emotions?

4. Look up several other famous speeches and determine the purposes for which they were delivered. Explain in each case whether the speech was intended to appeal to the reason, to the emotions, or to both reason and emotion.

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?*

By MICHEL GUILLAUME
JEAN DE CRÈVECOEUR

The frontier was the most important factor in early American progress. Its importance lasted almost to the beginning of the twentieth century. Then the country had all been settled and the frontier was gone. The letters of Crèvecoeur, one of

*From *Letters from an American Farmer*.

which you are about to read, were the earliest literary expression of frontier life and ideals in America. They were published in 1782.

What then is the American, this new man? He is either an European or the descendant of an European, hence that strange mixture of blood which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations. *He* is an American who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great *Alma Mater*.¹ Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world.

Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry which began long since in the east; they will finish the great circle. The Americans were once scattered all over Europe; here they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared and which will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American ought therefore to love this country much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born. Here the rewards of his industry follow with equal steps the progress of his labor; his labor is founded on the basis of nature, *self-interest*; can it want a stronger allurement? Wives

¹ *Alma Mater* (ăl'mă mǎ'tēr): fond mother, the United States of America.

and children, who before in vain demanded of him a morsel of bread, now, fat and frolicsome, gladly help their father to clear those fields whence exuberant¹ crops are to arise to feed and to clothe them all; without any part being claimed either by a despotic prince, a rich abbot, or a mighty lord. Here religion demands but little of him, a small voluntary salary to the minister and gratitude to God; can he refuse these? The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must, therefore, entertain new ideas, and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labor, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence. —This is an American.

PONDERING OVER THE LETTER

1. Crèvecoeur,² although a Frenchman, was educated in England. He fought with Montcalm at Quebec and helped explore the region about the Great Lakes. In 1769 he settled in New York and cleared his own farm. How did this experience prepare him to write on pioneer life?

2. Crèvecoeur's letters are really essays written in letter form. He evidently used letters so that he might write in an informal manner. Long formal letters are not so popular as they were in former days. Perhaps this is because people today are too busy to write their letters carefully enough to have them published.

3. Why is America sometimes called the "Melting Pot"? What conditions justified Crèvecoeur in introducing the idea so many years ago?

4. In his discussion of the typical American, Crèvecoeur makes a number of predictions about the America of the future. You are now living in the future Crèvecoeur had in mind. How good a prophet was he? If you were to write an essay on the typical American, what part of Crèvecoeur's letter could you use?

¹ *exuberant* (эг-зѹ'бѹр-ѹнт): abundant.

² *Crèvecoeur* (крѹв'кѹр').

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The beginnings of American progress were slow. Between the settlement of Jamestown and the Declaration of Independence extended a period of 169 years. During this time colonists had settled from Maine to Georgia, but lived only on a narrow strip of land along the Atlantic coast. The population of the entire thirteen colonies was only about 3,000,000 people.

When the Revolutionary War broke out, few colonists had any idea of independence. They merely wanted freedom from taxes, which they felt were unjust, and a greater degree of self-government. Between the first battle on April 19, 1775, and July 4, 1776, however, a change in sentiment took place. The colonists found by experience that they could work together in a common cause and decided that they had a chance to win complete independence.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable³ rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing

³ *inalienable*: not to be taken away.

its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

1. He has refused his assent to the laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

2. He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

3. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodations of large districts of people, unless these people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

4. He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole

purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

5. He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

6. He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercise, the state remaining in the meantime exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

7. He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

8. He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

9. He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure¹ of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

10. He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers, to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

11. He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislature.

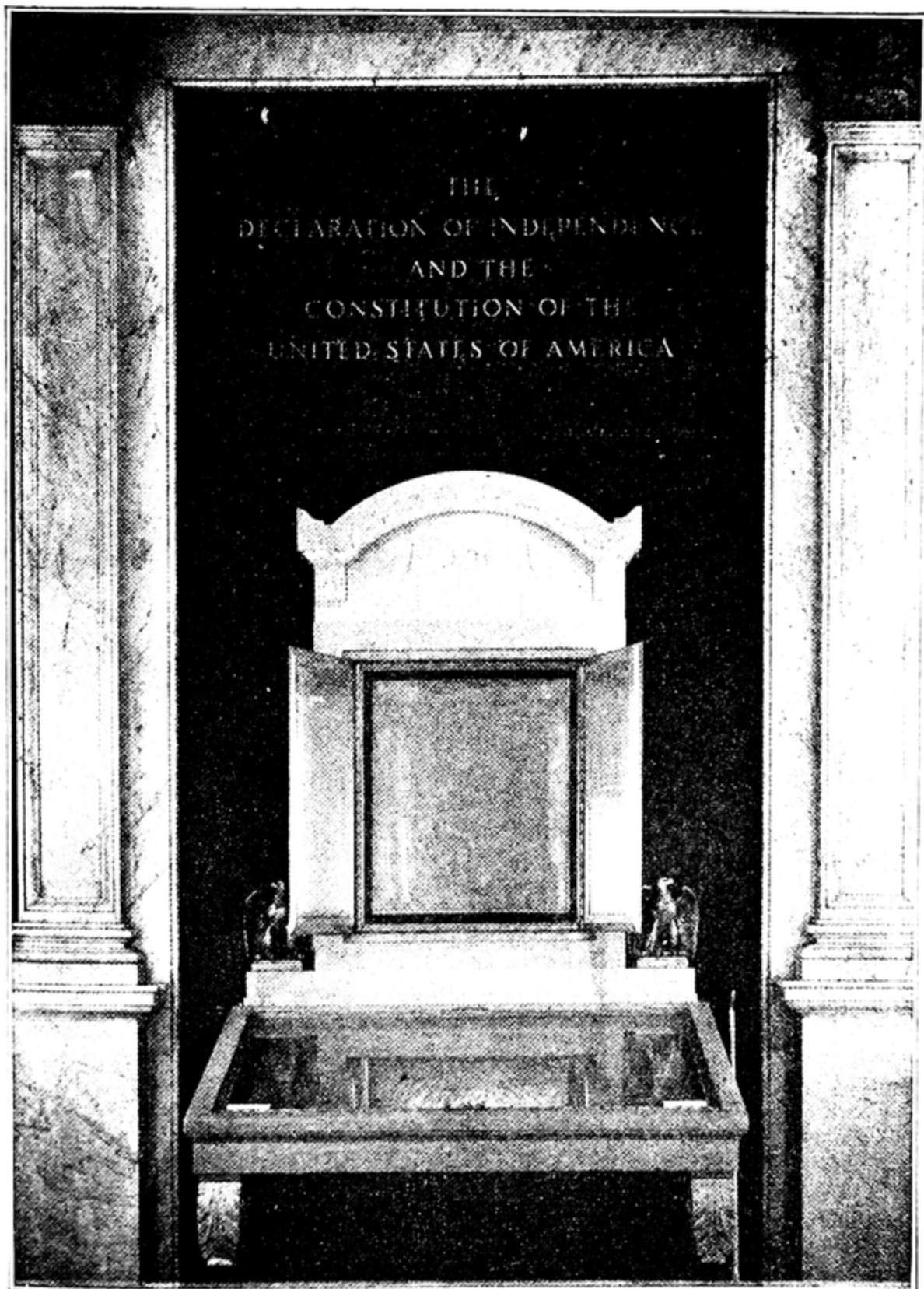
12. He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

13. He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution,² and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

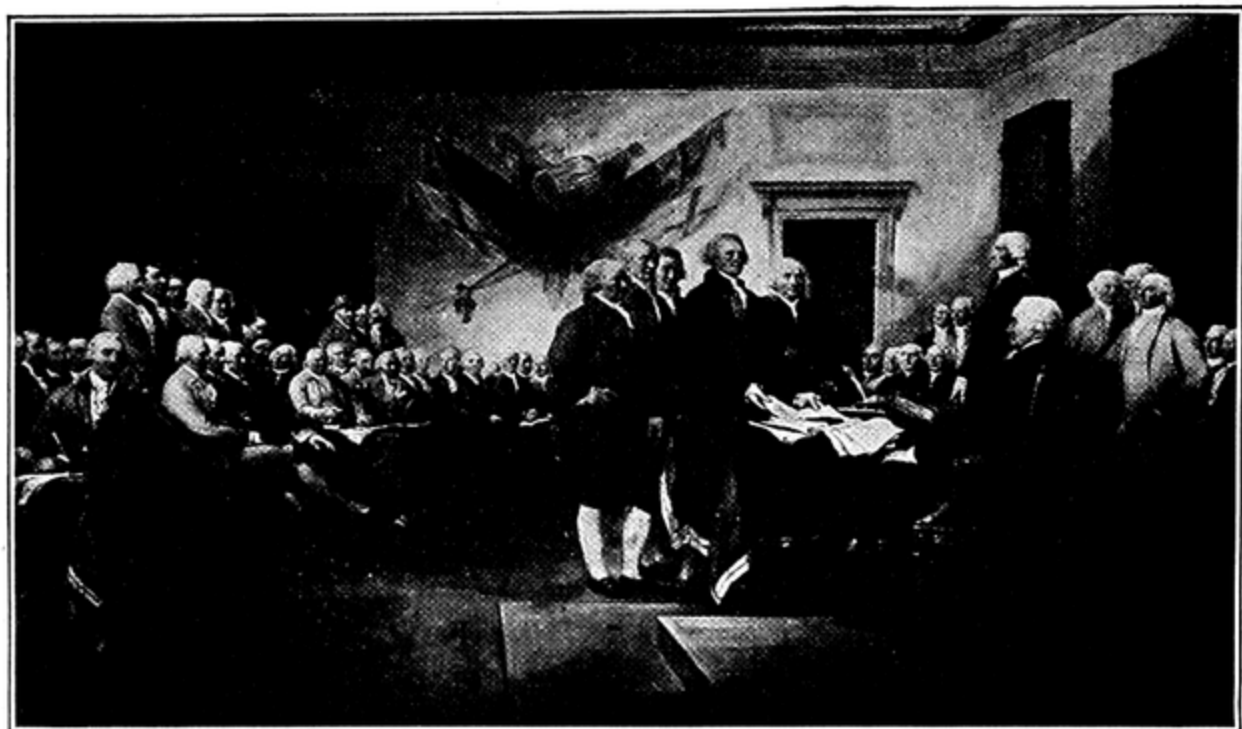
a. For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us.

¹ tenure: holding.

² constitution: ideas of government.



FACSIMILE OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, IN THE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



From painting by John Trumbull

SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

b. For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states.

c. For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world.

d. For imposing taxes on us without our consent.

e. For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury.

f. For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences.¹

g. For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies.

h. For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our governments.

i. For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves in-

vested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

14. He has abdicated² government here, by declaring us out of his protection and waging war against us.

15. He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

16. He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries³ to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy⁴ scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

17. He has constrained⁵ our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

² *abdicated*: given up.

³ *foreign mercenaries*: soldiers other than Englishmen hired to fight against the colonies.

⁴ *perfidy* (pĕr'fī-dī): faithlessness.

⁵ *constrained*: forced.

¹ *pretended offences*: offences not committed.

18. He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in our attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity,¹ and we have conjured² them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations,³ which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity.⁴ We must, therefore, acquiesce in⁵ the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war, in peace friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare: That

these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from⁶ all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

PONDERING OVER THE DOCUMENT

1. One cannot really say that any one man was the author of the Declaration of Independence. In a sense, the Continental Congress was the author, for the contents were discussed in detail by the group. The actual writing, however, was done by Thomas Jefferson. Find out whether Jefferson did any other writing and, if so, what. The first signer of the Declaration was John Hancock, president of Congress.

2. The Declaration is a government document. The original copy is still carefully preserved in the Library of Congress at Washington. Explain just what a document is.

3. The Declaration of Independence was not produced as literature. It is such an excellent example of clear, concise English, however, that it is often used as a model by those who wish to state a case plainly and convincingly. Re-read the selection and pick out passages that are especially clear.

4. At the time the Declaration of Independence was signed, there was a great stir of freedom in the world. The people of Europe following the Middle Ages had broken away from many of the traditions of

¹ *magnanimity* (măg-nā-nīm'f-tī): generosity.

² *conjured* (kōn-jōrd'): implored.

³ *usurpations* (ū-sūr-pā'shūnz): unlawful acts.

⁴ *consanguinity* (kōn'sāng-gwīn'f-tī): kinship by blood.

⁵ *acquiesce* (ăk-wī-ēs') *in*: accept as unavoidable.

⁶ *absolved from*: freed from.

the past. Everywhere they were beginning to talk about the "rights of man." They were beginning to think that they had a real chance in life—new seas to sail and new lands to settle. It was an age of great hope and great idealism. Can you see, then, why the Declaration was written? Do you believe with our forefathers that all men are created free and equal? Do you believe that all have an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?

SELF-EDUCATION*

By BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

In the late colonial period America was truly a land of opportunity. In the earlier period everyone had been busy clearing land, building houses, and cutting roads through the wilderness. Now most of the land along the coast had been settled. There were a number of cities, and there were many opportunities in business and politics for energetic young men. One of the busiest and most successful men of this period was Benjamin Franklin. The following selection is part of the story of his life as he told it himself.

In 1732 I first published my Almanack, under the name of *Richard Saunders*; it was continued by me about twenty-five years, commonly called *Poor Richard's Almanack*. I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful; and it accordingly came to be in such demand, that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such

*From the *Autobiography*.

as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, *it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright*.

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse prefixed to the Almanack of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the Continent; reprinted in Britain on a broadside,¹ to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication.

I considered my newspaper, also, as another means of communicating instruction, and in that view frequently reprinted in it extracts from the *Spectator*, and other moral writers; and sometimes published little pieces of my own, which had been first composed for reading in our Junto.² Of these are a Socratic dialogue,³ tending to prove that, whatever might be his parts and abilities, a vicious man could not properly be called a man of sense; and a discourse on self-

¹ *broadside*: handbill printed only on one side of the paper.

² *Junto* (jūn'tō): a club formed by Franklin.

³ *Socratic* (sō-krāt'ik) *dialogue*: a dialogue in the form of questions and answers, in the style of Socrates, a Greek philosopher.

denial, showing that virtue was not secure till its practice became a habit, and was free from the opposition of contrary inclinations. These may be found in the papers about the beginning of 1735.

In the conduct of my newspaper, I carefully excluded all libelling and personal abuse, which is of late years become so disgraceful to our country. Whenever I was solicited to insert anything of that kind, and the writers pleaded, as they generally did, the liberty of the press, and that a newspaper was like a stage-coach, in which any one who would pay had a right to a place, my answer was, that I would print the piece separately if desired, and the author might have as many copies as he pleased to distribute himself, but that I would not take upon me to spread his detraction;¹ and that, having contracted with my subscribers to furnish them with what might be either useful or entertaining, I could not fill their paper with private altercation, in which they had no concern, without doing them injustice.

Now, many of our printers make no scruple of gratifying the malice of individuals by false accusations of the fairest characters among ourselves, augmenting animosity even to the producing of duels; and are, moreover, so indiscreet as to print scurrilous reflections on the government of neighboring states, and even on the conduct of our best national allies, which may be attended with the most pernicious consequences. These things I mention as a caution to young printers, and that they may be encouraged not to pollute their presses and disgrace their profession by such infamous practices, but refuse steadily, as they may see by my example that such a course will not, on the whole, be injurious to their interests.

¹ *detraction*: slander.

Poor Richard, 1733.
A N
Almanack
For the Year of Christ
1733,
Being the First after I.E.A.P. YEAR:
And makes five the Creation
By the Account of the E. Aern. Greeks 1241
By the Latin Church, when O. ent. 7 6472
By the Computation of H. J. 5142
By the Roman Chronology 5682
By the Jewish Rabbits 5494
Wherein is contained
The Lunations, Eclipses, Judgment of
the Weather, Spring Tides, Planets Motions &
mutual Aspects, Sun and Moon's Rising and Set-
ting, Length of Days, Time of High Water,
Fairs, Courts, and observable Days.
Fitted to the Latitude of Forty Degrees,
and a Meridian of Five Hours West from London,
but may without sensible Error, serve all the ad-
jacent Places, even from Newfoundland to South-
Carolina.
By **RICHARD SAUNDERS, Philom.**
PHILADELPHIA:
Printed and sold by **B. FRANKLIN**, at the New
Printing Office near the Market.
The Third Impression.

TITLE PAGE OF *Poor Richard, 1733*

In 1733 I sent one of my journey-men to Charleston, South Carolina, where a printer was wanting. I furnished him with a press and letters, on an agreement of partnership, by which I was to receive one third of the profits of the business, paying one third of the expense. He was a man of learning, and honest but ignorant in matters of account; and, though he sometimes made me remittances, I could get no account from him, nor any satisfactory state of our partnership while he lived. On his decease, the business was continued by his widow, who, being born and bred in Holland, where, as I have been informed, the knowledge of accounts makes a part of female education, she



Paul Bartlett, sculptor

Courtesy of the artist

STATUE OF FRANKLIN AT WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT

not only sent me as clear a state¹ as she could find of the transactions past, but continued to account with the greatest regularity and exactness every quarter afterwards, and managed the business with such success, that she not only brought up reputably a family of chil-

¹ state: statement.

dren, but, at the expiration of the term, was able to purchase of me the printing house, and establish her son in it.

I mention this affair chiefly for the sake of recommending that branch of education for our young females, as likely to be of more use to them and their children, in case of widowhood,

than either music or dancing, by preserving them from losses by imposition of crafty men, and enabling them to continue, perhaps, a profitable mercantile house, with established correspondence, till a son is grown up fit to undertake and go on with it, to the lasting advantage and enriching of the family.

About the year 1734 there arrived among us from Ireland a young Presbyterian preacher, named Hemphill, who delivered with a good voice, and apparently extempore,¹ most excellent discourses, which drew together considerable numbers of different persuasions,² who joined in admiring them. Among the rest, I became one of his constant hearers, his sermons pleasing me, as they had little of the dogmatical kind, but inculcated strongly the practice of virtue, or what in the religious style are called good works. Those, however, of our congregation, who considered themselves as orthodox Presbyterians, disapproved his doctrine, and were joined by most of the old clergy, who arraigned³ him of heterodoxy⁴ before the synod,⁵ in order to have him silenced. I became his zealous partisan, and contributed all I could to raise a party in his favor, and we combated for him a while with some hopes of success. There was much scribbling *pro* and *con* upon the occasion; and finding that, though an elegant preacher, he was but a poor writer, I lent him my pen and wrote for him two or three pamphlets, and one piece in the *Gazette* of April, 1735. Those pamphlets, as is generally the case with controversial writings, though eagerly read at the time, were soon out of vogue, and I question whether a single copy of them now exists.

¹ *extempore* (ěks-těm'pō-rě): without preparation.

² *persuasions*: religious beliefs.

³ *arraigned* (ā-rānd'): accused.

⁴ *heterodoxy* (hět'ēr-ō-dōk'sl): heresy.

⁵ *synod* (sln'ūd): church council.



From the *Autobiography*, 1849

FRANKLIN THE STUDENT

During the contest an unlucky occurrence hurt his cause exceedingly. One of our adversaries having heard him preach a sermon that was much admired thought he had somewhere read the sermon before, or at least a part of it. On search, he found that part quoted at length, in one of the *British Reviews* from a discourse of Dr. Foster's. This detection gave many of our party disgust, who accordingly abandoned his cause, and occasioned our more speedy discomfiture in the synod. I stuck to him, however, as I rather approved his giving us good sermons composed by others, than bad ones of his own manufacture, though the latter was the practice of our common teachers. He afterward acknowledged to me that none of those he preached were his own; adding, that his memory was such as enabled him to retain and repeat any sermon after one reading only. On our defeat, he left us in search elsewhere of better fortune, and I quitted the congregation, never joining it after, though I continued many years my subscription for the support of its ministers.

I had begun in 1733 to study languages; I soon made myself so much a master of the French as to be able to

read the books with ease. I then undertook the Italian. An acquaintance, who was also learning it, used often to tempt me to play chess with him. Finding this took up too much of the time I had to spare for study, I at length refused to play any more, unless on this condition, that the victor in every game should have a right to impose a task, either in parts of the grammar to be got by heart, or in translations, etc., which tasks the vanquished was to perform upon honor, before our next meeting. As we played pretty equally, we thus beat one another into that language. I afterwards, with a little painstaking, acquired as much of the Spanish as to read their books also.

I have already mentioned that I had only one year's instruction in a Latin school, and that when very young, after which I neglected that language entirely. But when I had attained an acquaintance with the French, Italian, and Spanish, I was surprised to find, on looking over a Latin Testament, that I understood so much more of that language than I had imagined, which encouraged me to apply myself again to the study of it, and I met with more success, as those preceding languages had greatly smoothed my way.

From these circumstances, I have thought that there is some inconsistency in our common mode of teaching languages. We are told that it is proper to begin first with the Latin, and, having acquired that, it will be more easy to attain those modern languages which are derived from it; and yet we do not begin with the Greek, in order more easily to acquire the Latin. It is true, that if you can clamber and get to the top of a staircase without using the steps, you will more easily gain them in descending; but certainly, if you begin with the

lowest you will with more ease ascend to the top; and I would therefore offer it to the consideration of those who superintend the education of our youth, whether, since many of those who begin with the Latin quit the same after spending some years without having made any great proficiency, and what they have learned becomes almost useless, so that their time has been lost, it would not have been better to have begun with the French, proceeding to the Italian, etc.; for, though, after spending the same time, they should quit the study of languages and never arrive at the Latin, they would, however, have acquired another tongue or two, that, being in modern use, might be serviceable to them in common life.

After ten years' absence from Boston, and having become easy in my circumstances, I made a journey thither to visit my relations, which I could not sooner well afford. In returning, I called at Newport to see my brother, then settled there with his printing-house. Our former differences were forgotten, and our meeting was very cordial and affectionate. He was fast declining¹ in his health, and requested of me that, in case of his death, which he apprehended² not far distant, I would take home his son, then but ten years of age, and bring him up to the printing business. This I accordingly performed, sending him a few years to school before I took him into the office. His mother carried on the business till he was grown up, when I assisted him with an assortment of new types, those of his father being in a manner worn out. Thus it was that I made my brother ample amends for the service I had deprived him of by leaving him so early.

¹ declining: failing.

² apprehended: feared.

In 1736 I lost one of my sons, a fine boy of four years old, by smallpox, taken in the common way. I long regretted bitterly, and still regret that I had not given it to him by inoculation.¹ This I mention for the sake of parents who omit that operation, on the supposition that they should never forgive themselves if a child died under it; my example showing that the regret may be the same either way, and that, therefore, the safer should be chosen.

Our club, the Junto, was found so useful, and afforded such satisfaction to the members, that several were desirous of introducing their friends, which could not well be done without exceeding what we had settled as a convenient number, viz., twelve. We had from the beginning made it a rule to keep our institution a secret, which was pretty well observed; the intention was to avoid applications of improper persons for admittance, some of whom, perhaps, we might find it difficult to refuse. I was one of those who were against any addition to our number, but, instead of it, made in writing a proposal that every member separately should endeavor to form a subordinate club, with the same rules respecting queries, etc., and without informing them of the connection with the Junto. The advantages proposed were, the improvement of so many more young citizens by the use of our institutions; our better acquaintance with the general sentiments of the inhabitants on any occasion, as the Junto member might propose what queries we should desire, and was to report to the Junto what passed in his separate club; the promotion of our particular interests in business by more extensive recommendation, and the increase of our influence in public affairs, and our



From the *Autobiography*, 1849

FRANKLIN THE AUTHOR

power of doing good by spreading through the several clubs the sentiments of the Junto.

The project was approved, and every member undertook to form his club, but they did not all succeed. Five or six only were completed, which were called by different names, as the Vine, the Union, the Band, etc. They were useful to themselves, and afforded us a good deal of amusement, information, and instruction, besides answering, in some considerable degree, our views of influencing the public opinion on particular occasions, of which I shall give some instances in course of time as they happened.

My first promotion was my being chosen, in 1736, clerk of the General Assembly. The choice was made that year without opposition; but the year following, when I was again proposed (the choice, like that of the members, being annual), a new member made a long speech against me, in order to favor some other candidate. I was, however, chosen, which was the more agreeable to me, as, besides the pay for the immediate service as clerk, the place gave me a better opportunity of keeping up an interest among the

¹ *inoculation* (In-ŏk'ŭ-lă'shŭn): process of inducing a mild case of a disease in order to establish immunity.

members, which secured to me the business of printing the votes, laws, paper money, and other occasional jobs for the public, that, on the whole, was very profitable.

I therefore did not like the opposition of this new member, who was a gentleman of fortune and education, with talents that were likely to give him in time, great influence in the House, which indeed afterwards happened. I did not, however, aim at gaining his favor by paying any servile respect to him, but, after some time, took this other method. Having heard that he had in his library a certain very scarce and curious book, I wrote a note to him, expressing my desire of perusing that book, and requesting he would do me the favor of lending it to me for a few days. He sent it immediately, and I returned it in about a week with another note, expressing strongly my sense of the favor. When we next met in the House, he spoke to me (which he had never done before), and with great civility; and he ever after manifested a readiness to serve me on all occasions, so that we became great friends, and our friendship continued to his death. This is another instance of the truth of an old maxim I had learned, which says, "*He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another, than he whom you yourself have obliged.*" And it shows how much more profitable it is prudently to remove, than to resent, return, and continue inimical proceedings.

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. Little was known in Franklin's time in which he was not interested. He is famous as a writer, philosopher, officeholder, inventor, educator, diplomat, and scientist. His practical sayings, which were wedged in between weather forecasts in *Poor Richard's Almanack*, have come

to be considered proverbs and still influence the thinking of a great many people. Make a list of these sayings and discuss them in class.

2. Why is this selection called an autobiography rather than a biography? Franklin's story of his own eventful life is one of the best-known autobiographies ever written. It was written for his son, and therefore seems somewhat more intimate than are most autobiographies.

3. Did you find anything in the selection which you could not understand? Franklin's writings are always direct and simple. He made them so intentionally because he wanted to be sure people understood what he wrote.

4. Find everything you can in this selection that tells about everyday ways of living in Franklin's time. Think especially of foods, houses, lighting, transportation, industry, amusements, and ideas. Compare them with conditions in your own time.

THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

By DANIEL WEBSTER

One of the first battles of the Revolution was fought at Bunker Hill, near Boston. Technically, the colonists were defeated because they were greatly outnumbered, poorly organized, and had failed to receive supplies and reinforcements. They found, however, that they could face organized, disciplined troops and give an excellent account of themselves. Fifty years later a monument was erected at Charlestown, Massachusetts, on the site of the battle. The following speech was delivered at the dedication, June 17, 1825. Notice especially, as you read, how the speech outlines the first fifty years of our country's progress.

This uncounted multitude before me and around me proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and from the impulses of a common gratitude turned

reverently to heaven in this spacious temple of the firmament,¹ proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchres of our fathers. We are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations.² But we are Americans. We live in what may be called the early age of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to enjoy and suffer the allotments of humanity.³ We see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our fortunes have been happily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we should pass that portion of our existence which God allows to men on earth.

We do not read even of the discovery of this continent, without feeling something of a personal inter-

est in the event; without being reminded how much it has affected our own fortunes and our own existence. It would be still more unnatural for us, therefore, than for others, to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting, I may say that most touching and pathetic scene, when the great discoverer of America stood on the deck of his shattered bark, the shades of night falling on the sea, yet no man sleeping; tossed on the billows of an unknown ocean, yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair tossing his own troubled thoughts; extending forward his harassed frame, straining westward his anxious and eager eyes, till Heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy in blessing his vision with the sight of the unknown world.

Nearer to our times, more closely connected with our fates, and therefore still more interesting to our feelings and affections, is the settlement of our own country by colonists from England. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude; we admire their daring enterprise; we teach our children to venerate their piety; and we are justly proud of being descended from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge. To us, their children, the story of their labors and sufferings can never be without interest. We shall not stand unmoved on the shore of Plymouth, while the sea continues to wash it; nor will our brethren in another early and ancient Colony forget the place of its first establishment, till their river shall cease to flow by it. No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood, will lead the nation to forget the spots where its infancy was cradled and defended.

¹ *temple of the firmament*: an elaborate way of saying "outdoors."

² *If our humble purpose . . . of successive generations*: This is an example of exaggerated emphasis, once popular in oratory.

³ *allotments of humanity*: common fate of mankind.

But the great event in the history of the continent, which we are now met here to commemorate, that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world, is the American Revolution.¹ In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction, and power, we are brought together in this place by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal² services and patriotic devotion.

The Society whose organ I am was formed for the purpose of rearing³ some honorable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American Independence. They have thought that for this object no time could be more propitious⁴ than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought. The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted⁵ and that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely

deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures⁶ less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men can prolong the memorial. But our object is by this edifice to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart.

Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests

¹ *But the great event . . . is the American Revolution: Do you think this is a sober statement of fact?*

² *signal*: marked.

³ *rearing*: erecting.

⁴ *propitious* (prô-pîsh'ûs): favorable.

⁵ *prosecuted* (prôs'é-kût'éd): carried on.

⁶ *entablatures* (ên-tăb'lă-tûrz): flat surfaces on which inscriptions may be placed.



From painting by John Trumbull

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips and that weary and withered age may behold it and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that in those days of disaster which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward and be assured that the foundations of our national power are still strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among

the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

We live in a most extraordinary age. Events so various and so important that they might crowd and distinguish centuries are, in our times, compressed within the compass of a single life. When has it happened that history has had so much to record, in the same term of years, as since the 17th of June, 1775? Our own revolution, which under other circumstances might itself have been expected to occasion a war of half a

century, has been achieved; twenty-four sovereign and independent States erected; and a general government established over them, so safe, so wise, so free, so practical, that we might well wonder its establishment should have been accomplished so soon were it not far the greater wonder that it should have been established at all. Two or three millions of people have been augmented to twelve, the great forests of the West prostrated beneath the arm of successful industry, and the dwellers on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi become the fellow-citizens and neighbors of those who cultivate the hills of New England. We have a commerce that leaves no sea unexplored; navies which take no law from superior force; revenues adequate to all the exigencies¹ of government, almost without taxation; and peace with all nations, founded on equal rights and mutual respect.

Europe, within the same period, has been agitated by a mighty revolution,² which, while it has been felt in the individual condition and happiness of almost every man, has shaken to the center her political fabric, and dashed against one another thrones which had stood tranquil for ages. On this, our continent, our own example has been followed, and colonies have sprung up to be nations. Unaccustomed sounds of liberty and free government have reached us from beyond the track of the sun; and at this moment the dominion of European power in this continent, from the place where we stand to the South Pole, is annihilated forever.

In the meantime, both in Europe and America, such has been the general progress of knowledge, such the

improvement in legislation, in commerce, in the arts, in letters, and, above all, in liberal ideas and the general spirit of the age, that the whole world seems changed.

Yet, notwithstanding that this is but a faint abstract of the things which have happened since the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, we are but fifty years removed from it; and we now stand here to enjoy all the blessings of our own condition, and to look abroad on the brightened prospects of the world, while we still have among us some of those who were active agents in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here, from every quarter of New England, to visit once more, and under circumstances so affecting, I had almost said so overwhelming, this renowned theater of their courage and patriotism.

VENERABLE MEN! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of

¹ *exigencies* (ěk'si-jěn-siz): emergencies.

² *a mighty revolution*: the French Revolution, which began in 1789.

yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you today with the sight of its whole happy population come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position,¹ appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

another morn,
Risen on mid-noon;²

¹ *felicity of position*: fortunate position.

² *mid-noon*: about noon. From Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But ah! Him! the first great martyr³ in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit! Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage!—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish; but thine shall endure! This monument may molder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail!⁴ Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.

But the scene amidst which we stand does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole Revolutionary army.

VETERANS! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. VETERANS OF HALF A CENTURY! when in

³ *Him! the first great martyr*: Joseph Warren, president of the Provincial Congress and thus second major-general of the Massachusetts forces. He was killed in action at the battle of Bunker Hill, and consequently is little known as a soldier.

⁴ *thy memory . . . fail*: you will not be forgotten.

your youthful days you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine¹ as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, present themselves before you. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them! And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces, when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity or grasped in the exultation of victory, then look abroad upon this lovely land which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad upon the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind!

The occasion does not require of me any particular account of the battle of the 17th of June, 1775, nor any detailed narrative of the events which immediately preceded it. These are familiarly known to all. In the progress of the great and interesting

¹ sanguine: hopeful.

controversy, Massachusetts and the town of Boston had become early and marked objects of the displeasure of the British Parliament. This had been manifested in the act for altering the government of the Province and in that for shutting up the port of Boston. Nothing sheds more honor on our early history, and nothing better shows how little the feelings and sentiments of the Colonies were known or regarded in England, than the impression which these measures everywhere produced in America. It had been anticipated that, while the Colonies in general would be terrified by the severity of the punishment inflicted on Massachusetts, the other seaports would be governed by a mere spirit of gain; and that, as Boston was now cut off from all commerce, the unexpected advantage which this blow on her was calculated to confer on other towns would be greedily enjoyed. How miserably such reasoners deceived themselves! How little they knew of the depth, and the strength, and the intenseness of that feeling of resistance to illegal acts of power, which possessed the whole American people! Everywhere the unworthy boon was rejected with scorn. The fortunate occasion was seized, everywhere, to show to the whole world that the Colonies were swayed by no local interest, no partial interest, no selfish interest.

The temptation to profit by the punishment of Boston was strongest to our neighbors of Salem. Yet Salem was precisely the place where this miserable proffer was spurned in a tone of the most lofty self-respect and the most indignant patriotism. "We are deeply affected," said its inhabitants, "with the sense of our public calamities; but the miseries that are now rapidly hastening on our brethren in the capital of the Province greatly

excite our commiseration. By shutting up the port of Boston some imagine that the course of trade might be turned hither and to our benefit; but we must be dead to every idea of justice, lost to all feelings of humanity, could we indulge a thought to seize on wealth and raise our fortunes on the ruin of our suffering neighbors." These noble sentiments were not confined to our immediate vicinity. In that day of general affection and brotherhood the blow given to Boston smote on every patriotic heart from one end of the country to the other. Virginia and the Carolinas, as well as Connecticut and New Hampshire, felt and proclaimed the cause to be their own. The Continental Congress, then holding its first session in Philadelphia, expressed its sympathy for the suffering inhabitants of Boston, and addresses were received from all quarters, assuring them that the cause was a common one and should be met by common efforts and common sacrifices. The Congress of Massachusetts responded to these assurances; and in an address to the Congress at Philadelphia, bearing the official signature, perhaps among the last, of the immortal Warren, notwithstanding the severity of its suffering and the magnitude of the dangers which threatened it, it was declared that this Colony "is ready, at all times, to spend and to be spent in the cause of America."

But the hour drew nigh which was to put professions to the proof, and to determine whether the authors of these mutual pledges were ready to seal them in blood. The tidings of Lexington and Concord had no sooner spread, than it was universally felt that the time was at last come for action. A spirit pervaded all ranks, not transient, not boisterous, but deep, solemn, determined,—

"Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore
miscet."¹

War on their own soil and at their own doors, was, indeed, a strange work to the yeomanry² of New England; but their consciences were convinced of its necessity, their country called them to it, and they did not withhold themselves from the perilous trial. The ordinary occupations of life were abandoned; the plough was stayed in the unfinished furrow; wives gave up their husbands, and mothers gave up their sons, to the battles of a civil war. Death might come, in honor, on the field; it might come, in disgrace, on the scaffold. For either and for both they were prepared. The sentiment of Quincy was full in their hearts. "Blandishments," said that distinguished son of genius and patriotism, "will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a halter intimidate; for, under God, we are determined that, wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die free men."

The 17th of June saw the four New England Colonies standing here, side by side, to triumph or to fall together; and there was with them from that moment to the end of the war what I hope will remain with them forever—one cause, one country, one heart.

The battle of Bunker Hill was attended with the most important effects beyond its immediate results as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open, public war. There could now be no longer a question of proceeding against individuals as guilty of treason or rebellion. That fearful crisis was past. The appeal lay to the sword, and the

¹ Translation: Mind, pervading all the parts, stirs the whole mass and fuses with the vast body.—Virgil, *Aeneid*.

² *yeomanry* (yō'mdn-rī): farmers.



From an old print

THE NORTH BRIDGE AT CONCORD, FROM WHICH THE BRITISH WERE
DRIVEN BY THE MINUTEMEN

only question was, whether the spirit and the resources of the people would hold out till the object should be accomplished. Nor were its general consequences confined to our own country. The previous proceedings of the Colonies, their appeals, resolutions, and addresses, had made their cause known to Europe. Without boasting, we may say, that in no age or country has the public cause been maintained with more force of argument, more power of illustration, or more of that persuasion which excited feeling and elevated principle can alone bestow, than the Revolutionary state papers exhibit. They will forever deserve to be studied, not only for the spirit which they breathe, but for the ability with which they were written.

To this able vindication of their cause,¹ the Colonies had now added a

¹ *vindication of their cause*: justification for their revolt against the mother country.

practical and severe proof of their own true devotion to it, and given evidence also of the power which they could bring to its support. All now saw that if America fell she would not fall without a struggle. Men felt sympathy and regard, as well as surprise, when they beheld these infant states, remote, unknown, unaided, encounter the power of England, and, in the first considerable battle, leave more of their enemies dead on the field, in proportion to the number of combatants, than had been recently known to fall in the wars of Europe.

Information of these events, circulating throughout the world, at length reached the ears of one² who now hears me. He has not forgotten the emotion which the fame of Bunker Hill, and the name of Warren, excited in his youthful breast.

² *one*: General Lafayette, who was present at the dedicatory exercises.

Sir, we are assembled to commemorate the establishment of great public principles of liberty, and to do honor to the distinguished dead. The occasion is too severe for eulogy¹ of the living. But, Sir, your interesting relation to this country, the peculiar circumstances which surround you and surround us, call on me to express the happiness which we derive from your presence and aid in this solemn commemoration.

Fortunate, fortunate man! with what measure of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! You are connected with both hemispheres and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain that the electric spark of liberty should be conducted, through you, from the New World to the Old; and we, who are now here to perform this duty of patriotism, have all of us long ago received it in charge from our fathers to cherish your name and your virtues. You will account it an instance of your good fortune, Sir, that you crossed the seas to visit us at a time which enables you to be present at this solemnity. You now behold the field, the renown of which reached you in the heart of France, and caused a thrill in your ardent bosom. You see the lines of the little redoubt thrown up by the incredible² diligence of Prescott; defended, to the last extremity, by his lion-hearted valor; and within which the cornerstone of our monument has now taken its position. You see where Warren fell, and where Parker, Gardner, McCleary, Moore, and other early patriots fell with him. Those who survived that day, and whose lives have been prolonged to the present hour, are now around you. Some of them you have known in the trying

scenes of the war. Behold! they now stretch forth their feeble arms to embrace you. Behold! they raise their trembling voices to invoke the blessing of God on you and yours forever.

Sir, you have assisted us in laying the foundation of this structure. You have heard us rehearse, with our feeble commendation, the names of departed patriots. Monuments and eulogy belong to the dead. We give then this day to Warren and his associates. On other occasions they have been given to your more immediate companions in arms, to Washington, to Greene, to Gates, to Sullivan, and to Lincoln. We have become reluctant to grant these, our highest and last honors, further. We would gladly hold them yet back from the little remnant of that immortal band. "*Serus in coelum redeas.*"³ Illustrious as are your merits, yet far, oh, very far distant be the day when any inscription shall bear your name or any tongue pronounce its eulogy!

The leading reflection to which this occasion seems to invite us, respects the great changes which have happened in the fifty years since the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. And it peculiarly marks the character of the present age that, in looking at these changes and in estimating their effect on our condition, we are obliged to consider not what has been done in our country only, but in others also. In these interesting times, while nations are making separate and individual advances in improvement, they make, too, a common progress; like vessels on a common tide, propelled by the gales at different rates, according to their several⁴ structure and management, but all moved forward by one mighty current strong enough

¹ eulogy: praise.

² incredible: unbelievable.

³ *Serus in coelum redeas*: Late may you return to the skies; may you live long.

⁴ several: various.

to bear onward whatever does not sink beneath it.

A chief distinction of the present day is a community¹ of opinions and knowledge amongst men in different nations, existing in a degree heretofore unknown. Knowledge has, in our time, triumphed, and is triumphing, over distance, over difference of languages, over diversity of habits, over prejudice, and over bigotry. The civilized and Christian world is fast learning the great lesson that difference of nation does not imply necessary hostility and that all contact need not be war. The whole world is becoming a common field for intellect to act in. Energy of mind, genius, power, where-soever it exists, may speak out in any tongue, and the world will hear it. A great chord of sentiment and feeling runs through two continents, and vibrates over both. Every breeze wafts intelligence from country to country, every wave rolls it; all give it forth, and all in turn receive it. There is a vast commerce of ideas; there are marts and exchanges for intellectual discoveries, and a wonderful fellowship of those individual intelligences which make up the mind and opinion of the age. Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered; and the diffusion of knowledge, so astonishing in the last half-century, has rendered innumerable minds, variously gifted by nature, competent to be competitors or fellow-workers on the theater of intellectual operation.

From these causes important improvements have taken place in the personal condition of individuals. Generally speaking, mankind are not only better fed and better clothed, but they are able also to enjoy more leisure; they possess more refinement

and more self-respect. A superior tone of education, manners, and habits prevails. This remark, most true in its application to our own country, is also partly true when applied elsewhere. It is proved by the vastly augmented consumption of those articles of manufacture and of commerce which contribute to the comforts and the decencies of life; an augmentation which has far outrun the progress of population. And while the unexampled and almost incredible use of machinery would seem to supply the place of labor, labor still finds its occupation and its reward; so wisely has Providence adjusted men's wants and desires to their condition and capacity.

Any adequate survey, however, of the progress made during the last half-century in the polite and the mechanic arts, in machinery and manufactures, in commerce and agriculture, in letters and in science, would require volumes. I must abstain wholly from these subjects, and turn for a moment to the contemplation of what has been done on the great question of politics and government. This is the master topic of the age; and during the whole fifty years it has intensely occupied the thoughts of men. The nature of civil government, its ends and uses, have been canvassed and investigated; ancient opinions attacked and defended; new ideas recommended and resisted, by whatever power the mind of man could bring to the controversy. From the closet and the public halls the debate has been transferred to the field; and the world has been shaken by wars of unexampled magnitude and the greatest variety of fortune. A day of peace has at length succeeded; and now that the strife has subsided and the smoke cleared away, we may begin to see what has actually been done, permanently changing the state

¹ *community*: agreement, sameness.

and condition of human society. And, without dwelling on particular circumstances, it is most apparent that, from the before-mentioned causes of augmented knowledge and improved individual condition, a real, substantial, and important change has taken place, and is taking place, highly favorable, on the whole, to human liberty and human happiness.

The great wheel of political revolution began to move in America. Here its rotation was guarded, regular, and safe. Transferred to the other continent, from unfortunate but natural causes, it received an irregular and violent impulse; it whirled along with a fearful celerity; till at length, like the chariot-wheels in the races of antiquity, it took fire from the rapidity of its own motion and blazed onward, spreading conflagration and terror around.

We learn, from the result of this experiment, how fortunate was our own condition, and how admirably the character of our people was calculated for setting the great example of popular governments. The possession of power did not turn the heads of the American people, for they had long been in the habit of exercising a great degree of self-control. Although the paramount¹ authority of the parent state existed over them, yet a large field of legislation had always been open to our Colonial assemblies. They were accustomed to representative bodies and the forms of free government; they understood the doctrine of the division of power among different branches, and the necessity of checks on each. The character of our countrymen, moreover, was sober, moral, and religious; and there was little in the change to shock their feelings of justice and humanity, or even to disturb an honest prejudice.

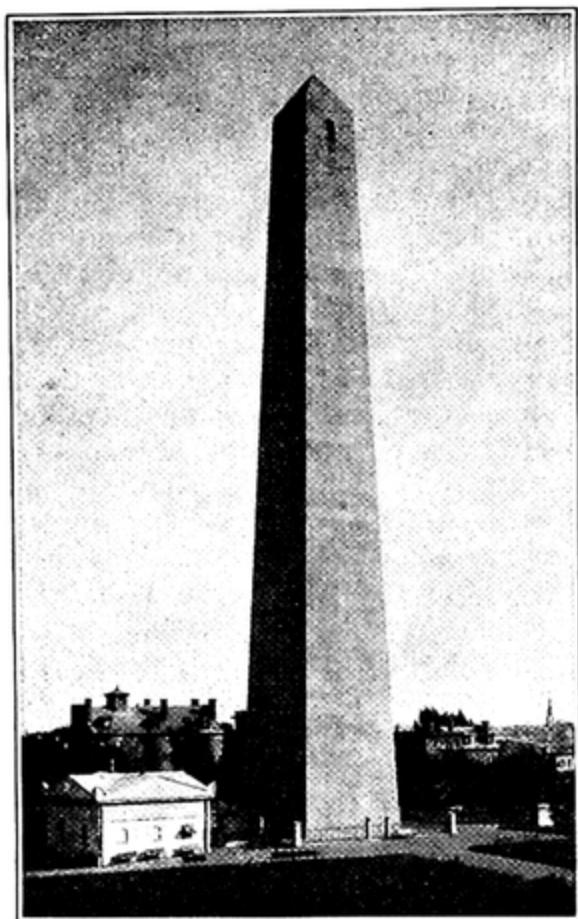
¹ *paramount*: greatest.

We had no domestic throne to overturn, no privileged order to cast down, no violent changes of property to encounter. In the American Revolution no man sought or wished for more than to defend and enjoy his own. None hoped for plunder or for spoil. Rapacity² was unknown to it; the axe was not among the instruments of its accomplishment; and we all know that it could not have lived a single day under any well-founded imputation of possessing a tendency adverse to the Christian religion.

It need not surprise us that, under circumstances less auspicious, political revolutions elsewhere, even when well intended, have terminated differently. It is, indeed, a great achievement, it is the masterwork of the world, to establish governments entirely popular on lasting foundations; nor is it easy indeed, to introduce the popular principle at all into governments to which it has been altogether a stranger. It cannot be doubted, however, that Europe has come out of the contest, in which she has been so long engaged, with greatly superior knowledge, and, in many respects, in a highly improved condition. Whatever benefit has been acquired is likely to be retained, for it consists mainly in the acquisition of more enlightened ideas. And although kingdoms and provinces may be wrested from the hands that hold them, in the same manner they were obtained; although ordinary and vulgar power may, in human affairs, be lost as it has been won; yet it is the glorious prerogative³ of the empire of knowledge, that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary, it increases by the multiple of its own power; all its ends become means; all its attainments, helps to new conquests. Its whole abundant harvest is but so

² *rapacity* (rá-pās'y-tl): greed.

³ *prerogative* (pré-rôg'á-tív): privilege.



THE FAMOUS BUNKER HILL MONUMENT AT CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

much seed wheat, and nothing has limited, and nothing can limit, the amount of ultimate product.

Under the influence of this rapidly increasing knowledge, the people have begun, in all forms of government, to think, and to reason, on affairs of state. Regarding government as an institution for the public good, they demand a knowledge of its operations and a participation in its exercise. A call for the representative system, wherever it is not enjoyed and where there is already intelligence enough to estimate its value, is perseveringly made. Where men may speak out, they demand it; where the bayonet is at their throats, they pray for it.

When Louis the Fourteenth said, "I am the State," he expressed the

essence of the doctrine of unlimited power. By the rules of that system, the people are disconnected from the state; they are its subjects, it is their lord. These ideas, founded in the love of power, and long supported by the excess and the abuse of it, are yielding, in our age, to other opinions; and the civilized world seems at last to be proceeding to the conviction of that fundamental and manifest truth that the powers of government are but a trust and that they cannot be lawfully exercised but for the good of the community. As knowledge is more and more extended, this conviction becomes more and more general. Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams. The prayer of the Grecian champion, when enveloped in unnatural clouds and darkness, is the appropriate political supplication for the people of every country not yet blessed with free institutions:—

"Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore,
Give me to see,—and Ajax asks no more."¹

We may hope that the growing influence of enlightened sentiment will promote the permanent peace of the world. Wars to maintain family alliances, to uphold or to cast down dynasties, and to regulate successions to thrones, which have occupied so much room in the history of modern times, if not less likely to happen at all, will be less likely to become general and involve many nations, as the great principle shall be more and more established, that the interest of the world is peace, and its first great statute, that every nation possesses the power of establishing a government for itself. But public opinion

¹ From Pope, *The Iliad of Homer*, Book XVII.

has attained also an influence over governments which do not admit the popular principle into their organization. A necessary respect for the judgment of the world operates, in some measure, as a control over the most unlimited forms of authority. It is owing, perhaps, to this truth that the interesting struggle of the Greeks has been suffered to go on so long without a direct interference, either to wrest that country from its present masters or to execute the system of pacification by force; and, with united strength, lay the neck of Christian and civilized Greek at the foot of the barbarian Turk. Let us thank God that we live in an age when something has influence besides the bayonet and when the sternest authority does not venture to encounter the scorching power of public reproach. Any attempt of the kind I have mentioned should be met by one universal burst of indignation; the air of the civilized world ought to be made too warm to be comfortably breathed by any one who would hazard it.

It is, indeed, a touching reflection that, while, in the fulness of our country's happiness, we rear this monument to her honor, we look for instruction in our undertaking to a country which is now in fearful contest,¹ not for works of art or memorials of glory but for her own existence. Let her be assured that she is not forgotten in the world, that her efforts are applauded, and that constant prayers ascend for her success. And let us cherish a confident hope for her final triumph. If the true spark of religious and civil liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central

fire,² it may be smothered for a time; the ocean may overwhelm it; mountains may press it down; but its inherent³ and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or other, in some place or other, the volcano will break out and flame up to heaven.

Among the great events of the half-century, we must reckon, certainly, the revolution of South America;⁴ and we are not likely to overrate the importance of that revolution, either to the people of the country itself or to the rest of the world. The late Spanish colonies, now independent states, under circumstances less favorable, doubtless, than attended our own revolution, have yet successfully commenced their national existence. They have accomplished the great object of establishing their independence; they are known and acknowledged in the world; and although in regard to their systems of government, their sentiments on religious toleration, and their provision for public instruction they may have yet much to learn, it must be admitted that they have risen to the condition of settled and established states more rapidly than could have been reasonably anticipated. They already furnish an exhilarating example of the difference between free governments and despotic misrule. Their commerce, at this moment, creates a new activity in all the great marts⁵ of the world. They show themselves able, by an exchange

¹ *earth's central fire*: at this time people thought the interior of the earth was flame. They came to this conclusion because of the action of volcanoes.

² *inherent* (in-hēr'ēnt): belonging to by nature.

³ *revolution of South America*: The first South American country to rebel against Spain was Venezuela in 1806. Its independence was gained in 1821. In the meantime revolutions were going on in many other South American countries. The last Spanish stronghold fell in 1826.

⁴ *marts*: markets.

⁵ *country which is now in fearful contest*: the revolution of Greece against the Turks. It began in 1821 and lasted until 1829, when Greek independence was at last recognized by the Turks.

of commodities, to bear a useful part in the intercourse of nations.

A new spirit of enterprise and industry begins to prevail; all the great interests of society receive a salutary¹ impulse; and the progress of information not only testifies to an improved condition, but itself constitutes the highest and most essential improvement.

When the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the existence of South America was scarcely felt in the civilized world. The thirteen little colonies of North America habitually called themselves the "continent." Borne down by colonial subjugation, monopoly, and bigotry, these vast regions of the South were hardly visible above the horizon. But in our day there has been, as it were, a new creation. The Southern Hemisphere emerges from the sea. Its lofty mountains begin to lift themselves into the light of heaven; its broad and fertile plains stretch out, in beauty, to the eye of civilized man, and at the mighty bidding of the voice of political liberty the waters of darkness retire.

And now, let us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit which the example of our country has produced, and is likely to produce, on human freedom and human happiness. Let us endeavor to comprehend in all its magnitude, and to feel in all its importance, the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far our example shows that such governments are compatible,² not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws and a just administration.

¹ *salutary*: healthful, beneficial.

² *compatible*: in agreement with.

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves, or as better suited to existing conditions, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent³ on us is to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing may weaken its authority with the world. If, in our case, the representative system ultimately fail, popular government must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are excitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, in form perhaps not always for the better, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that in our country any other is impossible. The principle of free governments adheres to the American soil. It is bedded in it, immovable as its mountains.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great

³ *incumbent*: imposed.

trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon,¹ and Alfred,² and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, built up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four States³ are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, *our country, our whole country and nothing but our country*. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

¹ Solon: an Athenian lawgiver.

² Alfred: Alfred the Great, who was king of the West Saxons, 871-901, and the founder of the kingdom of England.

³ twenty-four states: when this speech was delivered, only twenty-four states had been admitted to the Union. Most of them were scattered along the Atlantic seaboard.

PONDERING OVER THE SPEECH

1. Daniel Webster was the great orator of his time. Like almost everyone else in his day, he was deeply interested in politics, for politics then meant the building of a new system of government. It was something of an experiment, and there was intense pride in its success. Do people have the same interest in politics today?

2. Webster's Bunker Hill Oration is a speech, but it is very different from the speech of Patrick Henry which you read earlier. Henry's speech was intended to rouse people to action, while Webster's speech was intended to rouse them to a sense of patriotism and respect for the past. Compare the two speeches and notice how each of the great orators accomplished his purpose. Notice especially that Webster's speech starts with a great deal of emotion, becoming calmer as it goes on toward the end. How does it differ in this respect from the speech of Patrick Henry?

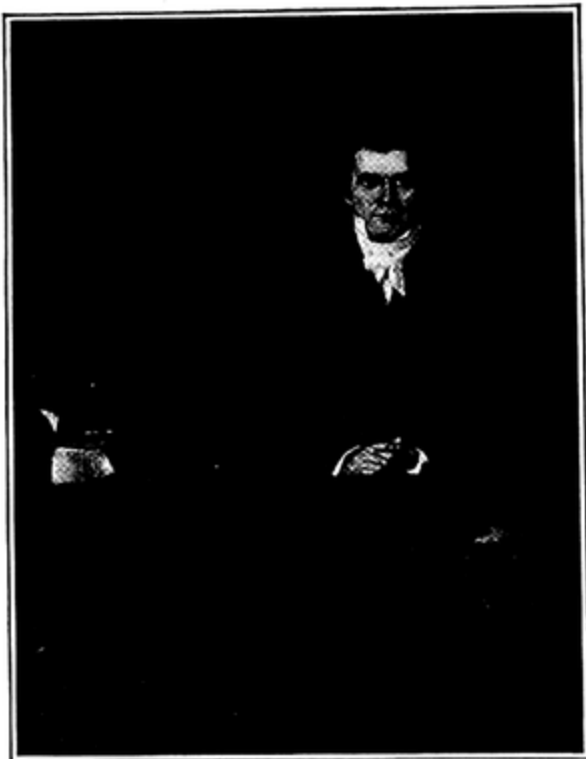
3. The speeches of Webster, of which this is one of the best examples, served as models over a period of many years. Read the speech again to discover some of its strong literary qualities.

4. Daniel Webster referred in his speech to someone named Warren, whose name would never be forgotten. Did you know who he was before you read the note on page 29? Is it a good thing to keep in memory such half-forgotten heroes? Why did America a few years ago raise a monument to the Unknown Soldier at Arlington Cemetery?

ON NULLIFICATION AND THE FORCE BILL

By JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

When the following speech was delivered in 1832, the United States government was still quite new. The question of the division of power between the federal and state governments had not been completely settled. A tariff law had been passed which the people of South Carolina considered unfair. As a result, they refused to recognize it. Accordingly a bill had been introduced in the Senate to compel South



JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

Carolina to enforce the tariff in her territory. Calhoun's speech, which follows, was made against this bill.

MR. PRESIDENT:

At the last session of Congress it was avowed on all sides that the public debt, as to all practical purposes, was in fact paid, the small surplus remaining being nearly covered by the money in the treasury and the bonds for duties which had already accrued; but with the arrival of this event our last hope was doomed to be disappointed. After a long session of many months, and the most earnest effort on the part of South Carolina and the other Southern states to obtain relief, all that could be effected was a small reduction in the amount of the duties, but a reduction of such a character that, while it diminished the amount of burden, it distributed that burden more unequally than even the obnoxious act of 1828; reversing the principle adopted by the bill of 1816,

of laying higher duties on the unprotected than the protected articles, by repealing almost entirely the duties laid upon the former and imposing the burden almost entirely on the latter. It was thus that, instead of relief—instead of an equal distribution of burdens and benefits of the government, on the payment of the debt, as had been fondly anticipated—the duties were so arranged as to be, in fact, bounties on one side and taxation on the other; thus placing the two great sections of the country in direct conflict in reference to its fiscal action, and thereby letting in that flood of political corruption which threatened to sweep away our Constitution and our liberty.

This unequal and unjust arrangement was pronounced, both by the administration, through its proper organ, the Secretary of the Treasury, and by the opposition, to be a *permanent* adjustment; and it was thus that all hope of relief through the action of the General Government terminated; and the crisis so long apprehended at length arrived, at which the state was compelled to choose between absolute acquiescence in a ruinous system of oppression, or a resort to her reserved powers—powers of which she alone was the rightful judge, and which only, in this momentous juncture, could save her. She determined on the latter.

The consent of two-thirds of her legislature was necessary for the call of a convention, which was considered the only legitimate organ through which the people, in their sovereignty, could speak.¹ After an arduous struggle the states-right party succeeded; more than two-thirds of both branches

¹ the only legitimate organ through which the people . . . could speak: Calhoun maintained that the right of a state to declare a law unconstitutional resided, not in the legislature, but in the people as a whole, expressed in a special convention. The convention seemed closer to the people.

of the legislature favorable to a convention were elected; a convention was called—the ordinance adopted. The convention was succeeded by a meeting of the legislature, when the laws to carry the ordinance into execution were enacted—all of which have been communicated by the President, have been referred to the committee on the judiciary, and this bill is the result of their labor.

Having now corrected some of the prominent misrepresentations as to the nature of this controversy, and given a rapid sketch of the movement of the state in reference to it, I will next proceed to notice some objections connected with the ordinance and the proceedings under it.

The first and most prominent of these is directed against what is called the test oath, which an effort has been made to render odious. So far from deserving the denunciation that has been leveled against it, I view this provision of the ordinance as but the natural result of the doctrines entertained by the state and the position which she occupies. The people of Carolina believe that the Union is a union of states, and not of individuals; that it was formed by the states, and that the citizens of the several states were bound to it through the acts of their several states; that each state ratified the Constitution for itself, and that it was only by such ratification of a state that any obligation was imposed upon its citizens. Thus believing, it is the opinion of the people of Carolina that it belongs to the state which has imposed the obligation to declare, in the last resort, the extent of this obligation, as far as her citizens are concerned; and this upon the plain principles which exist in all analogous¹ cases of compact between sovereign bodies.

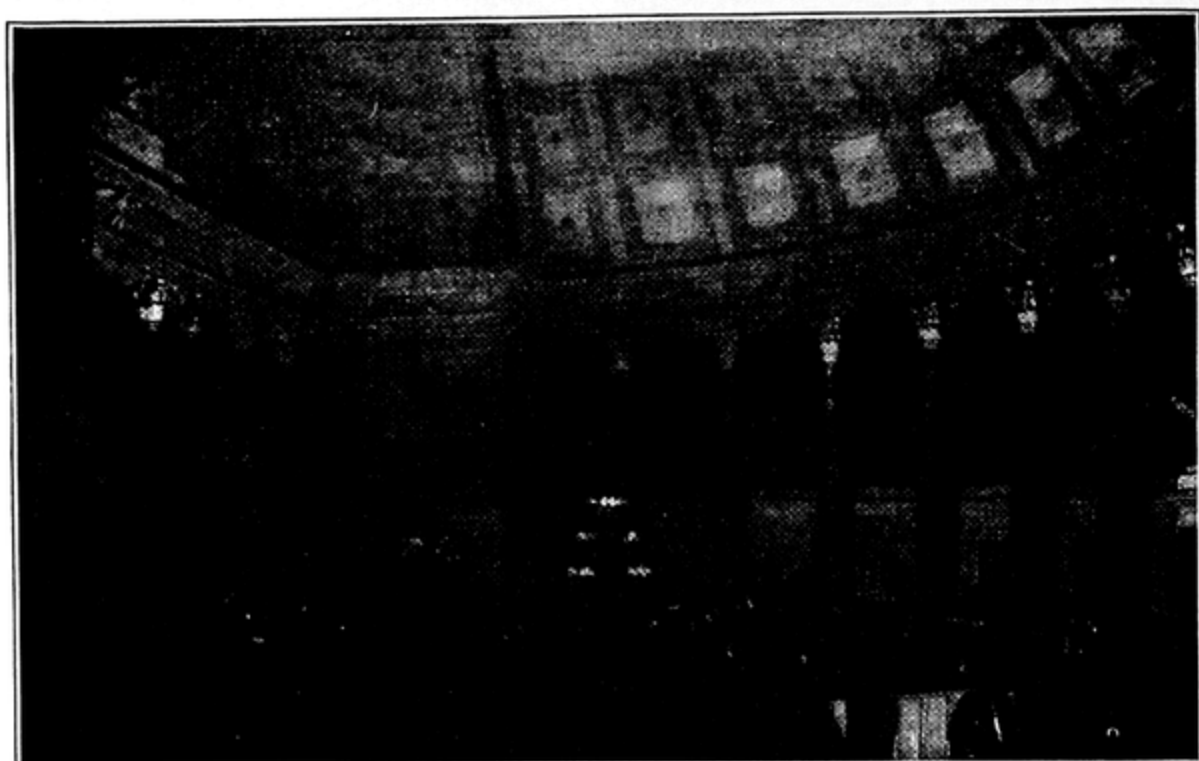
¹ *analogous*: similar.

On this principle the people of the state, acting in their sovereign capacity in convention, precisely as they did in the adoption of their own and the Federal Constitution, have declared, by the ordinance, that the acts of Congress which imposed duties under the authority to lay imposts, were acts not for revenue, as intended by the Constitution, but for protection, and therefore null and void. The ordinance thus enacted by the people of the state themselves, acting as a sovereign community, is as obligatory on the citizens of the state as any portion of the Constitution. In prescribing, then, the oath to obey the ordinance, no more was done than to prescribe an oath to obey the Constitution. It is, in fact, but a particular oath of allegiance, and in every respect similar to that which is prescribed, under the Constitution of the United States, to be administered to all the officers of the state and federal governments; and is no more deserving the harsh and bitter epithets which have been heaped upon it than that or any other similar oath.

It ought to be borne in mind that, according to the opinion which prevails in Carolina, the right of resistance to the unconstitutional acts of Congress belongs to the state, and not to her individual citizens; and that, though the latter may, in a mere question of *meum* and *teum*,² resist through the courts an unconstitutional encroachment upon their rights, yet the final stand against usurpation³ rests not with them, but with the state of which they are members; and such act of resistance by a state binds the conscience and allegiance of the citizen. But there appears to be a general misapprehension as to the

² *meum* and *teum*: mine and thine.

³ *usurpation*: unlawful seizure of governmental rights.



From painting by S. F. B. Morse

Courtesy Coreoran Art Gallery, Washington, D. C.

THE OLD HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, NOW STATUARY HALL, WHERE
CALHOUN DELIVERED HIS SPEECH ON NULLIFICATION

extent to which the state has acted under this part of the ordinance. Instead of sweeping every officer by a general proscription¹ of the minority, as has been represented in debate, as far as my knowledge extends not a single individual has been removed. The state has, in fact, acted with the greatest tenderness, all circumstances considered, toward citizens who differed from the majority; and, in that spirit, has directed the oath to be administered only in the case of some official act directed to be performed in which obedience to the ordinance is involved.

Disguise it as you may, the controversy is one between power and liberty; and I tell the gentlemen who are opposed to me that, as strong as may be the love of power on their side, the love of liberty is still stronger

¹ *proscription*: outlawing.

on ours. History furnishes many instances of similar struggles, where the love of liberty has prevailed against power under every disadvantage, and among them few more striking than that of our own Revolution; where, as strong as was the parent country, and feeble as were the colonies, yet, under the impulse² of liberty and the blessing of God, they gloriously triumphed in the contest. There are, indeed, many striking analogies³ between that and the present controversy. They both originated substantially in the same cause—with this difference: In the present case, the power of taxation is converted into that of regulating industry; in the other, the power of regulating industry, by the regulation of commerce, was attempted to be converted into the power of taxation.

² *impulse*: stimulus.

³ *analogies*: similarities, likenesses.

But to return from this digression to the consideration of the bill. Whatever difference of opinion may exist upon other points, there is one which I should suppose there can be none: that this bill rests upon principles which, if carried out, will ride over state sovereignties, and that it will be idle for any advocates hereafter to talk of state rights.

PONDERING OVER THE SPEECH

1. The great men of the time when this speech was delivered were the political leaders of the nation. Calhoun was one of the leading spokesmen for the South. Find out who some of the other great leaders were.

2. Calhoun's speech, like that of Patrick Henry, was made before a legislative body. It appealed to reason and was a speech of persuasion. It was not intended, however, to inspire violent action but rather to prevent hasty action in the Senate.

3. Calhoun's speech is logical, not emotional. He stated the case of South Carolina, and with it a whole theory of government. Could you follow his reasoning? Make an outline of it.

4. What differences of opinion are there at present as to the division of power between the federal and state governments? Prepare an argument like Calhoun's on one of the present disputed points. You may choose either side.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

By FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

It was in 1814, toward the close of the War of 1812, when things looked rather dark for the new republic. People were sadly in need of something to inspire them, and it was at just this moment that "The Star-spangled Banner" was written.

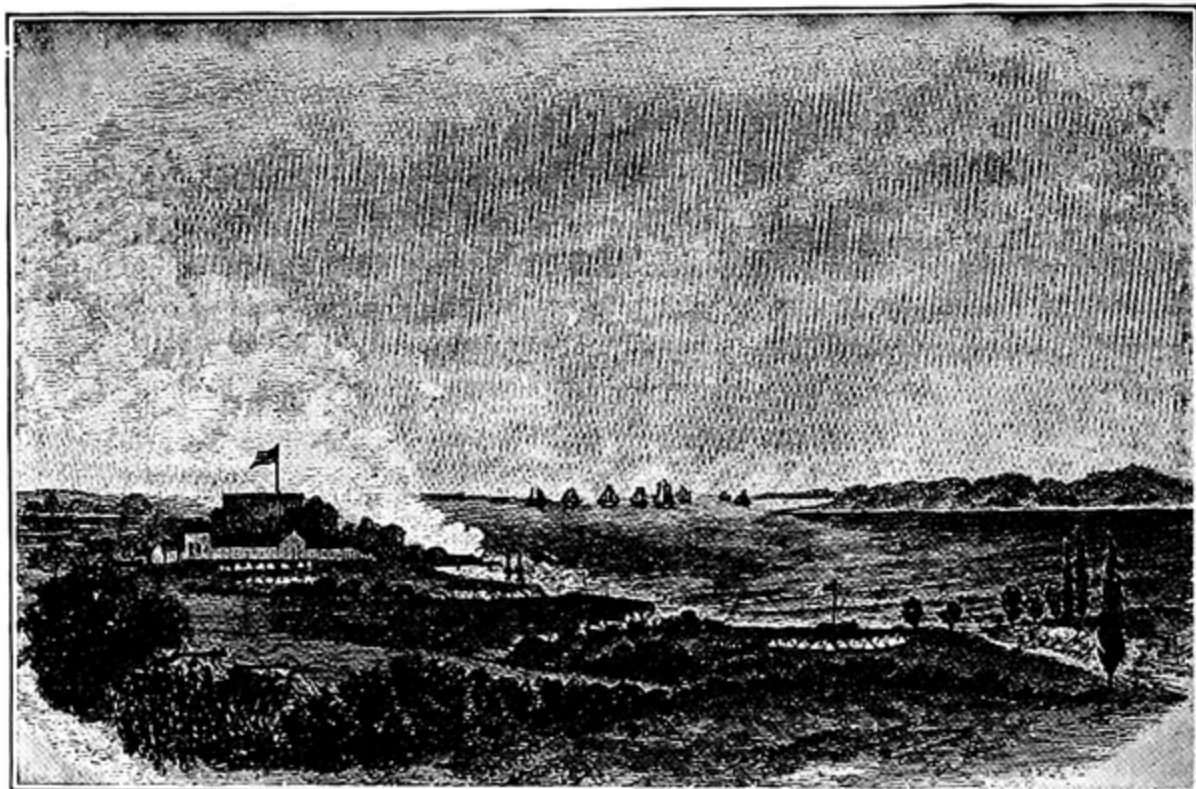
O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were
so gallantly streaming!
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our
flag was still there:
O say, does that star-spangled banner
yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the
home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the
mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in
dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er
the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals,
now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morn-
ing's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on
the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O
long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the
home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vaunt-
ingly swore
That the havoc of war and the
battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us
no more?
Their blood has washed out their
foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and
slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom
of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in
triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the
home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen
shall stand
Between their loved homes and the
war's desolation!



From Bryant's *History of the United States*

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT MCHENRY, WHICH WAS THE
INSPIRATION FOR OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM

Blest with victory and peace, may the
heaven-rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made
and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause
it is just,

And this be our motto, "In God is our
trust." 30

And the star-spangled banner in
triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the
home of the brave!

PONDERING OVER THE SONG

1. The foregoing poem describes a real experience in the War of 1812. A friend of Key's was held prisoner on a British warship near Baltimore. Key went out to the ship to arrange for the release of his friend. The British were just ready to begin a bombardment of Fort McHenry and held both Key and his friend on the ship till morning. During the night Key watched the bombardment, not knowing how the battle was going. Straining his

eyes in the early morning light, he saw the flag still flying on the fort. He expressed his great joy by writing "The Star-spangled Banner" on a small piece of paper which he happened to have in his pocket. Find out whether Key ever wrote anything else.

2. What kind of poem is "The Star-spangled Banner"? To answer this question, ask yourself the author's purpose in writing it.

3. Try to read the poem without thinking of the music that goes with it. How do the words express Key's joy at seeing the flag still flying? Notice the large number of rather harsh consonants. Would lighter, softer sounds have expressed his emotions as well? Would these sounds have been easier to sing?

4. Can you look at a flag flying in the wind without feeling a thrill? It is not the beauty of the flag itself that arouses emotions. It is what the flag stands for. In Key's mind the flag on Fort McHenry was a symbol of victory. To you the flag is a symbol of all that your country has done and is doing today.



THE LARGEST UNITED STATES FLAG EVER MADE. IT HANGS IN THE
U. S. POST OFFICE BUILDING AT WASHINGTON, D. C.



Augustus St.-Gaudens, sculptor

Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

By ABRAHAM LINCOLN

During the War between the States a great battle was fought at Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania. So many soldiers fell and were buried on the battlefield that it was turned into a national cemetery. At the dedication of the cemetery, November 19, 1863, President Lincoln made the following famous speech.

This speech is unique among speeches made by political leaders for its brevity, its clearness, its simplicity, and its quiet dignity. It is often used as a model of concise, exact English, which expresses deep feeling without sentimentality.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense

we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

PONDERING OVER THE SPEECH

1. Abraham Lincoln had little formal education. Almost all he knew, he learned by reading and by studying people. No one knows exactly how he acquired his mastery over words. Few people, however, have ever been able to use them with such economy, exactness, and effectiveness. Can you take any words out of the speech you just read without changing the meaning?

2. You might think that Lincoln labored a long time over the speech. He is said to have written it on the back of an envelope while he was on the way to the cemetery. Can you find any sentences which indicate they were written hastily?

3. You have read another speech in this unit which was delivered at the dedication of a monument on a battlefield. Why would a speech like the Bunker Hill Oration have been out of place at Gettysburg?

4. Commit the Gettysburg Address to memory.

THE NEW SOUTH

By HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

In the early years after the War between the States, there was still rather bitter feeling between the North and South. The speech you are about to read, delivered in 1886, had a great deal to do with the development of a more friendly feeling between the sections. It was delivered by a Southerner to a northern audience.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:

"There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall in 1866, true then, and truer now, I shall make my text tonight.

Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I feel that if, when I raise my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, I could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if, in that sentence, I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart. [*Laughter.*] Permitted through your kindness to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance,¹ of original New England hospitality [*applause*], and honors a sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost, and the compliment to my people made plain. [*Laughter.*]

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy tonight. I am not troubled

¹ *semblance*: outward appearance.

about those from whom I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk, and who, tripping on the top step, fell, with such casual interruptions as the landing afforded, into the basement; and while picking himself up had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out: "John, did you break the pitcher?" "No, I didn't," said John, "but I be dinged if I don't!" [*Laughter.*]

So, while those who call to me from behind may inspire me with energy if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. [*Laughter.*] The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—then turning the page—"one hundred and forty cubits long [*laughter*], forty cubits wide, built of gopher-wood [*laughter*], and covered with pitch inside and out." [*Loud and continued laughter.*] He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." [*Laughter.*]

If I could get you to hold such faith tonight I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the sole purpose of getting into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers—the fact that the Cavalier as well as the Puritan was on

the continent in its early days, and that he was "up and able to be about." [*Laughter.*] I have read your books carefully and I find no mention of that fact, which seems to me an important one for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium if for nothing else. Let me remind you that the Virginia Cavalier first challenged France on this continent—that Cavalier John Smith¹ gave New England its very name, and was so pleased with the job that he has been handing his own name around ever since—and that while Miles Standish was cutting off men's ears for courting a girl without her parents' consent, and forbade men to kiss their wives on Sunday, the Cavalier was courting everything in sight, and that the Almighty had vouchsafed great increase to the Cavalier colonies, the huts in the wilderness being full as the nests in the woods.

But having incorporated the Cavalier as a fact in your charming little books, I shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done with engaging gallantry, and we will hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan nor Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. [*Applause.*] But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution; and the American citizen, supplanting both and stronger than either, took possession of the Republic bought by their common blood and fashioned to wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God. [*Applause.*]

My friend Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has yet to

¹ Cavalier John Smith: This is the same John Smith you met earlier in this unit.

come. Let me tell you that he has already come. [*Applause.*] Great types like valuable plants are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonist Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this Republic—Abraham Lincoln. [*Loud and continued applause.*] He was the son of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. [*Renewed applause.*] He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American [*renewed applause*], and

that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. [*Cheers.*] Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored; and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine. [*Renewed cheering.*]

In speaking to the toast with which you have honored me, I accept the term, "The New South," as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood



AN OLD SOUTHERN HOME

and the traditions of my people. I would not, if I could, dim the glory they won in peace and war, or by word or deed take aught from the splendor and grace of their civilization—never equaled and, perhaps, never to be equalled in its chivalric strength and grace. There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself, and to the consideration of which I hasten lest it become the Old South before I get to it. Age does not endow all things with strength and virtue, nor are all new things to be despised. The shoemaker who put over his door "John Smith's shop. Founded in 1760," was more than matched by his young rival across the street who hung out this sign: "Bill Jones. Established 1886. No old stock in this shop."

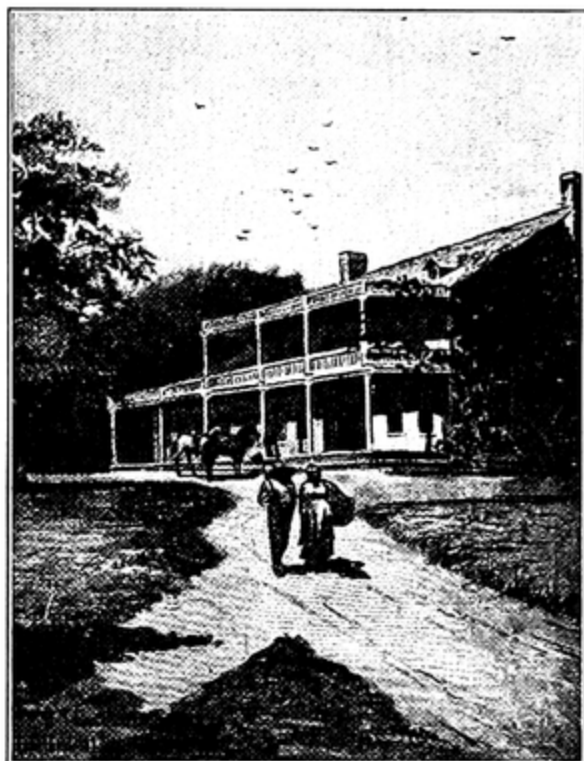
Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory—in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equalled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home. Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun,

wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material or training; and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and the fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work.

There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work." [*Laughter and applause.*] Or the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more I will whip 'em again." [*Renewed applause.*] I want to say to General Sherman—who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think, he is a kind of careless man about fire—that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory. [*Applause.*]

But in all this what have we accomplished? What is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the general summary the free Negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron-makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the \$400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich, when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from twenty-four to six per cent, and are floating four per cent bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the path to southward, wiped out the



From *The Story of a Great Conflict*
AN OLD SOUTHERN PLANTATION

place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung our latch-string out to you and yours. [*Prolonged cheers.*] We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did "before the war." [*Laughter.*] We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crabgrass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee, as he manufactures pure olive oil out of his cottonseed, against any down-easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausages in the valleys of



From *The Story of a Great Conflict*
AN OLD-TIME NEGRO CABIN

Vermont. [*Loud laughter.*] Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel on the field by their swords. [*Loud applause.*]

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave and generous always. [*Applause.*] In the record of her social, industrial, and political illustrations we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the Negro? Have we solved the problem he presents or progressed in honor and equity towards the solution? Let the record speak

¹ Quotation from Shakespeare's *Richard III.*

to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the Negroes of the South; none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws and the friendship of our people. Self-interest, as well as honor, demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence, depends upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation your victory was assured; for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail [*applause*]; while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the corner-stone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in the sight of advancing civilization. [*Renewed applause.*] Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill, he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay—sold their slaves to our fathers—not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it. [*Laughter.*]

The relations of the Southern people with the Negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenceless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the



LEE'S SURRENDER

shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. [Applause.] Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South, with the North, protests against injustice to this simple people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the Negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It should be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you?

In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he "determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle"—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South, became and has since been, loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accepted as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head¹ of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the Negro slave were broken. [Applause.] Under the old régime the Negroes were slaves to the South, the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police

¹ toad's head: It was an old belief that every toad carried a precious jewel concealed in its head, to make up for its ugliness.

regulation and its feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus we gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy¹ the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent² rapture, but leaving the body chill and colorless. [*Applause.*]

The Old South rested everything³ on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The New South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry⁴ that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The New South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten. [*Applause.*]

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy, and

that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back.

In my native town of Athens⁵ is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name⁶ dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in a brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England—from Plymouth Rock all the way—would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—the American Union saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battleground of the Republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers, who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but stanch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts

¹ *oligarchy*: government by the few.

² *affluent*: abundant.

³ *rested everything*: depended for everything.

⁴ *diversified industry*: various kinds of business.

⁵ *Athens*: in Georgia.

⁶ *name*: his father's name.

and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American states and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people. [*Repeated cheers.*]

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? [*"No! No!"*] Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself? [*"No! No!"*] Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain,¹ filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise and glorifying his path to the grave; will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion? [*Tumultuous cheering and shouts of "No! No!"*]

If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not; if she accepts in frankness and sincerity this message of good-will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very Society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said:

"Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever. There have been difficulties, contentions, and

controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment—

'Those opposèd eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled
heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way.'"

[*Prolonged applause.*]

PONDERING OVER THE SPEECH

1. It was appropriate that Henry Woodfin Grady should be the man to inspire greater friendship between North and South. He was born, and lived most of his life, in Georgia. At the time he made this speech before the New England Society of New York, however, he was working for a New York newspaper.

2. Grady's speech is of the kind commonly called an after-dinner speech. The purpose of such speeches is usually to entertain. Generally they are delivered on subjects of special interest to the audience, and contain humor or other devices to command attention. Point out several examples of humor in the speech you just read. Why do you suppose all the jokes are near the beginning? Notice that the speech grows more and more serious as it goes on and that the words express deeper and deeper feeling.

If you had been one of Grady's audience, would you have been amused and entertained as you listened? The audience evidently was pleased, for the reporter who took down the speech frequently inserted [*applause*] and [*laughter*].

3. Mr. Grady must have felt he had a difficult task before him when he was invited to address the New England Club. He must be loyal to his beloved South, and yet he did not wish to offend his hosts. He felt, also, that this was a great opportunity to bring about a more friendly attitude. How did he solve his problem and meet his opportunity?

4. Try your hand at writing a short speech on a similar problem of today; or memorize the last five paragraphs of Grady's speech to be delivered before the class or before the whole school.

¹ *dying captain*: Lincoln.



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MAGNOLIA CEMETERY AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

AT MAGNOLIA CEMETERY

By HENRY TIMROD

After the War between the States, there was a feeling of great sadness in the South. Everything seemed lost. So great was the poverty that even the hero dead could not be honored properly. The following poem was written to be sung in the Memorial Day ceremonies at Magnolia Cemetery, in Charleston, South Carolina.

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth 5
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!¹

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied
tombs, 10
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

¹ The shaft is in the stone: Somewhere in the earth was the marble that would one day be carved into a shaft and erected as a monument.

Small tributes! but your shades will
smile
More proudly on these wreaths
today
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay. 15

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Henry Timrod, author of the poem you have just read, was one of the best-loved poets of the South. Too frail to be a soldier, he served the Confederacy in song. Find other poems he wrote.

2. What makes this poem a lyric? What emotion does it express? What was the author's purpose in writing it?

3. What emotion does the poem make you feel? Is it the same emotion the author intended you to feel?

4. Were the soldiers any less worthy of glory because their cause was lost? Are people who have done their best and failed as worthy of praise as if they had won?

WAR MESSAGE TO CONGRESS, APRIL 2, 1917

By WOODROW WILSON

The selection below is another speech, delivered for a very different reason from any of the speeches you have read in the unit. President Wilson delivered it to Congress to set forth his reasons for declaring war on Germany in 1917.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONGRESS:

I have called the Congress into extraordinary session because there are serious, very serious, choices of policy to be made, and made immediately, which it was neither right nor constitutionally permissible that I should assume the responsibility of making.

On the third of February last I officially laid before you the extraordinary announcement of the Imperial German Government that on and after the first day of February it was its purpose to put aside all restraints of law¹ or of humanity and use its submarines to sink every vessel that sought to approach either the ports of Great Britain and Ireland or the western coasts of Europe or any of the ports controlled by the enemies of Germany within the Mediterranean. That had seemed to be the object of the German submarine warfare earlier in the war, but since April of last year the Imperial Government had somewhat restrained the commanders of its undersea craft in conformity with its promise then given to us that passenger boats should not be sunk and that due warning would be given to all other vessels which its submarines might seek to destroy, when no resistance was offered or escape attempted, and care taken that their crews were

given at least a fair chance to save their lives in their open boats. The precautions taken were meager and haphazard enough, as was proved in distressing instance after instance in the progress of the cruel and unmanly business, but a certain degree of restraint was observed. The new policy has swept every restriction aside. Vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, their character, their cargo, their destination, their errand, have been ruthlessly sent to the bottom without warning and without thought of help or mercy for those on board, the vessels of friendly neutrals along with those of belligerents. Even hospital ships and ships carrying relief to the sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium, though the latter were provided with safe conduct through the proscribed areas² by the German Government itself and were distinguished by unmistakable marks of identity, have been sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion or of principle.

I was for a little while unable to believe that such things would in fact be done by any government that had hitherto subscribed to the humane practices of civilized nations. International law had its origin in the attempt to set up some law which would be respected and observed upon the seas, where no nation had right of dominion and where lay the free highways of the world. By painful stage after stage has that law been built up, with meagre enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accomplished, but always with a clear view, at least, of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded. This minimum of right the German Government has swept aside under the plea of retaliation and necessity and because it had no weapons which it could use at sea except those which it

¹ law: It was a rule of international law, agreed to by all civilized nations, that a merchant vessel might not be sunk without provision for the safety of the passengers and crew.

² proscribed areas: set limits.

is impossible to employ as it is employing them without throwing to the winds all scruples of humanity or of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world. I am not now thinking of the loss of property involved, immense and serious as that is, but only of the wanton and wholesale destruction of the lives of non-combatants, men, women, and children, engaged in pursuits which have always, even in the darkest periods of modern history, been deemed innocent and legitimate. Property can be paid for; the lives of peaceful and innocent people cannot be. The present German submarine warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind.

It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation. We must put excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion.

When I addressed the Congress on the twenty-sixth of February last I thought that it would suffice to assert our neutral rights with arms, our right to use the seas against unlawful interference, our right to keep our people safe against unlawful violence. But armed neutrality, it now appears, is

impracticable. Because submarines are in effect outlaws when used as the German submarines have been used against merchant shipping, it is impossible to defend ships against their attacks as the law of nations has assumed that merchantmen would defend themselves against privateers or cruisers, visible craft giving chase upon the open sea. It is common prudence in such circumstances, grim necessity indeed, to endeavor to destroy them before they have shown their own intention. They must be dealt with upon sight, if dealt with at all. The German Government denies the right of neutrals to use arms at all within the areas of the sea which it has proscribed, even in the defense of rights which no modern publicist has ever before questioned their right to defend. The intimation is conveyed that the armed guards which we have placed on our merchant ships will be treated as beyond the pale of law and subject to be dealt with as pirates would be. Armed neutrality is ineffectual enough at best; in such circumstances and in the face of such pretensions it is worse than ineffectual; it is likely only to produce what it was meant to prevent; it is practically certain to draw us into the war without either the rights or the effectiveness of belligerents.¹ There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making: we will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are no common wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life.

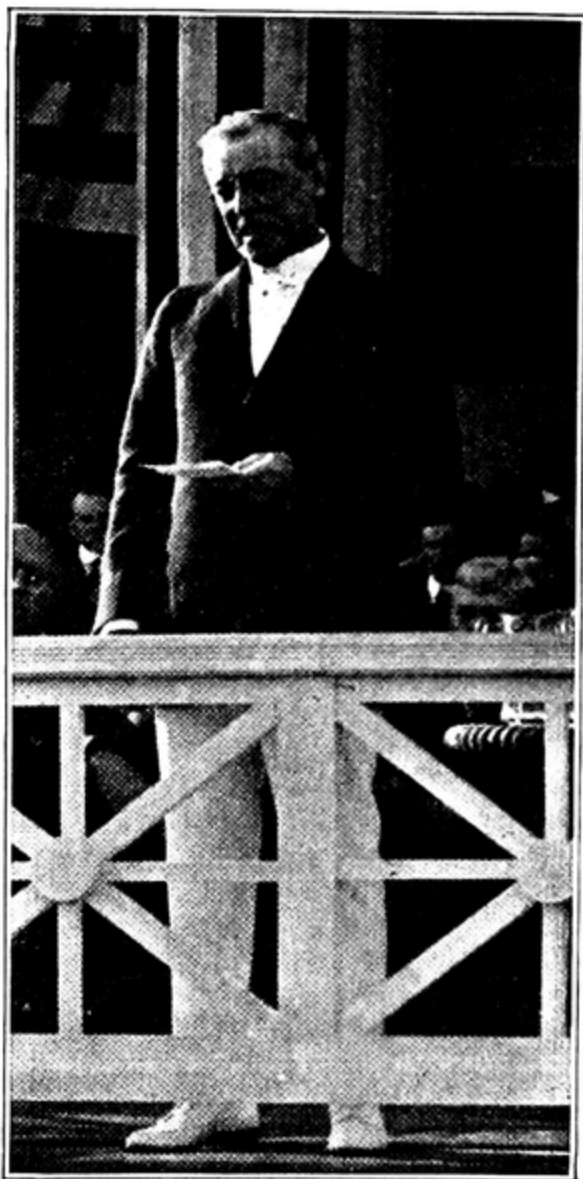
With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I

¹ *belligerents*: participators in war.

deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the government and people of the United States, that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it, and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war.

What this will involve is clear. It will involve the utmost practicable coöperation in counsel and action with the governments now at war with Germany, and, as incident to that, the extension to those governments of the most liberal financial credits, in order that our resources may so far as possible be added to theirs. It will involve the organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country to supply the materials of war and serve the incidental needs of the nation in the most abundant and yet the most economical and efficient way possible. It will involve the immediate full equipment of the navy in all respects, but particularly in supplying it with the best means of dealing with the enemy's submarines. It will involve the immediate addition to the armed forces of the United States already provided for by law in case of war of at least five hundred thousand men, who should, in my opinion, be chosen upon the principle of universal liability to service, and also the authorization of subsequent additional increments¹ of equal force so soon as they may be needed and can be handled in training. It will involve also, of course, the granting of adequate credits to the Government, sustained, I hope, so far as they can

¹ increments (In'krê-měntz): increases.

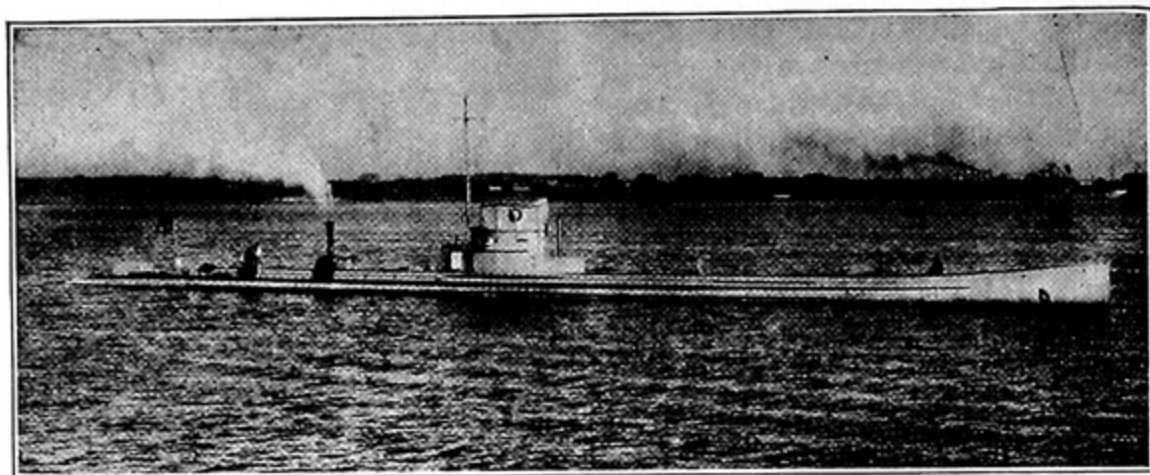


WOODROW WILSON WAS PRESIDENT
DURING THE WORLD WAR

equitably be sustained² by the present generation, by well-conceived taxation.

I say sustained so far as may be equitable by taxation because it seems to me that it would be most unwise to base the credits which will now be necessary entirely on money borrowed. It is our duty, I most respectfully urge, to protect our people so far as we may against the very serious hardships and evils which would be likely

² sustained: kept up.



A GERMAN SUBMARINE

to arise out of the inflation which would be produced by vast loans.

In carrying out the measures by which these things are to be accomplished we should keep constantly in mind the wisdom of interfering as little as possible in our own preparation and in the equipment of our own military forces with the duty,—for it will be a very practical duty,—of supplying the nations already at war with Germany with the materials which they can obtain only from us or by our assistance. They are in the field and we should help them in every way to be effective there.

I shall take the liberty of suggesting through the several executive departments of the Government, for the consideration of your committees, measures for the accomplishment of the several objects I have mentioned. I hope that it will be your pleasure to deal with them as having been framed after very careful thought by the branch of the Government upon which the responsibility of conducting the war and safeguarding the nation will most directly fall.

While we do these things, these deeply momentous things, let us be very clear, and make very clear to all the world what our motives and our objects are. My own thought has

not been driven from its habitual and normal course by the unhappy events of the last two months, and I do not believe that the thought of the nation has been altered or clouded by them. I have exactly the same things in mind now that I had in mind when I addressed the Senate on the twenty-second of January last; the same that I had in mind when I addressed the Congress on the third of February and on the twenty-sixth of February. Our object now, as then, is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power and to set up amongst the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert¹ of purpose and of action as will henceforth ensure the observance of those principles. Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples, and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic governments backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will, not by the will of their people. We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances. We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of

¹ concert: harmonious agreement.

conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states.

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow men as pawns and tools. Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbor states with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked out only under cover and where no one has the right to ask questions. Cunningly contrived plans of deception or aggression, carried, it may be, from generation to generation, can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow and privileged class. They are happily impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning all the nation's affairs.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles

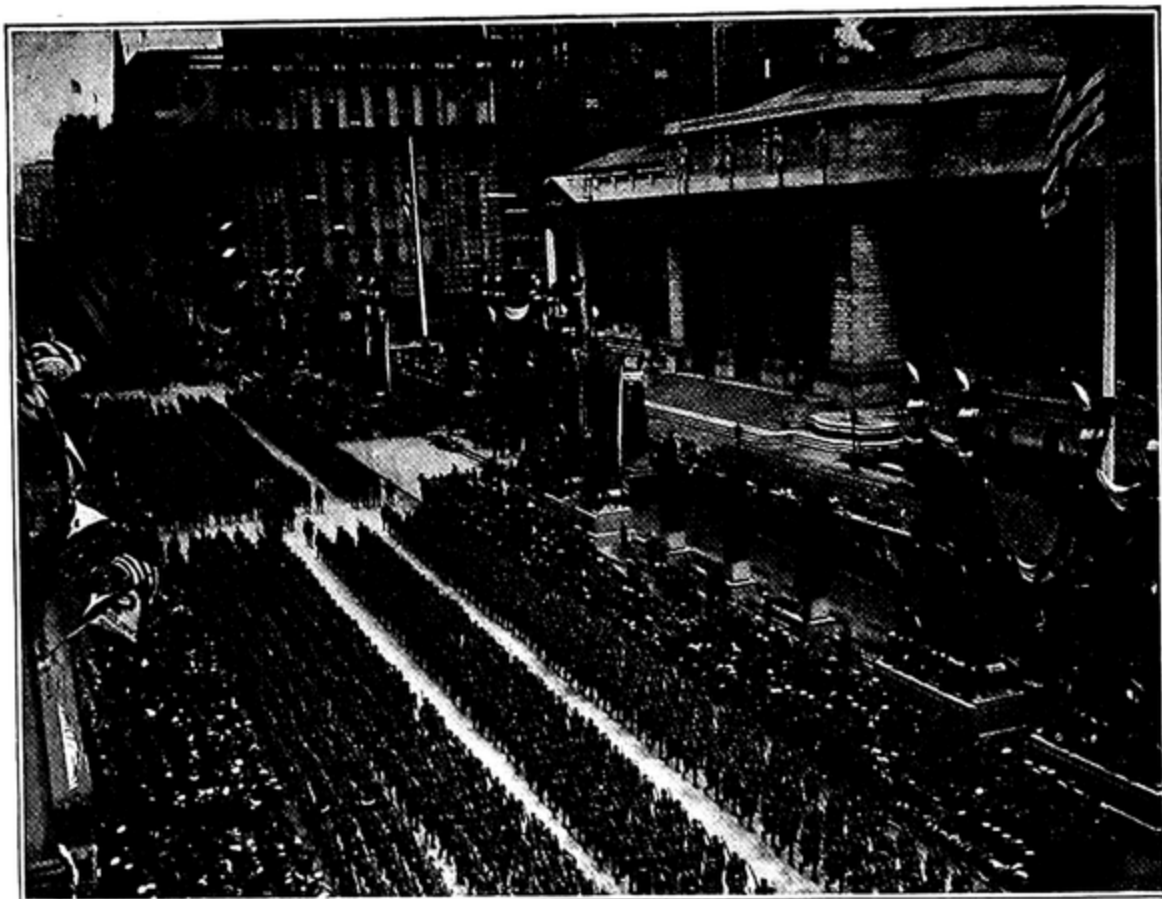
who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own.

Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia?¹ Russia was known by those who knew it best to have been always in fact democratic at heart, in all the vital habits of her thought, in all the intimate relationships of her people that spoke their natural instinct, their habitual attitude toward life. The autocracy² that crowned the summit of her political structure, long as it had stood and terrible as was the reality of its power, was not in fact Russian in origin, character, or purpose; and now it has been shaken off and the great, generous Russian people have been added in all their native majesty and might to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice, and for peace. Here is a fit partner for a League of Honor.

One of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities and even our offices of government with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our national unity of counsel, our peace within and without, our industries and our commerce. Indeed,

¹ *things that have been happening . . . in Russia:* At this time the Russian revolution was just beginning, and seemed to be pointing toward a democracy.

² *autocracy:* despotism; here means the ruling family and aristocrats.



Underwood & Underwood

SOLDIERS RETURNING AFTER THE WAR

it is now evident that its spies were here even before the war began; and it is unhappily not a matter of conjecture, but a fact proved in our courts of justice that the intrigues which have more than once come perilously near to disturbing the peace and dislocating the industries of the country have been carried on at the instigation, with the support, and even under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government accredited to the Government of the United States. Even in checking these things and trying to extirpate them we have sought to put the most generous interpretation possible upon them because we knew that their source lay, not in any hostile feeling or purpose of the German people toward us (who were no doubt as ignorant of them as we ourselves were), but only in the

selfish designs of a Government that did what it pleased and told its people nothing. But they have played their part in serving to convince us at last that that Government entertains no real friendship for us and means to act against our peace and security at its convenience. That it means to stir up enemies against us at our very doors the intercepted note to the German Minister at Mexico City is eloquent evidence.

We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic governments of the world. We are now about to accept

gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included: for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. *The world must be made safe for democracy.* Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish object, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio¹ the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

I have said nothing of the governments allied with the Imperial Government of Germany because they have not made war upon us or challenged us to defend our right and our honor. The Austro-Hungarian Government has, indeed, avowed its unqualified endorsement and acceptance of the reckless and lawless submarine warfare adopted now without disguise by the Imperial German Government, and

it has therefore not been possible for this Government to receive Count Tarnowski, the Ambassador recently accredited to this Government by the Imperial and Royal Government of Austria-Hungary; but that Government has not actually engaged in warfare against citizens of the United States on the seas, and I take the liberty, for the present at least, of postponing a discussion of our relations with the authorities at Vienna. We enter this war only where we are clearly forced into it because there are no other means of defending our rights.

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus,² not in enmity towards a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck.³ We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early re-establishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us—however hard it may be for them, for the time being, to believe that this is spoken from our hearts. We have borne with their present government through all these bitter months because of that friendship—exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible. We shall, happily, still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions towards the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live amongst us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it towards all who are in fact loyal to their neighbors and to

¹ *animus*: a feeling of hostility or hatred.

² *running amuck*: acting in a frenzied fashion.

³ *with proud punctilio*: to the last detail.

the Government in the hour of test. They are, most of them, as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose. If there should be disloyalty, it will be dealt with with a firm hand of stern repression; but, if it lifts its head at all, it will lift it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, Gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples

as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

PONDERING OVER THE SPEECH

1. Woodrow Wilson was a quiet, scholarly man. Even when he was called upon to make a great decision and was feeling strong emotion, he expressed himself calmly and reasonably. Can you find any evidence of his calm manner in the speech?

2. This speech appeals to reason rather than to the emotions. Make an outline of Wilson's argument for the declaration of war. Did he state his case clearly? Did his arguments seem convincing? Would an appeal to the emotions have been more effective?

3. Everyone has his own way of expressing himself and his feelings. Do you remember Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death"? Find a statement in Wilson's speech that means almost the same thing. How do their different ways of expressing the same idea reveal the different personalities of the two speakers?

POSTVIEW OF THE UNIT

The selections which you have just read in this unit enabled you to think briefly of some of the leading steps in American progress. You noted how a few tiny settlements set down in the wilderness along the Atlantic coast expanded into a country stretching across the continent from sea to sea. You noted how the colonies won their independence, achieved unity, and worked out successfully a new type of government that the world had never tried before. You saw differences arise between North and South which resulted in a great war. Following the war all wounds were healed and the country entered upon a period of prosperity which neither North nor South had known before. Then you saw the country enter a great world struggle to champion the cause of democracy. Finally you arrived at the present day with an understanding that America is one of the leading nations of the world.

Did the selections in the unit help you to understand better how people work to bring about progress? Did you see history from a somewhat different point of view? Literature provides one of the very best ways to see history from the inside. This is because it reveals exactly what people think and say at any given time.

First, as in literature such as the Declaration of Independence or Franklin's "Self-Education," you find an expression of some of the dreams and ideals of our forefathers and understand better what they were trying to accomplish. You come to know them better as real human beings much like yourself. Thus you come to think of the past as something alive and real.

Second, through literature you can share the experiences of people in the past by reading accounts of events in which they had a part. In this unit you shared Smith's adventure with the Indians and Key's joy at the sight of the flag still waving. Such reading helps to broaden your own outlook on life.

Third, you find through literature that men of the past had to face problems even more difficult than those we must face today. Such reading encourages you to have courage and to do your best even in the face of obstacles which seem almost unsurmountable.

The selections in this unit belong to a type of literature called historical source material. They help you look at the country through the eyes of people who lived before your time. You see the country as they believed it was and as they hoped it might become. The patriots of the past had great hopes and high ideals for their country. In your hands, however, lies the fulfillment or the failure of their hopes and dreams.

CHECKING YOUR EXPERIENCES

- I. The following quotations have been taken from selections you read in the unit. Each of them has had a great influence upon the thinking of large numbers of people. Study each quotation and from the list below select the name of the author who wrote it.

1. "I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

2. "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

3. "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave their last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth!"

4. "The world must be made safe for democracy."

Calhoun

Henry

Washington

Hancock

Franklin

Wilson

Jefferson

Lincoln

II. The following exercise is made up of the beginning parts of sentences followed by groups of endings. Copy each beginning part and complete it by choosing the ending that is most nearly correct. More than one ending may be true, but one of the endings in each group always will make a much better sentence than the others.

1. Crèvecoeur suggested that America was a melting pot because
 - a. there was plenty of land for everyone.
 - b. there were all kinds of people on the frontier.
 - c. he expected Americans to accomplish great things in the fields of science and industry.
 - d. all nationalities were fused into Americans.
2. Because John Smith wrote his own story of his experiences.
 - a. you cannot believe everything he says.
 - b. the account is more colorful and detailed than it would have been if someone else had written it.
 - c. you can be sure everything he tells is true.
 - d. he never tells what happened to anyone else.
3. Henry Woodfin Grady's speech was a good one under the circumstances because
 - a. he presented fairly the points of view of both North and South.
 - b. he told a number of good jokes.
 - c. he was a great orator.
 - d. he had an opportunity to present the southern attitude to a northern audience.
4. Everyone should know the words of the "Star-spangled Banner" because:
 - a. it is easy to sing.
 - b. it is the national anthem.
 - c. it expresses real emotion.
 - d. it is a good poem.
5. Henry Timrod wrote "At Magnolia Cemetery" to
 - a. make people feel sad.
 - b. urge the building of a monument in the cemetery.
 - c. praise the people who were bringing flowers.
 - d. honor the Confederate soldiers buried in the cemetery.

III. In the column at the left below is a list of the speeches you have read in this unit. Think of each speech and select from the column at the right the expression which best tells the purpose for which it was delivered. Some of the expressions will apply to more than one speech.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Speech in the Virginia Convention | a. To stimulate people to action |
| 2. The Bunker Hill Monument | b. To explain logically the author's point of view |
| 3. On Nullification and the Force Bill | c. To arouse patriotism by recalling the deeds of former heroes |
| 4. Gettysburg Address | d. To create good feeling |
| 5. The New South | |
| 6. War Message to Congress | |

ENJOYING CREATIVE EXPERIENCES

1. Language changes, as does everything else. The selections in this unit cover a period of three hundred years. Locate and define several words and expressions that are not in common use today or that have changed in meaning. Put down the approximate date when each was used. Make a list of several words and expressions in the later selections of the unit that could not have been used in the earlier ones.

2. Many of the pictures in this book are very old. They were drawn for the earliest editions of the books in which the various selections appeared. For example, the pictures on pages 4, 6, and 7 appeared in the original edition of the *Generall Historie*, published in 1624. The artist is unknown, but an interesting story is told of the manner in which the pictures were drawn. A traveler named John White made pictures of Indians to show costumes, ornaments, homes, and ways of living. These were taken to England, where they were copied and changed by another artist who had evidently never seen a real Indian. The revised illustrations were used in Smith's book and have been handed down to the present time.

Make an illustration yourself for the selection from Smith at the beginning of the unit. Use the best sources you can find for costumes and houses. If there are Indians in the picture, be sure to dress them as correctly as you can for the time and place.

3. Choose a present-day political question or other live problem as a subject and prepare a speech. If you prefer, select a question for debate and draw up an outline for your argument.

4. Choose one of the selections listed below and write a criticism of it as historical source material. First read what other people have said about it as a dependable source of information. If there are other contemporary accounts covering the same period, read them and compare them. Be sure your criticism contains a discussion of the author's opportunity to know about the events he mentions, his reliability, his probable prejudices, and the particular kind of information he gives.

Indians
Speech in the Virginia Convention
What Is an American?
Self-Education
War Message to Congress

5. Benjamin Franklin made a number of interesting and useful inventions. Find out what they were by reading more of his autobiography and by reading from other books. Make a model of one of his inventions and explain to the class how it works.

6. From your knowledge of American history make a list of speeches and other literary productions that have helped to mold public opinion or bring about the passage of laws. Choose one of these productions and tell exactly how it led to definite action.

ENJOYING FURTHER READING

Doubtless, since literature helps so much in the interpretation of history, you will want to read more widely before you leave the unit. The following list has been prepared to guide you in choosing good selections. The description with each title will give you some idea of what the selection is about.

Address to Congress. By GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Address delivered to Congress when surrendering his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary Army.

Book of the Constitution. By ELSIE SINGMASTER.

An essay explaining the American Constitution.

Concord Hymn. By R. W. EMERSON.

Poem sung at completion of the battle monument reared at Concord.

Constitution of the United States.

The fundamental law of our country.

Diary of Samuel Sewell. By SAMUEL SEWELL.

Autobiography giving vivid pictures of witchcraft trials, colonial weddings, and the school at Harvard.

Famous American Duels. By DON CARLOS SEITZ.

Narrative essay telling about duels that were really fought.

First Inaugural Address of Thomas Jefferson. By THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Oration delivered to the people upon taking oath of office as president, 1801.

George Washington. By HORACE SCUDDER.

A biography covering Washington's complete life.

Gilman of Redford. By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS.

Story of patriotism of North and South during the Revolution.

Mississippi Steamboating. By HERBERT QUICK and EDWARD QUICK.

A history of the growth of commerce on the Mississippi, including the romance of the forests and towns along its banks.

Modern Pioneers. By JOSEPH COHEN and WILL SCARLET.

Sketches of present-day leaders and thinkers.

Montcalm and Wolfe. By FRANCIS PARKMAN.

Historical essay on the French and Indian Wars.

Narrative of the Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson. By MARY ROWLANDSON.

Autobiography of Mrs. Rowlandson's life during the late seventeenth century in the colonies.

Separation of Britain and America. By THOMAS PAINE.

Oration pointing out the common sense of pleading for separation.

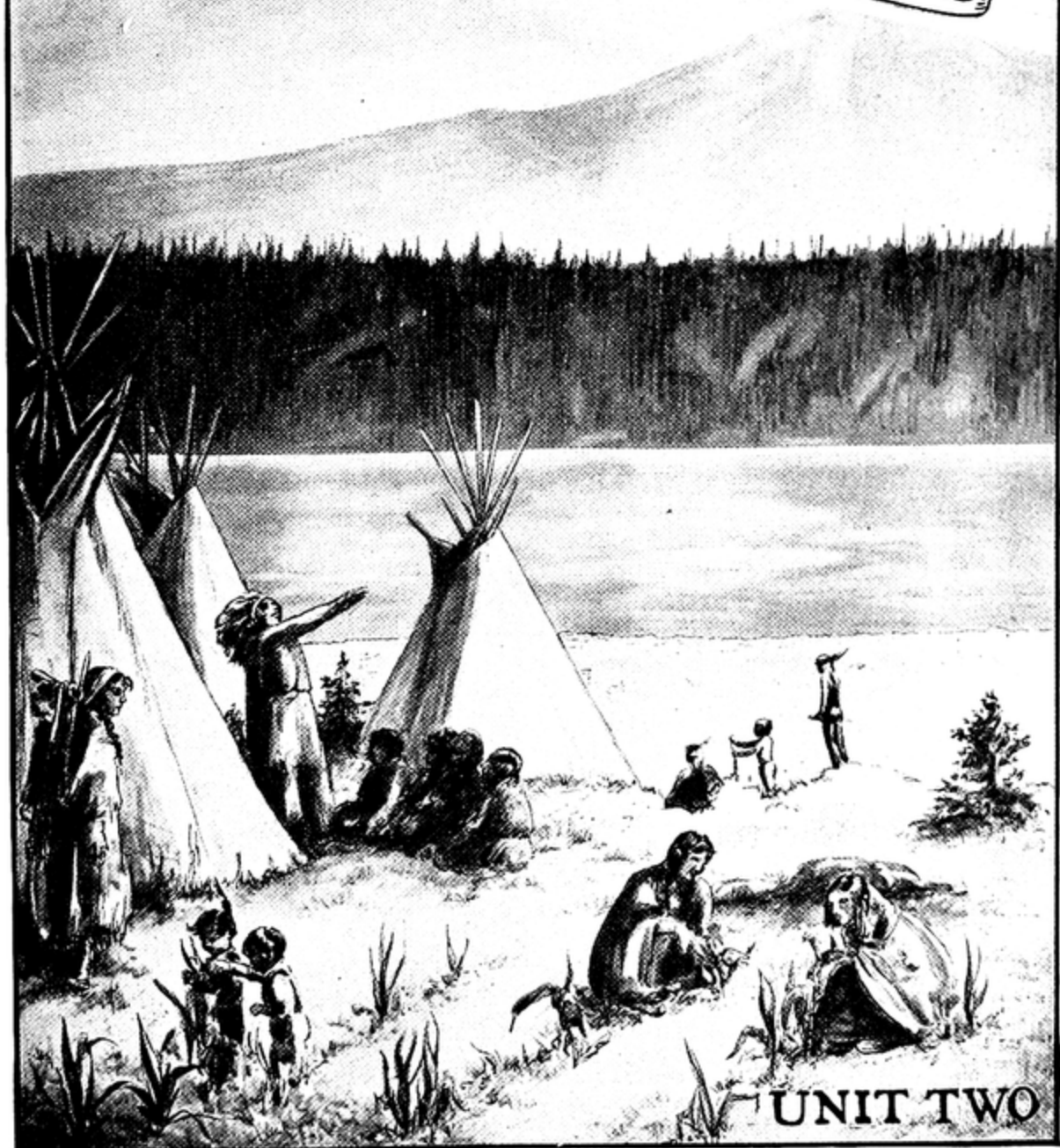
Story of General Pershing. By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON.

Biography of the commander of the American forces in the World War.

To Have and to Hold. By MARY JOHNSTON.

A romance of early colonial days with the background in Jamestown.

LIFE LIVED IN VARIOUS WAYS



UNIT TWO

LIFE LIVED IN VARIOUS WAYS

Are you interested in the way other people live? If so, what means do you employ to find out about them? Perhaps you go to the movies where you get a glimpse of the activities of people in many walks of life—of life lived in various ways. In the news reels you see the events of the day and learn what is going on in the world. Over the radio you hear dramatic scenes reënacted from history, soul-stirring music, and information on the economic, social, and political problems of the day. Still another means of obtaining information about the way people live is through reading. Literature is filled with the stories of people who are living today and those who lived in the past, of people who are near at hand and those who are far away.

As you consider the lives of others, you find that some people live much as you do yourself. You find others whose ways of living seem strange because they are different from yours. Then, too, you find some people who live their entire lives in very unusual ways. The keeper of a lighthouse on a barren island, the major-league baseball player, the missionary in a country far from home, the sand-hog who works beneath the surface of the ground, the steel-worker who rises to dizzy heights, and the keeper of a zoo—all these devote their lives to work that is far different from that of the average man. These are only a few of the many examples that might be cited to show that people live in many different ways.

Have you ever paused to wonder just what determines the way people live? It is partly determined, of course, by their own nature—their ambitions and desires. Perhaps more than anything else, however, men are affected by the physical and social conditions in their environment. Their ways of living represent the adjustment they have made to these conditions. If their activities seem strange to you, it is because you do not understand the conditions in their environment. Similarly the lives of people who lived in earlier days seem strange. Again this is because it is hard for you to understand the conditions in their environment.

The selections in this unit tell about the various ways in which people live. Some of them will picture experiences of the more usual type; others will picture experiences of the unusual type—experiences that fall to the lot of very few people. Some will reveal the activities of those who live today and others the activities of those who lived in days gone by. As you read, always think of the conditions in their environment as well as of the people themselves.



From *The Work of Anne Bradstreet in Prose and Verse*, 1867

ANNE BRADSTREET'S HOME

"AS WEARY PILGRIM"

By ANNE BRADSTREET

People who are busy chopping down trees, putting up log cabins, breaking new soil, and building a country in the wilderness have little time for literature. There were few writers of any kind in early New England, and practically no poets. Most of the writing was done on religious subjects, for religion was very close to the hearts of the people.

As weary pilgrim, now at rest,
Hugs with delight his silent nest,
His wasted limbs now lie full soft
That miry steps have trodden oft;
Blesses himself to think upon 5
His dangers past and travails done,
The burning sun no more shall heat,
Nor stormy rains on him shall beat;
The briars and thorns no more shall
scratch, 9
Nor hungry wolves at him shall catch;
He erring paths no more shall tread,
Nor wild fruits eat, instead of bread;
For waters cold he doth not long,
For thirst no more shall parch his
tongue; 14
No rugged stones his feet shall gall,¹

¹ gall: bruise, hurt.

Nor stumps nor rocks cause him to
fall;

All cares and fears he bids farewell,
And means in safety now to dwell—
A pilgrim I on earth, perplexed
With sins, with cares and sorrows
vexed, 20

By age and pains brought to decay,
And my clay house moldering away,
Oh, how I long to be at rest,
And soar on high among the blest!
This body shall in silence sleep, 25
Mine eyes no more shall ever weep;
No fainting fits shall me assail,
Nor grinding pains my body frail,
With cares and fears ne'er cumbered²
be,

Nor losses know, nor sorrows see. 30
What though my flesh shall there consume?

It is the bed Christ did perfume;
And when a few years shall be gone
This mortal shall be clothed upon.
A corrupt carcass down it lies, 35
A glorious body it shall rise,
In weakness and dishonor sown,
In power 'tis raised by Christ alone.
Then soul and body shall unite,
And of their maker have the sight; 40

² cumbered: burdened.

Such lasting joys shall there behold
As ear ne'er heard nor tongue e'er told.

Lord, make me ready for that day!
Then come, dear bridegroom,¹ come away.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Anne Bradstreet, the author of the foregoing poem, was born in England but came to America as a mere girl. She had an excellent education, for her time, and was familiar with earlier poets, especially those of Greece and Rome. What would you consider a good education in her day?

2. To what type of literature does the poem belong? Which lines rhyme? Two consecutive lines that rhyme are called a rhymed couplet.

3. Did you enjoy reading the poem, or did it make you as weary as the weary pilgrim? In other words, did it seem monotonous? If so, what do you think the author could have done to correct the condition? If you were the editor of a magazine, and the poem were submitted for publication, what would you do with it?

4. What comparison did Mrs. Bradstreet make in her poem? Have you ever read any other poems, read any stories, or heard any songs, in which the same comparison is made?

¹ bridegroom: Christ.

A BEAR STORY*

By WILLIAM BYRD

While life was quite serious in early colonial days, people often had good times. The following humorous story is a description of an incident that happened in colonial Virginia.

One of the Young Fellows we had sent to bring up the tired Horses entertained us in the Evening with a remarkable adventure he had met with that day. He had straggled, it seems, from his Company in a mist, and made a cub of a year old betake itself

*From *A History of the Dividing Line*.

to a Tree. While he was new-priming his piece,² with intent to fetch it down, the Old Gentlewoman appeared, and perceiving her Heir apparent in Distress, advanc'd open-mouth'd to his relief. The man was so intent upon his Game, that she had approacht very



THE BEAR IN THE TREE

² piece: rifle, in this case a flintlock. The priming was a little loose powder placed in a hollow called the pan. When the hammer fell, it struck a piece of flint and caused a spark which ignited the priming. The priming in turn set off the real charge.

near him before he perceived her. But finding his Danger, he faced about upon the Enemy, which immediately rear'd upon her posteriors,¹ & put herself in Battle Array. The Man, admiring at the Bear's assurance, endeavour'd to fire upon Her, but by the dampness of the Priming, his Gun did not go off. He cockt it a second time, and had the same misfortune. After missing Fire twice, he had the folly to punch the Beast with the muzzle of his Piece; but mother Bruin, being upon her Guard, seized the Weapon with her Paws, and by main strength wrenched it out of the Fellow's Hands. The Man being thus fairly disarm'd, thought himself no longer a Match for the Enemy, and therefore retreated as fast as his Legs could carry him. The brute naturally grew bolder upon the flight of her Adversary, and pursued him with all her heavy speed. For some time it was doubtful whether fear made one run faster, or Fury the other. But after an even course of about 50 yards the Man had the Mishap to Stumble over a Stump, and fell down his full Length. He now wou'd have sold his Life for a Penny-worth; but the Bear, apprehending there might be some Trick in the Fall, instantly halted, and lookt with much attention on her Prostrate Foe. In the mean while, the Man had with great presence of Mind resolved to make the Bear believe he was dead, by lying Breathless on the Ground, in Hopes that the Beast would be too generous to kill him over again. To carry on the Farce he acted the Corpse for some time without daring to raise his head, to see how near the Monster was to him. But in about two Minutes to his unspeakable Comfort, he was rais'd from the Dead by the Barking of a Dog, belonging to one of his compan-

¹ posteriors: hind legs.



From Harper's Magazine, April, 1885

WILLIAM BYRD

ions, who came Seasonably to his Rescue, and drove the Bear from pursuing the Man to take care of her Cub, which she fear'd might now fall into a second Distress.²

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. The planters of early Virginia led very busy lives. William Byrd, the author of the foregoing story, operated a plantation, owned several trading ships, and also traded with the Indians. Besides carrying on his business, he found time to write delightful accounts of life in Virginia. Tell what you can about early Virginia life.

2. The foregoing story, although a true account of an adventure, is written in the form of a short story. Explain why it is considered a good one. Did it hold your interest to the end? How did you know, while you were reading, that the man escaped from the bear? Would you have considered the story better had you been left in suspense?

3. Are there any words and phrases in the story that differ from those used today?

² fall into a second Distress: meet another enemy.

What would you say, for example, instead of "admiring at the bear"?

4. How did this story reveal that the colonists often had very good times? What parts of the story seemed most amusing? Did you especially enjoy the young man's misfortune? What kinds of situations in everyday life seem amusing to those who are not involved? Under what conditions do you sometimes laugh at your own misfortunes?

SNOW-BOUND

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Often a piece of literature paints such a vivid picture of conditions that it comes to typify a whole way of living. It is difficult today, for instance, to think of farm life in old New England without thinking of the poem that follows. As you read, you will come to understand why this is true.

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy, ⁶
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut
out, ¹⁰
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling
race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore, ¹⁶
And felt the strong pulse throbbing
there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores—
Brought in the wood from out of
doors, ²⁰
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the
cows;

Heard the horse whinnying for his
corn; ²³
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion¹ rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;²
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge
sent. ³⁰

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro ³⁵
Crossed and recrossed the winged
snow:
And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift piled the window-
frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line
posts ³⁹
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule³ traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,⁴ ⁴⁵
All day the hoary meteor⁵ fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,⁶ ⁵¹
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange
domes and towers ⁵⁵
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;

¹ *stanchion* (stăn'shŭn): a device which fits loosely around an animal's neck and limits forward and backward motion while permitting a sidewise swinging motion.

² *bows*: stanchions.

³ *spherule*: a little sphere or spherical body.

⁴ *pellicle*: a thin film.

⁵ *hoary meteor*: snow.

⁶ *firmament*: the sky.



From an engraving in the edition of 1875

"A TUNNEL WALLED AND OVERLAID WITH DAZZLING CRYSTAL"

A smooth white mound the brush-pile
showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat 60
With loose-flung coat and high cocked
hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;¹
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant spendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.² 65

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins³ on our feet we drew; 70
With mittened hands, and caps
drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from
snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid 75
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,

With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal⁴ powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said, 85
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The horned patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun⁵ roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist
shone, 96
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense 100
By dreary-voiced elements,⁶
The shrieking of the mindless wind,

⁴ *supernal* (sū-pūr'nāl): magic.

⁵ *Amun* (ä'mūn): one of the gods of ancient Egypt, sometimes portrayed as a ram with horns.

⁶ *elements*: wind and sleet.

¹ *Chinese roof*: roof slanting like a pagoda roof.

² *Pisa's leaning miracle*: the famous leaning tower at Pisa, Italy.

³ *buskins*: warmly lined half-boots.

The moaning tree-boughs swaying
 blind,
 And on the glass the unmeaning beat
 Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet. 105
 Beyond the circle of our hearth
 No welcome sound of toil or mirth
 Unbound the spell, and testified
 Of human life and thought outside.
 We minded that the sharpest ear 110
 The buried brooklet could not hear,
 The music of whose liquid lip
 Had been to us companionship,
 And, in our lonely life, had grown
 To have an almost human tone. 115

As night drew on, and, from the crest
 Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
 The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
 From sight beneath the smothering
 bank, 119
 We piled, with care, our nightly stack
 Of wood against the chimney-back,—
 The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
 And on its top the stout back-stick;
 The knotty forestick laid apart, 124
 And filled between with curious art
 The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
 We watched the first red blaze appear,
 Heard the sharp crackle, caught the
 gleam
 On whitewashed wall and sagging
 beam, 129
 Until the old, rude-furnished room
 Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
 While radiant with a mimic flame
 Outside the sparkling drift became,
 And through the bare-boughed lilac-
 tree
 Our own warm hearth seemed blazing
 free. 135
 The crane¹ and pendent trammels²
 showed,
 The Turks' heads on the andirons
 glowed;
 While childish fancy, prompt to tell
 The meaning of the miracle,
 Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the
 tree,*" 140
*When fire outdoors burns merrily,
 There the witches are making tea."*

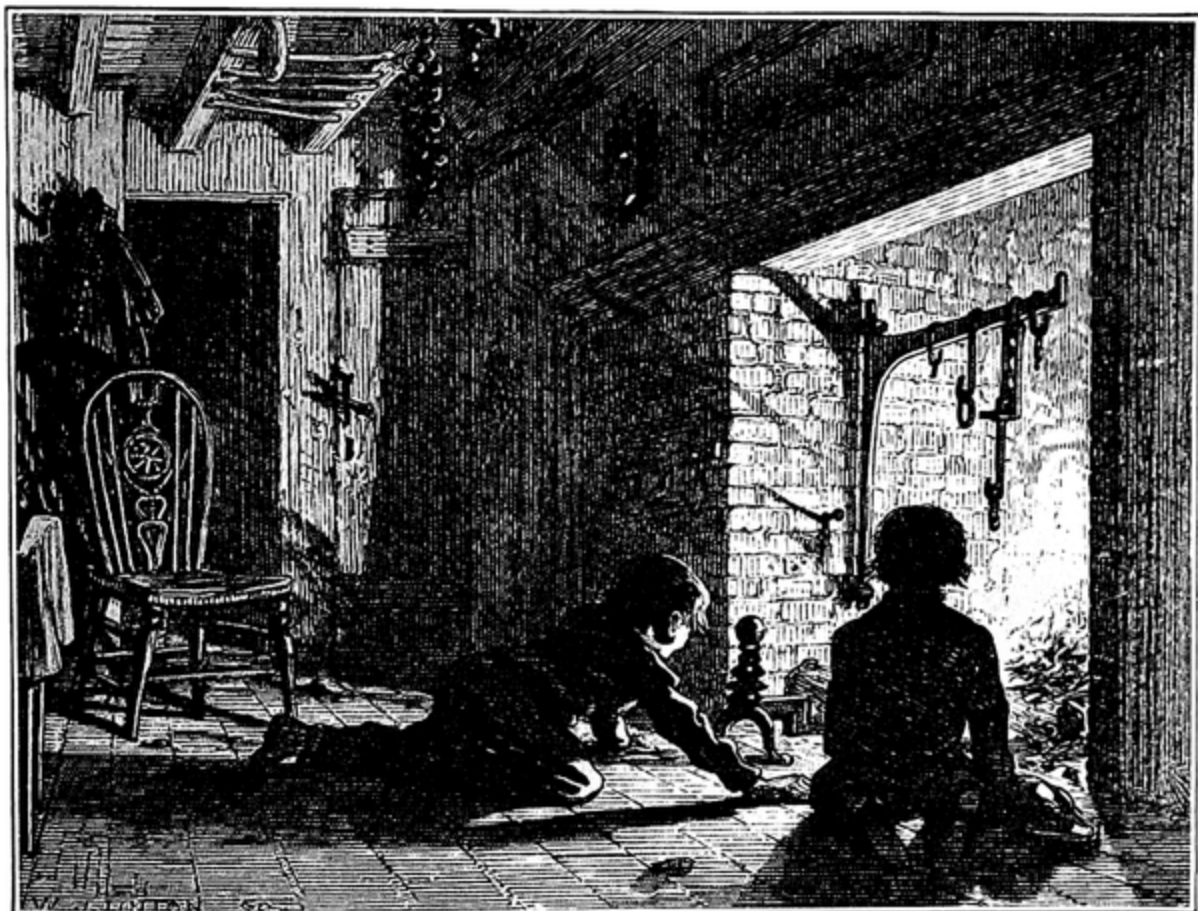
¹ crane: a device in a fireplace from which kettles
 may be hung over the fire.

² trammels: adjustable pothooks on the fireplace.

The moon above the eastern wood
 Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
 Transfigured in the silver flood, 145
 Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
 Dead white, save where some sharp
 ravine
 Took shadow, or the sombre green
 Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
 Against the whiteness at their back.
 For such a world and such a night
 Most fitting that unwarming light,
 Which only seemed where'er it fell
 To make the coldness visible. 154

Shut in from all the world without,
 We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
 Content to let the north-wind roar
 In baffled rage at pane and door,
 While the red logs before us beat 159
 The frost-line back with tropic heat;
 And ever, when a louder blast
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
 The merrier up its roaring draught
 The great throat of the chimney
 laughed. 164
 The house-dog on his paws outspread
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
 A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
 And, for the winter fireside meet,
 Between the andirons' straddling feet,
 The mug of cider simmered slow, 171
 The apples sputtered in a row,
 And, close at hand, the basket stood
 With nuts from brown October's
 wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
 What matter how the north-wind
 raved? 176
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy
 glow.
 O Time and Change!—with hair as
 gray
 As was my sire's that winter day, 180
 How strange it seems, with so much
 gone
 Of life and love, to still live on!
 Ah, brother! only I and thou
 Are left of all that circle now,—
 The dear home faces whereupon 185
 That fitful firelight paled and shone.



THE HEARTH-FIRE'S RUDDY GLOW

Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have
worn, 191

We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read, 195

Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!

Yet Love will dream, and Faith will
trust, 200
(Since He who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we
must.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-
trees! 204

¹ *cypress-trees*: emblematic of death, and frequently planted in cemeteries.

Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles² play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of
faith,

The truth to flesh and sense
unknown, 209
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles
told,

Or stammered from our school-book
lore 214

"The Chief of Gambia's golden shore."³
How often since, when all the land
Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,
As if a trumpet called, I've heard
Dame Mercy Warren's⁴ rousing word:

² *mournful marbles*: gravestones.

³ "The Chief of Gambia's golden shore": a quotation from the poem "The African Chief."

⁴ *Mercy Warren*: a dramatist and historian.

"Does not the voice of reason cry, 220
 'Claim the first right which Nature
 gave,

From the red scourge of bondage fly,
 Nor deign to live a burdened slave!'"

Our father rode again his ride
 On Memphremagog's wooded side;
 Sat down again to moose and samp¹
 In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
 Lived o'er the old idyllic ease 228

Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees;
 Again for him the moonlight shone
 On Norman cap and bodiced zone;²
 Again he heard the violin play

Which led the village dance away,
 And mingled in its merry whirl 234
 The grandam and the laughing girl.

Or, nearer home, our steps he led
 Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
 Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;

Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
 Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths
 along 240

The low green prairies of the sea.
 We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
 And round the rocky Isles of Shoals

The hake-broil³ on the drift-wood
 coals; 244

The chowder on the sand-beach made,
 Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
 With spoons of clam-shell from the
 pot.

We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
 And dream and sign and marvel told
 To sleepy listeners as they lay 250

Stretched idly on the salted hay,
 Adrift along the winding shores,
 When favoring breezes deigned to blow

The square sail of the gundelow,⁴
 And idle lay the useless oars. 255

Our mother, while she turned her
 wheel

Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
 Told how the Indian hordes came down
 At midnight on Cochecho town, 259

And how her own great-uncle bore
 His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.

¹ samp: coarse hominy.

² Norman cap and bodiced zone: the costume of the French-Canadian peasant girl.

³ hake-broil: a picnic at which hake, a kind of fish, are broiled over an open fire.

⁴ gundelow: a flat-bottomed boat; a gondola.

Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
 So rich and picturesque and free,
 (The common unrhymed poetry
 Of simple life and country ways,)

The story of her early days,— 266

She made us welcome to her home;
 Old hearths grew wide to give us room;

We stole with her a frightened look
 At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
 The fame whereof went far and wide

Through all the simple country side;
 We heard the hawks at twilight play,
 The boat-horn on Piscataqua, 274

The loon's weird laughter far away.
 We fished her little trout-brook, knew
 What flowers in wood and meadow

grew,
 What sunny hillsides autumn-brown

She climbed to shake the ripe nuts
 down. 279

Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
 The ducks' black squadron anchored
 lay,

And heard the wild-geese calling loud
 Beneath the gray November cloud.

Then, haply, with a look more grave,
 And soberer tone, some tale she gave
 From painful Sewell's ancient tome,⁵

Beloved in every Quaker home, 287
 Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,
 Or Chalkley's Journal,⁶ old and

quaint,—
 Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint!—

Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
 And water-butt and bread-cask failed,
 And cruel, hungry eyes pursued 293

His portly presence mad for food,
 With dark hints muttered under
 breath

Of casting lots for life or death,
 Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
 To be himself the sacrifice.

Then, suddenly, as if to save 299
 The good man from his living grave,
 A ripple on the water grew,

A school of porpoise flashed in view.
 "Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
 These fishes in my stead are sent

By Him who gave the tangled ram⁷
 To spare the child of Abraham." 306

⁵ Sewell's ancient tome: Samuel Sewell's diary.

⁶ Chalkley's Journal: writings of an English Quaker preacher.

⁷ the tangled ram: See Genesis 22.

Our uncle, innocent of books,
 But rich in lore of fields and brooks,
 The ancient teachers never dumb
 Of Nature's unhousted lyceum.¹ 310
 In moons and tides and weather wise,
 He read the clouds as prophecies,
 And foul or fair could well divine,
 By many an occult hint and sign,
 Holding the cunning-warded keys 315
 To all the woodcraft mysteries;
 Himself to Nature's heart so near
 That all her voices in his ear
 Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
 Like Apollonius² of old, 320
 Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
 Or Hermes,³ who interpreted
 What the sage cranes of Nilus⁴ said;
 A simple, guileless, childlike man,
 Content to live where life began; 325
 Strong only on his native grounds,
 The little world of sights and sounds
 Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
 Whereof his fondly partial pride
 The common features magnified, 330
 As Surrey hills to mountains grew
 In White of Selborne's⁵ loving view—
 He told how teal and loon he shot,
 And how the eagle's eggs he got,
 The feats on pond and river done,
 The prodigies of rod and gun; 336
 Till, warming with the tales he told,
 Forgotten was the outside cold,
 The bitter wind unheeded blew,
 From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
 The partridge drummed i' the wood,
 the mink 341
 Went fishing down the river-brink.
 In fields with bean or clover gay,
 The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
 Peered from the doorway of his cell;
 The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
 And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
 And from the shagbark overhead
 The grizzled squirrel dropped his
 shell. 349

¹ *lyceum* (lī-sē'ūm): school. Note that for the sake of rhythm this word must be accented incorrectly on the last syllable.

² *Apollonius* (āp'ō-lō'nī-ūs): Greek philosopher and wandering preacher of morals.

³ *Hermes* (hēr'mēz): Hermes Trismegistus, supposed writer of scientific and magic works.

⁴ *Nilus*: The Nile River.

⁵ *Selborne's*: In the *Natural History of Selborne*, the author, Gilbert White, is prone to exaggeration.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of
 cheer 350
 And voice in dreams I see and hear,—
 The sweetest woman ever Fate
 Perverse denied a household mate,
 Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
 Found peace in love's unselfishness,
 And welcome whereso'er she went,
 A calm and gracious element, 357
 Whose presence seemed the sweet
 income
 And womanly atmosphere of home,—
 Called up her girlhood memories,
 The huskings and the apple-bees, 361
 The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
 Weaving through all the poor details
 And homespun warp of circumstance
 A golden woof-thread of romance. 365
 For well she kept her genial mood
 And simple faith of maidenhood;
 Before her still a cloud-land lay,
 The mirage loomed across her way;
 The morning dew, that dries so soon
 With others, glistened at her noon;
 Through years of toil and soil and
 care, 372
 From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
 All unprofaned she held apart
 The virgin fancies of the heart.
 Be shame to him of woman born 376
 Who hath for such but thought of
 scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
 Her evening task the stand beside;
 A full, rich nature, free to trust, 380
 Truthful and almost sternly just,
 Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
 And make her generous thought a fact,
 Keeping with many a light disguise
 The secret of self-sacrifice. 385
 O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
 That Heaven itself could give thee,—
 rest,
 Rest from all bitter thoughts and
 things!
 How many a poor one's blessing
 went
 With thee beneath the low green
 tent 390
 Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
 Of all she saw, and let her heart



From edition of 1875

THE SLEIGH-RIDE THROUGH THE FROSTY NIGHT

Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat 395
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless
green

And holy peace of Paradise. 399
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago:— 404
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds
blow

And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod 410
Whereon she leaned, too frail and
weak

The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose
fills 415

The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be
nigh,

A loss in all familiar things, 420
In flower that blooms, and bird that
sings.

And yet, dear heart! remembering
thee,

Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth
I hold? 425

What chance can mar the pearl and
gold

Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows
grow, 429

I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar, 434
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school 439
Held at the fire his favored place,
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce
appeared

The uncertain prophecy of beard.

He teased the mitten-blinded cat, 444
 Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
 Sang songs, and told us what befalls
 In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
 Born the wild Northern hills among,
 From whence his yeoman father wrung
 By patient toil subsistence scant, 450
 Not competence and yet not want,
 He early gained the power to pay
 His cheerful, self-reliant way;
 Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
 To peddle wares from town to town;
 Or through the long vacation's reach
 In lonely lowland districts teach, 457
 Where all the droll experience found
 At stranger hearths in boarding round,¹
 The moonlit skater's keen delight,
 The sleigh-drive through the frosty
 night, 461

The rustic party, with its rough
 Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
 And whirling-plate, and forfeits paid,
 His winter task a pastime made. 465
 Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
 He tuned his merry violin,
 Or played the athlete in the barn,
 Or held the good dame's winding-yarn,
 Or mirth-provoking versions told
 Of classic legends rare and old, 471
 Wherein the scenes of Greece and
 Rome

Had all the commonplace of home,
 And little seemed at best the odds
 'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods;
 Where Pindus-born Araxes² took 476
 The guise of any grist-mill brook,
 And dread Olympus³ at his will
 Became a huckleberry hill.

A careless boy that night he seemed;
 But at his desk he had the look 481
 And air of one who wisely schemed,
 And hostage from the future took
 In trained thought and lore of book.
 Large-brained, clear-eyed; of such as he
 Shall Freedom's young apostles be,

¹ *boarding round*: instead of paying board, the teacher lived for a certain length of time with each family, who thus contributed to the support of the school.

² *Pindus-born Araxes* (pīn'dūs; á-rāk'sēz): a river in Greece, having its beginning in the Pindus Mountains.

³ *Olympus*: a mountain in Greece, the home of the gods.

Who, following in War's bloody trail,
 Shall every lingering wrong assail;
 All chains from limb and spirit strike,
 Uplift the black and white alike; 490
 Scatter before their swift advance
 The darkness and the ignorance,
 The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,
 Which nurtured Treason's monstrous
 growth,

Made murder pastime, and the hell
 Of prison-torture possible; 496
 The cruel lie of caste refute,
 Old forms recast, and substitute
 For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,
 For blind routine, wise-handed skill;
 A school-house plant on every hill,
 Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence
 The quick wires of intelligence; 503
 Till North and South together brought
 Shall own the same electric thought,
 In peace a common flag salute,
 And, side by side in labor's free
 And unresentful rivalry,
 Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

Another guest⁴ that winter night 510
 Flashed back from lustrous eyes the
 light.

Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
 The honeyed music of her tongue
 And words of meekness scarcely told
 A nature passionate and bold, 515
 Strong, self-concentered, spurning
 guide,

Its milder features dwarfed beside
 Her unbent will's majestic pride.

She sat among us, at the best, 519
 A not unfear'd, half-welcome guest,
 Rebuking with her cultured phrase
 Our homeliness of words and ways.

A certain pard-like,⁵ treacherous grace
 Swayed the lithe limbs and drooped
 the lash,

Lent the white teeth their dazzling
 flash; 525

And under low brows, black with
 night,

Rayed out at times a dangerous
 light;

The sharp heat-lightnings of her face

⁴ *Another guest*: an eccentric friend of the Whittier family, Harriet Livermore.

⁵ *pard-like*: like a leopard.

Presaging ill to him whom Fate 529
 Condemned to share her love or hate.
 A woman tropical, intense
 In thought and act, in soul and sense,
 She blended in a like degree
 The vixen and the devotee, 534
 Revealing with each freak or feint
 The temper of Petruchio's Kate,¹
 The raptures of Siena's saint.²
 Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
 Had facile power to form a fist; 539
 The warm, dark languish of her eyes
 Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
 Brows saintly calm and lips devout
 Knew every change of scowl and pout;
 And the sweet voice had notes more
 high
 And shrill for social battle-cry. 545

Since then what old cathedral town
 Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,
 What convent-gate has held its lock
 Against the challenge of her knock!
 Through Smyrna's plague-hushed
 thoroughfares,³ 550
 Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,⁴
 Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
 Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
 Or startling on her desert throne
 The crazy Queen⁵ of Lebanon 555
 With claims fantastic as her own,
 Her tireless feet have held their way;
 And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
 She watches under Eastern skies,
 With hope each day renewed and
 fresh, 560
 The Lord's quick coming in the
 flesh,
 Whereof she dreams and prophesies!

Where'er her troubled path may be,
 The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
 The outward wayward life we see,
 The hidden springs we may not
 know. 566

¹ *Petruchio's Kate* (pê-trôô'kî-ô): a character in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*.

² *Siena's saint*: St. Catherine of Siena, who was said to have raptures, or glorious visions.

³ *Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares*: So many died that the streets were empty.

⁴ *Malta's rocky stairs*: the steep rocky paths on the island of Malta in the Mediterranean.

⁵ *crazy Queen*: Lady Stanhope, who went to Lebanon to await the second coming of Christ. The wild tribes of Lebanon regarded her as a queen.

Nor is it given us to discern
 What threads the fatal sisters⁶ spun,
 Through what ancestral years has run
 The sorrow with the woman born, 570
 What forged her cruel chain of moods,
 What set her feet in solitudes,
 And held the love within her mute,
 What mingled madness in the blood,
 A life-long discord and annoy, 575
 Water of tears with oil of joy,
 And hid within the folded bud
 Perversities of flower and fruit.
 It is not ours to separate
 The tangled skein of will and fate,
 To show what metes⁷ and bounds
 should stand 581
 Upon the soul's debatable land,
 And between choice and Providence
 Divide the circle of events;
 But He who knows our frame is just,
 Merciful, and compassionate, 586
 And full of sweet assurances
 And hope for all the language is,
 That He remembereth we are dust!

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
 Sent out a dull and duller glow, 591
 The bull's-eye watch that hung in
 view,

Ticking its weary circuit through,
 Pointed with mutely-warning sign
 Its black hand to the hour of nine.
 That sign the pleasant circle broke:
 My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
 Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray
 And laid it tenderly away, 599
 Then roused himself to safely cover
 The dull red brand⁸ with ashes over.
 And while, with care, our mother laid
 The work aside, her steps she stayed
 One moment, seeking to express
 Her grateful sense of happiness 605
 For food and shelter, warmth and
 health,
 And love's contentment more than
 wealth,

With simple wishes (not the weak,
 Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
 But such as warm the generous heart,
 O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its
 part) 611

⁶ *fatal sisters*: goddesses of fate or destiny.

⁷ *metes* (mêts): limits.

⁸ *brand*: glowing coals of fire.



From a steel engraving in the edition of 1866

"NEXT MORN WE WAKENED WITH A SHOUT"

That none might lack, that bitter
night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and
light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables
roared, 615

With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards
tost,

The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered
wall, 620

Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is
new;

Faint and more faint the murmurs
grew, 624

Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with a shout
Of merry voices high and clear; 630

And saw the teamsters drawing
near

To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads upst,
Their straining nostrils white with
frost. 636

Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.

The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
Passed, with the cider-mug, their
jokes 640

From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling,
rolled,

Then toiled again the cavalcade
O'er windy hill, through clogged
ravine,

And woodland paths that wound
between 645

Low drooping pine-boughs winter-
weighed.

From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest
law, 649

Haply the watchful young men saw



From edition of 1875

"THE FLOUNDERING CARRIER"

Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defence
Against the snow-balls' compliments,
And reading in each missive tost 655
The charm with Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells'
sound;

And, following where the teamsters
led,

The wise old Doctor went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say, 660
In the brief autocratic way

Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,

That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need.

For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's
sight 667

The Quaker matron's inward light,
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
All hearts confess the saints elect

Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect 672

The Christian pearl of charity!¹

So days went on: a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from
last. 675

¹ *Quaker matron's . . . charity*: It mattered little to the patient that he was being cared for by people of different faiths. Whittier's mother was a Quaker and believed that people should be guided by an inward light. The doctor was a Presbyterian. His church, founded by Calvin, was based on a rigid creed, here compared to armor.

The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and reread our little store,
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a
score;

One harmless novel, mostly hid 679
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry, (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had,)
Where Ellwood's² meek, drab-skirted
Muse,

A stranger to the heathen Nine,³
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews. 686

At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.

Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled 691
We saw the marvels that it told.

Before us passed the painted Creeks,
And daft McGregor⁴ on his raids

In Costa Rica's everglades. 695

And up Taygetos winding slow
Rode Ypsilanti's⁵ Mainote Greeks,⁶

A Turk's head at each saddle-bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,

Its corner for the rustic Muse, 700
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,

Its record, mingling in a breath
The wedding bell and dirge of death;

Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail; 705

Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue⁷ sales and goods at cost,

And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,

The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow⁸ 711

Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,

And all the world was ours once more!

Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray

² *Ellwood*: a Quaker author

³ *heathen Nine*: Muses, or Greek goddesses, who inspire song and poetry.

⁴ *daft McGregor*: a foolish Scotsman who tried to establish a colony in Costa Rica.

⁵ *Ypsilanti*: a cavalry leader in the war for Greek independence.

⁶ *Mainote Greeks*: soldiers from Maina, a district in southern Greece.

⁷ *vendue*: auction.

⁸ *embargo of the snow*: seclusion caused by storm.

And voice of echoes far away, 717
 The brazen covers of thy book;
 The weird palimpsest¹ old and vast,
 Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;
 Where, closely mingling, pale and
 glow 721

The characters of joy and woe;
 The monographs of outlived years,
 Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,
 Green hills of life that slope to death,
 And haunts of home, whose vistaed
 trees² 726

Shade off to mournful cypresses
 With the white amaranths under-
 neath.

Even while I look, I can but heed
 The restless sands' incessant fall,
 Importunate hours that hours succeed,
 Each clamorous with its own sharp
 need, 732

And duty keeping pace with all.
 Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
 I hear again the voice that bids
 The dreamer leave his dream midway
 For larger hopes and graver fears:
 Life greatens in these later years,
 The century's aloe flowers³ today!

Yet, haply, in some lull of life, 740
 Some Truce of God⁴ which breaks its
 strife,

The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
 Dreaming in throngful city ways
 Of winter joys his boyhood knew; 744
 And dear and early friends—the few
 Who yet remain—shall pause to view
 These Flemish pictures⁵ of old days;
 Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
 And stretch the hands of memory
 forth

To warm them at the wood-fire's
 blaze! 750

And thanks untraced to lips unknown
 Shall greet me like the odors blown
 From unseen meadows newly mown,

¹palimpsest (pāl'imp-sĕst): something written on twice, the original having been erased before the second writing was done.

²vistaed trees: long rows of trees.

³aloe flowers: a symbol of bitterness.

⁴Truce of God: in feudal times, a cessation of private war on certain days, enforced by the church.

⁵Flemish pictures: a figure of speech, comparing his memories of old scenes with paintings by the old Flemish masters.

Or lilies floating in some pond,
 Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze be-
 yond; 755

The traveller owns the grateful sense
 Of sweetness near, he knows not
 whence,

And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
 The benediction of the air. 759

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Whittier was a poet of common, simple things. No American poet has ever expressed better the feelings and ideals of his own time and place. Find parts of the poem which reveal some of the elements of his character.

2. What is the type of the poem you just read? Has it any characteristics of more than one type? If so, what are they?

3. Was the poem hard to read? Whittier always wrote in a very simple style, using words in the everyday speech of the people about whom he wrote. Point out some of the passages that are especially simple in style.

4. Find parts of the poem that do not tell anything about life on the snow-bound farm. Would the poem have been better had they been left out?

5. Tell as much as you can about life on a New England farm at the time of Whittier's boyhood. How was the house heated? How was it lighted? Where did the family get its water supply? What animals were kept? What books were read?

MINIVER CHEEVY*

By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Sometimes it seems tragic that people cannot choose the time in which they live. Few, however, feel as hopeless about it as the hero of the following poem.

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
 Grew lean while he assailed the
 seasons;
 He wept that he was ever born,
 And he had reasons.

*From *Collected Poems*.

Miniver loved the days of old 5
 When swords were bright and steeds
 were prancing;
 The vision of a warrior bold
 Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
 And dreamed, and rested from his
 labors; 10
 He dreamed of Thebes¹ and Camelot,²
 And Priam's³ neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
 That made so many a name so
 fragrant;
 He mourned Romance, now on the
 town,⁴ 15
 And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,⁵
 Albeit he had never seen one;
 He would have sinned incessantly
 Could he have been one. 20

Miniver cursed the commonplace
 And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
 He missed the mediaeval grace
 Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought, 24
 But sore annoyed was he without it;
 Miniver thought, and thought, and
 thought,
 And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
 Scratched his head and kept on
 thinking; 30
 Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
 And kept on drinking.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Most poets have written about heroes. Edwin Arlington Robinson, however, found failures more interesting, perhaps because

¹ *Thebes* (thēbz): the capital of ancient Egypt in its most glorious period.

² *Camelot* (kām'ē-lōt): a legendary city in England, where King Arthur had his knights of the Round Table.

³ *Priam* (pri'am): king of Troy at the time of the Trojan War.

⁴ *on the town*: supported by the town; "broke."

⁵ *Medici* (mā'dē-chē): a renowned family of medieval Italy.

they are more human. Name some poems that have been written about heroes. Do you know of any written about failures?

2. Does this poem express any emotion, or is it entirely descriptive? What kind of poem do you think it is?

3. Are there any words or phrases in the poem that might not have been used in prose? Why would an elaborate, poetic style not have been suited to the subject?

4. Do you think Miniver Cheevy would have been a success had he been born in any other age? Have you ever heard anyone talk about the good old days? Have you known anyone who felt that he would have accomplished great deeds had the circumstances been different?

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

By BRET HARTE

Life in the gold-mining days of the old West might have been in a different world from that in Whittier's New England. Many stories have been written of rough mining towns and of prospectors, cowboys, and bandits. The writers of these stories have given the early West a glamour and romance which it probably never had in real life. The following selection is one of the best western stories ever written.

As Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the 23d of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night. Two or three men, conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern in these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause⁶ was another

⁶ *predisposing cause*: reason for blame.



A CITIZEN OF POKER FLAT

question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots, and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done permanently in regard to two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state that their impropriety was professional, and it was only on such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging him as a possible example and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sum he had won from them. "It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp—an entire stranger—carry away our money." But a crude sentiment of equity¹ residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness, none the

¹ *equity*: justice.

less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept fate. With him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognized the unusual percentage in favor of the dealer.

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as "The Duchess"; another who had won the title of "Mother Shipton"; and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice² robber and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached, the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

As the escort disappeared, their pent-up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess, some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a Parthian volley³ of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die on the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own riding-horse, Five-Spot, for the sorry mule which the Duchess

² *sluice*: an inclined trough for washing out gold in streams.

³ *Parthian volley*: Parthian shot, alluding to the Parthian method of fighting with bow and arrows on horseback, the horses being turned as if in flight after each charge.

rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat draggled plumes with a feeble, faded coquetry; Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of Five-Spot with malevolence, and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.¹

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that, not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe travel. In that advanced season the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foothills into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no farther, and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheater, surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was, undoubtedly, the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished, and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hand before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest, and prescience.² In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its

influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness, and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "couldn't afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah trade,³ his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement which, singularly enough, was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the encircling pines around him, at the sky ominously clouded, at the valley below, already deepening into shadow; and, doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the newcomer Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The Innocent," of Sandy Bar. He had met him some time before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune—amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door and thus addressed him: "Tommy

¹ *anathema* (ă-năth'ê-mă): curse.

² *prescience* (prĕ'shî-ēns): foreknowledge of events; foresight.

³ *pariah trade* (pă-rî'ă): gambling, which made a pariah, or outcast, of him.



"A HORSEMAN SLOWLY ASCENDED THE TRAIL"

you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent. Don't try it ever again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

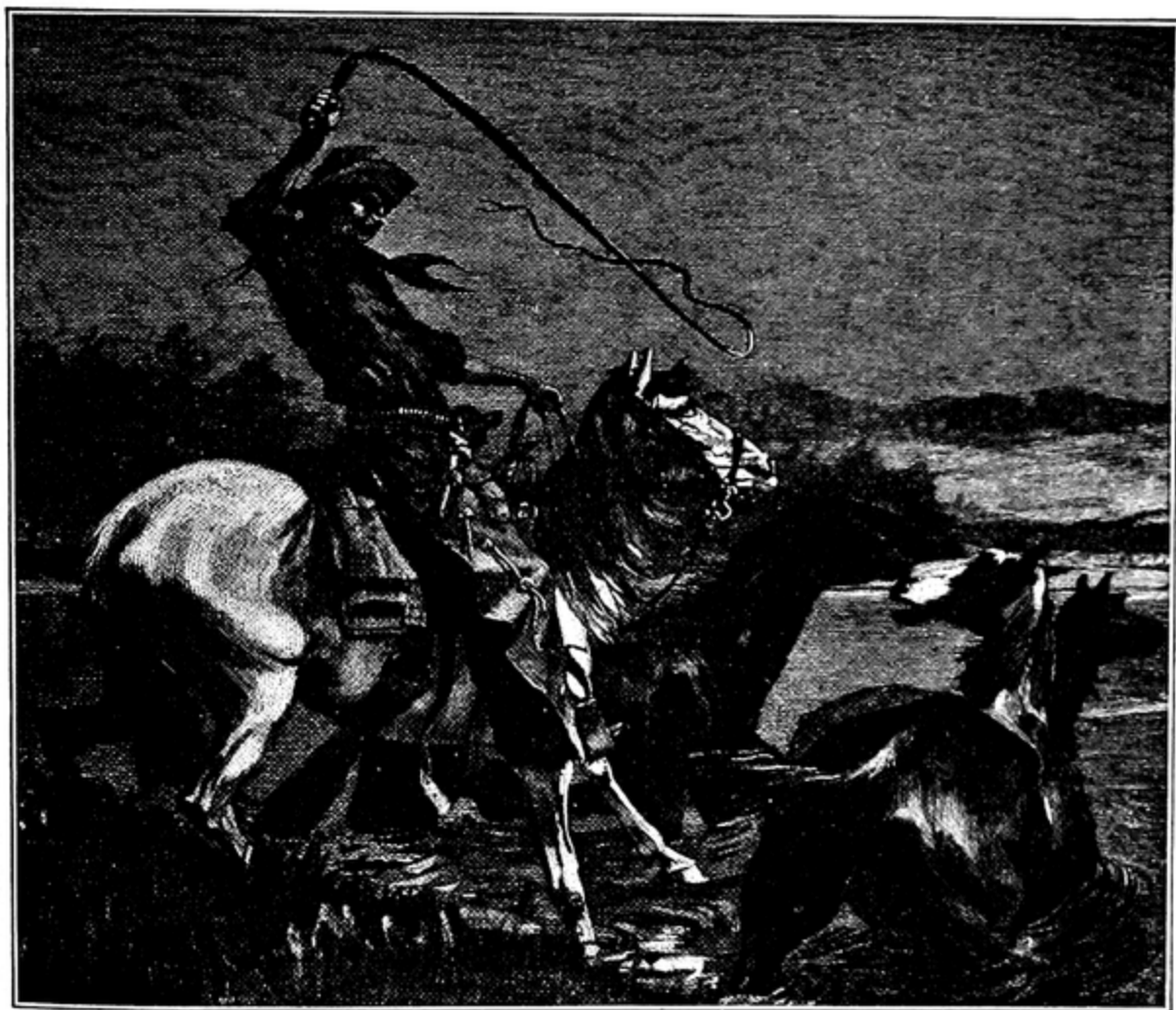
There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not exactly alone; in fact (a giggle), he had run away with Piney Woods. Didn't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to

camp, and company. All this the Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney, a stout, comely damsel of fifteen, emerged from behind the pine tree, where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to her lover's side.

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety;¹ but he had a vague idea that the situation was not fortunate. He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making camp. But, unluckily, the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions, and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log house near the trail. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said the Innocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the cañon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the joke to the tall pine trees, with many slaps of his leg, contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days. The Innocent was holding forth,

¹ propriety: proper behavior.



From an illustration by Frederic Remington

UNCLE BILLY DRIVING OFF THE ANIMALS

apparently with equal effect, to Mr. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this yer a d——d picnic?" said Uncle Billy, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing firelight, and the tethered animals in the foreground. Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain. It was apparently of a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth.

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine trees and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles. The ruined cabin, patched and covered

with pine boughs, was set apart for the ladies. As the lovers parted, they unaffectedly exchanged a kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines. The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut. The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were asleep.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. Toward morning he awoke benumbed and cold. As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that

which caused the blood to leave it—snow!

He started to his feet with the intentions of awakening the sleepers, for there was no time to lose. But, turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain, and a curse to his lips. He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered—they were no longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-humored, freckled face; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians; and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustaches and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snowflakes that dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, and summed up the present and future in two words, "Snowed in!"

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst *sotto voce*¹ to the Innocent, "if you're willing to board us. If you ain't—and perhaps you'd better not—you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions." For some occult reason, Mr. Oakhurst could not bring himself to disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp

and had accidentally stampeded the animals. He dropped a warning to the Duchess and Mother Shipton, who of course knew the facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us *all* when they find out anything," he added significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We'll have a good camp for a week, and then the snow'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gayety of the young man and Mr. Oakhurst's calm infected the others. The Innocent, with the aid of pine boughs, extemporized² a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the Duchess directed Piney in the rearrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned away sharply to conceal something that reddened her cheeks through their professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoing from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whisky, which he had prudently cached. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whisky," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blind storm, and the group around it, that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had cached his cards with the whisky as something debarred the free access of the

¹ *sotto voce* (sō'tō vō'chā): Italian for "in an undertone."

² *extemporized*: made without planning.

community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "didn't say 'cards' once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled by an accordion, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by the Innocent on a pair of bone castanets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation. I fear that a certain defiant tone and Covenanter's swing to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it speedily to infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain:

I'm proud to live in the service of
the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army.

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group, and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to the Innocent by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied Oakhurst sententiously.¹ "When a man gets a streak of luck, he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All

you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat—you come along, and slap, you get into it too. If you can hold your cards right along you're all right. For," added the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance,

"I'm proud to live in the service of the
Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white-curtained valley, saw the outcasts dividing their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut—a hopeless, uncharted,² trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. Through the marvelously clear air the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and perhaps for that reason was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess. "Just you go out there and cuss, and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child," as she and the Duchess were pleased to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing theory of the pair thus to account for the fact that she didn't swear and wasn't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms

¹ *sententiously* (sĕn-tĕn'shŭs-ĭ): briefly and emphatically.

² *uncharted*: not mapped out.



"IT BECAME MORE AND MORE DIFFICULT
TO REPLENISH THE FIRE"

and long-drawn gasps by the flickering campfire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney—story-telling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have failed, too, but for the Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the *Iliad*. He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar.

And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demigods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the cañon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus.¹ Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ash-heels."²

So, with small food and much of Homer and the accordion, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snowflakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white, that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton—once the strongest of the party—seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head, and open it." Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman

¹ son of Peleus (pē'lūs): Achilles, a hero of the Trojan War.

² "Ash-heels": Achilles (ā-kīl'ēz).

querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr. Oakhurst took the Innocent aside, and showed him a pair of snowshoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack-saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the cañon," he replied. He turned suddenly and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found someone had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke, but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess' waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending asunder the protecting vines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers

slowly blackened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours: "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pillowing the head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them which was she that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

But at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pine trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie-knife. It bore the following, written in pencil in a firm hand:

BENEATH THIS TREE
LIES THE BODY
OF
JOHN OAKHURST

Who struck a Streak of Bad Luck
on the 23d of November 1850,
and

Handed in his checks
On the 7th December, 1850.

And pulseless and cold, with a Derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. Bret Harte, the author of the foregoing selection, was never a successful writer until he began writing about the West. Eastern readers were fascinated by his western stories and poems, and he became extremely popular almost at once. Find out some of the other selections which he wrote.

2. What type of literature is the selection? How could you tell? Where did you find the climax?

3. Do you think the author told his story for the sake of the action, or as a study of character? Which parts are humorous? Did the humor at the beginning lead you to expect a different ending? How did the humor help to make the story better?

4. What good qualities did Mr. Oakhurst have? Were the people who drove him out of Poker Flat any better than he was himself? What did the author reveal about the people who drove him out? Are people in real life either all good or all bad?

THE NEW HOME*

By EDNA FERBER

The following selection describes a later period in the history of the West than does the preceding story. The land that is now Oklahoma had been reserved for various tribes of Indians. Finally, in 1889, the government opened up the land for settlement. There was a wild scramble and a large population moved in almost overnight. The following selection from a novel tells about some of the experiences of one of the families.

Long before the end of that first nightmarish day in Osage, Sabra had confronted her husband with blazing

eyes. "I won't bring up my boy in a town like this!"

It had been a night and a day fantastic with untoward happenings. Their wagons had rumbled wearily down the broad main street of the settlement—a raw gash in the prairie. All about, on either side, were wooden shacks, and Indians and dried mud and hitching posts and dogs and crude wagons like their own. It looked like pictures Sabra had seen of California in '49. They had supped on ham and eggs, fried potatoes, and muddy coffee in a place labeled "Ice Cream and Oyster Parlor." They spent that first night in a rooming house above one of the score of saloons that enlivened the main street—Pawhuska Avenue, it was called. It was a longish street, for the Osage town settlers seemed to have felt the need of huddling together for company in this wilderness. The street stopped abruptly at either end and became suddenly prairie.

"Pawhuska Avenue," said a tipsy sign tacked on the front of a false-front pine shack. Yancey chose this unfortunate time to impart a little Indian lore to Cim, wide-eyed on the wagon seat beside his mother.

"That's Osage," he shouted to the boy. "Pawhu—that means hair. And scah, that means white. White Hair. Pawhuska—White Hair—was an old Osage Chief——"

"Yancey Cravat!" Sabra called in a shout that almost equaled his own (she was, in fact, slightly hysterical, what with weariness and disappointment and fear), "Yancey Cravat, will you stop talking Indian history and find us a place to eat and sleep! Where's your sense? Can't you see he's ready to drop, and so am I?"

The greasy food set before them in the eating house sickened her. She shrank from the slatternly bold-faced

*From *Cimarron*.

girl who slammed the dishes down in front of them on the oilcloth-covered table. At this same table with them—there was only one, a long board accommodating perhaps twenty—sat red-faced men talking in great rough voices, eating with a mechanical and absent-minded thoroughness, shoveling potatoes, canned vegetables, pie into their mouths with knives. Cim was terribly wide awake and noisily unruly, excited by the sounds and strangeness about him.

"I'm an Indian!" he would yell, making a great clatter with his spoon on the table. "Ol' White Hair! Wa-wa-wa-wa-wa-wa!" Being reprimanded, and having the spoon forcibly removed from his clutching fingers, he burst into tears and howls.

Sabra had taken him up to the bare and clean enough little room which was to be their shelter for the night. From wide-eyed wakefulness Cim had become suddenly limp with sleep. Yancey had gone out to see to the horses, to get what information he could about renting a house, and a shack for the newspaper. A score of plans were teeming in his mind.

"You'll be all right," he had said. "A good night's sleep and everything'll look rosy in the morning. Don't look so down in the mouth, honey. You're going to like it."

"It's horrible! It's—and those men! Those dreadful men."

"For my part, I had rather be the first man among these fellows than the second man in Rome." Yancey struck an attitude.

Sabra looked at him dully. "Rome?"

"Plutarch, my sweet." He kissed her; was gone with a great flirt of his coat tails. She heard his light step clattering down the flimsy wooden stairs. She could distinguish his beautiful vibrant voice among the raucous speech of the other men below.

The boy was asleep in a rude box bed drawn up beside theirs. Black Isaiah was bedded down somewhere in a little kennel outside. Sabra sank suspiciously down on the doubtful mattress. The walls of the room were wafer thin; mere pine slats with cracks between. From the street below came women's shrill laughter, the sound of a piano hammered horribly. Horses clattered by. Voices came up in jocose greeting; there were conversations and arguments excruciatingly prolonged beneath her window.

"I was sellin' a thousand beef steers one time—holdin' a herd of about three thousand—and me and my foreman, we was countin' the cattle as they come between us. Well, the steers was wild long-legged coasters—and run! Say, they come through between us like scart wolves, and I lost the count. . . ."

"Heard where the Mullins gang rode in there this morning and cleaned up the town—both banks—eleven thousand in one and nineteen thousand in the other, and when they come out it looked like the whole county'd rallied against 'em. . . ."

"Say, he's a bad hombre,¹ that fella. Got a poisoned tongue, like a rattlesnake Spades trump?"

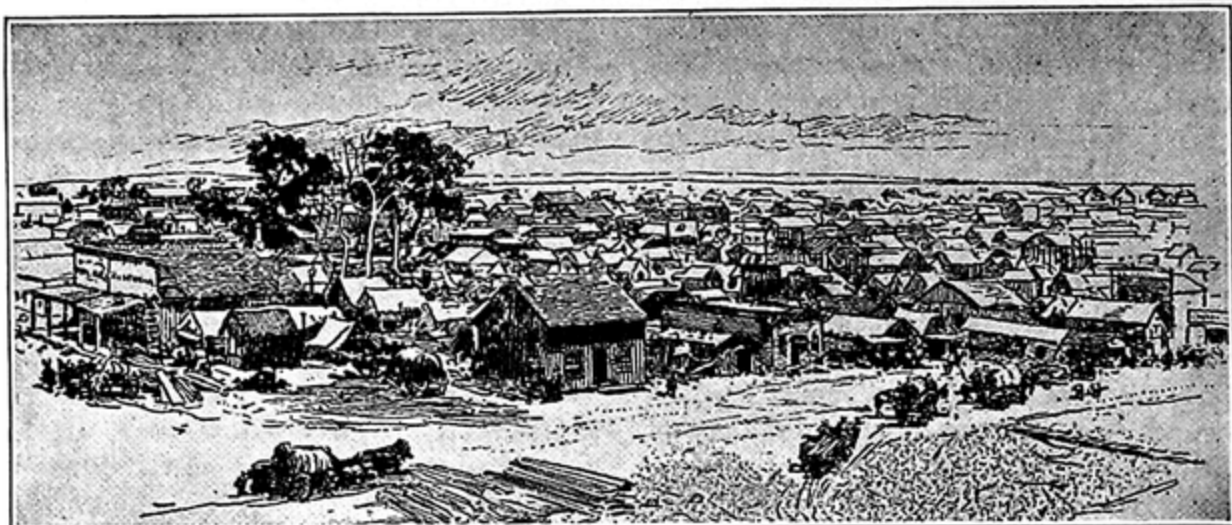
"No, hearts. Say, I would of known how to handle him. One time we was campin' on Amarillo Creek. . . ."

A loud knock at the door opposite Sabra's room. The knock repeated. Then a woman's voice, metallic, high. "*Quien es?*² *Quien es?*" The impatient rattle of a door knob, and a man's gruff voice.

A long-drawn wail in the street below, "Oh, Joe! He-e-e-ere's your mule!" followed by a burst of laughter.

¹ *hombre* (höm'brā): Spanish for "man" or "fellow."

² *Quien es* (kē-ān' ās): Spanish for "Who is it?"



From Wilson's *History of the American People*

"ALL ABOUT, ON EITHER SIDE, WERE WOODEN SHACKS"

Yet somehow she had fallen asleep in utter exhaustion, only to be awakened by pistol shots, a series of blood-curdling yells, the crash and tinkle of broken glass. Then came screams of women, the sound of horses galloping. She lay there, cowering. Cim stirred in his bed, sighed deeply, slept again. She was too terrified to go to the window. Her shivering seemed to shake the bed. She wanted to waken the child for comfort, for company. She summoned courage to go to the window; peered fearfully out into the dim street below. Nothing. No one in the street. Yancey's bleeding body was not lying in the road; no masked men. Nothing again but the clink of glasses and plates; the tinny piano, the slap of cards.

She longed with unutterable longing, not for the sweet security of her bed back in Wichita—that seemed unreal now—but for those nights in the wagon on the prairie with no sound but the rustle of the scrub oaks, the occasional stamp of horses' hoofs on dry clay, the rippling of a near-by stream. She looked at her little gold watch, all engraved with a bird and a branch and a waterfall and a church spire. It was only nine.

It was midnight when Yancey came in. She sat up in bed in her high-necked, long-sleeved nightgown. Her eyes, in her white face, were two black holes burned in a piece of paper.

"What was it? What was it?"

"What was what? Why aren't you asleep, sugar?"

"Those shots. And the screaming. And the men hollering."

"Shots?" He was unstrapping his broad leather belt with its twin six-shooters whose menacing heads peered just above their holsters. He wore it always now. It came, in time, to represent for her a sinister symbol of all the terrors, all the perils that lay waiting for them in this new existence. "Why, sugar, I don't recollect hearing any— Oh—that!" He threw back his great head and laughed. "That was just a cowboy, feeling high, shooting out the lights over in Strap Turket's saloon. On his way home and having a little fun with the boys. Scare you, did it?"

He came over to her, put a hand on her shoulder. She shrugged away from him, furious. She pressed her hand frantically to her forehead. It was cold and wet. She was panting a little. "I won't bring my boy up in

a town like this. I won't, I'm going back. I'm going back home, I tell you."

"Wait till morning, anyhow, won't you, honey?" he said, and took her in his arms.

Next morning was, somehow, magically, next morning, with the terrors of the night vanished quite. The sun was shining. For a moment Sabra had the illusion that she was again at home in her own bed at Wichita. Then she realized that this was because she had been awakened by a familiar sound. It was the sound of Isaiah's voice somewhere below in the dusty yard. He was polishing Yancey's boots, spitting on them industriously and singing as he rubbed. His husky sweet voice came up to her as she lay there.

Lis'en to de lambs, all a-cryin',
 Lis'en to de lambs, all a-cryin',
 Lis'en to de lambs, all a-cryin',
 Ah wanta go to heab'n when Ah die.
 Come on, sister, wid yo' ups an' downs,
 Wanta go to heab'n when Ah die,
 De angels waitin' fo' to gib yo' a crown,
 Wanta go to heab'n when Ah die.¹

Lugubrious though the words were, Sabra knew he was utterly happy.

There was much to be done—a dwelling to be got somehow—a place in which to house the newspaper plant. If necessary, Yancey said, they could live in the rear and set up the printing and law office in the front. Almost everyone who conducted a business in the town did this. "Houses are mighty scarce," Yancey said, making a great masculine snorting and snuffling at the wash bowl as they dressed. "It's take what you can get or live in a tent. I heard last night that Doc Nisbett's got a good house. Five rooms, and he'll furnish us with water. There're a dozen families after it, and Doc's as independent as a hog on ice."

¹ The song is a Negro spiritual.

Sabra rather welcomed this idea of combining office and home. She would be near him all day. As soon as breakfast was over, she and Yancey fared forth, leaving Cim in Isaiah's care (under many and detailed instructions from Sabra). She had put on her black grosgrain silk with the three box pleats on each side, trimmed with the passementerie and jet buttons—somewhat wrinkled from its long stay in the trunk—and her modish hat with the five ostrich plumes and the pink roses that had cost twelve dollars and fifty cents in Wichita, and her best black buttoned kid shoes and her black kid gloves. In the tightly basqued black silk she was nineteen inches round the waist and very proud of it. Her dark eyes, slightly shadowed now, what with weariness, excitement, and the loss of sleep, were enormous beneath the brim of the romantic black plumed hat.

Yancey, seeing her thus attired in splendor after almost a fortnight of the gray cheviot, struck an attitude of dazzlement. Blank verse leaped to his ready lips. "But who is this, what thing of sea or land—female of sex it seems—that so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay, comes this way sailing, like a stately ship of Tarsus, bound for th' isles of Javan or Gadire, with all her bravery² on. . .!"³

"Oh, now, Yancey, don't talk nonsense. It's only my second best black grosgrain."

"You're right, my darling. Even Milton has no words for such beauty."

"Do hurry, dear. We've so much to do."

With his curling locks, his broad-brimmed white sombrero, his high-heeled boots, his fine white shirt, the ample skirts of his Prince Albert spreading and swooping with the vigor

² all her bravery: all her decorations

³ Quotation from Milton's *Samson Agonistes*.

of his movements, Yancey was an equally striking figure, though perhaps not so unusual as she, in this day and place.

The little haphazard town lay broiling in the summer sun. The sky that Sabra was to know well hung flat and glaring, a gray-blue metal disk, over the prairie.

"Well, Sabra honey, this isn't so bad!" exclaimed Yancey, and looked about him largely. "'Now Morning saffron-robed arose from the streams of Ocean to bring light to gods and men.'"

"Ocean!" echoed Sabra, the literal. "Mighty little water I've seen around here—unless you call that desert prairie the ocean."

"And so it is, my pet. That's very poetic of you. The prairie's an ocean of land." He seemed enormously elated—jubilant, almost. His coat tails twitched; he stepped high in his fine Texas star boots. She tucked her hand in her handsome husband's arm. The air was sweet, and they were young, and it was morning. Perhaps it was not going to be so dreadful, after all.

Somehow, she had yet no feeling that she, Sabra Cravat, was part of this thing. She was an onlooker. The first thing she noticed, as she stepped into the dust of the street in her modish dress and hat, caused her heart to sink. The few women to be seen scuttling about wore sunbonnets and calico—the kind of garments in which Sabra had seen the women back home in Wichita hanging up the Monday wash to dry on the line in the back yard. Here they came out of butcher's shop or grocery store with the day's provisions in their arms; a packet of meat, tins of tomatoes or peaches, unwrapped. After sharp furtive glances at Sabra, they vanished into this little pine shack or that.

Immediately afterward there was great agitation among the prim coarse window curtains in those dwellings boasting such elegance.

"But the others—the other kind of women—" Sabra faltered.

Yancey misunderstood. "Plenty of the other kind in a town like this, but they aren't stirring this time of day."

"Don't be coarse, Yance. I mean ladies like myself—that I can talk to—who'll come calling—that is—"

He waved a hand this way and that. "Why, you just saw some women folks, didn't you?"

"Those!"

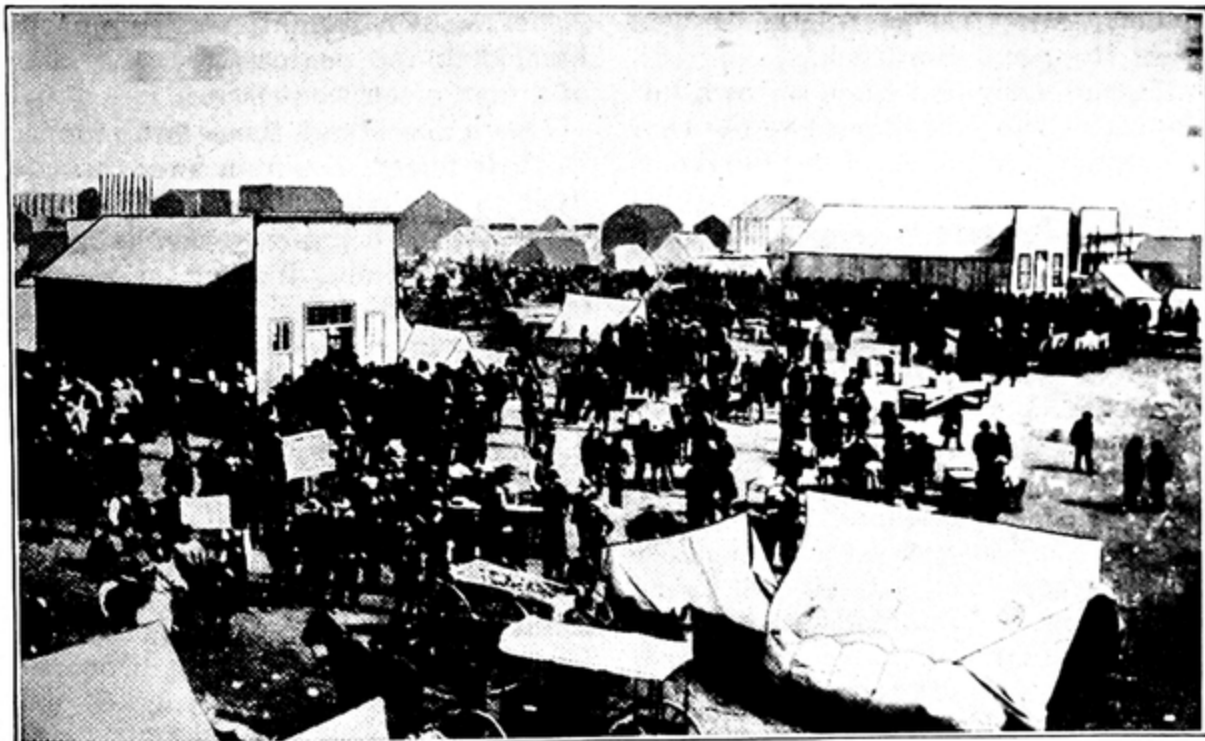
"Well, now, honey, you can't expect those ladies to be wearing their best bib and tucker mornings to do the housework in. Besides, most of the men came without their women folks. They'll send for them, and then you'll have plenty of company. It isn't every woman who'd have the courage you showed, roughing it out here. You're the stuff that Rachel¹ was made of, and the mother of the Gracchi."²

Rachel was, she knew, out of the Bible; she was a little hazy about the Gracchi, but basked serene in the knowledge that a compliment was intended.

There was the absurdly wide street—surely fifty feet wide—in this little one-street town. Here and there a free straggling house or so branched off it. But the life of Osage seemed to be concentrated just here. There were tents still to be seen serving as dwellings. Houses and stores were built of unpainted wood. They looked as if they had been run up overnight, as indeed they had. They stared

¹ *Rachel*: a biblical character, mother of Joseph and Benjamin, who died in giving birth to the latter.

² *mother of the Gracchi* (grāk'i): Cornelia, who on the death of her husband devoted her life to the care of her sons. When asked to display her jewels, she said of them: "These are my jewels."



"THERE WERE TENTS STILL TO BE SEEN SERVING AS DWELLINGS"

starkly out into the wide-rutted red clay road, and the muddy road glared back at them, and the brazen sky burned with fierce intensity down on both, with never a tree or bit of green to cheer the spirit or rest the eye. Tied to the crude hitching posts driven well into the ground were all sorts of vehicles: buckboards, crazy carts, dilapidated wagons, mule drawn; here and there a top buggy covered with the dust of the prairie; and everywhere, lording it, those four-footed kings without which life in this remote place could not have been sustained—horses of every size and type and color and degree. Indian ponies, pintos, pack horses, lean long-legged range horses, and occasionally a flashing-eyed creature who spurned the red clay with the disdainful hoof of one whose ancestors have known the mesas of Spain. Direct descendants, these, of the equine patricians¹ who, almost four hundred years before, had

¹ equine patricians: noble horses.

been brought across the ocean by the adventurous Coronado or Moscoso² to the land of the far-famed Seven Cities of Gold.³

There were the sounds of the hammer and the saw, the rattle of chains, the thud of hoofs, all very sharp and distinct, as though this mushroom town were pulling itself out of the red clay of the prairie by its own boot straps before one's very eyes. Crude and ugly though the scene was that now spread itself before Sabra and Yancey, it still was not squalid. It had vitality. You sensed that behind those bare boards people were planning and stirring mightily. There was life in the feel of it. The very names tacked up over the store fronts had bite and sting. Sam Pack. Mott

² Coronado or Moscoso (mōs-kō'sō): two Spanish explorers of the Western Hemisphere.

³ Seven Cities of Gold: also called the Seven Cities of Cibola. They were really pueblos of the Zuni Indians in New Mexico, but were thought by the Spanish to constitute a kingdom of fabulous wealth.

Bixler. Strap Buckner. Ike Hawes. Clint Hopper. Jim Click.

Though they had come to town but the night before, it seemed to her that a surprising number of people knew Yancey and greeted him as they passed down the street. "H'are you, Yancey! Howdy, ma'am." Loungers in doorways stared at them curiously. Cowboys loping by gave her a long hard look that still had in it something of shyness—a boyish look.

It struck Sabra suddenly with a little shock of discovery that the men really were doing nothing. They lounged in doorways and against hitching posts and talked; you heard their voices in animated conversation within saloon and store and office; they cantered by gracefully, and wheeled and whirled and cantered back again. She was to learn that many of these men were not builders but scavengers. The indomitable old '49ers were no kin of these. They were, frequently, soft, cruel, furtive, and avaricious. They had gathered here to pick up what they could and move on. Some were cowmen, full of resentment against a government that had taken the free range away from them and given it over to the homesteaders. Deprived of their only occupation, many of these became outlaws. Equipped with six-shooters, a deadly aim, and horsemanship that amounted to the miraculous, they took to the Gyp Hills, or the Osage, swooping down from their hidden haunts to terrorize a town, shoot up a bank, hold up a train, and dash out again, leaving blood behind them. They risked their lives for a few hundred dollars. Here was a vast domain without written laws, without precedent, without the customs of civilization; part of a great country, yet no part of its government. Here a horse was more valuable than a human life.

A horse thief, caught, was summarily hanged to the nearest tree; the killer of a man often went free.

Down the street these two stepped in their finery, the man swaggering a little as a man should in a white sombrero and with a pretty woman on his arm; the woman looking about her interestedly, terrified at what she saw and determined not to show it. If two can be said to make a procession, then Yancey and Sabra Cravat formed quite a parade as they walked down Pawhuska Avenue in the blaze of the morning sun. Certainly they seemed to be causing a stir. Lean rangers in buckboards turned to stare. Loungers in doorways nudged each other, yawning. Cowboys clattering by whooped a greeting. It was unreal, absurd, grotesque.

"Hi, Yancey! Howdy, ma'am."

Past the Red Dog Saloon. A group in chairs tilted up against the wall or standing about in high-heeled boots and sombreros greeted Yancey now with a familiarity that astonished Sabra. "Howdy, Cim! Hello, Yancey!"

"He called you Cim!"

He ignored her surprised remark. Narrowly he was watching them as he passed. "Boys are up to something. If they try to get funny while you're here with me. . . ."

Sabra, glancing at the group from beneath her shielding hat brim, did see that they were behaving much like a lot of snickering schoolboys who are preparing to let fly a bombardment of snowballs. There was nudging, there was whispering, an air of secret mischief afoot.

"Why are they—what do you think makes them—" Sabra began, a trifle nervously.

"Oh, they're probably fixing up a little initiation for me," Yancey explained, his tone light but his eye

wary. "Don't get nervous. They won't dare try any monkey-shines while you're with me."

"But who are they?" He evaded her question. She persisted. "Who are they?"

"I can't say for sure. But I suspect they're the boys that did Pegler dirt."

"Pegler? Who is—oh, isn't that the man—the editor—who was found dead—shot dead on the banks of the—Yancey! Do you mean they did it!"

"I don't say they did it—exactly. They know more than is comfortable, even for these parts. I was inquiring around last night, and everybody shut up like a clam. I'm going to find out who killed Pegler and print it in the first number of the *Oklahoma Wigwam*."

"Oh, Yancey! Yancey, I'm frightened!" She clung tighter to his arm. The grinning mirthless faces of the men on the saloon porch seemed to her like the fanged and snarling muzzles of wolves in a pack.

"Nothing to be frightened of, honey. They know me. I'm no Pegler they can scare. They don't like my white hat, that's the truth of it. Dared me last night down at the Sunny Southwest Saloon to wear it this morning. Just to try me out. They won't have the guts to come out in the open—"

The sentence never was finished. Sabra heard a curious buzzing sound past her ear. Something sang—zing! Yancey's white sombrero went spinning into the dust of the road.

Sabra's mouth opened as though she were screaming, but the sounds she would have made emerged, feebly, as a croak.

"Stay where you are," Yancey ordered, his voice low and even. "The dirty dogs." She stood transfixed.¹ She could not have run if she had wanted to. Her legs seemed suddenly no part of her—remote, melting beneath her,

¹ *transfixed*: immovable; fixed in one spot.

and yet pricked with a thousand pins and needles. Yancey strolled leisurely over to where the white hat lay in the dust. He stooped carelessly, his back to the crowd on the saloon porch, picked up the hat, surveyed it, and reached toward his pocket for his handkerchief. At that movement there was a rush and a scramble on the porch. Tilted chairs leaped forward, heels clattered, a door slammed. The white-aproned proprietor who, tray in hand, had been standing idly in the doorway, vanished as though he had been blotted out by blackness. Of the group only three men remained. One of these leaned insolently against a porch post, a second stood warily behind him, and a third was edging prudently toward the closed door. There was nothing to indicate who had fired the shot.

Yancey, now half turned toward them, had taken his fine white handkerchief from his pocket, had shaken out its ample folds with a gesture of elegant leisure, and, hat in hand, was flicking the dust from his headgear. This done, he surveyed the hat critically, seemed to find it little the worse for its experience unless, perhaps, one excepts the two neat round holes that were drilled, back and front, through the peak of its crown. He now placed it on his head again with a gesture almost languid, tossed the fine handkerchief into the road, and with almost the same gesture, or with another so lightning quick that Sabra's eye never followed it, his hand went to his hip. There was the crack of a shot. The man who was edging toward the door clapped his hand to his ear and brought his hand away and looked at it, and it was darkly smeared. Yancey still stood in the road, his hand at his thigh, one slim foot, in its fine high-heeled Texas star boot, advanced carelessly. His great head was lowered menacingly. His eyes, steel gray

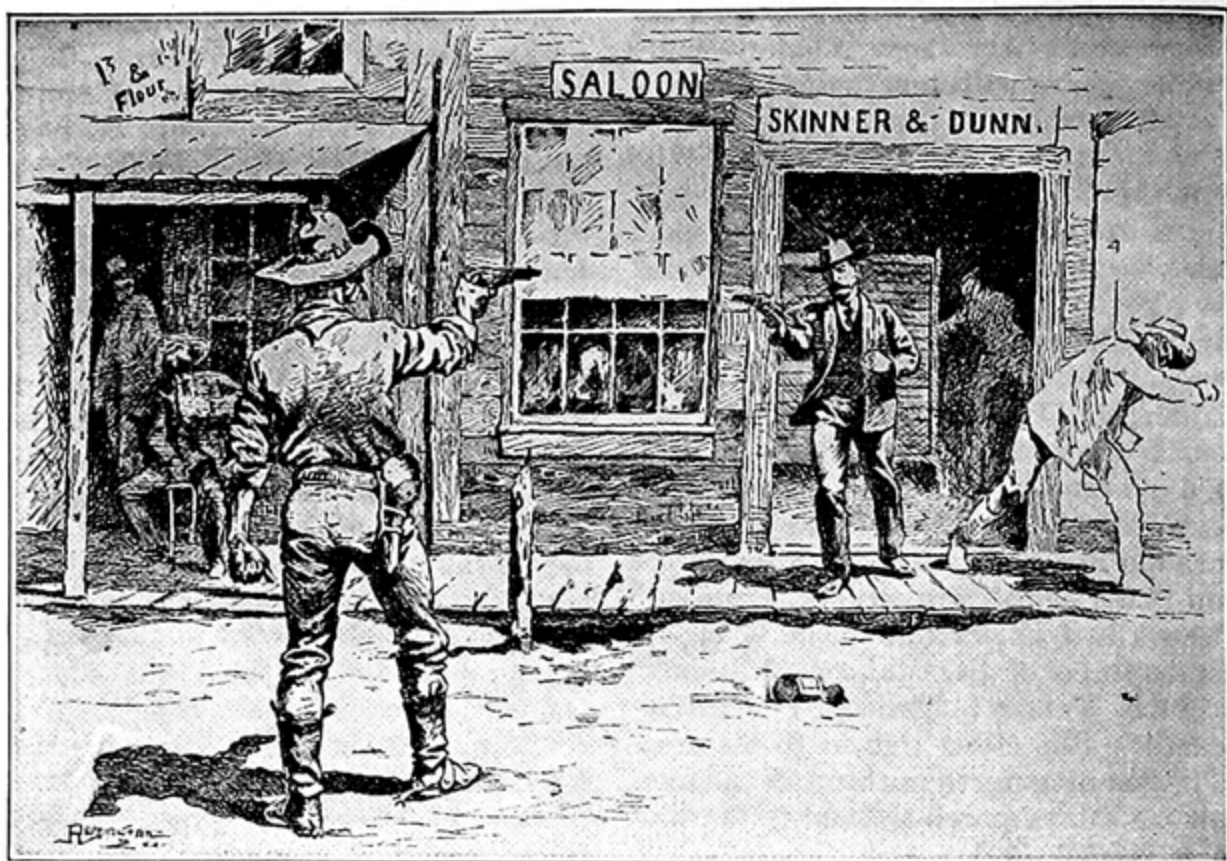


Illustration by Frederic Remington

A SHOOTING INCIDENT IN A FRONTIER TOWN

beneath the brim of the white sombrero, looked as Sabra had never before seen them look. They were terrible eyes, merciless, cold, hypnotic. She could only think of the eyes of the rattler that Yancey had whipped to death with the wagon whip on the trip across the prairie.

"A three-cornered piece, you'll find it, Lon. The Cravat sheep brand."

"Can't you take a joke, Yancey?" whined one of the three, his eyes on Yancey's gun hand.

"Joke—hell!" snarled the man who had been nicked. His hand was clapped over his ear. "God help you, Cravat."

"He always has," replied Yancey, piously.

"If your missus wasn't with you—" began the man whom Yancey had called Lon. Perhaps the rough joke would have ended grimly enough.

But here, suddenly, Sabra herself took a hand in the proceedings. Her fright had vanished. These were no longer men, evil, sinister, to be feared, but mean little boys to be put in their place. She now advanced on them in the majesty of her plumes and her silk, her fine eyes flashing, her gloved forefinger admonishing them as if they were indeed naughty children. She was every inch the very essence of an iron woman.

"Don't you 'missus' me! You're a lot of miserable good-for-nothing loafers, that's what you are! Shooting at people in the streets. You leave my husband alone. I declare, I've a notion to—"

For one ridiculous dreadful moment it looked as though she meant to slap the leathery bearded cheek of the bad man known as Lon Yountis. Certainly she raised her little hand in its neat

black kid. The eyes of the three were popping. Lon Yountis ducked his head exactly like an urchin who is about to be smacked by the school-marm. Then, with a yelp of pure terror he fled into the saloon, followed by the other two.

Sabra stood a moment. It really looked as though she might make after them. But she thought better of it, and sailed down the steps in triumph to behold a despairing Yancey.

"Oh, my God, Sabra! What have you done to me!"

"What's the matter?"

"This time tomorrow it'll be all over the whole Southwest, from Mexico to Arkansas, that Yancey Cravat hid behind a woman's petticoats."

"But you didn't. They can't say so. You shot him very nicely in the ear, darling." Thus had a scant eighteen hours in the Oklahoma country twisted her normal viewpoint so askew that she did not even notice the grotesquerie¹ of what she had just said.

"They're telling it now, in there. My God, a woman's got no call to interfere when men are having a little dispute."

"Dispute! Why, Yancey Cravat! He shot your hat right off your head!"

"What of it! Little friendly shooting."

The enormity of this example of masculine clannishness left her temporarily speechless with indignation. "Let's be getting on," Yancey continued, calmly. "If we're going to look at Doc Nisbett's house we'd better look at it. There are only two or three to be had in the whole town, and his is the pick of them. It's central" (Central! she thought, looking about her) "and according to what he said last night there's a room in the front big enough for getting out the paper. It'll have to be newspaper and law

office in one. Then there are four rooms in the back to live in. Plenty."

"Oh, plenty," echoed Sabra, thinking of the nine or ten visiting Venables always comfortably tucked away in the various high-ceilinged bedrooms in the Wichita house.

They resumed their walk. Sabra wondered if she had imagined the shooting outside the Red Dog Saloon.

Doc Nisbett (veterinarian), shirt-sleeved, shrewd, with generations of New England ancestry behind him, was seated in a chair tipped up against the front of his coveted property. Nothing of the brilliant Southwest sun had mellowed the vinegar of his chemical make-up. In the rush for Territory town sites at the time of the Opening he had managed to lay his gnarled hands on five choice pieces. On these he erected dwellings, tilted his chair up against each in turn, and took his pick of late-comers frantic for some sort of shelter they could call a home. That perjury, thieving, trickery, gun play, and murder had gone into the acquiring of these—as well as many other—sites was not considered important or, for that matter, especially interesting.

The dwelling itself looked like one of Cim's childish drawings of a house. The roof was an inverted V; there was a front door, a side door, and a spindling little porch. It was a box, a shelter merely, as angular and unlovely as the man who owned it. The walls were no more than partitions, the floor boards laid on dirt.

Taking her cue from Yancey—"Lovely," murmured Sabra, agonized. The mantel ornaments that had been Cousin Dabney's wedding present! The hand-woven monogrammed linen! The silver cake dish with the carefree cupids. The dozen solid silver coffee spoons! "Do very nicely. Perfectly comfortable. I see. I see. I see."

¹ grotesquerie (grô-tēs'kēr-I): fantastic quality.

"There you are!" They stood again on the porch, the tour completed. Yancey clapped his hands together gayly, as though by so doing he had summoned a genie who had tossed up the house before their very eyes. In the discussion of monthly rental he had been a child in the hands of this lean and grasping New Englander. "There you are! That's all settled." He struck an attitude. "'Survey our empire, and behold our home!'"

"Heh, hold on a minute," rasped Doc Nisbett. "How about water?"

"Sabra, honey, you settle these little matters between you—you and the Doc—will you? I've got to run down the street and see Jesse Rickey about putting up the press and helping me haul the form tables, and then we've got the furniture to buy. Meet you at Hefner's Furniture Store. Ten minutes."

He was off, with a flirt of his coat tails. She would have called, "Yancey! Don't leave me!" but for a prideful reluctance to show fear before this dour-visaged man with the tight lips and the gimlet eyes. From the first he had seemed to regard her with disfavor. She could not imagine why. It was, of course, his Puritan New England revulsion against her plumes, her silks, her faintly Latin beauty.

"Well, now," repeated Doc Nisbett, nasally, "about water."

"Water?"

"How much you going to need? Renting this house depends on how much water you are going to need."

Sabra had always taken water for granted, like air and sunshine. It was one of the elements.¹ It was simply there. But since leaving Wichita there was always talk of water. Yancey, on the prairie journey, made it the basis of their camping site.

¹ elements: not modern chemical elements, but earth, air, fire, and water.

"Oh, barrels," she now repeated, trying to appear intensely practical. "Well, let—me—see. There's cooking, of course, and all the cleaning around the house, and drinking, and bathing. I always give Cim his bath in the evening if I can. You wouldn't believe how dirty that child gets by the end of the day. His knees—oh, yes—well, I should think ten barrels a day would be enough."

"Ten barrels," said Doc Nisbett, in a flat voice utterly devoid of expression, "a day."

"I should think that would be ample," Sabra repeated, judiciously.

Doc Nisbett now regarded Sabra with a look of active dislike. Then he did a strange thing. He walked across the little porch, shut the front door, locked it, put the key in his pocket, seated himself in the chair and tilted it up against the wall at exactly the angle at which they had found him on the porch.

Sabra stood there. Seeing her, it would have been almost impossible to believe that anyone so bravely decked out in silk and plumes and pink roses could present a figure so bewildered, so disconsolate, so defeated. Literally, she did not know what to do. She had met and surmounted many strange experiences in these last ten days. But she had been born of generations of women to whom men had paid homage. Perhaps in all her life she had never encountered the slightest discourtesy in a man, much less this abysmal boorishness.

She looked at him, her face white, shocked. She looked up, in embarrassment, at the glaring steel sky; she looked down at the blinding red dust, she looked helplessly in the direction that Yancey had so blithely taken. She glanced again at Doc Nisbett, propped so woodenly against the wall of his hateful house. His eye was as

cold, as glassy, as unseeing as the eye of a dead fish.

She should, of course, have gone straight up to him and said, "Do you mean that ten barrels are too much? I didn't know. I am new to all this. Whatever you say."

But she was young, and inexperienced, and full of pride, and terribly offended. So without another word she turned and marched down the dusty street. Her head in its plumed hat was high. On either cheek burned a scarlet patch. Her eyes, in her effort to keep back the hot tears, were blazing, liquid, enormous. She saw nothing. From the saloons that lined the street there came, even at this hour of the morning, yelps and the sound of music.

And then a fearful thing happened to Sabra Cravat.

Down the street toward her came a galloping cowboy in sombrero and chaps and six-shooters. Sabra was used to such as he. Full of her troubles, she was scarcely aware that she had glanced at him. How could she know that he was just up from the plains of Texas, that this raw town represented for him the height of effete civilization, that he was, in celebration of his arrival, already howling drunk as befits a cowboy just off the range, and that never before in his life (he was barely twenty-three) had he seen a creature so gorgeous as this which now came toward him, all silk, plumes, roses, jet, scarlet cheeks, and great liquid eyes. Up he galloped; stared, wheeled, flung himself off his horse, ran toward her in his high-heeled cowboy boots (strangery enough all that Sabra could recall about him afterward were those boots as he came toward her. The gay tops were of shiny leather, and alternating around them was the figure of a dancing girl with flaring skirts, and a poker hand

of cards which later she learned was a royal flush, all handsomely embossed on the patent leather cuffs of the boots). She realized, in a flash of pure terror, that he was making straight for her. She stood, petrified. He came nearer, he stood before her, he threw his arms like steel bands about her, he kissed her full on the lips, released her, leaped on his horse, and was off with a blood-curdling yelp and a clatter and a whirl of dust.

She thought that she was going to be sick, there, in the road. Then she began to run, fleetly but awkwardly, in her flounced and bustled silken skirts. Hefner's Furniture Store. Hefner's Furniture Store. Hefner's Furniture Store. She saw it at last. Hefner's Furniture and Undertaking Parlors. A crude wooden shack, like the rest. She ran in. Yancey! Yancey! Everything looked dim to her bewildered and sun-blinded eyes. Someone came toward her. A large moist man, in shirt sleeves. Hefner, probably. My husband. My husband, Yancey Cravat. No. Sorry, ma'am. Ain't been in, I know of. Anything I can do for you, ma'am?

She blurted it, hysterically. "A man—a cowboy—I was walking along—he jumped off his horse—he—I never saw him b—he kissed me—there on the street in broad daylight—a cowboy—he kissed—"

"Why, ma'am, don't take on so. Young fella off the range, prob'ly. Up from Texas, more'n likely, and never did see a gorgeous critter like yourself in his life, if you'll pardon my mentioning it."

Her voice rose in hysteria. "You don't understand! He kissed me. He k-k-k-k—" racking sobs.

"Now, now, lady. He was drunk, and you kind of went to his head. He'll ride back to Texas, and you'll be none the worse for it."

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. The author of the foregoing selection, Edna Ferber, has written many short stories and novels of American life. What evidences did you find, as you read, that she is a real historian?

2. This selection, taken from one of Miss Ferber's novels, may be classed as historical fiction. It differs from real fiction in that it is based upon events that have actually taken place. How does such writing help to make historical events seem alive?

3. Did you notice that the selection seemed very real? Perhaps this is partly because the author studied her background carefully. She was able to include many realistic details that a less careful writer would have missed. Mention some of the details.

4. Why was there so much confusion in the town? Why was it so hard to obtain a house? Why did Sabra feel so strange? Should she have dressed as she did? How far do you think a person should try to be like the people with whom he associates?

AMONG THE CORN-ROWS*

By HAMLIN GARLAND

A great many people who settled in the Dakotas, Minnesota, and Wisconsin came from the Scandinavian countries of Europe. They were hard-working, sturdy people determined to carve prosperous farms out of the New World. Not all of them, however, worked their children so hard or were so unyielding as the father and mother in the following selection.

A cornfield in July is a sultry place. The soil is hot and dry; the wind comes across the lazily murmuring leaves laden with a warm, sickening smell drawn from the rapidly growing broad-flung banners of the corn. The sun, nearly vertical, drops a flood of dazzling light upon the field, over which the cool shadows run, only to make the heat seem the more intense.

Julia Peterson, faint with hunger, was toiling back and forth between

*From *Main-Travelled Roads*.

the corn-rows, holding the handles of the double-shovel corn-plough, while her little brother Otto rode the steaming horse. Her heart was full of bitterness, her face flushed with heat, and her muscles aching with fatigue. The heat grew terrible. The corn came to her shoulders, and not a breath seemed to reach her, while the sun, nearing the noon mark, lay pitilessly upon her shoulders, protected only by a calico dress. The dust rose under her feet, and as she was wet with perspiration it soiled her till, with a woman's instinctive cleanliness, she shuddered. Her head throbbed dangerously. What matter to her that the kingbird pitched jovially from the maples to catch a wandering bluebottle fly, that the robin was feeding its young, that the bobolink was singing? All these things, if she saw them, only threw her bondage to labor into greater relief.¹

Across the field, in another patch of corn, she could see her father—a big, gruff-voiced, wide-bearded Norwegian—at work also with a plough. The corn must be ploughed, and so she toiled on, the tears dropping from the shadow of the ugly sunbonnet she wore. Her shoes, coarse and square-toed, chafed her feet; her hands, large and strong, were browned, or, more properly, burnt, on the backs by the sun. The horse's harness "creak-cracked" as he swung steadily and patiently forward, the moisture pouring from his sides, his nostrils distended.

The field bordered on a road, and on the other side of the road ran a river—a broad, clear, shallow expanse at that point, and the eyes of the boy gazed longingly at the pond and the cool shadow each time that he turned at the fence.

¹ *threw her bondage . . . into greater relief: made her slavery stand out more prominently.*



"THEY STOPPED AT THE FENCE"

Ewing Galloway

"Say, Jule, I'm goin' in! Come, can't I? Come—say!" he pleaded, as they stopped at the fence to let the horse breathe.

"I've let you go wade twice."

"But that don't do any good. My legs is all smarty, 'cause ol' Jack sweats so." The boy turned around on the horse's back and slid back to his rump. "I can't stand it!" he burst out, sliding off and darting under the fence. "Father can't see."

The girl put her elbows on the fence and watched her little brother as he sped away to the pool, throwing off his clothes as he ran, whooping with uncontrollable delight. Soon she could hear him splashing about in the water a short distance up the stream, and caught glimpses of his little shiny body and happy face. How cool that water

looked! And the shadows there by the big basswood! How that water would cool her blistered feet. An impulse seized her, and she squeezed between the rails of the fence, and stood in the road looking up and down to see that the way was clear. It was not a main-traveled road; no one was likely to come; why not?

She hurriedly took off her shoes and stockings—how delicious the cool, soft velvet of the grass!—and sitting down on the bank under the great basswood, whose roots formed an abrupt bank, she slid her poor blistered, chafed feet into the water, her bare head leaned against the huge tree-trunk.

And now, as she rested, the beauty of the scene came to her. Over her the wind moved the leaves. A jay screamed far off, as if answering the

cries of the boy. A kingfisher crossed and recrossed the stream with dipping sweep of his wings. The river sang with its lips to the pebbles. The vast clouds went by majestically, far above the tree-tops, and the snap and buzzing and ringing whirr of July insects made a ceaseless, slumberous undertone of song solvent of all else.¹ The tired girl forgot her work. She began to dream. This would not last always. Some one would come to release her from such drudgery. This was her constant, tenderest, and most secret dream. *He* would be a Yankee, not a Norwegian. The Yankees didn't ask their wives to work in the field. He would have a home. Perhaps he'd live in town—perhaps a merchant! And then she thought of the drug clerk in Rock River who had looked at her—A voice broke in on her dream, a fresh, manly voice.

"Well, by jinks! if it ain't Julia! Just the one I wanted to see!"

The girl turned, saw a pleasant-faced young fellow in a derby hat and a cutaway suit of diagonals.

"Rob Rodemaker! How come—"

She remembered her situation and flushed, looked down at the water, and remained perfectly still.

"Ain't you goin' to shake hands? Y' don't seem very glad t' see me."

She began to grow angry. "If you had any eyes, you'd see."

Rob looked over the edge of the bank, whistled, turned away. "Oh, I see! Excuse *me*! Don't blame yeh a bit, though. Good weather f'r corn," he went on, looking up at the trees. "Corn seems to be pretty well forward," he continued, in a louder voice, as he walked away, still gazing into the air. "Crops is looking first-class in Boomtown. Hello! This Otto? H'yare, y' little scamp! Get on to

that horse ag'in. Quick, 'r I'll take y'r skin off an' hang it on the fence. What y' been doin'?"

"Ben in swimmin'. Jimminy, ain't it fun! When'd y' get back?" said the boy, grinning.

"Never you mind!" replied Rob, leaping the fence by laying his left hand on the top rail. "Get on to that horse." He tossed the boy up on the horse, and hung his coat on the fence. "I s'pose the ol' man makes her plough, same as usual?"

"Yup," said Otto.

"Dod ding a man that'll do that! I don't mind if it's necessary, but it ain't necessary in this case." He continued to mutter in this way as he went across to the other side of the field. As they turned to come back, Rob went up and looked at the horse's mouth. "Gettin' purty near of age. Say, who's sparkin' Julia now—anybody?"

"Nobody 'cept some ol' Norwegians. She won't have them. Por wants her to, but she won't."

"Good f'r her. Nobody comes t' see her Sunday nights, eh?"

"Nope; only 'Tias Anderson an' Ole Hoover; but she goes off an' leaves 'em."

"Chk!" said Rob, starting old Jack across the field.

It was almost noon, and Jack moved reluctantly. He knew the time of day as well as the boy. He made this round after distinct protest.

In the meantime Julia, putting on her shoes and stockings, went to the fence and watched the man's shining white shirt as he moved across the cornfield. There had never been any special tenderness between them, but she had always liked him. They had been at school together. She wondered why he had come back at this time of the year, and wondered how long he would stay. How long had

¹ solvent of all else: absorbed all other sound, thus shutting out every sound but itself.

he stood looking at her? She flushed again at the thought of it. But he wasn't to blame; it was a public road. She might have known better.

She stood under a little popple-tree,¹ whose leaves shook musically at every zephyr, and her eyes, through half-shut lids, roved over the sea of deep-green, glossy leaves, dappled here and there by cloud shadows, stirred here and there like water by the wind; and out of it all a longing to be free from such toil rose like a breath, filling her throat and quickening the motion of her heart. Must this go on forever, this life of heat and dust and labor? What did it all mean?

The girl laid her chin on her strong red wrists, and looked up into the blue spaces between the vast clouds—airial mountains dissolving in a shoreless azure sea. How cool and sweet and restful they looked! If she might only lie out on the billowy, snow-white, sunlit edge! The voices of the driver and the ploughman recalled her, and she fixed her eyes again upon the slowly nodding head of the patient horse, on the boy turned half about on his saddle, talking to the white-sleeved man, whose derby hat bobbed up and down quite curiously, like the horse's head. Would she ask him to dinner? What would her people say?

"Phew! it's hot!" was the greeting the young fellow gave as he came up. He smiled in a frank, boyish way, as he hung his hat on the top of a stake and looked up at her. "D'y' know, I kind o' enjoy gettin' at it again? Fact. It ain't no work for a girl, though," he added.

"When'd you get back?" she asked, the flush not yet out of her face.

Rob was looking at her thick, fine hair and full Scandinavian face, rich as a rose in color, and did not reply for a few seconds. She stood with her

hideous sunbonnet pushed back on her shoulders. A kingbird was chattering overhead.

"Oh, a few days ago."

"How long y' goin' t' stay?"

"Oh, I d' know. A week, mebbe."

A far-off halloo came pulsing across the shimmering air. The boy screamed "Dinner!" and waved his hat with an answering whoop, then flopped off the horse like a turtle off a stone into water. He had the horse unhooked in an instant, and had flung his toes up over the horse's back, in act to climb on, when Rob said:

"H'yare, young feller! Wait a minute. Tired?" he asked the girl, with a tone that was more than kindly. It was almost tender.

"Yes," she replied, in a low voice. "My shoes hurt me."

"Well, here y' go," he replied, taking his stand by the horse, and holding out his hand like a step. She colored and smiled a little as she lifted her foot into his huge, hard, sunburned hand.

"Oop-a-daisy!" he called. She gave a spring, and sat on the horse like one at home there.

Rob had a deliciously unconscious, abstracted,² business-like air. He really left her nothing to do but enjoy his company, while he went ahead and did precisely as he pleased.

"We don't raise much corn out there, an' so I kind o' like to see it."

"I wish I didn't have to see another hill of corn as long as I live!" replied the girl, bitterly.

"Don't know as I blame yeh a bit. But, all the same, I'm glad you was working in it today," he thought to himself, as he walked beside her horse toward the house.

"Will you stop to dinner?" She inquired bluntly, almost surlily. It was evident there were reasons why she didn't mean to press him to do so.

¹ *popple-tree*: poplar tree.

² *abstracted*: absent-minded.

"You bet I will," he replied; "that is, if you want I should."

"You know how we live," she replied evasively. "If you can stand it, why—" She broke off abruptly.

Yes, he remembered how they lived in that big, square, dirty, white frame house. It had been three or four years since he had been in it, but the smell of the cabbage and onions, the penetrating, peculiar mixture of odors, assailed his memory as something unforgettable.

"I guess I'll stop," he said, as she hesitated.

She said no more, but tried to act as if she were not in any way responsible for what came afterward.

"I guess I c'n stand f'r one meal what you stand all the while," he added.

As she left them at the well and went to the house, he saw her limp painfully, and the memory of her face so close to his lips as he helped her down from the horse gave him pleasure at the same time that he was touched by its tired and gloomy look. Mrs. Peterson came to the door of the kitchen, looking just the same as ever. Broad-faced, unwieldy, flabby, apparently wearing the same dress he remembered to have seen her in years before,—a dirty, drab-colored thing,—she looked as shapeless as a sack of wool. Her English was limited to, "How de do, Rob?"

He washed at the pump, while the girl, in the attempt to be hospitable, held the clean towel for him.

"You're purty well used up, eh?" he said to her.

"Yes; it's awful hot out there."

"Can't you lay off this afternoon? It ain't right."

"No. *He* won't listen to that."

"Well, let me take your place."

"No; there ain't any use o' that."

Peterson, a brawny, wide-bearded

Norwegian, came up at this moment, and spoke to Rob in a gruff way.

"Hallo, whan yo' gaet back?"

"Today. He ain't *very* glad to see me," said Rob, winking at Julia. "He ain't b'ilin' over with enthusiasm; but I c'n stand it, for your sake," he added, with amazing assurance; but the girl had turned away, and it was wasted.

At the table he ate heartily of the "bean swaagen,"¹ which filled a large wooden bowl in the center of the table, and which was ladled into smaller wooden bowls at each plate. Julia had tried hard to convert her mother to Yankee ways, and had at last given it up in despair. Rob kept on safe subjects, mainly asking questions about the crops of Peterson, and when addressing the girl, inquired of the schoolmates. By skillful questioning, he kept the subject of marriage uppermost, and seemingly was getting an inventory of the girls not yet married or engaged.

It was embarrassing for the girl. She was all too well aware of the difference between her home and the home of her schoolmates and friends. She knew that it was not pleasant for her "Yankee" friends to come to visit her when they could not feel sure of a welcome from the tireless, silent, and grim-visaged old Norse, if, indeed, they could escape insult. Julia ate her food mechanically, and it could hardly be said that she enjoyed the brisk talk of the young man, his eyes were upon her so constantly and his smile so obviously addressed to her. She rose as soon as possible and, going outside, took a seat on a chair under the trees in the yard. She was not a coarse or dull girl. In fact, she had developed so rapidly by contact with the young people of the neighborhood that she no longer found pleasure in

¹ *swaagen*: a kind of stew.

her own home. She didn't believe in keeping up the old-fashioned Norwegian customs, and her life with her mother was not one to breed love or confidence. She was more like a hired hand. The love of the mother for her "Yulyie" was sincere, though rough and inarticulate, and it was her jealousy of the young "Yankees" that widened the chasm between the girl and herself—an inevitable result.

Rob followed the girl out into the yard, and threw himself on the grass at her feet, perfectly unconscious of the fact that this attitude was exceedingly graceful and becoming to them both. He did it because he wanted to talk to her, and the grass was cool. There wasn't any other chair, anyway.

"Do they keep up the ly-ceum and the sociables same as ever?"

"Yes. The others go a good 'eal, but I don't. We're gettin' such a stock round us, and father thinks he needs me s' much, I don't get out often. I'm gettin' sick of it."

"I sh'd think y' would," he replied, his eyes on her face.

"I c'd stand the churnin' and housework, but when it comes t' workin' outdoors in the dirt an' hot sun, gettin' all sunburned and chapped up, it's another thing. An' then it seems as if he gets stingier 'n' stingier every year. I ain't had a new dress in—I d'-know-how-long. He says it's all nonsense, an' mother's just about as bad. *She* don't want a new dress, an' so she thinks I don't." The girl was feeling the influence of a sympathetic listener and was making up for the long silence. "I've tried t' go out t' work, but they won't let me. They'd have t' pay a hand twenty dollars a month f'r the work I do, an' they like cheap help; but I'm not goin' t' stand it much longer, I can tell you that."

Rob thought she was very handsome as she sat there with her eyes

fixed on the horizon, while these rebellious thoughts found utterance in her quivering, passionate voice.

"Yulyie! Kom haar!" roared the old man from the well.

A frown of anger and pain came into her face. She looked at Rob. "That means more work."

"Say! let me go out in your place. Come, now; what's the use——"

"No; it wouldn't do no good. It ain't t'-day s' much; it's every day, and——"

"Yulyie!" called Peterson again, with a string of impatient Norwegian. "Batter yo' kom pooty hal quick."

"Well, all right, only I'd like to——" Rob submitted.

"Well, good-by," she said, with a little touch of feeling. "When d' ye go back?"

"I don't know. I'll see y' again before I go. Good-by."

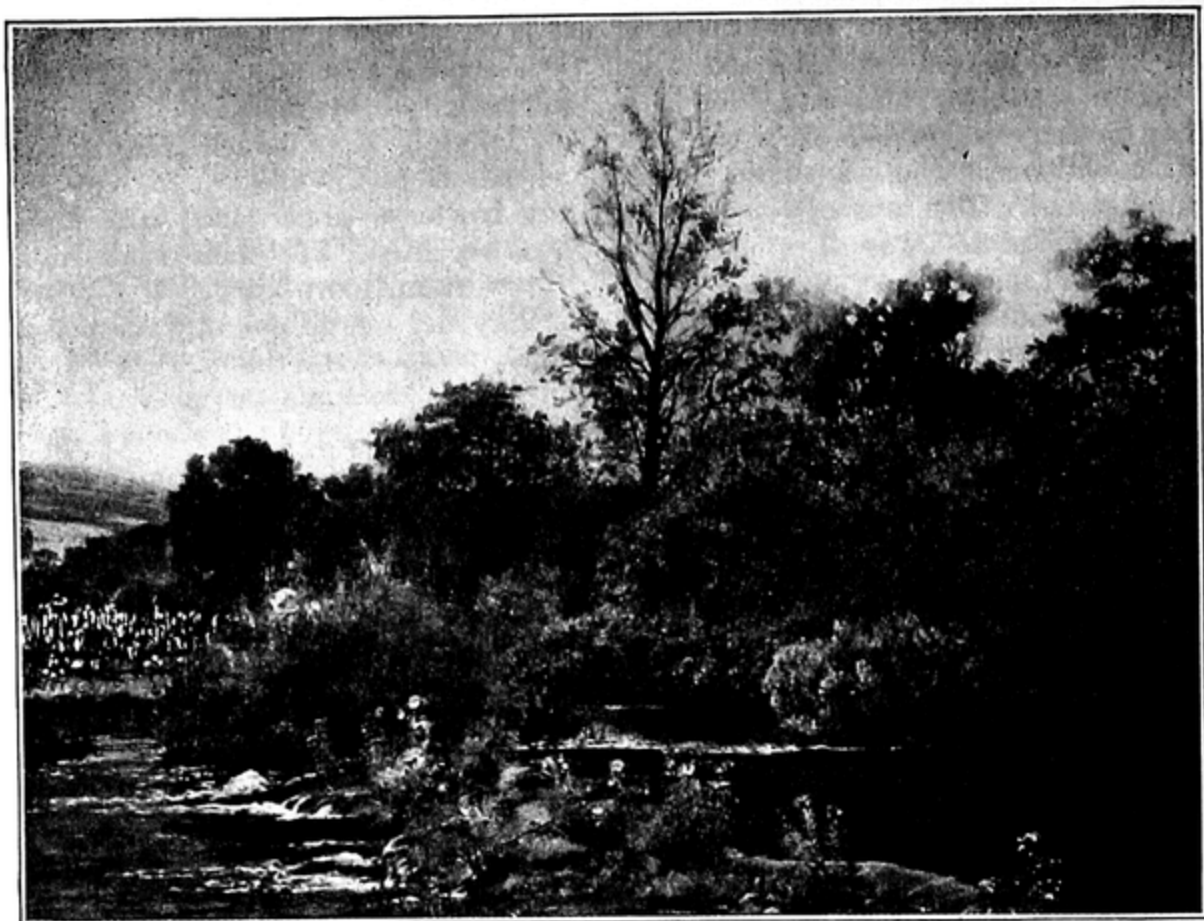
He stood watching her slow, painful pace till she reached the well, where Otto was standing with the horse. He stood watching them as they moved out into the road and turned down toward the field. He felt that she had sent him away; but still there was a look in her eyes which was not altogether——

He gave it up in despair at last. He was not good at analyses of this nature; he was used to plain, blunt expressions. There was a woman's subtlety¹ here quite beyond his reach.

He sauntered slowly off up the road after his talk with Julia. His head was low on his breast; he was thinking as one who is about to take a decided and important step.

He stopped at length, and, turning, watched the girl moving along in the deeps of the corn. Hardly a leaf was stirring; the untempered sunlight fell in a burning flood upon the field; the grasshoppers rose, snapped, buzzed,

¹ *subtlety* (süt'l-ti): cleverness.



THE POOL BY THE CORNFIELD

and fell; the locust uttered its dry, heat-intensifying cry. The man lifted his head.

"It's a d——n shame!" he said, beginning rapidly to retrace his steps. He stood leaning on the fence, awaiting the girl's coming very much as she had waited his on the round he had made before dinner. He grew impatient at the slow gait of the horse, and drummed on the rail while he whistled. Then he took off his hat and dusted it nervously. As the horse got a little nearer he wiped his face carefully, pushed his hat back on his head, and climbed over the fence, where he stood with elbows on the middle rail as the girl and boy and horse came to the end of the furrow.

"Hot, ain't it?" he said.

"Jimminy Peters, it's awful!" puffed the boy.

The girl did not reply till she swung the plough about after the horse, and set it upright into the next row. Her powerful body had a superb swaying motion at the waist as she did this—a motion which affected Rob vaguely but massively.

"I thought you'd gone," she said gravely, pushing back her bonnet till he could see her face dewed with sweat, and pink as a rose. She had the high cheek-bones of her race, but she had also their exquisite fairness.

"Say, Otto," asked Rob, alluringly, "wan' to go swimmin'?"

"You bet," replied Otto.

"Well, I'll go a round if——"

The boy dropped off the horse, not waiting to hear any more. Rob grinned, but the girl dropped her eyes, then looked away.

"Got rid o' him mighty quick.

Say, Julyie, I hate like thunder t' see you out here; it ain't right. I wish you'd—I wish—"

She could not look at him now, and her bosom rose and fell with a motion that was not due to fatigue. Her moist hair matted around her forehead gave her a boyish look.

Rob nervously tried again, tearing splinters from the fence. "Say, now, I'll tell yeh what I came back here for—t' git married; and if you're willin', I'll do it tonight. Come, now, whaddy y' say?"

"What've I got t' do 'bout it?" she finally asked, the color flooding her face, and a faint smile coming to her lips. "Go ahead. I ain't got anything—"

Rob put a splinter in his mouth and faced her.

"Ah, looky here, now, Julyie! You know what I mean! I've got a good claim out near Boomtown—a *rattlin'* good claim; a shanty on it fourteen by sixteen—no tarred paper about it, and a suller to keep butter in, and a hundred acres o' wheat just about ready to turn now. I need a wife."

Here he straightened up, threw away the splinter, and took off his hat. He was a very pleasant figure as the girl stole a look at him. His black laughing eyes were especially earnest just now. His voice had a touch of pleading. The popple-tree over their heads murmured applause at his eloquence, then hushed to listen. A cloud dropped a silent shadow down upon them, and it sent a little thrill of fear through Rob, as if it were an omen of failure. As the girl remained silent, looking away, he began, man-fashion, to desire her more and more, as he feared to lose her. He put his hat on the post again and took out his jack-knife. Her calico dress draped her supple and powerful figure simply but naturally. The stoop in her shoulders, given by

labor, disappeared as she partly leaned upon the fence. The curves of her muscular arms showed through her sleeve.

"It's all-fired lonesome f'r me out there on that claim, and it ain't no picnic f'r you here. Now, if you'll come out there with me, you needn't do anything but cook f'r me, and after harvest we can git a good layout o' furniture, an' I'll lath and plaster the house and put a little hell [ell] in the rear."

He smiled, and so did she. He felt encouraged to say: "An' there we be, as snug as y' please. We're close t' Boomtown, an' we can go down there to church sociables an' things, and they're a jolly lot there."

The girl was still silent, but the man's simple enthusiasm came to her charged with passion and a sort of romance such as her hard life had known little of. There was something enticing about the West.

"What'll my folks say?" she said.

A virtual¹ surrender, but Rob was not acute enough to see it. He pressed on eagerly:

"I don't care. Do you? They'll jest keep y' ploughin' corn and milkin' cows till the day of judgment. Come, Julyie, I ain't got no time to fool away. I've got t' get back t' that grain. It's a whoopin' old crop, sure's y'r born, an' that means sompin' purty scrumptious in furniture this fall. Come, now." He approached her and laid his hand on her shoulder very much as he would have touched Albert Seagraves or any other comrade. "Whaddy y' say?"

She neither started nor shrunk nor looked at him. She simply moved a step away. "They'd never let me go," she replied bitterly. "I'm too cheap a hand. I do a man's work an' get no pay at all."

¹ virtual: practically certain.

"You'll have half o' all I c'n make," he put in.

"How long c'n you wait?" she asked, looking down at her dress.

"Just two minutes," he said, pulling out his watch. "It ain't no use t' wait. The old man'll be jest as mad a week from now as he is today. Why not go now?"

"I'm of age in a few days," she mused, wavering, calculating.

"You c'n be of age tonight if you'll jest call on old Squire Hatfield with me."

"All right, Rob," the girl said, turning and holding out her hand.

"That's the talk!" he exclaimed, seizing it. "And now a kiss, to bind the bargain, as the fellah says."

"I guess we c'n get along without that."

"No, we can't. It won't seem like an engagement without it."

"It ain't goin' to seem much like one, anyway," she answered, with a sudden realization of how far from her dreams of courtship this reality was.

"Say, now, Julyie, that ain't fair; it ain't treatin' me right. You don't seem to understand that I *like* you, but I do."

Rob was carried quite out of himself by the time, the place, and the girl. He had said a very moving thing.

The tears sprang involuntarily to the girl's eyes. "Do you mean it? If y' do, you may."

She was trembling with emotion for the first time. The sincerity of the man's voice had gone deep.

He put his arm around her almost timidly, and kissed her on the cheek, a great love for her springing up in his heart. "That settles it," he said. "Don't cry, Julyie. You'll never be sorry for it. Don't cry. It kind o' hurts me to see it."

He hardly understood her feelings.

He was only aware that she was crying, and tried in a bungling way to soothe her. But now that she had given way, she sat down in the grass and wept bitterly.

"Yulyie!" yelled the vigilant old Norwegian, like a distant foghorn.

The girl sprang up; the habit of obedience was strong.

"No; you set right there, and I'll go round," he said. "Otto!"

The boy came scrambling out of the wood, half dressed. Rob tossed him up on the horse, snatched Julia's sunbonnet, put his own hat on her head, and moved off down the corn-rows, leaving the girl smiling through her tears as he whistled and chirped to the horse. Farmer Peterson, seeing the familiar sunbonnet above the corn-rows, went back to his work, with a sentence of Norwegian trailing after him like the tail of a kite—something about lazy girls who didn't earn the crust of their bread, etc.

Rob was wild with delight. "Git up there, Jack! Hay, you old corn-crib! Say, Otto, can you keep your mouth shet if it puts money in your pocket?"

"Jest try me' n' see," said the keen-eyed little scamp.

"Well, you keep quiet about my bein' here this afternoon, and I'll put a dollar on y'r tongue—hay?—what?—understand?"

"Show me y'r dollar," said the boy, turning about and showing his tongue.

"All right. Begin to practice now by not talkin' to me."

Rob went over the whole situation on his way back, and when he got in sight of the girl his plan was made. She stood waiting for him with a new look on her face. Her sullenness had given way to a peculiar eagerness and anxiety to believe in him. She was already living that free life in a far-off, wonderful country. No more would



"A LITTLE BREEZE RAN THROUGH THE CORN"

her stern father and sullen mother force her to tasks which she hated. She'd be a member of a new firm. She'd work, of course, but it would be because she wanted to, and not because she was forced to. The independence and the love promised grew more and more attractive. She laughed back with a softer light in her eyes, when she saw the smiling face of Rob looking at her from her sunbonnet.

"Now you mustn't do any more o' this," he said. "You go back to the house an' tell y'r mother you're too lame to plough any more today, and it's gettin' late, anyhow. Tonight!" he whispered quickly. "Eleven! Here!"

The girl's heart leaped with fear. "I'm afraid."

"Not of *me*, are yeh?"

"No, I'm not afraid of you, Rob."

"I'm glad o' that. I—I want you—to *like* me, Julyie; won't you?"

"I'll try," she answered, with a smile.

"Tonight, then," he said, as she moved away.

"Tonight. Good-by."

"Good-by."

He stood and watched her till her tall figure was lost among the drooping corn-leaves. There was a singular choking feeling in his throat. The girl's voice and face had brought up so many memories of parties and picnics and excursions on far-off holidays, and at the same time held suggestions of the future. He already felt that it was going to be an unconscionably long time before eleven o'clock.

He saw her go to the house, and then he turned and walked slowly up the dusty road. Out of the May-weed the grasshoppers sprang, buzzing and snapping their dull red wings. Butterflies, yellow and white, fluttered around moist places in the ditch, and slender, striped water-

snakes glided across the stagnant pools at sound of footsteps.

But the mind of the man was far away on his claim, building a new house, with a woman's advice and presence.

It was a windless night. The katydids and an occasional cricket were the only sounds Rob could hear as he stood beside his team and strained his ear to listen. At long intervals a little breeze ran through the corn like a swift serpent, bringing to his nostrils the sappy smell of the growing corn. The horses stamped uneasily. The sky was full of stars, but there was no moon.

"What if she don't come?" he thought. "Or *can't* come? I can't stand that. I'll go to the old man an' say, 'Looky here—' Sh!"

He listened again. There was a rustling in the corn. It was not like the fitful movement of the wind; it was steady, slower, and approaching. It ceased. He whistled the wailing sweet cry of the prairie-chicken. Then a figure came out into the road—a woman—Julia!

He took her in his arms as she came panting up to him.

"Rob!"

"Julyie!"

A few words, the dull tread of swift horses, the rising of a silent train of dust, and then—the wind wandered in the growing corn, the dust fell, a dog barked down the road, and the katydids sang to the liquid contralto of the river in its shallows.

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. Sometimes an author writes so much about a certain section of the country that he is considered a part of it. Thus Hamlin Garland has become identified

with the region which he calls the "Middle Border." What states are included in the Middle Border?

2. What type of literature is the selection? How can you tell?

3. No writer has ever succeeded better than Hamlin Garland in interpreting ways of living. More can be learned from his books about early life in the Middle West than from almost any history. These books, however, are not overloaded with information. They always contain good stories, the information being presented as interesting detail. Find out why Garland is especially well fitted to write about the Middle West.

4. What did the selection reveal about Julia's home and her father's farm? What did it reveal about the characters of Rob, Julia, her father and mother, and her little brother? Did they seem like real people? Note that even the plow horse was given a personality.

How did the author make life on the farm seem real? How did he make you feel the heat of the day?

Why was Rob's promise to Julia a delightful prospect? Which seems harder, work you are forced to do or work you do because you want to?

LOVE OF LIFE*

By JACK LONDON

There is no lure in the world like the lure of gold. When a new gold field is discovered, people rush to it from every corner of the earth. This is exactly what happened when gold was discovered in the valley of the Klondike. Many of the newcomers had never been in the Far North and were poorly prepared to endure life in that cold, barren region. Great suffering overtook them. Few of the prospectors came back with fortunes. In fact, many were not even fortunate enough to come back at all.

This out of all will remain—

They have lived and have tossed:

So much of the game will be gain,

Though the gold of the dice has been lost.

*From *Love of Life and Other Stories*.

They limped painfully down the bank, and once the foremost of the two men staggered among the rough-strewn rocks. They were tired and weak, and their faces had the drawn expression of patience which comes of hardship long endured. They were heavily burdened with blanket packs which were strapped to their shoulders. Head-straps, passing across the forehead helped support these packs. Each man carried a rifle. They walked in a stooped posture, the shoulders well forward, the head still farther forward, the eyes bent upon the ground.

"I wish we had just about two of them cartridges that's laying' in that cache of ours," said the second man.

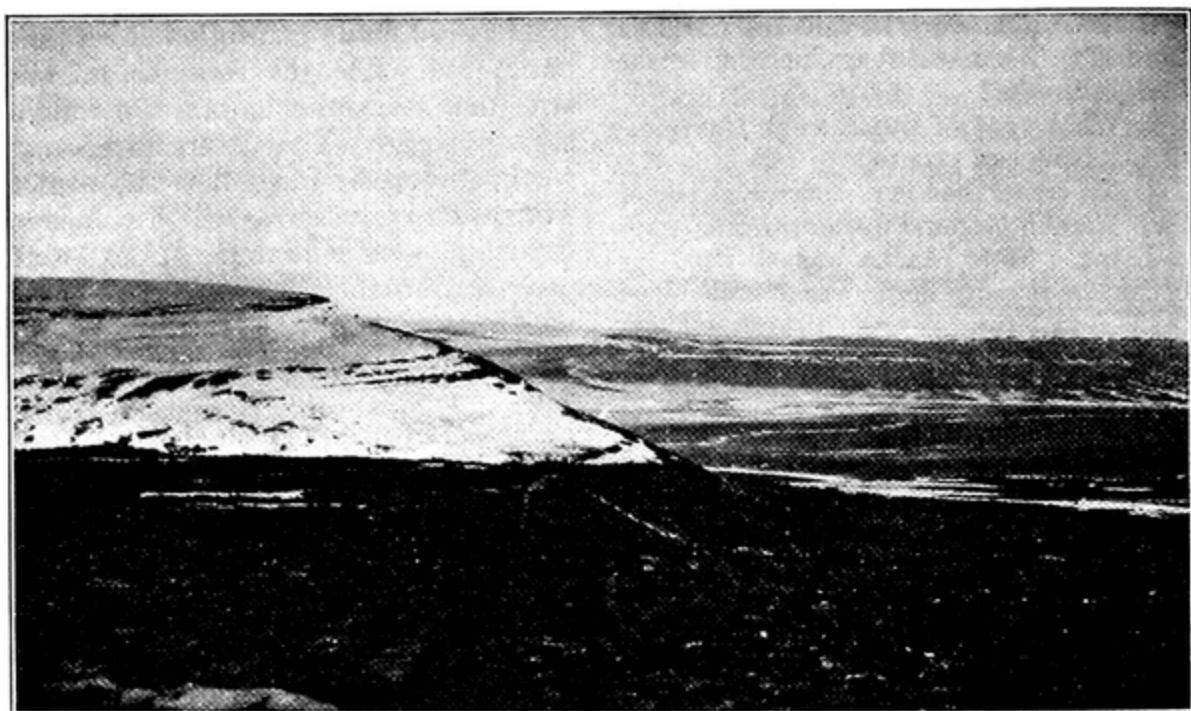
His voice was utterly and drearily expressionless. He spoke without enthusiasm; but the first man, limping into the milky stream that foamed over the rocks, vouchsafed no reply.

The other man followed at his heels. They did not remove their footgear, though the water was icy cold—so cold that their ankles ached and their feet went numb. In places the water dashed against their knees, and both men staggered for footing.

The man who followed slipped on a smooth boulder, nearly fell, but recovered himself with a violent effort, at the same time uttering a sharp exclamation of pain. He seemed faint and dizzy, and put out his free hand while he reeled, as though seeking support against the air. When he had steadied himself he stepped forward, but reeled again and nearly fell. Then he stood still and looked at the other man, who had never turned his head.

The man stood still for fully a minute, as though debating with himself. Then he called out:

"I say, Bill, I've sprained my ankle."



THE ARCTIC SLOPES

Bill staggered on through the milky water. He did not look around. The man watched him go, and though his face was expressionless as ever, his eyes were like the eyes of a wounded deer.

The other man limped up the farther bank and continued straight on without looking back. The man in the stream watched him. His lips trembled a little, so that the rough thatch of brown hair which covered them was visibly agitated. His tongue even strayed out to moisten them.

"Bill!" he cried out.

It was the pleading cry of a strong man in distress, but Bill's head did not turn. The man watched him go, limping grotesquely and lurching forward with stammering gait¹ up the slow slope² toward the soft sky-line of the low-lying hill. He watched him go till he passed over the crest and disappeared. When he turned his gaze and slowly took in the circle of

the world that remained to him now that Bill was gone.

Near the horizon the sun was smoldering dimly, almost obscured by formless mists and vapors, which gave an impression of mass and density without outline or tangibility. The man pulled out his watch, the while resting his weight on one leg. It was four o'clock, and as the season was near the last of July or first of August—he did not know the precise date within a week or two—he knew that the sun roughly marked the northwest. He looked to the south and knew that somewhere beyond those bleak hills lay the Great Bear Lake; also, he knew that in that direction the Arctic Circle cut its forbidding way across the Canadian Barrens.³ This stream in which he stood was a feeder to the Coppermine River, which in turn flowed north and emptied into Coronation Gulf and the Arctic Ocean.

¹ with stammering gait: haltingly.

² slow slope: gentle slope.

³ Canadian Barrens: land near the Arctic Ocean covered with grass and reindeer moss, but without trees. Arctic Prairies is a better name, since the land is not really barren.

He had never been there, but he had seen it, once, on a Hudson Bay Company¹ chart.

Again his gaze completed the circle of the world about him. It was not a heartening spectacle.² Everywhere was soft sky-line. The hills were all low-lying. There were no trees, no shrubs, no grasses—naught but a tremendous and terrible desolation that sent fear swiftly dawning into his eyes.

"Bill!" he whispered, once and twice; "Bill!"

He cowered in the midst of the milky water, as though the vastness were pressing in upon him with overwhelming force, brutally crushing him with its complacent awfulness. He began to shake as with an ague-fit,³ till the gun fell from his hand with a splash. This served to rouse him. He fought with his fear and pulled himself together, groping in the water and recovering the weapon. He hitched his pack farther over on his left shoulder, so as to take a portion of its weight from off the injured ankle. Then he proceeded, slowly and carefully, wincing with pain, to the bank.

He did not stop. With a desperation that was madness, unmindful of the pain, he hurried up the slope to the crest of the hill over which his comrade had disappeared—more grotesque and comical by far than that limping, jerking comrade. But at the crest he saw a shallow valley, empty of life. He fought with his fear again, overcame it, hitched the pack still farther over on his left shoulder, and lurched on down the slope.

The bottom of the valley was soggy with water, which the thick moss held,

sponge-like close to the surface. This water squirted out from under his feet at every step, and each time he lifted a foot the action culminated in a sucking sound as the wet moss reluctantly released its grip. He picked his way from muskeg⁴ to muskeg, and followed the other man's footsteps along and across the rocky ledges which thrust like islets through the sea of moss.

Though alone, he was not lost. Farther on he knew he would come to where dead spruce and fir, very small and weazened, bordered the shore of a little lake, the *tit-chin-nichilic*—in the tongue of the country, the "land of little sticks."⁵ And into that lake flowed a small stream, the water of which was not milky. There was rush-grass on that stream—this he remembered well—but no timber, and he would follow it till its first trickle ceased at a divide.⁶ He would cross this divide to the first trickle of another stream, flowing to the west, which he would follow until it emptied into the River Dease, and here he would find a cache under an upturned canoe and piled over with many rocks. And in this cache would be ammunition for his empty gun, fish-hooks and lines, a small net—all the utilities for the killing and snaring of food. Also, he would find flour—not much—a piece of bacon and some beans.

Bill would be waiting for him there, and they would paddle away south down the Dease to the Great Bear Lake. And south across the lake they would go, ever south, till they gained the Mackenzie. And south,

¹ *Hudson Bay Company*: a common error; properly Hudson's Bay Company.

² *spectacle*: view

³ *ague-fit* (ā'gū): chills and fever.

⁴ *muskeg*: a tussock of moss in the Arctic swamp which is usually frozen beneath the surface.

⁵ *land of little sticks*: land in northern Canada, where shrubs will grow but the climate is too cold for trees.

⁶ *divide*: the line, following the highest land between two rivers, from which the water flows downward in two directions.

still south, they would go, while the winter raced vainly after them, and the ice formed in the eddies, and the days grew chill and crisp, south to some warm Hudson Bay Company post, where there was grub without end.

These were the thoughts of the man as he strove onward. But hard as he strove with his body, he strove equally hard with his mind, trying to think that Bill had not deserted him, that Bill would surely wait for him at the cache. He was compelled to think this thought, or else there would not be any use to strive, and he would have lain down and died. And as the dim ball of the sun sank slowly into the northwest he covered every inch, and many times, of his and Bill's flight south before the downcoming winter. And he conned the grub of the cache and the grub of the Hudson Bay Company post over and over again. He had not eaten for two days; for a far longer time he had not had all he wanted to eat. Often he stopped and picked pale muskeg berries, put them into his mouth and chewed and swallowed them. A muskeg berry is a bit of seed enclosed in a bit of water. In the mouth the water melts away and the seed chews sharp and bitter. The man knew there was no nourishment in the berries, but he chewed them patiently with a hope greater than knowledge and defying experience.

At nine o'clock he stubbed his toe on a rocky ledge, and from sheer weariness and weakness staggered and fell. He lay for some time, without movement, on his side. Then he slipped out of the pack-straps and clumsily dragged himself into a sitting posture. It was not yet dark, and in the lingering twilight he groped about among the rocks for shreds of dry moss. When he had gathered a heap he built a fire—a smoldering smudgy fire—and put a tin pot of water on to boil.

He unwrapped his pack, and the first thing he did was to count his matches. There were sixty-seven. He counted them three times to make sure. He divided them into several portions, wrapping them in oil paper, disposing of one bunch in his empty tobacco pouch, of another bunch in the inside band of his battered hat, of a third bunch under his shirt on the chest. This accomplished, a panic came upon him and he unwrapped them all and counted them again. There were still sixty-seven.

He dried his wet footgear by the fire. The moccasins were in soggy shreds. The blanket socks were worn through in places, and his feet were raw and bleeding. His ankle was throbbing and he gave it an examination. It had swollen to the size of his knee. He tore a long strip from one of his two blankets and bound the ankle tightly. He tore other strips and bound them about his feet to serve for both moccasins and socks. Then he drank the pot of water, steaming hot, wound his watch, and crawled between his blankets.

He slept like a dead man. The brief darkness around midnight came and went. The sun arose in the northeast—at least the day dawned in that quarter, for the sun was hidden by gray clouds.

At six o'clock he awoke, quietly lying on his back. He gazed straight up into the gray sky and knew that he was hungry. As he rolled over on his elbow he was startled by a loud snort, and saw a bull caribou regarding him with alert curiosity. The animal was not more than fifty feet away, and instantly into the man's mind leaped the vision and savor of a caribou steak sizzling and frying over a fire. Mechanically he reached for the empty gun, drew a bead, and pulled the trigger. The bull snorted and leaped away, his



Courtesy J. Lorne Turner, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada

"HE GROPED ABOUT AMONG THE ROCKS FOR SHREDS OF DRY MOSS"

hoofs rattling and clattering as he fled across the ledges.

The man cursed and flung the empty gun from him. He groaned aloud as he started to drag himself to his feet. It was a slow and arduous task. His joints were like rusty hinges. They worked harshly in their sockets, with much friction, and each bending or unbending was accomplished only through a sheer exertion of will. When he finally gained his feet, another minute or so was consumed in straightening up, so that he could stand erect as a man should stand.

He crawled up a small knoll and surveyed the prospect. There were no trees, no bushes, nothing but a gray sea of moss scarcely diversified by gray rocks, gray-colored lakelets, and gray streamlets. The sky was gray. There was no sun or hint of sun. He had no idea of north, and he had forgotten the way he had come to this spot the night before. But he was not lost. He knew that. Soon he would come to the land of the little sticks. He felt that it lay

off to the left somewhere, not far—possibly just over the next low hill.

He went back to put his pack into shape for traveling. He assured himself of the existence of his three separate parcels of matches, though he did not stop to count them. But he did linger, debating, over a squat moosehide sack. It was not large. He could hide it under his two hands. He knew that it weighed fifteen pounds—as much as all the rest of the pack—and it worried him. He finally set it to one side and proceeded to roll the pack. He paused to gaze at the squat moosehide sack. He picked it up hastily with a defiant glance about him, as though the desolation were trying to rob him of it; and when he rose to his feet to stagger on into the day, it was included in the pack on his back.

He bore away to the left, stopping now and again to eat muskeg berries. His ankle had stiffened, his limp was more pronounced, but the pain of it was nothing compared with the pain of his stomach. The hunger pangs

were sharp. They gnawed and gnawed until he could not keep his mind steady on the course he must pursue to gain the land of little sticks. The muskeg berries did not allay this gnawing, while they made his tongue and mouth sore with their irritating bite.

He came upon a valley where rock ptarmigan rose on whirring wings from the ledges and muskegs. *Ker—ker—ker* was the cry they made. He threw stones at them, but could not hit them. He placed his pack on the ground and stalked them as a cat stalks a sparrow. The sharp rocks cut through his pants' legs till his knees left a trail of blood; but the hurt was lost in the hurt of his hunger. He squirmed over the wet moss, saturating his clothes and chilling his body; but he was not aware of it, so great was his fever for food. And always the ptarmigan rose, whirring, before him, till their *ker—ker—ker* became a mock to him, and he cursed them and cried aloud at them with their own cry.

Once he crawled upon one that must have been asleep. He did not see it till it shot up in his face from its rocky nook. He made a clutch as startled as was the rise of the ptarmigan, and there remained in his hand three tail-feathers. As he watched its flight he hated it, as though it had done him some terrible wrong. Then he returned and shouldered his pack.

As the day wore along he came into valleys or swales¹ where game was more plentiful. A band of caribou passed by, twenty and odd animals, tantalizingly within rifle range. He felt a wild desire to run after them, a certitude that he could run them down. A black fox came toward him, carrying a ptarmigan in his mouth. The man shouted. It was a fearful cry, but the fox leaping away in fright did not drop the ptarmigan.

¹ swales; wet depressions in the ground.

Late in the afternoon he followed a stream, milky with lime, which ran through sparse patches of rush-grass. Grasping these rushes firmly near the root, he pulled up what resembled a young onion-sprout no larger than a shingle-nail. It was tender and his teeth sank into it with a crunch that promised deliciously of food. But its fibers were tough. It was composed of stringy filaments saturated with water, like the berries, and devoid of nourishment. But he threw off his pack and went into the rush-grass on hands and knees, crunching and munching, like some bovine creature.

He was very weary and often wished to rest—to lie down and sleep; but he was continually driven on—not so much by his desire to gain the land of little sticks as by his hunger. He searched little ponds for frogs and dug up the earth with his nails for worms, though he knew that neither frogs nor worms existed so far north.

He looked into every pool of water vainly, until, as the long twilight came on, he discovered a solitary fish, the size of a minnow, in such a pool. He plunged his arm in up to the shoulder, but it eluded him. He reached for it with both hands and stirred up the milky mud at the bottom. In his excitement he fell in, wetting himself to the waist. Then the water was too muddy to admit of his seeing the fish, and he was compelled to wait until the sediment had settled.

The pursuit was renewed, till the water was again muddied. But he could not wait. He unstrapped the tin bucket and began to bale the pool. He baled wildly at first, splashing himself and flinging the water so short a distance that it ran back into the pool. He worked more carefully, striving to be cool, though his heart was pounding against his chest and his hands were trembling. At the



"A BAND OF CARIBOU PASSED BY"

end of half an hour the pool was nearly dry. Not a cupful of water remained. And there was no fish. He found a hidden crevice among the stones through which it had escaped to the adjoining and larger pool—a pool which he could not empty in a night and a day. Had he known of the crevice, he could have closed it with a rock at the beginning and the fish would have been his.

Thus he thought, and crumpled up and sank down upon the wet earth. At first he cried softly to himself, then he cried loudly to the pitiless desolation that ringed him around; and for a long time after he was shaken by great dry sobs.

He built a fire and warmed himself by drinking quarts of hot water, and made camp on a rocky ledge in the same fashion he had the night before. The last thing he did was to see that his matches were dry and to wind his watch. The blankets were wet and clammy. His ankle pulsed with pain. But he knew only that he was hungry, and through his restless sleep he dreamed of feasts and banquets and of food served and spread in all imaginable ways.

He awoke chilled and sick. There was no sun. The gray of earth and sky had become deeper, more profound. A raw wind was blowing, and the first flurries of snow were whitening the hill-tops. The air about him thickened and grew white while he made a fire and boiled more water. It was wet snow, half rain, and the flakes were large and soggy. At first they melted as soon as they came in contact with the earth, but ever more fell, covering the ground, putting out the fire, spoiling his supply of moss-fuel.

This was the signal for him to strap on his pack and stumble onward he knew not where. He was not concerned with the land of little sticks, nor with Bill and the cache under the upturned canoe by the River Dease. He was mastered by the verb "to eat." He was hunger-mad. He took no heed of the course he pursued, so long as that course led him through the swale bottoms. He felt his way through the wet snow to the watery muskeg berries, and went by feel as he pulled up the rush-grass by the roots. But it was tasteless stuff and did not satisfy. He found a weed

that tasted sour, and he ate all he could find of it, which was not much, for it was a creeping growth, easily hidden under several inches of snow.

He had no fire that night nor hot water, and crawled under his blanket to sleep the broken hunger-sleep. The snow turned into a cold rain. He awakened many times to feel it falling on his upturned face. Day came—a gray day and no sun. It had ceased raining. The keenness of his hunger had departed. Sensibility, so far as concerned the yearning for food, had been exhausted. There was a dull, heavy ache in his stomach, but it did not bother him so much. He was more rational, and once more he was chiefly interested in the land of little sticks and the cache by the River Dease.

He ripped the remnant of one of his blankets into strips and bound his bleeding feet. Also, he recinched¹ the injured ankle and prepared himself for a day of travel. When he came to his pack he paused long over the squat moosehide sack, but in the end it went with him.

The snow had melted under the rain and only the hilltops showed white. The sun came out, and he succeeded in locating the points of the compass, though he knew now that he was lost. Perhaps, in his previous days' wanderings, he had edged away too far to the left. He now bore off to the right to counteract the possible deviation from his true course.

Though the hunger pangs were no longer so exquisite,² he realized that he was weak. He was compelled to pause for frequent rests when he attacked the muskeg berries and rush-grass patches. His tongue felt dry and large, as though covered with a fine hairy growth, and it tasted bitter

in his mouth. His heart gave him a great deal of trouble. When he had traveled a few minutes it would begin a remorseless thump, thump, thump, and then leap up and away in a painful flutter of beats that choked him and made him go faint and dizzy.

In the middle of the day he found two minnows in a large pool. It was impossible to bale it, but he was calmer now and managed to catch them in his tin bucket. They were no longer than his little finger, but he was not particularly hungry. The dull ache in his stomach had been growing duller and fainter. It seemed almost that his stomach was dozing. He ate the fish raw, masticating with painstaking care, for the eating was an act of pure reason. While he had no desire to eat he knew that he must eat to live.

In the evening he caught three more minnows, eating two and saving the third for breakfast. The sun had dried stray shreds of moss, and he was able to warm himself with hot water. He had not covered more than ten miles that day, and the next day, traveling whenever his heart permitted him, he covered no more than five miles. But his stomach did not give him the slightest uneasiness. It had gone to sleep. He was in a strange country, too, and the caribou were growing more plentiful, also the wolves. Often their yelps drifted across the desolation, and once he saw three of them slinking before his path.

Another night, and in the morning, being more rational, he untied the leather string that fastened the squat moosehide sack. From its open mouth poured a yellow stream of coarse gold-dust and nuggets. He roughly divided the gold in halves, caching one half on a prominent ledge, wrapped in a piece of blanket, and returning the other half to the sack. He also

¹ *recinched* (rē'sinch'd): strapped tightly again.

² *exquisite* (ēks'kwī-zīt): intense.

began to use strips of the one remaining blanket for his feet. He still clung to his gun, for there were cartridges in that cache by the River Dease.

This was a day of fog, and this day hunger awoke in him again. He was very weak and was afflicted with a giddiness which at times blinded him. It was no uncommon thing now for him to stumble and fall; and stumbling once, he fell squarely into a ptarmigan nest. There were four newly hatched chicks a day old—little specks of pulsating life no more than a mouthful; and he ate them ravenously, thrusting them alive into his mouth and crunching them like egg-shells between his teeth. The mother ptarmigan beat about him with great out-cry. He used his gun as a club with which to knock her over, but she dodged out of reach. He threw stones at her and with one chance shot broke a wing. Then she fluttered away, running, trailing the broken wing, with him in pursuit.

The little chicks had no more than whetted his appetite. He hopped and bobbed clumsily along on his injured ankle, throwing stones and screaming hoarsely at times; at other times hopping and bobbing silently along, picking himself up grimly and patiently when he fell, or rubbing his eyes with his hand when the giddiness threatened to overpower him.

The chase led him across swampy ground in the bottom of the valley, and he came upon footprints in the soggy moss. They were not his own—he could see that. They must be Bill's. But he could not stop, for the mother ptarmigan was running on. He would catch her first, then he would return and investigate.

He exhausted the mother ptarmigan; but he exhausted himself. She lay panting on her side. He lay panting on his side, a dozen feet away, unable

to crawl to her. And as he recovered she recovered, fluttering out of reach as his hungry hand went out to her. The chase was resumed. Night settled down and she escaped. He stumbled from weakness and pitched head-foremost on his face, cutting his cheek, his pack upon his back. He did not move for a long while; then he rolled over on his side, wound his watch, and lay there until morning.

Another day of fog. Half of his last blanket had gone into foot-wrappings. He failed to pick up Bill's trail. It did not matter. His hunger was driving him too compellingly—only—only he wondered if Bill, too, were lost. By midday the irk of his pack became too oppressive. Again he divided the gold, this time merely spilling half of it on the ground. In the afternoon he threw the rest of it away, there remaining to him only the half-blanket, the tin bucket, and the rifle.

An hallucination began to trouble him. He felt confident that one cartridge remained to him. It was in the chamber of the rifle and he had overlooked it. On the other hand, he knew all the time that the chamber was empty. But the hallucination persisted. He fought it off for hours, then threw his rifle open and was confronted with emptiness. The disappointment was as bitter as though he had really expected to find the cartridge.

He plodded on for half an hour, when the hallucination arose again. Again he fought it and still it persisted, till for very relief he opened his rifle to unconvince himself. At times his mind wandered farther afield, and he plodded on, a mere automaton, strange conceits and whimsicalities gnawing at his brain like worms. But these excursions out of the real were of brief duration, for ever the pangs



"THE ANIMAL WAS STUDYING HIM WITH BELLICOSE CURIOSITY"

of the hunger-bite called him back. He was jerked back abruptly once from such an excursion by a sight that caused him nearly to faint. He reeled and swayed, doddering like a drunken man to keep from falling. Before him stood a horse. A horse! He could not believe his eyes. A thick mist was in them, intershot with sparkling points of light. He rubbed his eyes savagely to clear this vision, and beheld not a horse, but a great brown bear. The animal was studying him with bellicose curiosity.

The man had brought his gun halfway to his shoulder before he realized. He lowered it and drew his hunting knife from its beaded sheath at his hip. Before him was meat and life. He ran his thumb along the edge of his knife. It was sharp. The point was sharp. He would fling himself upon the bear and kill it. But his heart began its warning thump,

thump, thump. Then followed the wild upward leap and tattoo of flutters, the pressing as of an iron band about his forehead, the creeping of the dizziness into his brain.

His desperate courage was evicted by a great surge of fear. In his weakness, what if the animal attacked him! He drew himself up to his most imposing stature, gripping the knife and staring hard at the bear. The bear advanced clumsily a couple of steps, reared up and gave vent to a tentative growl. If the man ran he would run after him; but the man did not run. He was animated now with the courage of fear. He, too, growled, savagely, terribly, voicing the fear that is to life germane¹ and that lies twisted about life's deepest roots.

The bear edged away to one side, growling menacingly, himself appalled by this mysterious creature that

¹ *germane* (jûr-măn'): closely allied to.

appeared upright and unafraid. But the man did not move. He stood like a statue till the danger was past, when he yielded to a fit of trembling and sank down into the wet moss.

He pulled himself together and went on, afraid now in a new way. It was not the fear that he should die passively from lack of food, but that he should be destroyed violently before starvation had exhausted the last particle of the endeavor in him that made toward surviving. There were the wolves. Back and forth across the desolation drifted their howls, weaving the very air into a fabric of menace that was so tangible that he found himself, arms in the air, pressing it back from him as it might be the walls of a wind-blown tent.

Now and again the wolves in packs of two and three crossed his path. But they sheered clear of him. They were not in sufficient numbers, and besides they were hunting the caribou which did not battle, while this strange creature that walked erect might scratch and bite.

In the late afternoon he came upon scattered bones where the wolves had made a kill. The debris had been a caribou calf an hour before, squawking and running and very much alive. He contemplated the bones, clean-picked and polished, pink with the cell-life in them which had not yet died. Could it possibly be that he might be that ere the day was done! Such was life, eh? A vain and fleeting thing. It was only life that pained. There was no hurt in death. To die was to sleep. It meant cessation, rest. Then why was he not content to die?

But he did not moralize long. He was squatting in the moss, a bone in his mouth, sucking at the shreds of life that still dyed it faintly pink. The sweet meaty taste, thin and

elusive almost as a memory, maddened him. He closed his jaws on the bones and crunched. Sometimes it was the bone that broke, sometimes his teeth. Then he crushed the bones between rocks, pounded them to a pulp and swallowed them. He pounded his fingers, too, in his haste, and yet found a moment in which to feel surprise at the fact that his fingers did not hurt much when caught under the descending rock.

Came frightful days of snow and rain. He did not know when he made camp, when he broke camp. He traveled in the night as much as in the day. He rested wherever he fell, crawled on whenever the dying life in him flickered up and burned less dimly. He as a man no longer strove. It was the life in him, unwilling to die, that drove him on. He did not suffer. His nerves had become numb, while his mind was filled with weird visions and delicious dreams.

But ever he sucked and chewed on the crushed bones of the caribou calf, the least remnants of which he had gathered up and carried with him. He crossed no more hills or divides, but automatically followed a large stream which flowed through a wide and shallow valley. He did not see this stream or this valley. He saw nothing save visions. Soul and body walked or crawled side by side, yet apart, so slender was the thread that bound them.

He awoke in his right mind, lying on his back on a rocky ledge. The sun was shining bright and warm. Afar off he heard the squawking of caribou calves. He was aware of vague memories of rain and wind and snow, but whether he had been beaten by the storm for two days or two weeks he did not know.

For some time he lay without movement, the genial sunshine pouring

upon him and saturating his miserable body with its warmth. A fine day, he thought. Perhaps he could manage to locate himself. By a painful effort he rolled over on his side. Below him flowed a wide and sluggish river. Its unfamiliarity puzzled him. Slowly he followed it with his eyes, winding in wide sweeps among the bleak bare hills, bleaker and barer and lower-lying than any hills he had yet encountered. Slowly, deliberately, without excitement or more than the most casual interest, he followed the course of the strange stream toward the sky-line and saw it emptying into a bright and shining sea. He was still unexcited. Most unusual, he thought, a vision, or a mirage—more likely a vision, a trick of his disordered mind. He was confirmed in this by sight of a ship lying at anchor in the midst of the shining sea. He closed his eyes for a while, then opened them. Strange how the vision persisted! Yet not strange. He knew there were no seas or ships in the heart of the barren lands, just as he had known there was no cartridge in the rifle.

He heard a snuffle behind him—a half-choking gasp or cough. Very slowly, because of his exceeding weakness and stiffness, he rolled over on his other side. He could see nothing near at hand, but he waited patiently. Again came the snuffle and cough, and outlined between two jagged rocks not a score of feet away he made out the gray head of a wolf. The sharp ears were not pricked so sharply as he had seen them on other wolves; the eyes were bleared and blood-shot, the head seemed to droop limply and forlornly. The animal blinked continually in the sunshine. It seemed sick. As he looked it snuffled and coughed again.

This, at least, was real, he thought, and turned on the other side so that

he might see the reality of the world which had been veiled from him before by the vision. But the sea still shone in the distance and the ship's spars were plainly discernible. Was it reality after all? He closed his eyes for a long while and thought, and then it came to him. He had been making north by east, away from the Dease Divide and into the Coppermine Valley. This wide and sluggish river was the Coppermine. That shining sea was the Arctic Ocean. That ship was a whaler, strayed east, far east, from the mouth of the Mackenzie, and it was lying at anchor in Coronation Gulf. He remembered the Hudson Bay Company chart he had seen long ago, and it was all clear and reasonable to him.

He sat up and turned his attention to immediate affairs. He had worn through the blanket-wrappings, and his feet were like shapeless lumps of raw meat. His last blanket was gone. Rifle and knife were both missing. He had lost his hat somewhere, with the bunch of matches in the band, but the matches against his chest were safe and dry inside the tobacco pouch and oil-paper. He looked at his watch. It marked eleven o'clock and was still running. Evidently he had kept it wound.

He was calm and collected. Though extremely weak he had no sensation of pain. He was not hungry. The thought of food was not even pleasant to him, and whatever he did was done by his reason alone. He ripped off his pants' legs to the knees and bound them about his feet. Somehow he had succeeded in retaining the tin bucket. He would have some hot water before he began what was to be a terrible journey to the ship.

His movements were slow. He shook as with a palsy. When he started to collect dry moss he found

he could not rise to his feet. He tried again and again, then contented himself with crawling about on hands and knees. Once he crawled near to the sick wolf. The animal dragged itself reluctantly out of his way, licking its chops with a tongue which seemed hardly to have the strength to curl. The man noticed that the tongue was not the customary healthful red. It was a yellowish brown and seemed coated with a rough and half-dry mucus.

After he had drunk a quart of hot water the man found he was able to stand, and even to walk as well as a dying man might be supposed to walk. Every minute or so he was compelled to rest. His steps were feeble and uncertain, just as the wolf's that trailed him were feeble and uncertain; and that night, when the shining sea was blotted out by blackness, he knew he was nearer to it by no more than four miles.

Throughout the night he heard the cough of the sick wolf, and now and then the squawking of the caribou calves. There was life all around him, but it was strong life, very much alive and well, and he knew the sick wolf clung to the sick man's trail in the hope that the man would die first. In the morning, on opening his eyes, he beheld it regarding him with a wistful and hungry stare. It stood crouched, with tail between its legs, like a miserable and woe-begone dog. It shivered in the chill morning wind, and grinned dispiritedly when the man spoke to it in a voice which was no more than a hoarse whisper.

The sun rose brightly, and all morning the man tottered and fell toward the ship on the shining sea. The weather was perfect. It was the brief Indian summer¹ of the high

¹ Indian summer: a brief warm interval after frost.



THE WOLF

latitudes. It might last a week. Tomorrow it might be gone.

In the afternoon the man came upon a trail. It was of another man, who did not walk, but who dragged himself on all fours. The man thought it might be Bill, but he thought in a dull, uninterested way. He had no curiosity. In fact sensation and emotion had left him. He was no longer susceptible to pain. Stomach and nerves had gone to sleep. Yet the life that was in him drove him on. He was very weary, but it refused to die. It was because it refused to die that he still ate muskeg berries and minnows, drank his hot water, and kept a wary eye on the sick wolf.

He followed the trail of the other man who dragged himself along, and soon came to the end of it—a few fresh-picked bones where the soggy moss was marked by the foot-pads of many wolves. He saw a squat moose-hide sack, mate to his own, which had been torn by sharp teeth. He picked it up, though its weight was almost too much for his feeble fingers. Bill had carried it to the last. Ha! ha! He would have the laugh on Bill. He would survive and carry it to the ship in the shining sea. His mirth was hoarse and ghastly, like a raven's croak, and the sick wolf joined him, howling lugubriously. The man ceased

suddenly. How he could have the laugh on Bill if those bones, so pinky-white and clean, were Bill!

He turned away. Well, Bill had deserted him; but he would not take the gold, nor would he suck Bill's bones. Bill would have, though, had it been the other way around, he mused, as he staggered on.

He came to a pool of water. Stooping over in quest of minnows, he jerked his head back as though he had been stung. He had caught sight of his reflected face. So horrible was it that sensibility awoke long enough to be shocked. There were three minnows in the pool, which was too large to drain; and after several ineffectual attempts to catch them in the tin bucket he forbore. He was afraid that he might fall in and drown. It was for this reason that he did not trust himself to the river astride one of the many drift-logs.¹

That day he decreased the distance between him and the ship by three miles; the next day by two—for he was crawling now as Bill had crawled; and the end of the fifth day found the ship still seven miles away and him unable to make even a mile a day. Still the Indian summer held on, and he continued to crawl and faint, turn and turn about; and ever the sick wolf coughed and wheezed at his heels. His knees had become raw meat like his feet, and though he padded them with the shirt from his back it was a red track he left behind him on the moss and stones. Once glancing back he saw the wolf licking hungrily his bleeding trail, and he saw sharply what his own end might be—unless—unless he could get the wolf. Then began as grim a tragedy of existence as was ever played—a sick man that

crawled, a sick wolf that limped, two creatures dragging their dying carcasses across the desolation and hunting each other's lives.

Had it been a well wolf, it would not have mattered so much to the man; but the thought of going to feed the maw of that loathsome and all but dead thing was repugnant to him. He was finicky. His mind had begun to wander again, and to be perplexed by hallucinations, while his lucid intervals grew rarer and shorter.

He was awakened once from a faint by a wheeze close in his ear. The wolf leaped lamely back, losing its footing and falling in its weakness. It was ludicrous, but he was not amused. Nor was he even afraid. He was too far gone for that. But his mind was for the moment clear, and he lay and considered. The ship was no more than four miles away. He could see it quite distinctly when he rubbed the mists out of his eyes, and he could see the white sail of a small boat cutting the water of the shining sea. But he could never crawl those four miles. He knew that, and was very calm in the knowledge. He knew that he could not crawl half a mile. And yet he wanted to live. It was unreasonable that he should die after all he had undergone. Fate asked too much of him. And, dying, he declined to die. It was stark madness, perhaps, but in the very grip of Death he defied Death.

He closed his eyes and composed himself with infinite precaution. He steeled himself to keep above the suffocating languor that lapped like a rising tide through all the wells of his being. It was very like a sea, this deadly languor, that rose and rose and drowned his consciousness bit by bit. Sometimes he was all but submerged, swimming through oblivion with a faltering stroke; and again,

¹ *drift-logs*: merely dead trees which had fallen into the river. This is not a lumbering region.

by some strange alchemy of soul, he would find another shred of will and strike out more strongly.

Without movement he lay on his back, and he could hear slowly drawing near and nearer the wheezing intake and output of the sick wolf's breath. It drew closer, ever closer, through an infinitude of time, and he did not move. It was at his ear. The harsh dry tongue grated like sandpaper against his cheek. His hands shot out—or at least he willed them to shoot out. The fingers were curved like talons, but they closed on empty air. Swift and certitude require strength, and the man had not this strength.

The patience of the wolf was terrible. The man's patience was no less terrible. For half a day he lay motionless, fighting off unconsciousness and waiting for the thing that was to feed upon him and upon which he wished to feed. Sometimes the languid sea rose over him and he dreamed long dreams; but ever through it all, waking and dreaming, he waited for the wheezing breath and the harsh caress of the tongue.

He did not hear the breath, and he slipped slowly from some dream to the feel of the tongue along his hand. He waited. The fangs pressed softly; the pressure increased; the wolf was exerting its last strength in an effort to sink teeth in the food for which it had waited so long. But the man had waited long, and the lacerated hand closed on the jaw. Slowly, while the wolf struggled feebly and the hand clutched feebly, the other hand crept across to a grip. Five minutes later the whole weight of the man's body was on top of the wolf. The hands had not sufficient strength to choke the animal, but the face of the man was pressed close to the throat of the wolf and the mouth was full

of hair. At the end of half an hour the man was aware of a warm trickle in his throat. It was not pleasant. It was like molten lead being forced into his stomach, but it was forced by his will alone. Later the man rolled over on his back and slept.

There were some members of a scientific expedition on the whaleship "Bedford." From the deck they remarked a strange object on the shore. It was moving down the beach toward the water. They were unable to classify it, and, being scientific men, they climbed into the whaleboat alongside and went ashore to see. And they saw something that was alive, but that could hardly be called a man. It was blind, unconscious. It squirmed along the ground like some monstrous worm. Most of its efforts were ineffectual, but it was persistent, and it writhed and twisted and went ahead perhaps a score of feet an hour.

Three weeks afterward the man lay in a bunk on the whaleship "Bedford," and with tears streaming down his wasted cheeks told who he was and what he had undergone. He also babbled incoherently of his mother, of sunny Southern California, and a home among the orange groves.

The days were not many after that when he sat at table with the scientific men and ship's officers. He gloated over the spectacle of so much food, watching it anxiously as it went into the mouths of others. With the disappearance of each mouthful an expression of deep regret came into his eyes. He was quite sane, yet he hated those men at mealtime because they ate so much food. He was haunted by a fear that it would not last. He inquired of the cook, the cabin-boy, the captain, concerning the food stores. They reassured him

countless times; but he could not believe them, and pried cunningly about the lazarette¹ to see with his own eyes.

It was noticed that the man was getting fat. He grew stouter with each day. The scientific men shook their heads and theorized. They limited the man at his meals, but still his girth increased and his body swelled prodigiously under his shirt.

The sailors grinned. They knew. And when the scientific men set a watch on the man, they knew too. They saw him slouch for'ard after breakfast, and like a mendicant,² with outstretched palm, accost a sailor. The sailor grinned and passed him a fragment of sea-biscuit. He clutched it avariciously, looked at it as a miser looks at gold, and thrust it into his shirt bosom. Similar were the donations from other grinning sailors.

The scientific men were discreet. They left him alone. But they privily examined his bunk. It was lined with hardtack; the mattress was stuffed with hardtack; every nook and cranny was filled with hardtack. Yet he was sane. He was taking precautions against another possible famine—that was all. He would recover from it, the scientific men said; and he did, ere the "Bedford's" anchor rumbled down in San Francisco Bay.

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. As Hamlin Garland is identified with the Middle West, so Jack London is identified with the Far North. Find out some of the other selections London has written about the northern regions. Find out also what you can about London himself and his adventurous life.

2. What type of literature is the selection? What part of the story did you find

most interesting? What part told most about the conditions of the country?

3. How did the author keep you aware all through the story of the desperate situation in which the man found himself? Did you feel as you read that the man would escape, or were you kept in suspense almost to the end? The ability to sustain suspense is one of the marks of a good short-story writer. How did the author make you feel sympathy for the man?

4. Describe the characters of the two men in the story. Why did one man reach help while his partner failed, though the partner knew the country better? In any situation, which is more likely to succeed, mere strength, or courage and perseverance? Give an example to support your answer.

"AMERICAN, SIR!"

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

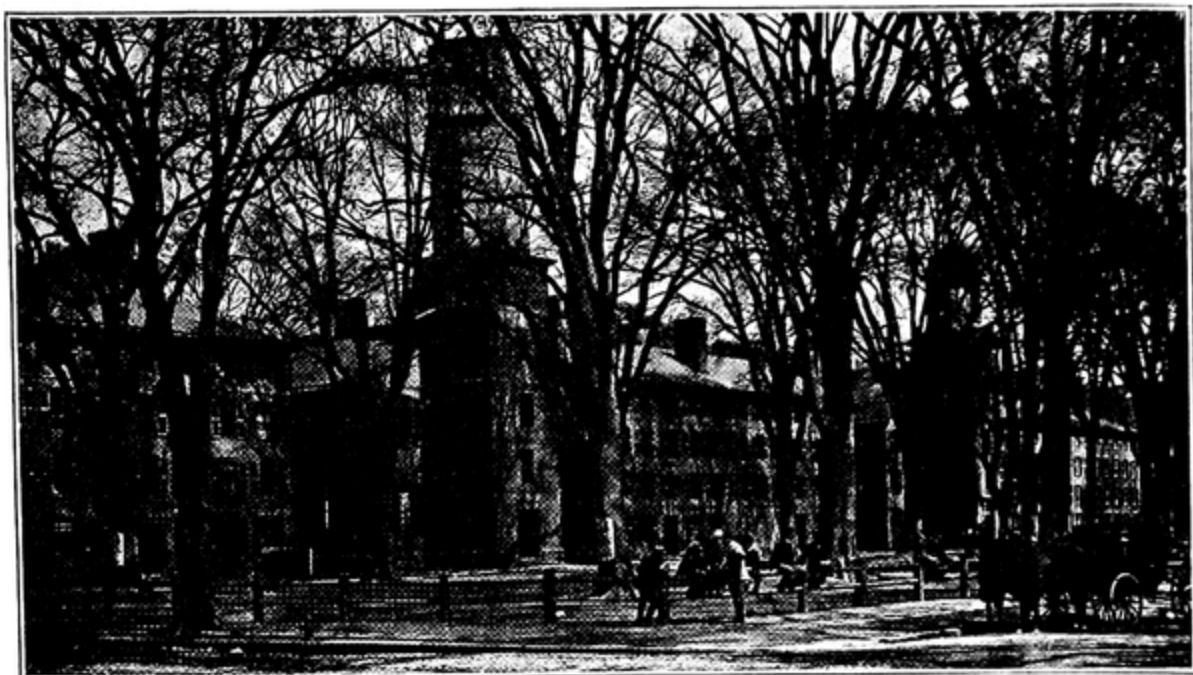
A great many writers have used war-time settings for their stories. War brings together many people who would never otherwise meet. It also tends to reveal the real character of people. In some, of course, it reveals unsuspected cowardice, but in many it reveals unsuspected heroism. The author of the following story has used a war setting both to bring her characters together and to reveal the hidden fineness of a man who had been a failure all his life before the story began.

"DEAR UNCLE BILL:" (And why he should have called me "Uncle Bill." Heaven only knows. I was not his uncle and almost never had I been addressed as "Bill." But he chose the name, without explanation, from the first.) "DEAR UNCLE BILL: Where am I going to in vacation? The fellows ask. Their fathers come to Commencement and take them home. I'm the only one out, because my father's dead. And I haven't anybody to belong to. It would be great if you'd come. Yours Sincerely—JOHN."

I threw the letter in the scrapbasket and an hour later fished it out. I

¹ lazarette (lăz'ă-rĕt'): a storeroom between the decks of a boat.

² mendicant (mĕn'dĭ-kănt): beggar.



OLD CAMPUS, YALE UNIVERSITY

read it over. I—go to a school commencement! Not if I knew it! The cheek of the whippersnapper! I had not even seen him; he might be any sort of wild Indian; he might expect me to “take him home” afterwards. Rather *not*! I should give him to understand that I would pay his bills and—well, yes—I would send him to a proper place in vacations; but be bothered by him personally I would not. Fishing trips to Canada interrupted by a child! Unthinkable. I would write to that effect.

I sat down to my orderly desk and drew out paper. I began: “DEAR JOHN.” Then I stopped. An unwelcome vision arose of a small boy who was “the only one out.” “My father’s dead.” Thirty years rolled back, and I saw the charming boy, a cousin, who had come to be this lad’s father. I turned my head at that thought, as long ago I had turned it every morning when I waked to look at him, the beautiful youngster of my adoration, sleeping across the room

which we shared together. For a dozen years we shared that room and other things—ponies, trips abroad, many luxuries. For the father and mother who worshiped and pampered John, and who were casually kind to me, an uninteresting orphan—They were rich, then, and free-handed. Too free-handed, it was seen later, for when the two were killed in an accident, only debts were left for John.

I was suddenly important, I, the gray satellite¹ of the rainbow prince, for I had a moderate fortune. The two of us were just graduated from Yale; John with honors and prizes and hosts of friends, I with some prizes and honors. Yet I was a solitary pilgrim ever, with no intimates. We stood so together, facing life.

I split my unimpressive patrimony² in two and John took his part and wandered south on a mining adventure. For that, he was always keen

¹ *gray satellite* (săt’ê-lit): a satellite is always less brilliant than the star around which it revolves.

² *patrimony* (păt’rî-mô-nî): inheritance.

about the south and his plan from seventeen on was to live in Italy. But it was I, after all, who went to Italy year after year, while John led Lord knows what thriftless life in Florida. From the last morning when he had wheeled, in our old big room, and dashed across it and thrown his arms around me in his own impulsive, irresistible way—since that morning I had never seen him. Letters, plenty. More money was needed always.

Then he did the thing which was incredible, and I pulled him out and hushed up the story and repaid the money, but it made me ill, and I suppose I was a bit savage, for he barely answered my letters after, and shortly stopped writing altogether. John could not endure unpleasantness. I lost sight of him till years later when he—and I—were near forty and I had a note signed Margaret Donaldson, John's wife. John was dead. He had been on a shooting trip and a gun had gone off. Though it was not in words, yet through them I got a vague suggestion of suicide. Heavy-hearted, I wondered. The life so suddenly ended had once been dear to me.

"They did not bring John home," the note said. "He was so badly mutilated that they buried him near where he died. I believe he would have wanted you to know, and for that reason I am writing. I am an entirely capable breadwinner, so that John's boy and I will have no troubles as to money."

There was a child two years old. I liked the chill and the independence of the proud little note.

The next chapter opened ten years later with a letter saying that Margaret Donaldson's boy was left with her poor and elderly parents and that they did not want him. Would I, his mother being dead, take care of him? He was twelve, healthy and

intelligent—which led directly to the evening when I sat, very cross, at my desk and fished young John's note out of the scrapbasket. I had got as far in answer as "DEAR JOHN"—when these visions of the past interrupted.

I am not soft-hearted. I am crabbed and prejudiced and critical, and I dislike irregularity. Above all I am thoroughly selfish. But the sum of that is short of being brutal. Only sheer brutality could repel the lad's request. My answer went as follows:

"DEAR JOHN: I will come to your commencement and bring you back with me for a short time. I may take you on a fishing trip to Canada. Sincerely, UNCLE BILL."

The youngster as he came into the school drawing-room was a thing to remember. He was a tall boy, and he looked like his father. Very olive he was—and is—and his blue eyes shone out of the dark face from under the same thickset and long lashes. His father's charm and beauty halted me, but I judged, before I let myself go, that he had also his mother's stability. I have seen no reason since to doubt my judgment. I never had so fine a fishing trip to Canada as that summer, in spite of the fact that John broke four good rods. He has been my most successful investment; and when the war broke out and he rushed to me clamoring to go, I felt indeed that I was giving humanity my best and my own. Then one day he came, in his uniform of an ambulance driver, to tell me good-by.

That was in 1914, and the boy, just about to enter Yale, was eighteen. He went through bad fighting, and in March, 1917, he was given a Croix de Guerre.¹ Then America came in, and he transferred to his own flag and

¹ *Croix de Guerre* (krwä dē gër): French decoration for bravery in action.



AN AMERICAN RED CROSS BUS

continued ambulance work under our Red Cross. He drove one of the twenty ambulances hurried into Italy after the Caporetto disaster¹ in October, the first grip of the hand of America to that brave hand of Italy.

I did not know for a time that my lad was in the ambulance section rushed to Italy, but I had a particular interest from the first in this drive, for I had spent weeks, twice, up in

Lombardy and Venetia. That was how I followed the Italian disaster—as a terrible blow to a number of old friends. Then after the Caporetto crisis came the stand behind the Tagliamento;² the retreat still farther and the more hopeful stand behind the Piave.³ And with that I knew that the First Ambulance Section was racing to the Italian front and that my boy was driving one of the cars.

¹ *Caporetto* (kā-pō-rēt'ō) disaster: defeat of the Italians by the Austrians in the World War at Caporetto.

² *Tagliamento* (tāl'yā-mēn'-tō): river of north-east Italy.

³ *Piave* (pyā'vā): Italian river.

And behold it was now the year 1919 and the war was over and the cablegram from Bordeaux, which read: "Sailing 13th Santa Angela 12 day boat New York," was a week old.

Of course I met him. At crack of dawn on a raw morning in March I drove miles to a freezing pier. And presently, as I stood muffled in a fur coat, an elderly, grizzled, small man, grim and unexhilarating—presently the soul of this monotonous person broke into song. For out of the early morning, out from behind a big anchored vessel near the pier, poked the nose of a troop ship and lumbered forward, and her decks were brown with three thousand victorious Americans coming home from overseas.

It was a sight which none of us will ever see again. Out in the harbor tugs were yelping, whistles blowing; the little fleet which had gone down the bay to meet the incoming troops was screaming itself mad in a last chorus of joyful welcome. And the good ship "Santa Angela," blessed old tub, rolled nearer till the lads on her, shouting, waving, laughing, crying lads, could be seen separately, and she had rounded the corner into the slip and was mere yards from the dock.

And then the boy came down the gangplank and I greeted him as is my ungracious way, as if he had been off on a sailing trip. But he knew, and he held to me, the tall fellow, with his arm around my shoulder unashamed, and from that moment to this in the den had hardly let me out of sight.

After dinner that night I settled back in deep satisfaction and lighted a fresh cigar. And the boy, standing before the blazing logs, which kept up a pleasant undertone to the music of his young voice, began.

"You know, Uncle Bill, we were blamed proud to be Red Cross when we knew what was doing about

Italy. It was plumb great. You know it all of course. But I saw it. No worse fight ever—in all history. Towns turned into a rolling river of refugees. Hungry, filthy, rain-soaked, half-clad—old, babies, such—a multitude pitiful beyond words—stumbling, racing down those mountain trails, anyhow—to get anywhere—away."

He dropped into a chair and went on.

"We didn't get there for the first, but it was plenty bad enough," and his eyes were seeing wordless sights. "The United States had declared war on Austria December 7th, and four days later Section One was rolling across the battlefield of Solferino.

"I was proud to be in that bunch. Talk about the flower of a country, Uncle Bill,—we grew 'em. Six wore the Croix de Guerre—well, of course that's often just luck." He reddened as he remembered who was one of that six. "All of them had gone through battles aplenty.

"We started on the twelve hundred mile trip to Milan from Paris November 18th, and at Ventimiglia,¹ just over the border, Italy welcomed us. Lord, Uncle Bill," the boy laughed out, and rubbed his eyes where tears stood. "They wouldn't look at our passports—no, sir! They opened the gate of Italy and we rolled in like visiting princes. They showered presents on us—food, flowers—all they had. Often didn't keep any for themselves.

"We got there December 8th. Tuned up the cars and were off again in two or three days, to the job. They gave us a great sendoff. Real party. Two parties. First a sort of reception in a big courtyard of an old palace, all dolled up with American and Italian flags. Big bugs and speeches—and they presented us to Italy. A

¹ *Ventimiglia* (vēn'tē-mēl'yā): a commune in northwestern Italy.

bugle blew and a hundred of us in khaki—we'd been reinforced—stood at salute and an Italian general swept into the gates with his train of plumed Bersaglieri¹—sent to take us over. Then we twenty drove our busses out with our own flags flying and pulled up again for Party Number Two in front of the Cathedral. Finally the Mayor bid us his prettiest good-bye, and off we drove again through the cheering crowds and the waving flags, out of the city gate—to the Piave front."

The boy rose from his chair, put on a fresh log, then turned and stood facing me, towering over me in his young magnificence.

It flashed to me that I'd never seen him look so like his father, yet so different. All John Donaldson's physical beauty, all his charm were repeated on his son, but underlaid with a manliness, a force poor John never had.

"We were pitched into the offensive in the hottest of it," spoke the boy. "It was thick. We were hampered by lack of workers. We wanted Americans. Morgan had a thought.

" 'Italy's full of Americans,' he suggested. 'Living here. Over military age, but fit for a lot of our use. I miss my guess if bunches of 'em wouldn't jump at a chance to get busy under their own flag.'"

"We sent out a call and they came. Down from hill-towns, out of cities, from villages we'd never heard of—it was amazing how they came. We didn't dream there was such a number. Every one middle-aged, American all, and gentlemen all.

"One morning, after brisk work the night before, I'd just turned out and was standing by my bus—I slept on a stretcher inside—I saw a big, athletic, grizzled chap, maybe fifty-five or over,

shabby as to clothes, yet with an air like a duke, sauntering up. How he got in there I never thought to ask. He held out his hand as if we were old friends. 'Good morning,' he said. 'I hope I didn't wake you up. How do you like Italy?' There was something attractive about him, something suggestive of a gracious host whose flower garden was Italy—which he trusted was to my taste. I told him I worshiped Italy.

"Just then a shell—they were coming over off and on—struck two hundred yards down the road and we both turned to look. In thirty seconds, maybe, another—and another—placed middling close, half a minute apart maybe, till eight had plowed along that bit. When they stopped, he looked at me. 'That's the first time I ever saw shells light nearby,' he spoke. 'Eight, I made it. But two were duds, weren't they?'"

"It didn't seem to occur to him that they might have hit him. About then he saw me wondering, I suppose, what a civilian was doing making conversation inside the lines before breakfast, and he explained.

" 'You need men for the Red Cross, I believe,' he explained. 'I came to offer my services.' He spoke English perfectly, yet with a foreign twist, and he was so very dark that I wondered about his nationality.

" 'Are you Italian?' I asked, and at that he started and straightened his big shabby shoulders as if I'd hit him, and flushed through his brown skin.

" 'American, sir,' he said proudly.

"And, Uncle Bill, something in the way he said it almost brought tears to my eyes. It was as if his right to being American was the last and most precious thing he owned, and as if I'd tried to take it from him.

"So I threw back, 'That's great,' and shook hands with him over it.

¹ *Bersaglieri* (bĕr-să-lyĕr'ĕ): members of a special corps of Italian infantry organized as riflemen.



AMERICAN TROOPS AT DIVISION HEADQUARTERS

"There was something about him which I couldn't place. He looked—natural. Especially his eyes.

"Well, I said we'd be delighted to use him, and told him where to report and then, though it wasn't my business, I asked his name. And what do you think he told me?"

I shook my head.

"He gave his name as John Donaldson," stated the boy.

"What!" I asked bewildered. "This man in Italy was called——"

"By my name," the boy said slowly. "John Donaldson."

I reasoned a bit. "John Donaldson" is a name not impossible to be duplicated. "It was devilish odd," I said, "to run into your own handle like that, wasn't it?"

The boy went on. "At that second Ted Frith ran along shouting, '7:30. Better hurry. Coffee's waiting.' So I threw the strange man a good-bye and bolted.

"That day we were going some. They were heaving eggs from the other side of the Piave and we were bringing back wounded to the dressing stations as fast as we could make it over that

wrecked land; going back faster for more. When I stopped for chow at midday, I found Ted Frith near me, eating also.

"Remember the old boy you were talking to this morning?" asked Ted between two mouthfuls of dum-dums—that's beans, Uncle Bill. I 'lowed I remembered the old boy; in fact he'd stuck in my mind all day.

"Well," Ted went on, 'he's a ring-tailed snorter. He's got an American uniform, tin derby and all, and he's up in the front trenches in the cold and mud with his chocolates and stuff, talking the lingo to the wops and putting heart into them something surprising. They're cheering up wherever he goes. Good work.'

"That afternoon I ran into the man under hot fire hurrying down the communication trench for more stuff. He looked as pleased as a boy with a new pony. 'Hello,' I yelled across the noise. 'How do you like our Italy? They tell me you're helping a lot.'

"He stopped and stared with those queerly homelike, big eyes. 'Do they?' he smiled. 'It's the best time I've had for years, sir.'

"Needn't *sir* me," I explained. 'I'm not an officer.'

"Ah, but you are—my superior officer," he argued in a courteous, lovely way. 'I'm a recruit—raw recruit. Certainly I must say *sir* to you.'

"Duck there," I shouted. 'You're on a rise—you'll be hit.'

"He glanced around. 'If you knew what a treat I'd consider it to be done for wearing this.' He looked down and slapped his big knee in its khaki. 'But if I'm helping, it's the game to keep whole. You see, sir,' and he laughed out loud—'this is my good day. I'm American today, sir!'

"And as I let in the clutch and turned the wheel, I sniffled. The man's delight at being allowed to do a

turn of any sort under the flag somehow got me.

"The hideous day wore on; one of the worst I went through. We were rushing 'em steadily—four badly wounded in the back, you know, and one could sit up in the front seat with the driver, every trip. About 3:30 as I was going up to the front lines, I struck Ted Firth again coming down.

"That you, Johnny?" he shouted. 'Your friend's got his,' he said. We were caught in a crowd and had to wait, so we could talk.

"Oh no!" I groaned. 'Gone west?'

"He shook his head. 'I think not yet. But I'm afraid he's finished. Had to leave him. Didn't see him till I was loaded up. He's been stretcher-bearer the last three hours.'

"The devil he has. Why?'

"A sudden attack—bearer was killed. He jumped in and grabbed the stretcher. Powerful old boy. Back and forth from the hurricane to the little dressing station, and at last he got it. Thick today, isn't it?'

"Stretcher-bearer!" I repeated. 'Nerve for a new bird.'

"Nerve!" echoed Teddy. 'He's been eating it up. The hotter it got, the better it suited. He's one of the heroes fast enough. If he lives, he's due a cross for his last stunt—out under fire twice in five minutes to bring in wounded. But he won't live. There—it's clearing. You run along and find the old boy, Johnny.'

"I found him. He was hurt too badly to talk about. As gently as we knew how, Joe Barron and I lifted him into the car and he recognized me.

"Why, good evening, sir," he greeted me, smiling at the disputed title, charming and casual as ever. He identified me—'The boy who adored Italy.' Then: 'Such luck!' he gasped. 'Killed—in our uniform—serving!' And as he felt my hand on his forehead:

'For God's sake, don't be sorry, lad,' he begged. 'A great finish for me. I never hoped for luck like this.'

"There's a small village," the boy went on—"I never knew its name; it's back of the Piave; only a pile of broken stuff now anyhow. But the church was standing that night, a lovely old church with a tower pierced with windows. We stuck in a traffic jam in front of that church. The roads were one solid column going forward into the mess. Mile after mile of it in one stream—and every parallel road must have been the same.

"It got dark early and the ration truck was late coming up, being caught in the jam. It was night by the time the eats were ready and I left my bus in front of the church I spoke of. I'd wished myself on the officers of a battery having mess in trees back of a ruined house. When I went back to the bus, it was clean dark. But the sky was alight with gun flashes from everywhere, a continuous flicker like summer lightning with glares here and there like a sudden blaze from a factory chimney. The rumbling gun thunder was without a break, punctuated by heavier boomings; the near guns seemed an insane 4th of July.

"I looked in at my load and I saw that my namesake was worse. We were still trapped in the jam; no chance of breaking for hours maybe. I saw then that they'd turned the church into a dressing station. There was straw on the stone floors and two surgeons and some orderlies. Wounded were being carried in on stretchers. Joe Barron and I lifted out John Donaldson and took him in and cared for him as well as possible until we could corral an overworked doctor. I thought I'd talk to him a bit to distract him, and he seemed glad.

The lad stopped; his big fingers pulled at the collar of his uniform.

"Little by little," he went on, "John Donaldson of Italy told his story again. He held tight to my hand as he told it." The boy halted again and bit at his lower lip with strong white teeth. "I like to remember that," he went on slowly. "He had lived nearly twenty years in Perugia.¹ He had run away from America. Because—he—took money. He was supposed to be dead."

I sat forward, grasping the sides of my chair, pulling the thing out of the boy with straining gaze.

"Uncle Bill," he spoke, and his dear voice shook, "you know who it was. I found why his eyes looked familiar. They were like my own. The man I was helping to die was my father."

I heard my throat make a queer sound, but I said no word. The voice flowed on, difficultly, determinedly.

"It's a strange thing to remember—a weird and unearthly bit of living—that war-ruined church, strewn with straw, the wounded wrapped like mummies in dark blankets, their white bandages making high spots in the wavering, irregular lights of lanterns and pocket flashes moving about. I sat on the pavement by his side, hand in hand. A big crucifix hung above, and the Christ seemed to be looking—at him."

The voice stopped. I heard my own as a sound from beyond me asking a question. "How did you find out?" I asked.

"Why, you see, Uncle Bill," he answered, as if my voice had helped him to normality a bit, "I started off by saying I'd write to anybody for him, and wasn't there somebody at home maybe? And he smiled out of his torture, and said 'Nobody.'"

"Then I said how proud we were of such Americans as he had shown himself and how much he'd helped. I told him what Teddy Frith said of how

¹ Perugia (pā-rōō'jā): province in Italy.

he'd put heart into the men. And about the war cross. At that his face brightened.

"Did he really say I'd helped?" He was awfully pleased. Then he considered a moment and spoke: "There's one lad I'd like to have know—if it's possible to find him—and if he ever knows anything about me—that I died decently."

"I threw at him—little dreaming the truth, yet eagerly—'I'll find him. I promise it. What's his name?'"

"And he smiled again, an alluring, sidewise smile he had, and said: 'Why, the same name as mine—John Donaldson. He was my baby.'"

"Then for the first time the truth came in sight, and my heart stood still. I couldn't speak. But I thought fast. I feared giving him a shock, yet I had to know—I had to tell him. I put my free hand over his that clung to me and I said: 'Do you know, Mr. Donaldson, it's queer, but that's my name too. I also am John Donaldson.'"

"He turned his head with a start and his eyes got wide. 'You are?' he said, and he peered at me in the half light, 'I believe you look like me. God!' he said. His face seemed to sharpen and he shot words at me. 'Quick!' he said. 'I mayn't have time. What was your mother's name?'"

"I told him.

"He was so still for a breath that I thought I'd killed him. Then his face lighted—quite angelically, Uncle Bill. And he whispered, two or three words at a time—you know the words, Uncle Bill—Tennyson:

"'Sunset and evening star,' he whispered:

"'Sunset and evening star,

"'And one clear call for me—'

"He patted the breast of his bloody, grimy uniform. 'Following the flag! Me! My son to hold my hand as I go out! I hadn't dreamed of such a pass-

ing!' Then he looked up at me, awfully interested. 'So you're my big son,' he said. 'My baby.'

"I knew that he was remembering the little shaver he'd left twenty years back. So I leaned over and kissed him, and he got his arm around my neck and held me pretty tight a minute, and nobody cared. All those dying, suffering, last-ditch men lying around, and the two worn-out doctors hurrying among 'em—they didn't care. No more did he and I. I'd found my father; I wasn't caring for anything else."

There was deep silence in the room again and a log of the fire crackled and fell apart and blazed up impersonally; the pleasant sound jarred not at all the tense, human atmosphere.

"And he—! Uncle Bill," went on the throbbing voice, "through the devilish pain he was radiant. He was, thank God! I wanted to hold up a doctor and get dope to quiet him—and he wouldn't."

"'It might make me unconscious,' he objected. 'Would I lose a minute of you? Not if I know it! This is the happiest hour I've had for twenty years.'"

"He told me, a bit at a time, about things. First how he'd arranged so that even my mother thought him dead. Then the bald facts of his downfall. He hated to tell that.

"'Took money,' he said. 'Very unjustifiable. But I ought to have had plenty—life's most unreasonable. Then—I couldn't face—discovery—hate, unpleasantness.' He shuddered. 'Might have been—jailed.' It was shaking him so I tried to stop him, but he pointed to his coat and laughed—Uncle Bill, a pitiful laugh. It tore me. 'John Donaldson's making a good getaway,' he labored out. 'Must tell everything. I'll finish—clean. To—my son. Honor of—the uniform.'

He was getting exhausted. 'That's all,' he ended, 'dishonor.'

"And I flung at him: 'No—no. It's covered over—wiped out—with service and honor. You're dying for the flag, Father—Father!' I whispered with my arms around him and crying like a child with a feeling I'd never known before. 'Father, Father!' I whispered, and he lifted a hand and patted my head.

"'That sounds nice,' he said. Suddenly he looked amused. His nerve all through was the bulkiest thing you ever saw, Uncle Bill. Not a whimper. 'You thought I was Italian,' he brought out. 'Years ago, this morning. But—I'm not. American, sir—I heard the call—the one clear call, American.'

"Then he closed his eyes and his breathing was so easy that I thought he might sleep, and live hours, maybe. I loosened his fingers and lifted his head on my coat that I'd folded for a pillow, for I thought I'd go outside and find Joe Barron and get him to take the bus down when the jam held up so I could start. Before I started, I bent over again and he opened his eyes, and I said very distinctly: 'I want you to know that I'll be prouder all my life than words can say that I've had you for a father,' and he brought out a long, perfectly contented sigh, and seemed to drop off.

"I began to pick my way through the clutter of men lying, some still as death, some writhing and gurgling horrid sounds. I had got about eight feet when across the hideous noises broke a laugh like a pleased kid. I whirled. He'd lifted his big shoulders up from the straw and was laughing after me from under those thick black lashes; his eyes were brilliant. He stretched out his arms to me.

"'American, sir,' he said in a strong voice. And fell back dead."

I heard the clock tick and tick. And tick. Minutes went by. Then the boy got up in the throbbing silence and walked to the fire and stood, his back to me, looking down at the embers. His voice came over his square young shoulders, difficult but determined, as of a man who must say a thing which has dogged him to be said.

"God arranged it, Uncle Bill. I know that well enough. God forgave him enough to send him me and a happy day to go out on. So don't you believe—that things are all right with him now?"

It was hard to speak, but I had to—I had a message.

"John," I said, "we two know the splendor of his going, and that other things count as nothing beside that redemption. Do you suppose a great God is more narrow-minded than we?"

And my boy turned, and came and sat on the broad side of the chair, and put his arm around my shoulder and his young head against mine. His cheek was hot and wet on my thin hair.

"American, sir," whispered my dear boy, softly.

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. The author of the foregoing story wrote over a long period of years. She is known especially for her short stories, which have appeared in many magazines and also in various collections. If possible, read another selection which she wrote and give a report.

2. This selection is a short story. A short story must always be complete, but there are two ways of making it complete. One is by using incidents to supply the information necessary to round out the understanding of the reader. The other is to supply information through descriptive passages without using too many words. How has the author of this story given you the needed information?

3. How did the author succeed in making you feel the confusion of battle? How did she make the characters seem real? Would you have liked the story better had she told it directly instead of introducing Uncle Bill as the narrator? Why

do you think she chose this method? Is the method widely used?

4. Do you agree that John's father had made up for all the weakness and wrongs of his earlier life? Give reasons for thinking as you do about the matter.

POSTVIEW OF THE UNIT

Aside from actually mingling with people, there are few better ways of understanding how people live than by reading about them. Literature not only tells about the activities of people, but reveals their thoughts and emotions as well. The stories of this unit enabled you to see people living in various ways. Let us think about some of the conclusions you may have formed.

First, you probably were impressed by the great variety of experiences portrayed in the unit. Some of the incidents represented experiences of everyday life—the kind that people have day after day. Others represented experiences of everyday people in unusual conditions. For instance, "Snow-Bound" is the story of a typical country family of New England cut off from the world by a heavy snowfall. The members of the family had to make the best of an unusual situation. Then there were stories of a more adventurous nature, picturing more novel experiences. Doubtless you thrilled with excitement as you read some of the happenings in the bear story of Byrd, the Alaskan story of Jack London, or the Poker Flat story of Bret Harte. Altogether, then, you saw cross sections of life as it is lived in various ways.

Second, perhaps you realized more than ever that it takes all kinds of people to make a world. You found them ranging all the way from a tender mother in the home to the coarsest man on the frontier. All, however, were moved by the same feelings and hopes in life. The outward appearances often did not reveal their real human qualities. In other words, human nature seems about the same under all conditions of life.

Third, you realized that people are greatly influenced by the conditions in their physical and social environment. Although human nature is much the same, people react differently because of differences in the conditions about them. They form different ideas, develop different interests, and set up different ideals.

CHECKING YOUR EXPERIENCES

I. Following are introductory statements concerning the action of certain characters in the unit. Following each statement are several reasons that might explain the action. Copy the introductory statement and complete it by using the reason which seems to explain the action best.

1. The citizens of Poker Flat drove away the "outcasts" because
 - a. they thought them a bad moral influence in the town.
 - b. they had lost money to the "outcasts."
 - c. they were afraid there would not be enough food for winter.
 - d. of a sudden whim.

2. People on the streets of the town noticed Sabra Cravat because
 - a. her clothes were old-fashioned.
 - b. she wanted to attract attention.
 - c. she was not dressed like other people in the town.
 - d. many people had nothing to do.
3. People of today are seldom so completely cut off from the world as Whittier's family in "Snow-Bound" because
 - a. they can get news by telephone and radio.
 - b. it does not snow so hard any more.
 - c. roads are paved better today than they were then.
 - d. they do not live so far out in the country.
4. The man in William Byrd's story would not have had a dangerous adventure with the bear if
 - a. he had not become frightened.
 - b. he had been a little quicker in action.
 - c. he had called for help.
 - d. his gun had been properly primed.
5. Julia Peterson's father made his children work hard because
 - a. he thought it was good for them.
 - b. he was naturally cruel.
 - c. he did not want them to learn American ways.
 - d. he was avaricious for wealth.
6. To make him comparatively safe, the man in Jack London's story needed
 - a. cartridges for his rifle.
 - b. good shoes.
 - c. plenty of money.
 - d. a map.
7. The elder John Donaldson was proud of his American uniform because
 - a. he had always been a good citizen.
 - b. he was too old to get into the army.
 - c. he felt that it helped him to make up for his past failures.
 - d. he thought he looked well in it.

II. People's ideas, interests, and ideals, as you know, are often affected by environment. Below are short sketches of some of the characters you have met in this unit. Name the selections in which the characters appear, and explain the conditions of environment which helped to explain their actions.

1. John Oakhurst was a gambler who took everything as it came. He had a kind heart and was sometimes very generous, but he was also reckless and made a living from people who were less skillful gamblers.
2. The man in northern Canada threw away gold and was glad to eat foods that most people would consider disgusting. When there was plenty of food, he hoarded scraps of food in his bed and felt resentful toward people who ate heartily.
3. Julia Peterson disliked her home and was eager to leave it. She looked forward happily to a life of monotonous housework in a home that lacked all modern conveniences.

4. The elder John Donaldson had been an irresponsible ne'er-do-well all his life, but on the day described in the story he behaved like a hero. He was proud of his country and eager to serve others.
5. Whittier's family enjoyed simple pleasures. They read the same books over and over. Often they knew nothing about what was going on in the world outside their own farm.

III. Copy each of the following statements and indicate whether it is true or false. Other members of the class may not always agree with your judgment. Prepare, therefore, to defend all your answers.

1. In "As Weary Pilgrim" Anne Bradstreet expresses quiet contentment with her lot in life.
2. William Byrd added to the humor of "A Bear Story" by using a more dignified and serious style than the story warranted, such as saying the bear "put herself in Battle Array."
3. "Snow-Bound" would have been a better poem if the moralizing passages had been omitted, such as
"But He who knows our frame is just,
Merciful, and compassionate."
4. If Miniver Cheevy had been born in another age, he would have been equally discontented and a failure.
5. In "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" Bret Harte intended Oakhurst to be an attractive and admirable character.
6. Sabra Cravat behaved very stupidly on her first day in Osage.
7. Rob wanted to marry Julia because he saw she was a good worker.
8. "Love of Life" shows that Jack London really knew the country about which he wrote and that he knew how people behave when they are nearly starved.
9. "American, Sir!" would have been a better story if it had been told in a less sentimental style.

ENJOYING CREATIVE EXPERIENCES

1. The selections in this unit, of course, do not describe all ways of living. Think of other ways about which you have learned from experience, from motion picture or radio, from reading, or from stories told by older people. Explain one of the ways in the form of an essay or story.

2. In the early days of book-making it was impossible to make illustrations such as you commonly see today. To begin with, there was no way of making photographs, and even after the camera was invented, years passed before printers learned how to use photographs in making pictures for books. There were two leading methods of making illustrations. One was by the use of steel engravings. In this method the pictures were cut with fine tools on steel plates which in turn were used for printing. All the illustrations for "Snow-Bound" in this unit were made in this manner.

A cheaper and much quicker way of making illustrations was by means of woodcuts. In this method the pictures were cut on wooden blocks which were

used for printing. The parts intended to show light in the pictures were cut away. The portrait of William Byrd on page 73 was made from a woodcut. If you enjoy using tools, try to make a woodcut illustration for one of the selections in this unit.

3. Choose one of the selections in the unit for dramatization. Write the dialog part, indicate the stage setting, costumes to be worn, and the "properties" that are needed.

4. Imagine you are a reporter and write an account of one of the events described in this unit. Or imagine you are a radio announcer and write an account to read "over the air."

ENJOYING FURTHER READING

People are interesting because they live in so many different ways. You enjoy seeing what they do. You enjoy reading about them or hearing about them. Following are a number of selections which will help you know more about people and understand why and how they live in various ways.

Across the Everglades. By HUGH WILLOUGHBY.

A novel telling about a journey by canoe through the marshes of Florida.

Cruise of the Dream Ship. By RALPH STOCK.

A travel story about three people—one a girl—who encounter the perils of coral reefs, shipwreck, and typhoons in the South Sea Islands.

The Exile. By PEARL BUCK.

A biography of the author's mother revealing the difficulties she encountered in educating children in China.

Game of Life and Death. By LINCOLN COLCORD.

A short story of adventurous life on the sea.

Heroes of the Storm. By WILLIAM D. O'CONNOR.

Narrative essays on life-saving service, from the official records of the Coast Guard Service.

In the Tennessee Mountains. By MARY N. MURFREE.

A short story of neighborhood life in the mountains.

Lantern in Her Hand. By BESS STREETER ALDRICH.

A novel telling of the fortitude of a pioneer family.

On the Bottom. By EDWARD ELLSBERG.

A novel reciting the story of raising the sunken submarine S-51.

O Pioneers! By WILLA CATHER.

A novel telling how frontiersmen struggled to win a living from the prairies of Nebraska.

Rose of Dixie. By O. HENRY.

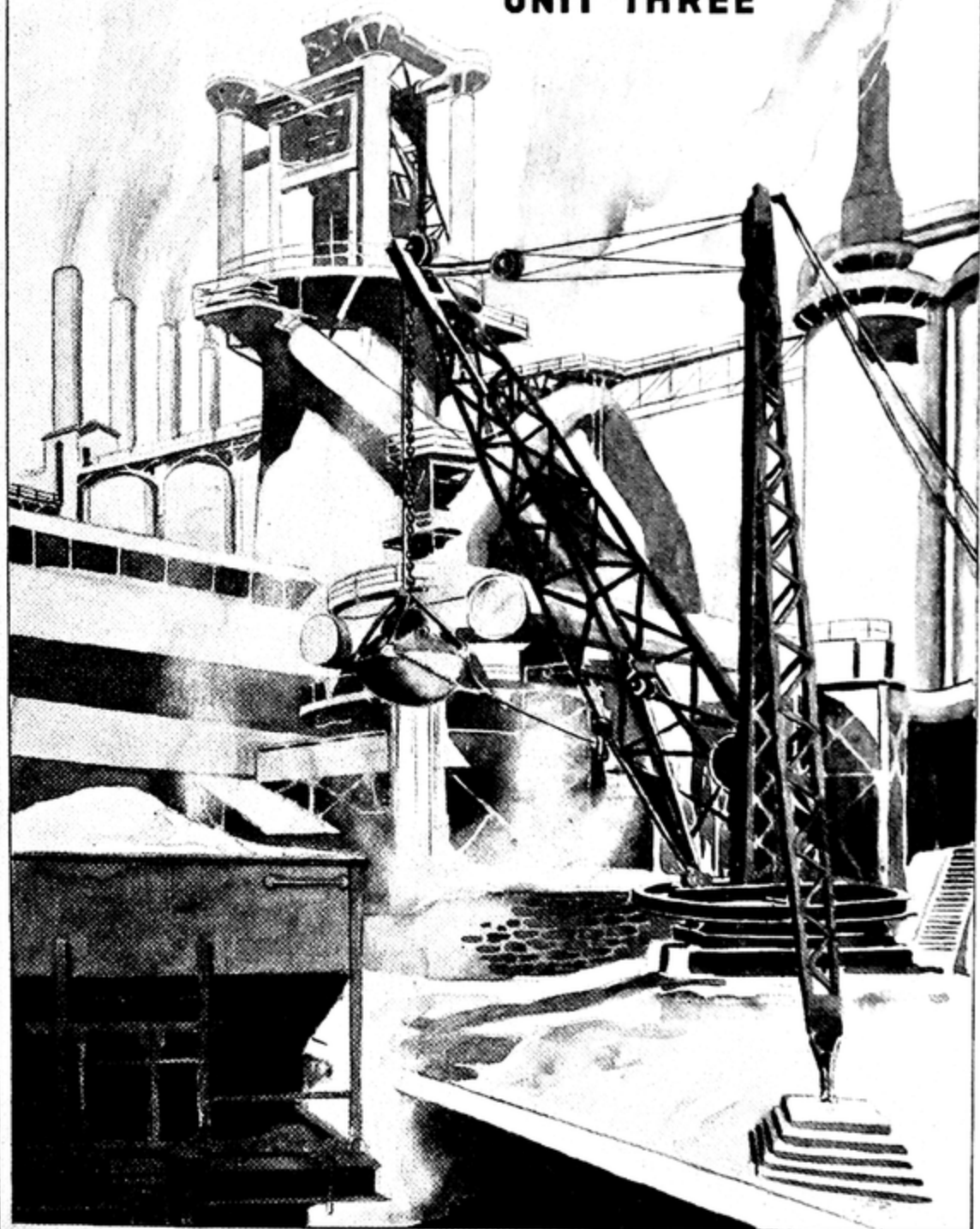
A short story about the editor of a magazine and his struggle to have it written by home people.

Songs for a Little House. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Poems based on pleasant home life.

ROMANCE OF INDUSTRY

UNIT THREE



ROMANCE OF INDUSTRY

Is there romance in industry? Does industry ever inspire you and stir your imagination? Do you feel a thrill when you see an airplane soaring through the sky or look at a tall building which almost reaches up into the clouds? Do you look with admiration upon the turning wheels of a great factory? Do you thrill when you employ your own hands in making things with tools? If so, then you know that there is real romance in industry.

Every new invention opens up new fields of adventure. One of the first great inventions, of course, was the wheel. This invention, perhaps more than anything else, has made possible modern civilization. There is little wonder, then, that we frequently hear the expression "wheels of industry." What does it mean to you? Do you see gear wheels and wheels of transportation carrying raw materials to factories and finished products away again? Do you see the wheels of tractors at work on farms—wheels that pull with the strength of many teams of horses? Yes! wheels indeed play a tremendous part in making the industrial world what it is today.

Besides general industry, special types of work have inspired thousands of people. For instance, there is the romance of mining. Think of the forty-niners in search of gold—how they crossed the plains in creaking wagons, crowded the ships that beat their way slowly around the southern tip of South America, or marched on foot across fever-infested Panama. There was the further romance of searching for hidden treasures, of continuing the search in spite of repeated failures, and the thrill that came when gold was found.

It is not necessary, of course, to be engaged in great enterprises to feel the romance of industry. Any kind of worth-while work in which a person engages provides an element of romance. First of all, there is the challenge which comes from working on a job. Second, there is the element of sticking to a task and giving it the best efforts a person can command. Third, there is the element of satisfaction which comes from a job well done.

Writers are just beginning to realize the wealth of material which industry has placed at their disposal. Few fields provide more stories of adventure or studies of real human interest. Novelists, short-story writers, essayists, and even poets are looking to industry as a very fertile field. They are finding that within cold factory walls, down in dark mines, and over broad acres of growing crops there is a human element long unsung.



THE "HAY AND OATS" OF THE FARM TRACTOR

Ewing Galloway

NEW FARM TRACTOR*

By CARL SANDBURG

Imagine a long line of mules pulling a big plow, their heads nodding, their ears flapping, their tails switching. Now and then one tries to take a bite of his neighbor's shoulder, or is balky when he turns at the end of the field. The poet sees all these mules in a new twenty-horsepower tractor described in the following poem.

Snub nose, the guts of twenty mules
are in your cylinders and trans-
mission.

The rear axles hold the kick of twenty
Missouri jackasses.

It is in the records of the patent office
and the ads there is twenty horse
power pull here.

The farm boy says hello to you instead
of twenty mules—he sings to you
instead of ten span¹ of mules.

*From *Early Moon*.

¹ span: a team.

A bucket of oil and a can of grease is
your hay and oats. ⁵

Rain proof and fool proof they stable
you anywhere in the fields with
the stars for a roof.

I carve a team of long-ear mules on the
steering wheel—it's good-by now
to leather reins and the songs of
the old mule skimmers.²

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. To Sandburg, strength and power are romantic. He has never accepted the idea that only the beautiful, the heroic, or the deeply tragic are suitable subjects for poetry. Find out some of the themes he has used, read some of his poems, and give a report to the class.

2. What poetic qualities did you find in the foregoing poem? What kind of poem is it? Read it aloud for the rhythm.

² mule skimmers: a slang term used in the Western United States for "mule drivers."

3. Did you feel any particular emotion as you read the poem? Did you feel regret because the mules had been replaced by the tractor? Was the poem hard to read?

4. Are you ever sorry when something old is replaced by something new? Why must sentiment sometimes be forgotten in cases of this kind?

CALIBAN IN THE COAL MINES*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Sunshine and grass, tender flowers, the moon and the friendly stars at night add much to the enjoyment of life. Miners who work underground, however, enjoy none of these things. The following poem reveals how a coal miner feels about some of the things he misses.



INSIDE A COAL MINE

*From *Selected Poems and Parodies*.

God, we don't like to complain;
We know that the mine is no lark.¹
But—there's the pools from the rain;
But—there's the cold and the dark.

God, You don't know what it is— 5
You, in your well-lighted sky—
Watching the meteors whizz;
Warm, with a sun always by.

God, if You had but the moon
Stuck in Your cap for a lamp, 10
Even You'd tire of it soon,
Down in the dark and the damp.

Nothing but blackness above
And nothing that moves but the
cars . . .
God, if You wish for our love, 15
Fling us a handful of stars!

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of the foregoing poem sees the whole world as material to be turned into poetry. Find out how he differs from most poets in this regard.

2. Does the poem tell a story, describe a scene or person, or express an emotion? What type of poem is it?

3. Very often a poet puts into words the feelings of people who cannot express their feelings themselves. How did Untermyer express the feelings of the miner?

4. A poet always sees something beyond the object or person in front of his eyes. When you look at a pile of coal, do you think of the men who labored far down in the earth to produce it?

PRAYER*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Great writers, great artists, and great musicians are almost never satisfied with their work. They always feel that next time they can do better, and so go on trying as long as they live. The same is true of anyone who tries to turn out a great piece of work. Such is the theme of the following poem.

*From *Selected Poems and Parodies*.

¹ lark: a jolly adventure.

God, though this life is but a wraith,¹
 Although we know not what we use,
 Although we grope with little faith,
 Give me the heart to fight—and lose.

Ever insurgent² let me be, 6
 Make me more daring than devout;
 From sleek contentment keep me free,
 And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my eyes to visions girt
 With beauty, and with wonder lit—
 And let me always see the dirt, 11
 And all that spawn and die in it.

Open my ears to music; let
 Me thrill with Spring's first flutes
 and drums—
 But never let me dare forget 15
 The bitter ballads of the slums.

From compromise and things half-
 done,
 Keep me, with stern and stubborn
 pride.
 And when, at last, the fight is won,
 God, keep me still unsatisfied. 20

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. This poem is further evidence that Untermeyer sees the whole world as material to be turned into poetry. He accepts the world as it is, writing about both the pleasant and unpleasant conditions of life. How does this attitude help to made his poems alive?

2. You probably noted that this poem is a lyric. What qualities of a lyric does it possess? What emotions did you feel as you read it?

3. Did the rhythm and the sound of the words seem to fit into the meaning of the poem? Read the poem again and note how the two work together.

4. Many people believe that when a person fails at something, he should give up and try something else. Others believe he should go on trying until he succeeds. Which do you think is right in most situations in life? Why?

THE SILKWORM'S RIVAL*

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Until a few generations ago clothes were made largely of cotton, wool, silk, and linen. These materials had been used for thousands of years. A few other materials were used locally in certain parts of the world, but they had never been very satisfactory. Most people thought that clothes would continue to be made of the same materials and that new textile fibers of major importance would never be found. Finally processes were invented for making new fibers synthetically. This led to new departures in the making of textiles and the development of a whole group of synthetic fibers commonly known as rayon. Today the rayon industry is one of the largest in the world. The weakness of the fiber mentioned in the selection has since been largely overcome.

Man has entered into active competition with the silkworm, and although the worm has the advantage of several million generations of previous practice in the art of silk making, man is rapidly catching up. The output of artificial silk has increased five-fold during the last twenty years, while the output of natural silk has only gained fifty per cent. Nearly half of what seems silk to the eye comes nowadays from the factory instead of the cocoon. About forty million foreign feet are now incased in synthetic silk stockings made in America. Over two billion yards of synthetic³ thread are spun out in a day in the factories of the United States, and if each thread consists of twenty filaments the total length of filaments produced in five days would more than suffice to reach the sun.

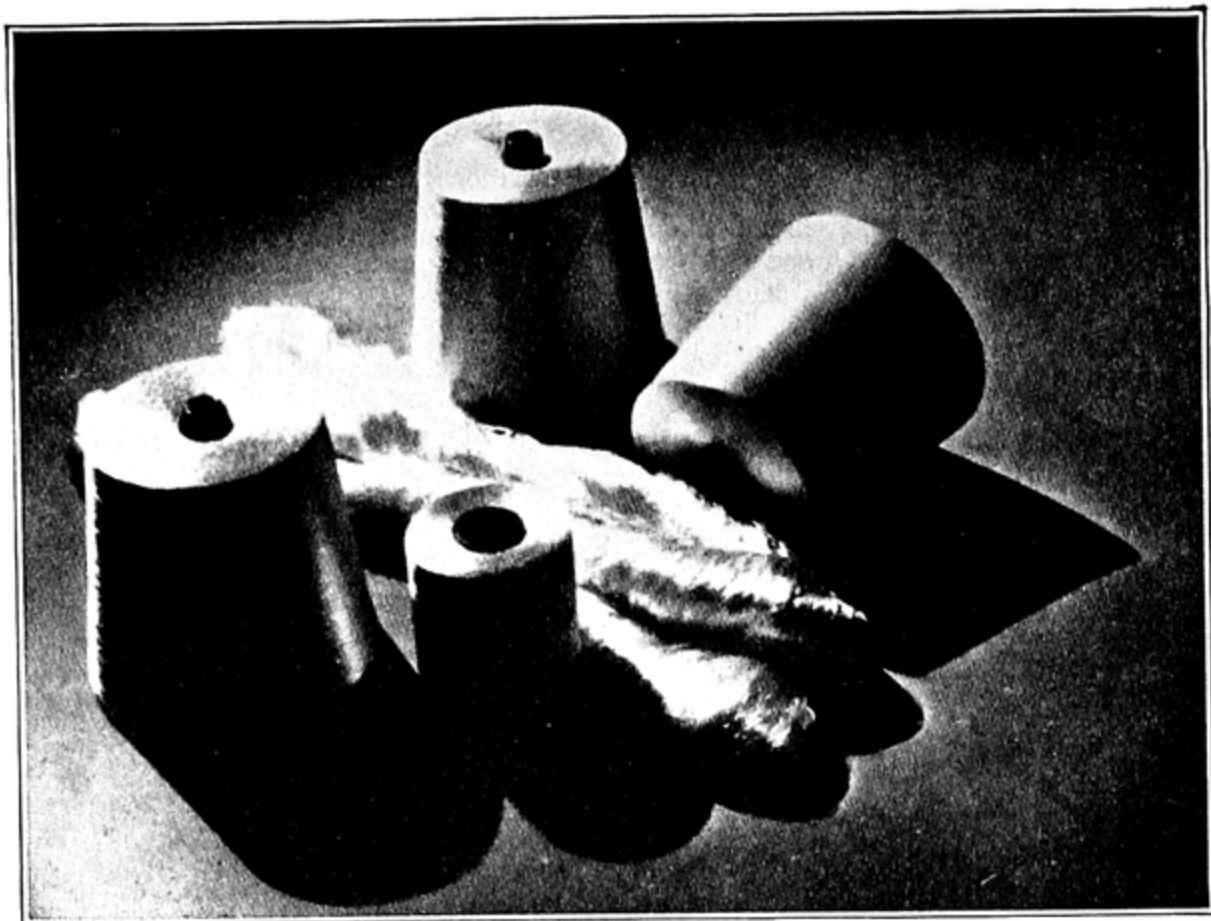
Artificial silk is not silk and should never be sold as such. But if it is, it is not so much because the salesman desires to deceive as it is because the

¹ *wraith*: unreality; apparition.

² *insurgent*: fighting, struggling.

*From *Chats on Science*.

³ *synthetic*: artificial.



Courtesy Industrial Rayon Corporation

RAYON YARN IS PUT UP IN CONES, SKEINS, AND TUBES

public is unwilling to credit the chemist with the creation of something new or to believe that he can make anything so good as is made by a worm. Of late this unnatural prejudice in favor of nature is being overcome, and the new synthetic fibers are being marketed by their manufacturers, as they should be, under synthetic names. Some of the trade-names are viscose, lustron, fibersilk, luster-fiber, baronette, Givet silk, soie de Paris, Glanzstoff, artiseta, lustracellose. There are a lot of others that I omit to mention because I can't remember them.

There are four different modes of manufacture, but the raw material is essentially the same, cellulose. This is the substance of wood, paper, and cotton, so that it is cheap and abundant enough; but the difficulty is to dissolve it so that it can be squirted

out of the tiny holes in the spinneret¹ to form the fibers. Water will not dissolve paper pulp, of course, nor will any ordinary solvent except strong acids and alkalis.

The first person to solve the problem was a Frenchman, Count de Chardonnet,² who in 1884 deposited with the French Academy of Sciences a sealed document. Three years later this was opened and found to contain a method of making artificial fiber by treating cellulose with nitric acid. The resulting compound, which is a mild form of guncotton,³ can be dissolved in alcohol and ether, like the common collodion that we use to cover our skinned knuckles. But the nitric acid had to

¹ *spinneret*: a small plate with tiny holes through which the cellulose solution passes.

² *Chardonnet* (shär'dô-nā').

³ *guncotton*: a powerful explosive made from cotton wastes and nitric and sulphuric acids.

be thoroughly eliminated from the yarn; otherwise it was too inflammable.

Another process, invented by the French and worked by the Germans, got the cellulose into fluid form by dissolving it in a solution of copper and ammonium salts.

In the making of viscose a third method is employed. Wood pulp, such as is used in paper making, is treated with strong soda lye and then with carbon disulphide. This brings the cellulose into solution as an orange liquid. This is forced through minute holes in a platinum nozzle into dilute acid, which hardens each fine stream into solid fiber, and the sulphide is then removed.

During the war another form of soluble cellulose found extensive employment as "scac,"¹ or dope for airplane wings. This is the acetate, made by dissolving cotton or wood-pulp in the concentrated acid of vinegar, acetic. Lustron is made by this process.

These various kinds of artificial fibers differ from one another, and all of them differ from natural silk. And in this difference lies their value. For fabrics can be woven out of natural and artificial silk with cotton or wool in any desired combination. The fabric at first may look white and uniform, but if it is dipped in baths of various dyes each thread will attach a particular tint, and a complicated design will be brought out in color.

The artificial fibers and the coal-tar dyes make a brilliant combination, and through the aid of this alliance² our world has become more colorful and cheerful. Sweaters and shawls, hats and hose, neckties and underwear, have blossomed out in varied hue like the flowers that bloom in the

spring. The knitting-machine has taken a new spurt and is now running a race with the loom. Ladies may now wear synthetic lace that is shadowed by no thought of toilsome fingers³ and bent shoulders. They may wear synthetic furs without sacrifice of wild life.

Man is no longer dependent upon what he can pick up in the plant or animal kingdoms, for the new fiber can be made in any form desired. A single filament may be run out thousands of yards without knot or break.

The man-made fiber is not so strong as the worm-made silk, especially when wet; but what interfered with its popularity at first was the fact that it was lacking in "scroop." The scroop, as the sound of the word suggests, is the audible evidence of the presence of silk. What was the use of wearing silk if nobody could hear it as you passed? So thought the ladies of former days, but the fashion changed, and now the preference is for silent silk.

PONDERING OVER THE ESSAY

1. The author of the foregoing selection, Edwin E. Slosson, is noted as a writer of scientific articles that are easy to read. Why is it difficult to write scientific articles of such a nature?

2. The foregoing selection illustrates a type of essay commonly found in magazines and newspapers. How does it differ from an essay of the usual type?

3. To be well done, a popular essay such as this, must be interesting and easy to read, and yet must give interesting information that is accurate. How does this article meet these requirements?

4. To most people, nothing is more important than clothing, with the possible exception of food. Which is the more valuable feature of rayon, its beauty or its cheapness? Have you ever worn any articles made of rayon?

¹ "scac": solution put on airplane wings to make them stronger.

² alliance: between coal-tar dyes and artificial silks.

³ toilsome fingers: Most lace was previously made on hand looms.

THE FIGHT AGAINST THE POTATO*

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Many people think that potatoes were first found in North America, but this is not true. They were cultivated by the Indians of Peru, on high plateaus among the Andes. Even today a greater number of varieties of potatoes are grown in the Andes than anywhere else in the world. No one knows who first brought potatoes down from the mountains. The following selection takes up the story at the point where information really begins.



Smithsonian Institution

Courtesy Dr. Otto Appel

A MONUMENT TO SIR FRANCIS DRAKE AT
OFFENBURG, GERMANY

What would we do without the potato? None is so poor that he cannot afford to eat it. None is so rich that he can afford to disdain it. If all the potato plants of Europe should suddenly perish and prove irreplaceable, a large part of the population would have to starve or emigrate.

Yet the people fought the potato as though it were the plague when it was first introduced into Europe. They were used to the plague and regarded it as proper punishment for their sins, but the potato, coming from the wild west of America, was new and therefore to be feared.

Sir Francis Drake is supposed to have brought the potato to England in 1586, having perhaps taken the tubers, in the course of one of his privateering cruises, from some Spanish vessel, together with other less valuable booty, such as gold and gems. Anyhow, he is credited with it by the Germans, who erected a monument in his honor at Offenburg in 1854 and struck off a medal to the British admiral as the savior of Germany in 1916, when a big potato crop enabled them to hold out another year.

But such honors always come by slow freight.¹ It took people a hundred years or more to learn that potatoes were good for them to eat. In the eighteenth century they fed them to their pigs and cattle, which, not having the prejudices of rational men, took to them readily. The Germans then fed their prisoners of war on potatoes, and it happened that one of them was a French chemist, Parmentier,² who, having been captured in 1758, was held a prisoner in Hanover for five years and had to live largely on potatoes. One would have thought he would have acquired a distaste for them, but on the contrary when he

¹ come by slow freight: are very slow in coming.

² Parmentier (pär'mân-tyä').

* From *Chats on Science*.

was released he urged his countrymen to cultivate the potato as a vegetable "that in Times of Necessity can be substituted for Ordinary Food." But the French, even though starving, would not eat potatoes, until finally Parmentier persuaded the king and queen to taste some and wear a bouquet of the blossoms. The people, seeing that the king and queen were not poisoned, consented to sample them for themselves.

In 1728 an attempt was made to introduce potatoes into Scotland, but they were denounced from the pulpit on two contradictory counts, that they were not mentioned in the Bible and so not fit food for Christians, and that they were the forbidden fruit, the cause of Adam's fall. They were accused of causing leprosy and fever.

In England the effort of the Royal Society to promote the cultivation of the potato was suspected to be a conspiracy of capitalists to oppress the poor. The labor leader, William Corbett, said, "It has become of late the fashion to extol the virtues of potatoes as it has been to admire the writings of Milton and Shakespeare," and he declared the working-men ought not to be induced to live on such cattle food.¹

When the British army was sent to fight in Flanders—not in 1914 but a hundred years before—they acquired two shocking habits: they learned to swear terribly, and they learned to eat potatoes. The monks of Bruges had introduced potato cultivation by compelling their tenants to pay part of their dues in potatoes. The farmers, seeing that the monks thrived on them, began to save out some of the crop for their own use.

In Germany our own Benjamin Thompson, having become Count

Rumford in Bavaria, undertook to clean the beggars out of Munich. When he had rounded them up he had to feed them, and being a student of dietetics he decided that potato-soup was the cheapest and most nutritious food he could find. But he had to smuggle the potatoes into the kitchen secretly; otherwise he would have had a hunger strike in the poorhouse.

And so, thanks to the initiative of scientists, kings, and monks, and to the involuntary assistance of pigs, prisoners, and paupers, the world got the inestimable benefit of potatoes.

I wonder what we are fighting today as wrong-headedly and vainly as potatoes were fought by our forefathers.

PONDERING OVER THE ESSAY

1. This article is another popular essay by Edwin E. Slosson. What reasons can you give as to why people like to read science articles of this sort? Note that the selection is really a historical essay. More and more people are writing historical matter that does not tell about war or politics. For instance, they write on such subjects as heat, light, electricity, and other things that affect our comfort in life. Which do you think is more interesting, the story of a war or the history of a common article of food?

2. How could you tell that the foregoing article was an essay? Do you think the author's purpose was primarily to tell about the potato, or to show the foolishness of the prejudices people felt against the new food? How did he make the selection interesting? Find sentences that he intended to be humorous.

3. Did the article indicate that people today sometimes have prejudices that are just as foolish as those against the potato? Write an answer to the question the author suggests in the last paragraph.

4. Look up the history of the potato. Find out where it was first grown and how it came to be used as an important article of food. In what countries are most potatoes grown today?

¹ *cattle food*: potatoes had been used as food for stock.

THE RICHEST AMERICAN

By EDWIN C. HILL

Do you ever think of radio speeches as literature? They are just as much literature as speeches delivered in the usual manner before a visible audience. In fact, they are often better prepared and better delivered than those presented to an audience in the usual manner. This is because speakers must depend entirely upon the ear of the listeners for proper reception of what they say. The following selection was delivered as a radio address in 1933.

Good evening, everyone. . . . Who is the richest man in America today? Is it John D. Rockefeller, Junior, who holds the reins over the great Rockefeller fortune? Is it Andrew J. Mellon, with his far-flung interests? Or is it that remarkable personality who is responsible for so many tremendous developments in this country outside of mere automobile building? I mean, of course, none other than Henry Ford, Henry Ford whose magic touch drew half a million people to Pontiac's¹ old city of Detroit—that city by the lake which has such a picturesque and colorful history; Henry Ford, who was the first to raise the price of labor and nail it to the higher levels; Henry Ford, who is such a curious and arresting mixture of simplicity and shrewdness, of extraordinary business acumen and pure idealism; Henry Ford, the inspired mechanic of the old days, a wizard with machines, yet a poet at heart, if ever there was one; perhaps as fine an outstanding example of clean, straightforward Americanism as we have seen in the ranks of big business over the sweep of all the years of America's industrial development. He is, if figures don't lie, the only Ameri-

can billionaire, the only rich man who can set down his fortune in more than nine figures. He is the only toweringly rich man who has kept clear of Wall Street and of the often devious manipulations of high finance. The Ford fortune, which may aggregate a billion and a quarter, taking the worth of his company and the personal fortunes of himself and his son, Edsel, is undoubtedly one of the cleanest and most respectable fortunes that was ever built up by genius, perseverance, and foresight. It was built up as the natural reward of giving the people what they wanted without taking from the people more than a fair and measured profit. And the story of its origin and its growth is to me one of the most fascinating stories in all the annals of this land of opportunity.

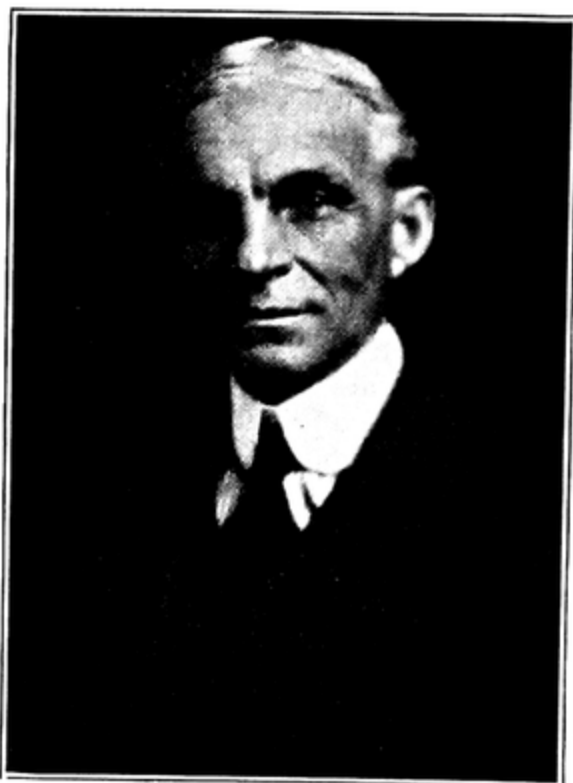
There were twelve men in it at the beginning, and the beginning was thirty years ago—June 16, 1903, to be exact. Eleven of them had money, the twelfth had only an idea. But Malcomson, the coal merchant, had faith in the twelfth man's idea and he started the subscription list. His clerk, Jim Couzens, came forward with his savings of \$900 and another one hundred dollars borrowed from his sister. . . . James Gray, a friend of Malcomson's, chipped in with \$10,000, for which they elected him president of the company. Charles Woodhall, Malcomson's bookkeeper, risked his thousand dollars. So did Vernon C. Fry, a shopkeeper, and Charles H. Bennett, a worker for a toy-gun company. Albert Strelow, a carpenter, put his life's earnings of \$5,000 into the venture and rented his shed as the first factory. The Dodge Brothers, John F. and Horace E., agreed to build 650 motors in their machine shop and to take payment in stock. Two young lawyers, Horace H. Rackham and John W. Anderson,

¹ Pontiac: an Indian chief who led a confederation of tribes in warring upon the British. He laid long siege to Detroit, and finally made peace there with the British in 1765.

drew up the contract for the Dodges and were talked into taking a flier¹ of ten thousand dollars. These were the eleven. The twelfth was Henry Ford and his contribution was his four cylinder racing automobile, his engineering services, and his idea that an automobile could be built cheaply enough to appeal to folks with thin pocketbooks.

Thus the Ford Motor Company was born, capitalized at \$100,000, with but \$28,000 paid in, and thus began the amazing career of Henry Ford. He was forty years old, lacking just six weeks. He will be seventy years old on July 30th, and as I write this down I have before me the annual report of the Ford Motor Company to the Secretary of State for New Hampshire, which shows that at the beginning of 1933 the company's net worth was \$628,344,180.05. This sum, of course, does not include the personal fortunes of the Fords.

These two anniversaries, the one of the company and the other of Mr. Ford's close approach to the biblical threescore and ten,² prompted me to make this study of the career of this amazing man. It savors little of the Horatio Alger³ or the usual success story. He was not a poor boy. His father, William Ford, born in Cork, Ireland, of English descent, emigrated to America in 1847 and went to farming in Greenfield, Michigan; married Mary Litogot, of Dutch-American parentage. On their 300-acre farm Henry was born July 30, 1863. His mother died when he was a boy of twelve, and about the time that he was showing a keen interest in things mechanical. Watches fascinated him. When he was thirteen he took one



HENRY FORD

apart, put it together again, and soon he became the unofficial and unpaid watch fixer of the community. In his early youth his grand idea was to open a watch factory, buy the materials for thirty-seven cents, and sell the finished product for half a dollar.

At sixteen he quit school without the customary notice, either to the authorities or to his father, and took himself to Detroit to work in a steam engine shop at \$2.50 a week. His first financial problem was to find a way to pay \$3.50 weekly board on a salary of \$2.50, and he solved it by working for a jeweler at night for which he received \$2, making in all \$4.50 a week for a fifteen-hour day. The going was hard and when his father held out to the prodigal the lure of forty acres of farmland, young Henry forsook his grand scheme of turning out fifty-cent timepieces and went back to turning up the rich Michigan soil. He danced and he skated, two recreations of which

¹ flier: chance.

² biblical threescore and ten: reference to Psalms 90:10—"The days of our years are threescore and ten."

³ Horatio Alger: a writer whose boy heroes always grew up to be successful.

he is still very fond. He husked the corn and he wooed and won Clara Bryant, a girl of the neighborhood. He married at twenty-four and apparently was in the groove set apart for tolerably successful farmers. But the virus of the city¹ was in his blood, and there was no cure for him. Neither the entreaties of Mrs. Ford nor of his friends could deter him when the chance presented itself of a job in Detroit at \$45 a month. Young Ford rented the farm, took the job, and within six months' time was getting \$150 a month, big money in those days out there, as an engineering superintendent. Right here, we find that many of the sayings and the policies which have created talk and controversy in late years are really the fruits of his own experience and his own methods in these early years. For example, when this man of half a billion dollars and more says that money is the most useless thing in the world and that wealth should be measured only by production, it is difficult to question his sincerity. Certainly money never figured in Henry Ford's calculations in his early manhood. And it was young Foreman Ford who cut down the working day in Detroit Edison² from twelve to eight hours, although he himself continued the twelve-hour schedule.

At this time in his career the will o' wisp of cheap watches had been crowded out of his fancy by still another phantom, that of a perfected and economical horseless carriage. He built his own home and with it a workshop, which shed came to be the bane of Mrs. Ford's existence. Henry might disregard the remarks and looks of the neighbors who were saying or

indicating that he was an inventor with bats in his belfry, but it began to get on Mrs. Ford's nerves. Yet, Henry kept at it, and one rainy morning a buggy frame, mounted on four bicycle wheels and powered by a two-cylinder engine, chugged out of that workshop and rolled down the avenue and back under its own power. Henry Ford had triumphed, but the fight had just begun for him. For eight years he kept at his experiments, and in 1899 he found himself vice-president and general manager of a company at \$150 a month. However, his backers insisted on high-priced cars. They would not see eye to eye with the persistent and imaginative Ford who would not be convinced that horseless carriages were meant to be toys for millionaires only, while the bicycle built for two remained the average man's necessity. Therefore Henry was on his own again in the year 1902, and the thirty-ninth of his life. The world was not beating any foot-path to his door. It was up to him to carry the battle to the country, to do something spectacular to bring attention to his products and his idea, and so he evolved the first of a long series of brilliant publicity ideas. He set to work in a one-story brick shed and evolved two racing cars, each of four cylinders, one the "999," and the other the "Arrow."

The race was the thing in those days and caused a good deal more excitement and interest than it does now, despite our Sir Malcolm Campbell³ and the Memorial Day Races in Indianapolis. The goodly crowd of Detroiters laughed at Henry when he rolled his "999" out on the track to do battle with the celebrated Alexander Winton, pioneer builder. But sneers

¹ *virus of the city*: contagion, or longing for the city life.

² *Detroit Edison*: power and light plant in Detroit.

³ *Sir Malcolm Campbell*: a well-known Scotsman who has broken all automobile speed records in the United States.

turned to cheers, for Ford not only won that race but his "999" was never beaten. He, himself, drove in the races, but he was willing to relinquish that part of the game to a daredevil bicycle rider from St. Louis, none other than the renowned Barney Oldfield. Barney Oldfield, first of the speed demons! Ford's cars, which would run and did run faster than almost any others, and Oldfield's famous cigar cocked truculently in a corner of his mouth, as he roared around the track, attracted attention and gave Ford enough prestige to prompt the eleven aforementioned men to risk their money the following year in the Ford Motor Company.

For the next ten years Henry Ford was busy at his knitting,¹ completely out of the public eye and the public press. He just made automobiles, 1,708 two-cylinder affairs in the first year, and he studied engines and experimented. He was down in Palm Beach in 1905 for the races. A costly French car was wrecked, a tangled mass of shattered and twisted metal, all save one small piece. Ford picked up that piece from the sands and marveled that a metal so light could, alone of all the others, withstand the shock of the smashup and come out whole. He learned that it was a French steel called vanadium, not made in this country. But he set out to see that it was made in this country and he made it the basis of his famous Model T. In 1906 he gained control of his company by buying out the Malcomson interest, which gave him 51 per cent of the stock. Three years later, in 1909, he used that control to force upon his reluctant associates the principle of a standardized car under mass production. And this he summed up by the statement that "Any customer can have his car

painted any color he wants—so long as that color is black."

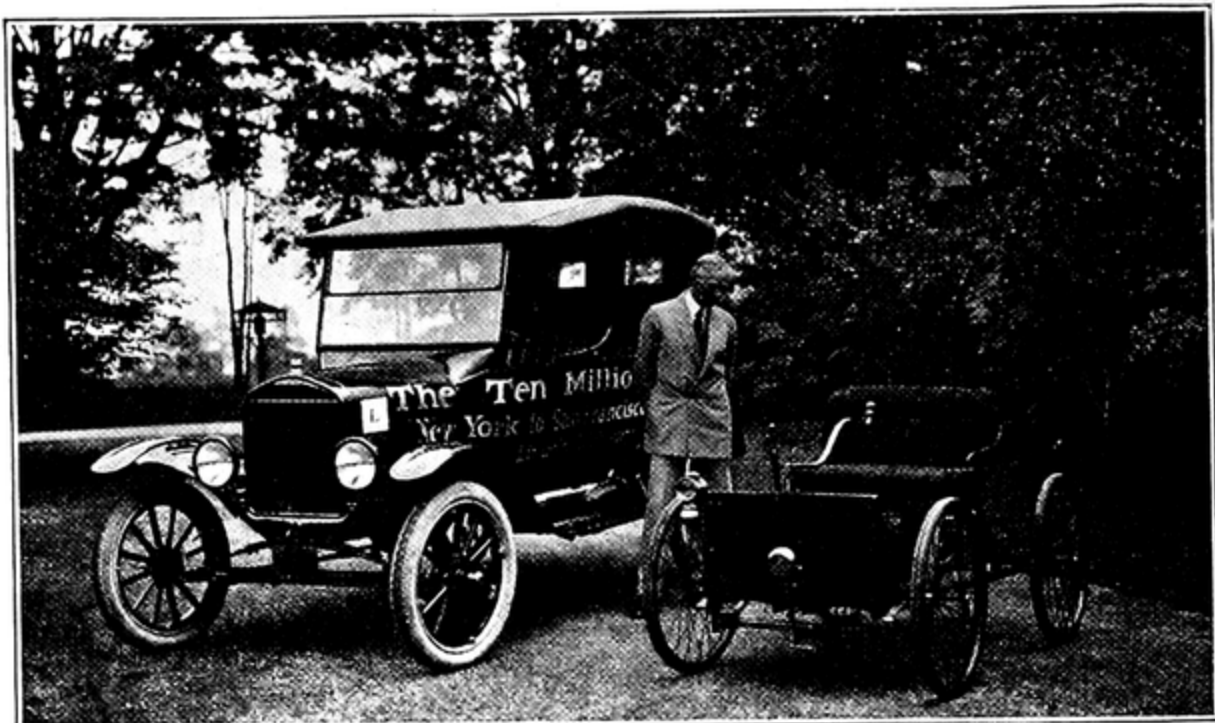
One morning early in 1914 the telegraph wires buzzed from Detroit a message that set the world gasping and was to bring the name of Henry Ford to the attention of anyone, anywhere, who could read any language. It was the announcement that from that day and on the minimum wage in the Ford plant would be five dollars a day and the working day would be eight hours in length. In such fashion Henry Ford took the spotlight as few men have ever done, and the Ford assembly line grew to gigantic proportions. The workers, standing shoulder to shoulder and having all the parts delivered to them on conveyors waist high, put on the fenders and polished the doorknobs so well that the next year, 1915, saw the production of the one-millionth Ford. In 1919 the Fords, father and son Edsel, who had become President of the company, bought out the minority stockholders for the sum of \$70,000,000, which gave them the entire outfit, lock, stock, and barrel. And the \$628,000,000 Ford Company today is theirs without bonds, stocks, or borrowed money outstanding against it.

The staggering Ford figures can hardly be termed dull. In 1927 the fifteen-millionth car was produced. Between 1903 and 1919 the company paid 96 million dollars in dividends and between 1917 and 1924 its profits amounted to \$526,441,951. Available reports give the year 1925 as the high-water year in the net value of the company, which was reported then as \$742,913,568.

Henry Ford has stated in the following fashion the principles upon which he operates his business:

First—An absence of fear of the future or veneration of the past. One who fears the future, who fears failure,

¹ knitting: work.



HENRY FORD'S EARLY CONTRIBUTIONS TO INDUSTRY

limits his activities. Failure is only the opportunity to begin more intelligently again. There is no disgrace in honest failure; there is disgrace in fearing to fail. What is past is useful only as it suggests ways and means of progress.

Second—A disregard of competition. Whoever does a thing best ought to be the one to do it. It is criminal to try to get business away from another man—criminal because one is then trying to lower, for personal gain, the condition of one's fellowmen—to rule by force instead of by intelligence.

Third—The putting of service before profit. Without a profit business cannot extend. There is nothing inherently wrong about making a profit. Well-conducted business enterprise cannot fail to return a profit, but profit must and inevitably will come as a reward for good service. It cannot be the basis—it must be the result of service.

Fourth—Manufacturing is not buying low and selling high. It is the

process of buying materials fairly and, with the smallest addition of cost, transforming those materials into a consumable product and passing it along to the consumer. Gambling, speculation, and sharp dealing tend only to clog this progression.

Henry Ford's Peace Ship venture in 1915 with his slogan of getting the boys out of the trenches by Christmas, his statement that history is bunk, and his constant theorizing on politics and economics are fresh in the public mind. But judging him solely in his own sphere, who will dispute that as a manufacturer and merchandiser he is the supreme example in history. And still the one thing in Henry Ford's career which impresses me more than all his hundreds of millions, his mines, his forests, his waterpower developments, and his factories, is this:

Here was a man, who, by all the yardsticks we use, was a failure at forty, a visionary; yes, they called him a crank. What one among us would

not have thrown up the sponge,¹ and gone back to the potato patch, the barn dancing and the cracker barrel² in the general store at Greenfield! The great Lincoln, another failure at forty, was sorely disappointed that he was not made a land agent out in the Oregon Territory³ after his futile term in Congress. Had he gotten that job he never would have been President.

Henry Ford has in material wealth everything beyond the dreams of man. And why?

Because of a will that would not break.

Because of a perseverance that would not falter.

Because he trusted himself when all men doubted.

I thank you. Good night.

¹ *thrown up the sponge*: given up the fight. The expression is derived from the practice of throwing into the air, in token of defeat, the sponge used to wipe off a boxer.

² *cracker barrel*: a symbol of loafers in a country store who eat crackers as they gossip and discuss affairs of state.

³ *Oregon Territory*: Lincoln's term in Congress ended in 1849, and Oregon did not become a state until 1859.

PONDERING OVER THE SPEECH

1. The author of the foregoing talk is a well-known reporter and radio speaker. Perhaps you have heard him over the air. If not, find out when he is going to be on the air and listen to one of his programs.

2. Almost any type of literature may be heard over the air. The one you have just read is a short biography which, of course, cannot tell about a person's whole life. Incidents must be chosen that are especially characteristic of the individual and will reveal his personality in a few words. Edwin C. Hill chose the incidents out of Henry Ford's life which showed how patience and persistence changed him from a man of repeated failures into one of the world's greatest successes.

3. Radio programs are limited in length and must exactly fill the allotted time. When Mr. Hill prepared the talk on Henry Ford, he knew exactly how much time he had. He had to choose his material and plan his speech with the time limit in mind. Did his talk seem complete in every detail? Was his language pleasing? When an author is preparing a talk, should he use the same language that he does when he is preparing an article to be read?

POSTVIEW OF THE UNIT

No doubt you have discovered, as you read this unit, that industry is not cold and lifeless. Rather, it provides an opportunity to exercise all the imagination, courage, and resourcefulness at one's command. Such qualities are generally considered necessary for explorers, pioneers, and others engaged in more glamorous occupations. Let us see, however, how they apply to industry.

First, a good imagination helps a person to be inventive. It helps him look to the future. He takes an idea, unfolds it, and sees possibilities that others might entirely overlook. He is an explorer of ideas and methods. He may go to out-of-the-way parts of the world prospecting for raw materials. Or he may confine his explorations to the four walls of a laboratory. Indeed, many of the leading scientific discoveries have been made in the laboratories of great industries. Thus imagination is a great asset in industrial work.

Second, a person must have courage in industry, for it may be necessary to risk everything he has in a venture—money, time, thought, and possibly even life. There are many jobs in industry, too, which require the highest type of courage. The structural steel worker, for instance, must walk along a narrow girder hundreds of feet above the ground. The miner must risk poison gas

and dangerous explosions underground. The test pilot must take a new airplane into the air and make certain it will stand the hardest strain that can possibly be put on it. The slightest error in manipulation would bring certain death.

Third, resourcefulness is necessary to meet the many difficult problems which arise. For example, a manufacturer may need a metal alloy with such properties as hardness, toughness, ductility, and weight. He gives the specifications to a metallurgist who must give him exactly what he requests or the manufacturer cannot proceed.

The next time you pass a factory, look for beauty in the mass of the buildings and in the silhouette of tall chimneys against the sky. When you see fine automobiles, powerful locomotives, or towering buildings, do not think merely of the steel and glass and other materials that went into them. Think rather of the hopes and dreams, the successes and the failures, the dramatic human element that gave the materials their form and purpose.

CHECKING YOUR EXPERIENCES

I. Modern industry has brought into use a great many words, some of which everyone should know. Following are some of the newer words used in this unit, together with lists of possible meanings. Write down each word and the meaning which you consider most nearly correct.

1. cylinders
 - a. wheels
 - b. gasoline tanks
 - c. electric batteries
 - d. parts of the engine
2. cellulose
 - a. a kind of fiber with a silky texture
 - b. a kind of fuel used in tractors
 - c. a substance found in plants, the raw material for rayon
 - d. the part of a potato that has the most food value
3. wood pulp
 - a. soft wood from the central part of a tree
 - b. wood reduced to its separate fibers by grinding or treatment with acid
 - c. artificial silk made from wood
 - d. a cheap grade of paper
4. Wall Street
 - a. failure in business, bankruptcy
 - b. the use of cheap and shoddy materials
 - c. the exploitation of labor
 - d. symbol of financial speculation
5. standardized
 - a. very high class
 - b. small-sized
 - c. exactly like all others of its kind
 - d. made of the best materials

6. mass production

- a. produced by the use of cheap labor
- b. made with all parts as large and heavy as possible
- c. made in very large quantities by machinery
- d. intended for use by the common people

II. Each of the following incomplete sentences is intended to express a certain relationship. Copy it and complete the meaning by choosing the proper word or phrase from the group in parenthesis. Following is an example of a properly completed sentence: "Hat is to head what shoe is to foot."

1. Filaments are to thread what (bricks, vines, strips of mortar) are to a wall.
2. Horsepower is to the strength of a tractor what (yard, scissors, color) is to a piece of cloth.
3. Cellulose is to artificial silk what milk is to (cows, cheese, cream).
4. Competition is to business what (uniforms, rivalry, practice) is to football.

III. Copy each of the following statements and complete it by using words instead of the xxxxxx's. In completing the statement do not try to get an answer from the selection to which it applies but rather express your own feeling about the selection.

1. The farmer carved a team of mules on the steering wheel of his tractor because xxxxxx.
2. In the poem "Caliban in the Coal Mines," Untermeyer used words the miner probably would not have used because xxxxxx.
3. In "Prayer," Untermeyer asks to be kept unsatisfied because xxxxxx.
4. The demand for artificial silk has increased very rapidly because xxxxxx.
5. People should not greet a new product with hostility, as some of the people of Europe did the potato, because xxxxxx.
6. Henry Ford was a success in the automobile business because xxxxxx.

ENJOYING CREATIVE EXPERIENCES

1. Read Henry van Dyke's "Work," and Angela Morgan's "The Joy of Work." Compare the spirit of each with Untermeyer's "Prayer."

2. Plan a talk on this subject: Do Americans place too much weight on material progress to be really cultured? Be sure to make clear in your talk just what you mean by "culture."

3. Almost every industry has romantic elements. Choose an industry in which you are interested and learn all you can about it. Give special attention to the source of the raw materials and the market for the finished product. Report your findings in the form of an essay to be read before the class. Try to make the essay as romantic as possible.

4. Newspapers and magazines publish fine pictures of industrial scenes. Collect some of these pictures which appeal to your sense of beauty. If you like to draw or paint, choose an industrial subject and make a picture of your own. Do not try to show how a process is carried on, but bring out the pictorial beauty, just as in the case of a landscape.

5. A bibliography is a list of books grouped for some particular purpose. A list of books on science, for instance, is a bibliography on science. Perhaps you would like to make a bibliography on industry. If so, choose some particular phase of industry, such as steel or cotton manufacture, and make a list of all the references you can which apply to the field. The list will be more valuable if you prepare a critical bibliography in which you tell something about each selection listed. Of course you will arrange the list in alphabetical order. Ignore *the*, *a*, and *and* in the titles.

6. Visit a manufacturing plant in your neighborhood and talk with the man in charge about the romance in his business. Find out all the interesting things you can about the work that is done and give a report to the class.

ENJOYING FURTHER READING

The purpose of this unit was to help you see some of the romance in industry. You have learned that back of the cold walls of buildings and factories there are the pulses of human beings. Doubtless you will want to read further selections before you leave the unit. Choose from the following list.

Digging in Yucatan. By ANN A. MORRIS.

A novel telling of the adventures of scientists while digging for lost cities of old America.

Early Candlelight. By MAUDE LOVELACE.

A novel of romance among the fur traders in the early days of our country.

John Jacob Astor. By ARTHUR D. SMITH.

The biography of a very rich man.

Keeping Up with Science. By EDWIN E. SLOSSON.

A collection of miscellaneous scientific articles and notes.

Locusts and Wild Honey. By JOHN BURROUGHS.

Essays telling of the adventurous life of ants and bees.

Louis Pasteur. By SAMUEL J. HOLMES.

The biography of a man who dedicated his life to humanity.

Masters of Science and Invention. By FLOYD DARROW.

Biographies of great inventors, especially those of recent times.

My Life and Work. By HENRY FORD and SAMUEL CROWTHER.

A story of men of industry.

Old Brig's Cargo. By HENRY A. PULSFORD.

Romance of Quaker shipbuilding about 1850.

The Riverman. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

A story of the romance of log-driving in the lumber camps of Michigan.

Stories of Luther Burbank and His Plant School. By EFFIE SLUSSER.

The biography of Luther Burbank, telling about some of his great achievements with vegetables, flowers, and trees.

Story of My Boyhood. By JOHN MUIR.

The biography of a boy who invented a bed that would put him on his feet and a clock that would start a fire.

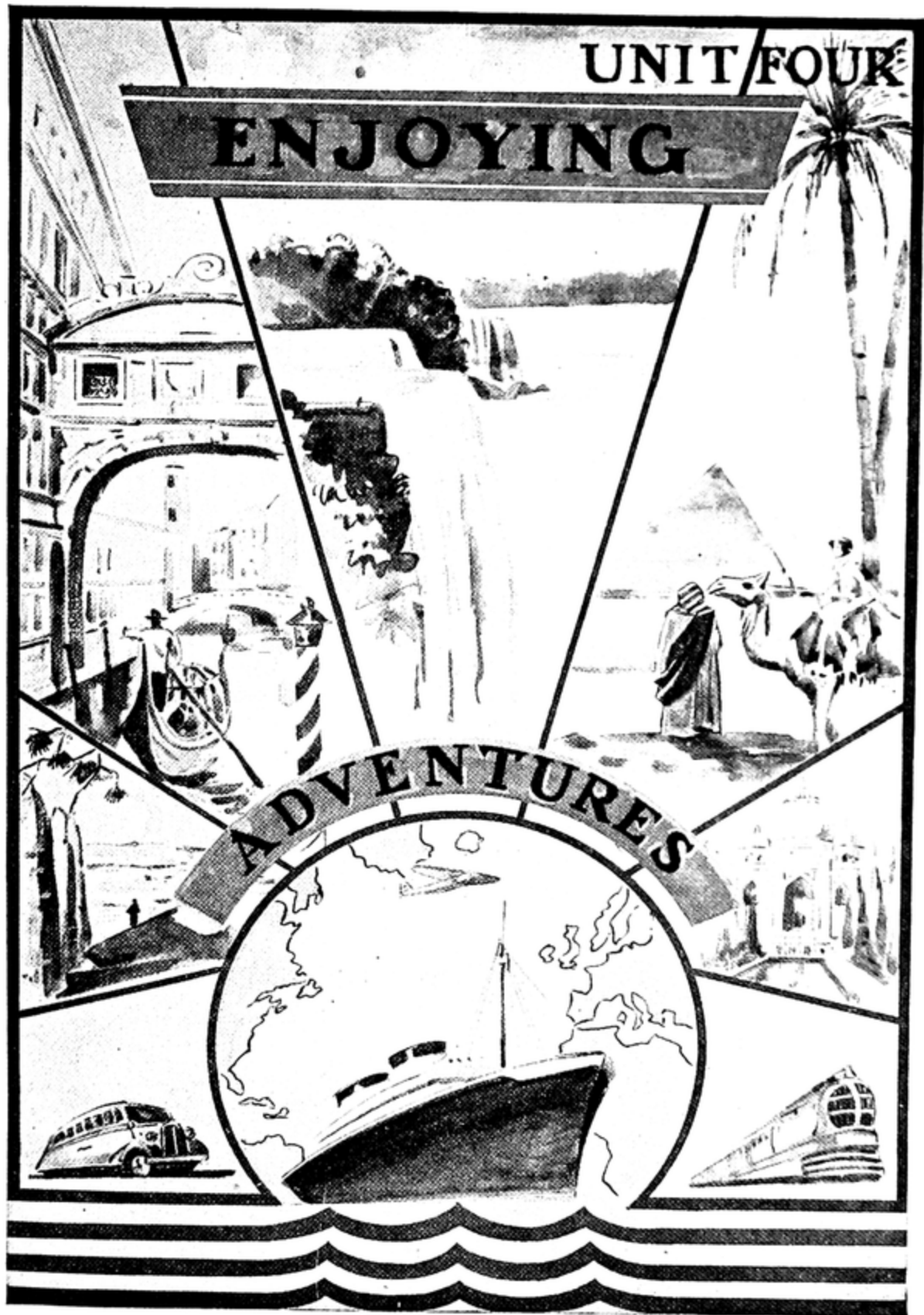
When I Heard the Learned Astronomer. By WALT WHITMAN.

A poem relating how tired the author became while listening to a lecture and how happy he was to go out and look at the stars.

UNIT/FOUR

ENJOYING

ADVENTURES



ENJOYING ADVENTURES

When you think of adventures, what comes to your mind? Do you think of the commonplace things of life, or of those that are very unusual? Adventure is really nothing more nor less than experiences that are different from those you usually meet. For instance, you make a long trip in an automobile. At first, everything goes along smoothly and you find the ride very monotonous. Suddenly, however, you come to a sharp curve in the road and cannot make the curve. The automobile slides off the road and lands in the ditch. You experience adventure because something unusual has happened.

Adventure, of course, is not always dangerous or unpleasant. Suppose in taking the automobile trip you pass through a strange and beautiful country. There is adventure in seeing things that are different. Suppose, also, that interesting people accompany you on the trip. There is adventure in talking with them and thinking of what they have to say. Adventure, then, applies to a wide range of activities, varying from those that are slightly different from the usual experiences of life to those that are thrilling or dangerous or impressive.

Adventure, perhaps, is the most fascinating thing in life. Whenever a group of people assemble, the conversation naturally turns to the adventurous experiences of those who are present. When people read newspapers, listen to the radio, or look at motion pictures, they seek stories of action. Yes, people enjoy adventures and look for them on every hand.

Naturally, literature provides a great outlet for people who want to relate adventurous experiences. Indeed, literature is filled with the stories of what people have done in an unusual way. In relating adventure, writers use really every type of literature possible. Some write novels, some short stories, some essays, and some poetry. Much depends on a writer's own inclination and the nature of the story he seeks to tell. Some stories of adventures, of course, are actually true, while others are the product of the writer's imagination. Of the latter there are two kinds, those that are so realistic in nature that they could be true and those that are purely fanciful. Fairy tales, for example, are stories of adventure but are not intended to be believed.

This unit is made up of selections to help you enjoy adventures. They range all the way from stories of travel to those of a hair-raising type. See whether you can experience, as you read, some of the same adventures the author experienced as he wrote. Remember that, after all, adventure is only a state of mind.

"BUFFALO BILL"—
COL. W. F. CODY*

By WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER

Ask your parents or your grandparents whether they ever saw Buffalo Bill. No doubt many of them will remember having attended his wild west show. They will remember cowboys and Indians, bucking bronchos, and wild-eyed cattle in the show. Especially, though, they will remember Buffalo Bill himself as a tall, fine-looking old man, the chief center of attraction. All the romance of the old West seemed gathered in his thin, erect figure clothed in buckskin. There was romance, too, in his long flowing white hair and his white mustache. The following selection is an account of some of his adventures when he was just beginning the career that made him the most famous figure of the West.

Colonel Cody, in telling the story of his own experiences with the Pony Express, says:

"The enterprise was just being started. The line was stocked with horses and put into good running order. At Julesburg I met Mr. George Chrisman, the leading wagon-master of Russell, Majors, and Waddell, who had always been a good friend to me. He had bought out 'Old Jules,' and was then the owner of Julesburg Ranch, and the agent of the Pony Express line. He hired me at once as a Pony Express rider, but as I was so young he thought I was not able to stand the fierce riding which was required of the messengers. He knew, however, that I had been raised in the saddle, that I felt more at home there than in any other place, and as he saw that I was confident that I could stand the racket, and could ride as far and endure it as well as some of the old riders, he gave me a short route of forty-five miles, with stations fifteen miles apart, and three changes of horses. I was fortunate in getting

*From *The Pony Express*.

well-broken animals, and being so light I easily made my forty-five miles on my first trip out, and ever afterward.

"As the warm days of summer approached, I longed for the cool air of the mountains; and to the mountains I determined to go. . . . I met my old wagon-master and friend, Lewis Simpson, who was fitting out a train at Atchison and loading it with supplies for the Overland Stage Company, of which Mr. Russell, my old employer, was one of the proprietors. Simpson was going with this train to Fort Laramie and points farther west.

"'Come along with me, Billy,' said he. 'I'll give you a good layout. I want you with me.'

"'I don't know that I would like to go as far west as that again,' I replied. 'But I do want to ride the Pony Express once more; there's some life in that.'

"'Yes, that's so; but it will soon shake the life out of you,' said he. 'However, if that's what your mind is set on, come to Atchison with me and see Mr. Russell, who, I'm pretty certain, will give you a situation.'

"I met Mr. Russell there and asked him for employment as a Pony Express rider; he gave me a letter to Mr. Slade, who was then the stage agent for the division extending from Julesburg to Rocky Ridge. Slade had his headquarters at Horseshoe Station, thirty-six miles west of Fort Laramie, and I made the trip thither in company with Simpson and his train.

"Almost the first person I saw after dismounting from my horse was Slade. I walked up to him and presented Mr. Russell's letter, which he hastily opened and read. With a sweeping glance of his eye he took my measure from head to foot, and then said:

"'My boy, you are too young for a Pony Express rider. It takes men for that business.'

"I rode two months last year on Bill Trotter's division, sir, and filled the bill then; and I think I am better able to ride now," said I.

"What! Are you the boy that was riding there, and was called the youngest rider on the road?"

"I am the same boy," I replied, confident that everything was now all right for me.

"I have heard of you before. You are a year or so older now, and I think you can stand it. I'll give you a trial, anyhow, and if you weaken you can come back to Horseshoe Station and tend stock."

"Thus ended our interview. The next day he assigned me to duty on the road from Red Buttes on the North Platte to the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater—a distance of seventy-six miles—and I began riding at once. It was a long piece of road, but I was equal to the undertaking, and soon afterward had an opportunity to exhibit my power of endurance as a Pony Express rider.

"For some time matters progressed very smoothly, though I had no idea that things would always continue so. I was well aware that the portion of the trail to which I had been assigned was not only the most desolate, but it was more eagerly watched by the savages than elsewhere on the long route.

"Slade, the boss, whenever I arrived safely at the station, and before I started out again, was always very earnest in his suggestions to look out for my scalp.

"You know, Bill," he says, "I am satisfied yours will not always be the peaceful route it has been with you so far. Every time you come in I expect to hear that you have met with some startling adventure that does not always fall to the average express rider."

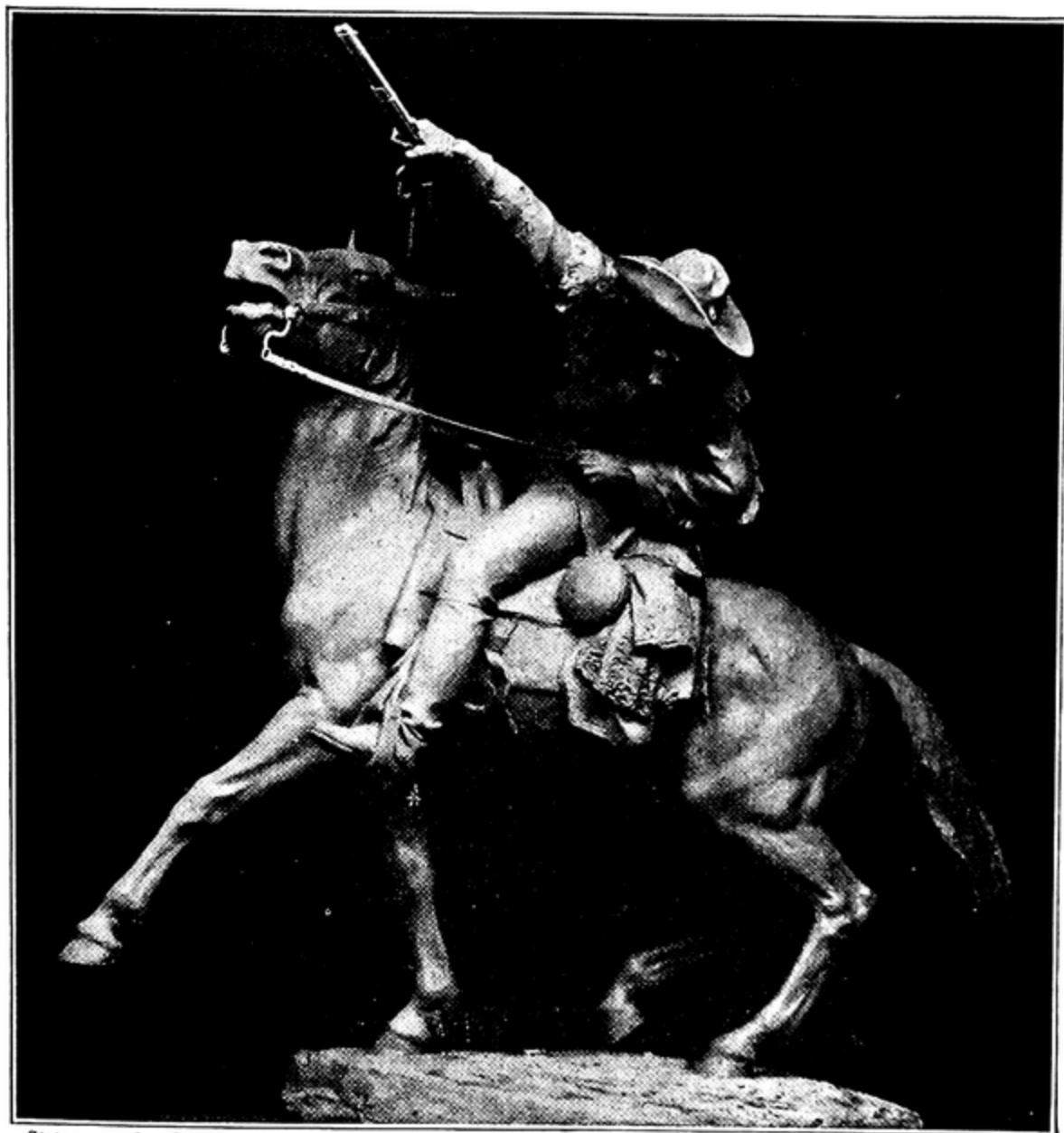
"I replied that I was always cautious, and made detours whenever I

noticed anything suspicious. 'You bet I look out for number one.' The chance soon came.

"One day, when I galloped into Three Crossings, my home station, I found that the rider who was expected to take the trip out on my arrival, had gotten into a drunken row the night before and had been killed. This left that division without a rider. As it was very difficult to engage men for the service in that uninhabited region, the superintendent requested me to make the trip until another rider could be secured. The distance to the next station, Rocky Ridge, was eighty-five miles and through a very bad and dangerous country, but the emergency was great and I concluded to try it. I therefore started promptly from Three Crossings without more than a moment's rest. I pushed on with the usual rapidity, entering every relay station on time, and accomplished the round trip of 322 miles back to Red Buttes without a single mishap and on time. This stands on the records as being the longest Pony Express journey ever made.

"A week after making this trip, and while passing over the route again, I was jumped on by a band of Sioux Indians who dashed out from a sand ravine nine miles west of Horse Creek. They were armed with pistols, and gave me a close call with several bullets but it fortunately happened that I was mounted on the fleetest horse belonging to the express company and one that was possessed of remarkable endurance. Being cut off from retreat back to Horseshoe, I put spurs to my horse, and lying flat on his back, kept straight for Sweetwater, the next station, which I reached without accident, having distanced my pursuers.

"Upon reaching that place, however, I found a sorry condition of affairs, as the Indians had made a raid



Statue erected at Cody, Wyoming

Courtesy of the artist, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney

WILLIAM CODY—BUFFALO BILL

on the station the morning of my adventure with them, and after killing the stock tender had driven off all the horses, so that I was unable to get a remount. I therefore continued on to Ploutz' Station, twelve miles farther, thus making twenty-four miles straight run with one horse. I told the people at Ploutz what had happened at Sweetwater Bridge, and went on and finished the trip without any further adventure.

"About the middle of September, the Indians became very troublesome on the line of the stage road along the Sweetwater. Between Split Rock and Three Crossings they robbed a stage; killed the driver and two passengers, and badly wounded Lieutenant Flowers, the assistant division agent. The red-skinned thieves also drove off the stock from the different stations, and were continually lying in wait for the

passing stages and Pony Express riders, so that we had to take many desperate chances in running the gauntlet.¹

"The Indians had now become so bad and had stolen so much stock that it was decided to stop the Pony Express for at least six weeks, and to run the stages only occasionally during that period; in fact, it would have been impossible to continue the enterprise much longer without restocking the line.

"While we were thus all lying idle, a party was organized to go out and search for stolen stock. This party was composed of stage drivers, express riders, stock tenders, and ranchmen—forty of them altogether—and they were all well armed and well mounted.

"They were mostly men who had undergone all kinds of hardships and braved every danger, and they were ready and anxious to 'tackle' any number of Indians. Wild Bill, who had been driving stage on the road and had recently come down to our division, was elected captain of the company. It was supposed that the stolen stock had been taken to the head of the Powder River and vicinity, and the party, of which I was a member, started out for that section in high hopes of success.

"Twenty miles out from Sweetwater Bridge, at the head of Horse Creek, we found an Indian trail running north toward Powder River, and we could see by the tracks that most of the horses had been recently shod and were undoubtedly our stolen stage stock. Pushing rapidly forward, we followed this trail to Powder River;

thence down this stream to within about forty miles of the spot where old Fort Reno now stands. Here the trail took a more westerly course along the foot of the mountains, leading eventually to Crazy Woman's Fork—a tributary of Powder River. At this point we discovered that the party whom we were trailing had been joined by another band of Indians, and judging from the fresh appearance of the trail, the united body could not have left this spot more than twenty-four hours before.

"Being aware that we were now in the heart of the hostile country and might at any moment find more Indians than we had lost, we advanced with more caution than usual and kept a sharp lookout. As we were approaching Clear Creek, another tributary of Powder River, we discovered Indians on the opposite side of the creek, some three miles distant; at least we saw horses grazing, which was a sure sign that there were Indians there.

"The Indians, thinking themselves in comparative safety, never before having been followed so far into their own country by white men, had neglected to put out any scouts. They had no idea that there were any white men in that part of the country. We got the lay of their camp, and then held a council to consider and mature² a plan for capturing it. We knew full well that the Indians would outnumber us at least three to one, and perhaps more. Upon the advice and suggestion of Wild Bill, it was finally decided that we should wait until it was nearly dark, and then after creeping as close to them as possible, make a dash through their camp, open a general fire on them, and then stampede³ the horses.

² mature: complete; work out.

³ stampede: cause the horses to break away and run.

¹ running the gauntlet: here means dashing through the Indian forces at the risk of being struck by their arrows. Indians sometimes forced their captives to pass between two rows of warriors armed with clubs, who endeavored to hit the captives as they passed, often inflicting death.



INDIANS CHASING THE PONY EXPRESS

"This plan, at the proper time, was very successfully executed.¹ The dash upon the enemy was a complete surprise to them. They were so overcome with astonishment that they did not know what to make of it. We could not have astounded them any more had we dropped down into their camp from the clouds. They did not recover from the surprise of this sudden charge until after we had ridden pell-mell through their camp and got away with our horses as well as theirs. We at once circled the horses around toward the south, and after getting them on the south side of the Clear Creek, some twenty of our men, just as the darkness was coming on, rode back and gave the Indians a few parting shots. We then took up our line of march for Sweet-water Bridge, where we arrived four days afterward with all our own horses and about one hundred captured Indian ponies."

¹ executed: carried out.

A friend, who was once a station agent, tells two more adventures of Cody's:

"It had become known in some mysterious manner, past finding out, that there was to be a large sum of money sent through by Pony Express, and that was what the road agents² were after.

"After they had killed the other rider, and failed to get the treasure, Cody very naturally thought that they would make another effort to secure it; so when he reached the next relay station, he walked about a while longer than was his wont.

"This was to perfect a little plan he had decided upon, which was to take a second pair of saddle pouches³ and put something in them and leave them in sight, while those that held the valuable express packages he folded up in his saddle blanket in such a way that they could not be seen unless a search was made for them. The truth was,

² road agents: highwaymen.

³ saddle pouches: bags in which the mail was carried, flung over the saddle.

Cody knew that he carried the valuable package, and it was his duty to protect it with his life.

"So with the clever scheme to outwit the road agents, if held up, he started once more upon his flying trip. He carried his revolver ready for instant use and flew along the trail with every nerve strung to meet any danger which might confront him. He had an idea where he would be halted, if halted at all, and it was a lonesome spot in a valley, the very place for a deed of crime.

"As he drew near the spot he was on the alert, and yet when two men suddenly stepped out from among the shrubs and confronted him, it gave him a start in spite of his nerve. They had him covered with rifles and brought him to a halt with the words: 'Hold! Hands up, Pony Express Bill, for we know you, my boy, and what you carry.'

" 'I carry the express; and it's hanging for you two if you interfere with me,' was the plucky response.

" 'Ah, we don't want you, Billy, unless you force us to call in your checks;¹ but it's what you carry we want.'

" 'It won't do you any good to get the pouch, for there isn't anything valuable in it.'

" 'We are to be the judges of that, so throw us the valuable or catch a bullet. Which shall it be, Billy?'

"The two men stood directly in front of the pony rider, each one covering him with a rifle, and to resist was certain death. So Cody began to unfasten his pouches slowly, while he said, 'Mark my words, men, you'll hang for this.'

" 'We'll take chances on that, Bill.'

"The pouches being unfastened now, Cody raised them with one hand,

while he said in an angry tone, 'If you will have them, take them.' With this he hurled the pouches at the head of one of them, who quickly dodged and turned to pick them up, just as Cody fired upon the other with his revolver in his left hand.

"The bullet shattered the man's arm, while, driving the spurs into the flanks of his mare, Cody rode directly over the man who was stooping to pick up the pouches, his back turned to the pony rider.

"The horse struck him a hard blow that knocked him down, while the daring pony rider gave a wild triumphant yell as he sped on like the wind.

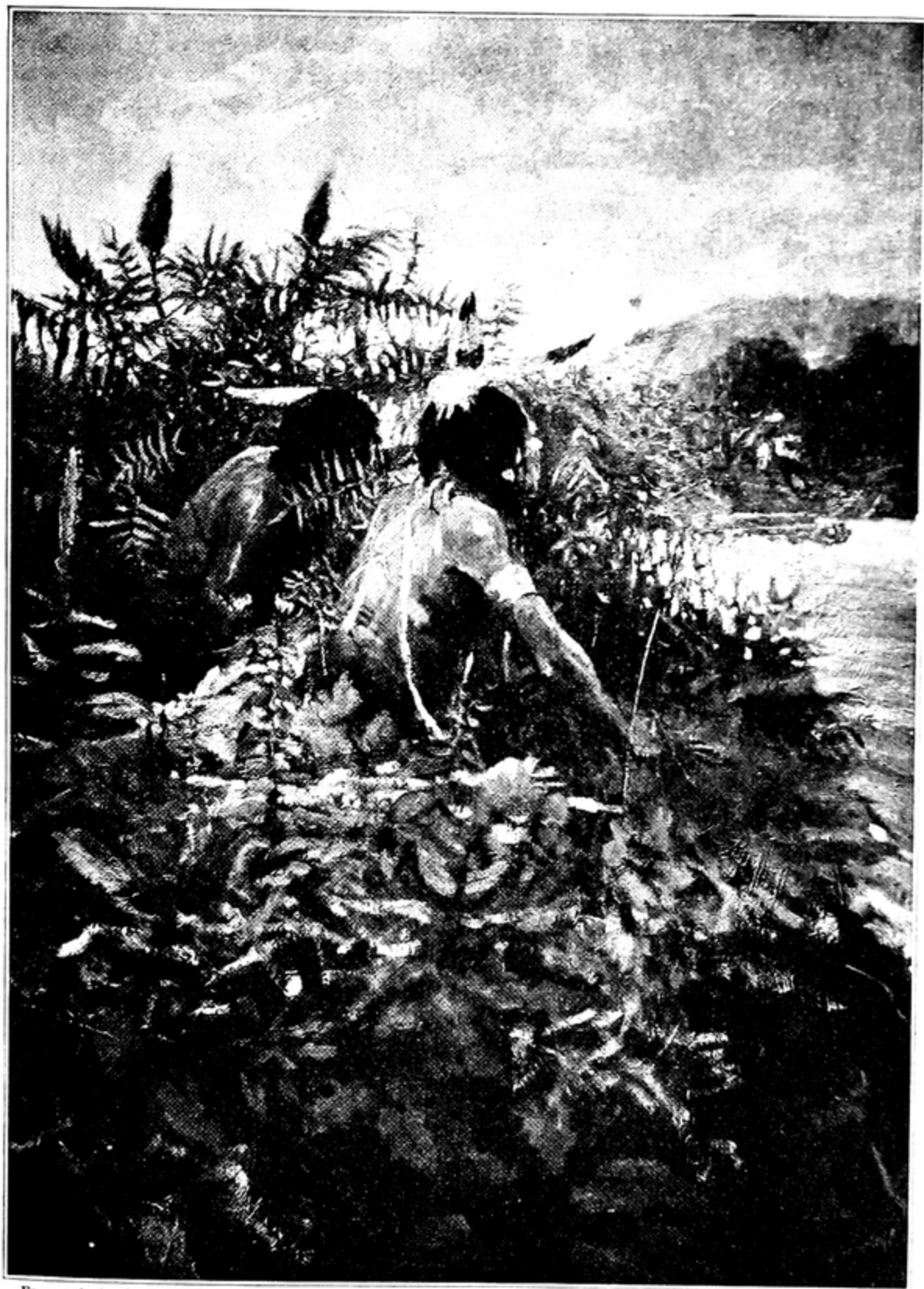
"The fallen man, though hurt, scrambled to his feet as soon as he could, picked up his rifle, and fired after the retreating youth, but without effect, and young Cody rode on, arriving at the station on time, and reported what had happened.

"He had, however, no time to rest, for he was compelled to start back with his express pouches. He thus made the remarkable ride of 324 miles without sleep, and stopping only to eat his meals, and resting then but a few moments. For saving the express pouches he was highly complimented by all, and years afterward he had the satisfaction of seeing his prophecy regarding the two road agents verified, for they were both captured and hanged by vigilantes² for their many crimes." . . .

" 'There's Injun signs about, so keep your eyes open.' So said the station boss of the Pony Express, addressing young Cody, who had dashed up to the cabin, his horse panting like a hound, and the rider ready for the fifteen-mile flight to the next relay. 'I'll be on the watch, boss, you bet,'

² *vigilantes* (vij'i-lăn'tēz): men organized into groups to protect the community from thieves and evildoers by punishing them or forcing them to leave town.

¹ *call in your checks*: a gambler's expression which here means to kill.



From painting by S. M. Arthurs

"OUT SPRANG TWO BRAVES IN ALL THE GLORY OF THEIR WAR PAINT"

said the pony rider, and with a yell to his fresh pony he was off like an arrow from a bow.

"Down the trail ran the fleet pony like the wind, leaving the station quickly out of sight, and dashing at once into the solitude and dangers of the vast wilderness. Mountains were upon either side, towering cliffs here and there overhung the trail, and the wind sighed through the forest of pines like the mourning of departed spirits. Gazing ahead, the piercing eyes of the young rider saw every tree, bush, and rock, for he knew but too well that a deadly foe, lurking in ambush, might send an arrow or bullet to his heart at any moment. Gradually, far down the valley, his quick glance fell upon a dark object above the boulder directly in his trail.

"He saw the object move and disappear from sight down behind the rock. Without appearing to notice it, or checking his speed in the slightest, he held steadily upon his way. But he took in the situation at a glance, and saw that one side was a fringe of heavy timber, upon the other a precipice at the base of which were massive, rocks.

" 'There is an Indian behind that rock, for I saw his head,' muttered the young rider, as his horse flew on. Did he intend to take his chances and dash along the trail directly by his ambushed foe? It would seem so, for he still stuck to the trail.

"A moment more and he would be within range of a bullet, when suddenly dashing his spurs into the pony's side, Billy Cody wheeled to the right, and in an oblique¹ course headed for the cliff. This proved to the foe in ambush that he was suspected, if not known, and at once there came the crack of a rifle, the puff of smoke rising above the rock where he was concealed. At the same moment a yell

¹ oblique (öb-lēk'): indirect.

went up from a score of throats, and out of the timber on the other side of the valley darted a number of Indians, and these rode madly to head off the rider.

"Did he turn back and seek safety in a retreat to the station? No! he was made of sterner stuff and would run the gauntlet.

"Out from behind the boulder, where they had been lying in ambush, sprang two braves in all the glory of their war paint. Their horses were in the timber with their comrades, and, having failed to get a close shot at the pony rider, they sought to bring him down at long range with their rifles. The bullets pattered under the hoofs of the flying pony, but he was unhurt, and his rider pressed him to his full speed.

"With set teeth, flashing eyes, and determined to do or die, Will Cody rode on in the race for life, the Indians on foot running swiftly toward him, and the mounted braves sweeping down the valley at full speed.

"The shots of the dismounted Indians failing to bring down the flying pony or their human game, the mounted redskins saw that their only chance was to overtake their prey by their speed. One of their number, whose war bonnet showed that he was a chief, rode a horse that was much faster than the others, and he drew quickly ahead. Below, the valley narrowed to a pass not a hundred yards in width, and if the pony rider could get to this wall ahead of his pursuers, he would be able to hold his own along the trail in the ten-mile run to the next relay station.

"But, though he saw that there was no more to fear from the two dismounted redskins, and that he would come out well in advance of the band on horseback, there was one who was most dangerous. That one was the

chief, whose fleet horse was bringing him on at a terrible pace, and threatening to reach there at the same time with the pony rider.

"Nearer and nearer the two drew toward the path, the horse of Cody slightly ahead, and the young rider knew that a death struggle was at hand. He did not check his horse, but kept his eyes alternately upon the pass and the chief. The other Indians he did not then take into consideration. At length that happened for which he had been looking.

"When the chief saw that he would come out of the race some thirty yards behind his foe, he seized his bow and quick as a flash had fitted an arrow for its deadly flight. But in that instant Cody had also acted, and a revolver had sprung from his belt and a report followed the touching of the trigger. A wild yell burst from the lips of the chief, and he clutched madly at the air, reeled, and fell from his saddle, rolling over like a ball as he struck the ground.

"The death cry of the chief was echoed by the braves coming on down the valley, and a shower of arrows was sent after the fugitive pony rider. An arrow slightly wounded his horse, but the others did no damage, and in another second Cody had dashed into the pass well ahead of his foes. It was a hot chase from then on until the pony rider came within sight of the next station, when the Indians drew off and Cody dashed in on time, and in another minute was away on his next run."

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. The author of the foregoing selection was a newspaper man who was very much interested in the West. What qualities of newspaper style, if any, did you notice as you read the selection? Did it seem like a news article?

2. The selection seems somewhat like a biography. Most of it, in fact, is autobiographical, being quoted from Cody's own words. The only records in existence of most of his exploits were written by himself. He was not nearly so skillful or reliable with a pen and paper, however, as he was with a horse and gun. Find some passages which you think could have been expressed better.

3. The selection is also history, for it was really written to tell about the work of the Pony Express. No phase of American history has appealed to people's imagination so much as this early method of transporting mail. Its methods are well described in the selection you have just read, whether or not the exact adventure described ever took place. There were stations every fifteen miles, where fast horses were kept. A rider galloped in and leaped from his tired horse. Someone transferred his saddle bags, and he was again on his way. All the way from the frontier in Missouri to the Pacific coast the mail was rushed on galloping horses. Find out more about the Pony Express or other pioneer forms of transportation and give a report to the class.

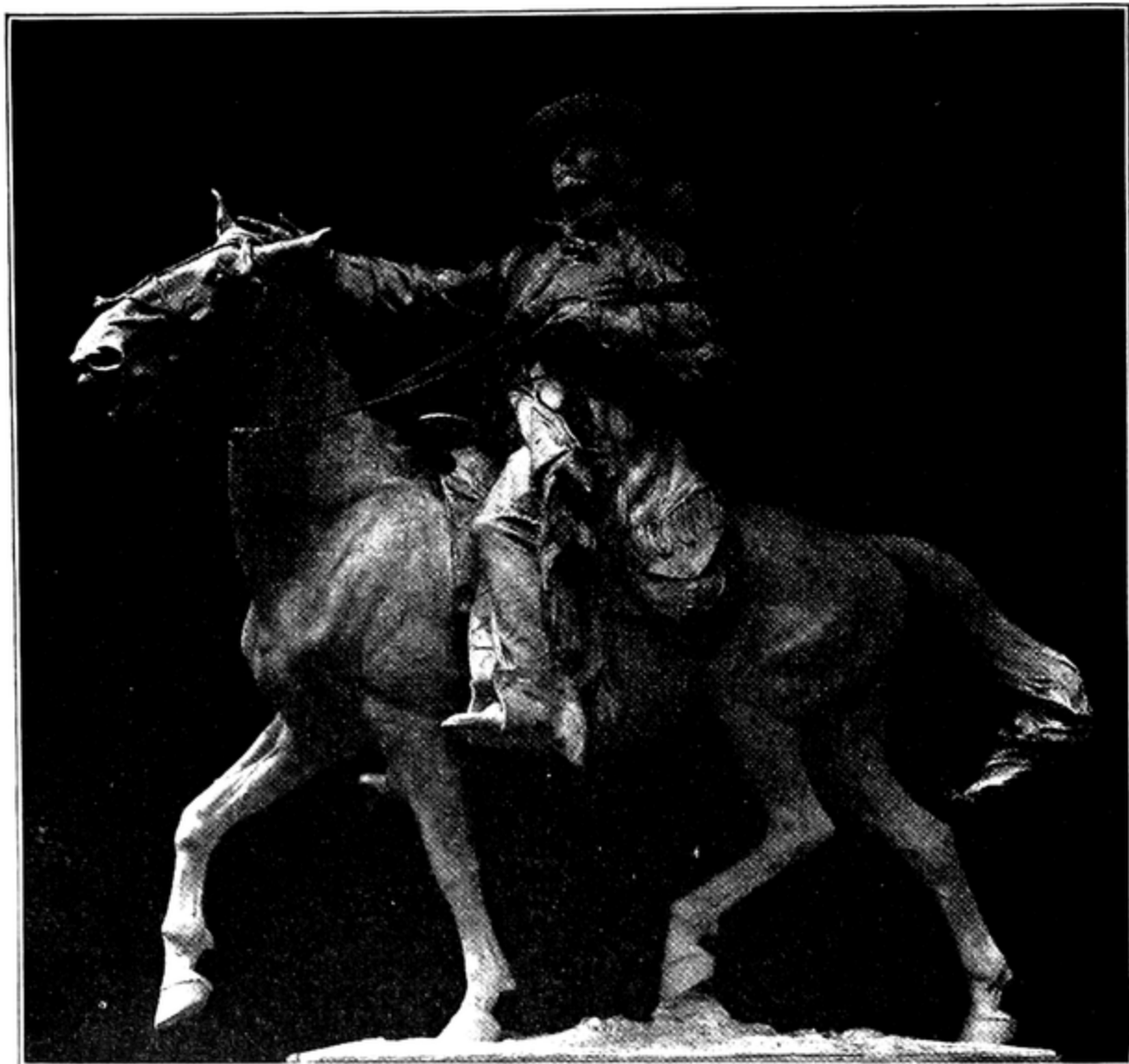
4. Make a drawing of a rider of the Pony Express galloping away on his horse, or make a collection of pictures showing what took place at the time.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE*

By JOAQUIN MILLER

Of all the perils of the early West, none was so terrible as summer fires. The grass, dried by the sun, stood tall and brown, rustling in the wind. Perhaps a careless camper failed to put out his fire and it slowly crept into the grass. Soon the grass burst into flame and the fire spread into a wide line, swept onward by the wind. The only hope for anyone in its path was flight to the nearest river. Animals, as well as men, raced before it, mad with terror. The following poem tells of the escape of Kit Carson, a famous scout, and his Indian bride from a grass fire.

*From *Poems*.



From a statue by Augustine Lukeman at Trinidad, Colorado

Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

KIT CARSON

Room! room to turn round in, to breathe
 and be free,
 To grow to be giant, to sail as at sea
 With the speed of the wind on a steed
 with his mane
 To the wind, without pathway or route
 or a rein.
 Room! room to be free where the white
 border'd sea
 Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless as
 he;
 Where the buffalo come like a cloud on
 the plain,
 Pouring on like the tide of a storm-
 driven main,¹

¹ main: ocean.

And the lodge of the hunter to friend or
 to foe
 Offers rest; and unquestion'd you come
 or you go.
 My plains of America! Seas of wild
 lands!
 From a land in the seas in a raiment of
 foam,
 That has reached to a stranger the wel-
 come of home,
 I turn to you, lean to you, lift you my
 hands.

"Run? Run? See this flank, sir,
 and I do love him so!
 But he's blind, badger blind. Whoa,
 Pache, boy, whoa.

No, you wouldn't believe it to look at
his eyes,
But he's blind, badger blind, and it
happen'd this wise:

"We lay in the grass and the sun-
burnt clover
That spread on the ground like a great
brown cover 20
Northward and southward, and west
and away
To the Brazos, where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken level of
brown.
We were waiting the curtains of night
to come down
To cover us trio¹ and conceal our
flight 25
With my brown bride,² won from an
Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a
night.

"We lounged in the grass—her eyes
were in mine,
And her hands on my knee, and her
hair was as wine
In its wealth and its flood, pouring on
and all over 30
Her bosom wine red, and press'd never
by one.
Her touch was as warm as the tinge
of the clover
Burnt brown as it reach'd to the kiss
of the sun.
Her words they were low as the lute-
throated dove,
And as laden with love as the heart
when it beats 35
In its hot, eager answer to earliest
love,
Or the bee hurried home by its burthen³
of sweets.

"We lay low in the grass on the
broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown
bride;
'Forty full miles if a foot to ride! 40
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils

¹ *trio*: the story-teller, his bride, and his friend
Revels, mentioned a little later.

² *brown bride*. Indian bride.

³ *burthen*: burden.



"THE FEET OF WILD HORSES FLYING"

Of red Comanches⁴ are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the
sun go down
Soon, very soon,' muttered bearded
old Revels
As he peer'd at the sun, lying low on
his back, 45
Holding fast to his lasso. Then he
jerk'd at his steed
And he sprang to his feet, and glanced
swiftly around.
And then dropp'd, as if shot, with an
ear to the ground;
Then again to his feet, and to me, to
my bride,
While his eyes were like flame, his face
like a shroud, 50
His form like a king, and his beard
like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as both
trumpet and reed,—
'Pull, pull in your lassoes, and bridle
to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you
would speed.
Aye, ride for your lives, for your lives
you must ride! 55
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on
fire,
And the feet of wild horses hard flying
before
I heard like a sea breaking high on the
shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of
the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast
on us three 60
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms
in his ire.'

⁴ *Comanches* (kô-măn'chêz): an Indian tribe of
the Rocky Mountain region.

"We drew in the lassoes, seized saddle and rein,
 Threw them on, cinched¹ them on,
 cinched them over again,
 And again drew the girth; and spring
 we to horse,
 With head to the Brazos, with a sound
 in the air 65
 Like the surge of a sea, with a flash in
 the eye,
 From that red wall of flame reaching
 up to the sky;
 A red wall of flame and a black rolling
 sea
 Rushing fast upon us, as the wind
 sweeping free
 And afar from the desert blown hollow
 and hoarse. 70

"Not a word, not a wail from a lip
 was let fall,
 We broke not a whisper, we breathed
 not a prayer,
 There was work to be done, there was
 death in the air,
 And the chance was as one to a thou-
 sand for all.

"Twenty miles! . . . thirty miles! . . .
 a dim distant speck . . . 75
 Then a long reaching line, and the
 Brazos in sight!
 And I rose in my seat with a shout of
 delight.
 I stood in my stirrup, and look'd to
 my right—
 But Revels was gone; I glanced by my
 shoulder
 And saw his horse stagger; I saw his
 head drooping 80
 Hard down on his breast, and his naked
 breast stooping
 Low down to the mane, as so swifter
 and bolder
 Ran reaching out for us the red-footed
 fire.
 He rode neck to neck with a buffalo
 bull,
 That made the earth shake where he
 came in his course, 85
 The monarch of millions, with shaggy
 mane full

¹ cinched: fastened the band or straps that hold the saddles in place.

Of smoke and of dust, and it shook
 with desire
 Of battle, with rage and with bellow-
 ings hoarse.
 His keen, crooked horns, through the
 storm of his mane,
 Like black lances lifted and lifted
 again; 90
 And I looked but this once, for the
 fire licked through,
 And Revels was gone, as we rode two
 and two.

"I look'd to my left then—and nose,
 neck, and shoulder
 Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to
 my thighs,
 And up through the black blowing veil
 of her hair 95
 Did beam full in mine her two marvel-
 ous eyes,
 With a longing and love yet a look of
 despair
 And of pity for me, as she felt the
 smoke fold her,
 And flames leaping far for her glorious
 hair.
 Her sinking horse falter'd, plunged,
 fell and was gone 100
 As I reach'd through the flame and I
 bore her still on.
 On! into the Brazos, she, Pache and
 I—
 Poor, burnt, blinded Pache. I love
 him . . . That's why."

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Joaquin Miller was a poet of the West. He loved the out-of-doors under the clear western skies and was as much a naturalist as a poet. Many of his poems, therefore, are descriptive of nature. Find passages in the foregoing poem which indicate that he was a keen observer.

2. How would you classify the poem as to type? What reasons did you find in the poem to indicate that the poet was interested in action?

3. Why do you think the author chose to tell his story in verse? Did you find the verse more dramatic than prose would have been? Did the poet use the rhythm and the sound of the words to heighten

the effect of the story? Read the poem aloud to note how the rhythm helps. Then tell the story in prose and note the difference.

4. Do you ever feel a longing for freedom and for wide spaces around you? Almost everyone feels this longing at times. Perhaps that is the reason for the popularity of western stories and western poetry. Does the introduction make you feel the breadth and freedom of the plains? How is the effect produced?

THE VOYAGE*

By WASHINGTON IRVING

On a sailing ship, a voyage across the Atlantic was a real adventure. Even with a good ship and favorable winds, it took several weeks. If the wind failed, there was no way of telling how long the voyage might take. If a storm drove the ship off its course, there was no telling how far it might have to go or in how disabled a state it might finally limp into port. The danger of shipwreck was ever present, too, as the author of the following selection was reminded when he saw the floating spar.

Ships, ships, I will descrie¹ you
Amidst the main,
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting,
And projecting,
What's your end and aim.

One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
A third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading.²
Hullo! my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

—OLD POEM

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments³ produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters

*From *The Sketch Book*.

¹ descrie: see, descry.

² lading: cargo.

³ employments: activities.

that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

In traveling by land there is a continuity of scene and a connected succession of persons and incidents that carry on the story of life and lessen the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, "a lengthening chain" at each remove⁴ of our pilgrimage, but the chain is unbroken; we can trace it back link by link, and we feel that the last still grapples us to home. But a wide sea voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary but real, between us and our homes—a gulf subject to tempest and fear and uncertainty, rendering distance palpable and return precarious.

Such, at least, was the case with myself. As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns and had time for meditation before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all most dear to me in life, what vicissitudes⁵ might occur in it, what changes might take place in me before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence, or when he may return, or

⁴ remove: advance, step.

⁵ vicissitudes (vi-sis'i-tūdz): changes of fortune.



Copyright Gabriel Moulin

"THE TRANQUIL BOSOM OF A SUMMER'S SEA"

whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood?

I said that at sea all is vacancy; I should correct the expression. To one given to daydreaming and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract¹ the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing or climb to the maintop² of a calm day and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a

summer's sea; to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes³ as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down from my giddy height on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols⁴—shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus⁵ slowly heaving his huge

¹ *abstract*: draw.

² *maintop*: a platform at the head of the lower mainmast and the rigging, or cordage, attached to it.

³ *volumes*: masses.

⁴ *gambols*: games.

⁵ *grampus*: here means a whale. The grampus is an inhabitant of the North Atlantic.

form above the surface; or the ravenous shark darting, like a specter, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up¹ all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me—of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys, of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the foundations of the earth, and of those wild phantasms² that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, which has in a manner triumphed over wind and wave, has brought the ends of the world into communion, has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile³ regions of the north all the luxuries of the south, has diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life, and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar⁴ to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for

many months; clusters of shellfish had fastened about it, and long seaweeds flaunted⁵ at its sides.

But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over—they had gone down amidst the roar of the tempest—their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother pored over the daily news to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento may ever return for love to cherish. All that may ever be known is that she sailed from her port “and was never heard of more!”

The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening and gave indications of one of those sudden storms which will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin that made the gloom more ghastly, everyone had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

“As I was once sailing,” said he, “in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs which prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object

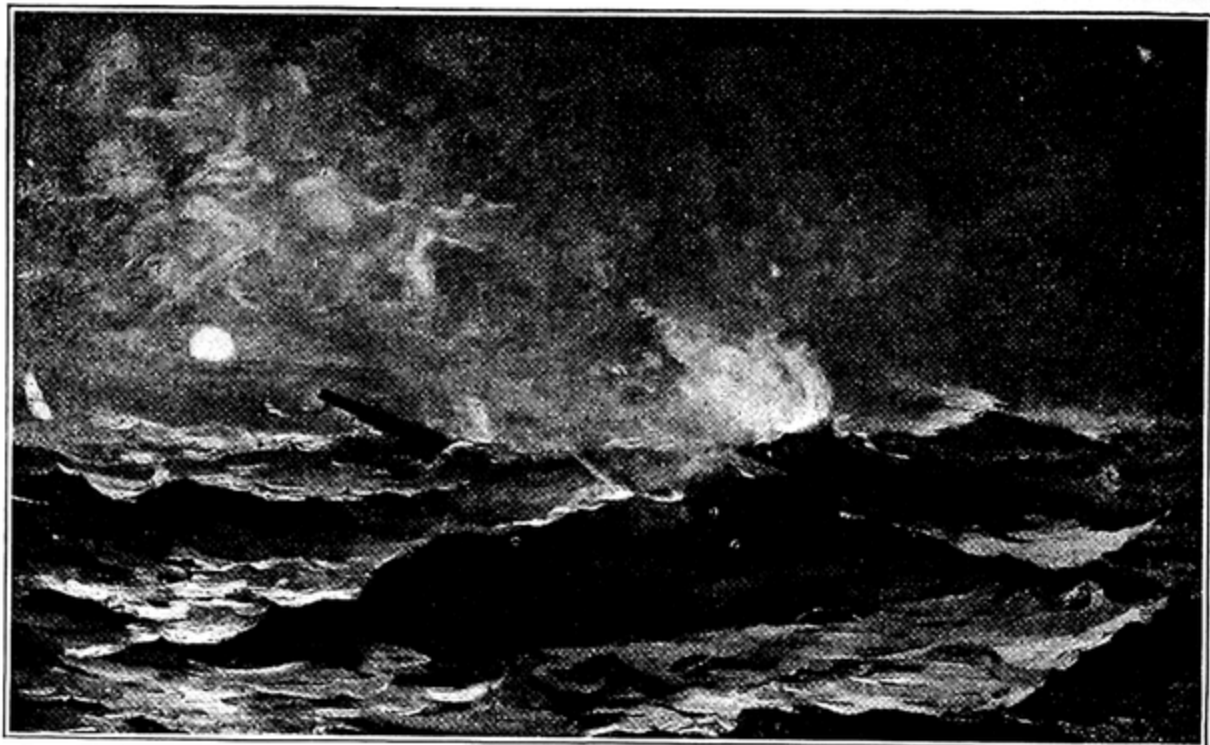
⁵ *flaunted*: waved.

¹ *conjure up* (kŏn'jŏr): call up.

² *phantasms*: apparitions; day dreams.

³ *sterile*: barren.

⁴ *spar*: a round timber or pole by or on which to extend a sail.

From *The Sketch Book*, Knickerbocker Edition

Painting by Julian Rex

SOME SHAPELESS OBJECT DRIFTING IN THE SEA

at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the masthead and a constant watch¹ forward to look out for fishing smacks which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'sail ahead!' It was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor with her broadside² toward us. The crew were all asleep and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size, the weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves; we passed over her and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be swal-

lowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all farther hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent—we never saw or heard anything of them more."

I confess these stories, for a time, put an end to all my fine fancies.³ The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges.⁴ Deep called unto deep. At times the black column of clouds over-

¹ watch: one who stands watch for a specified time on board ship.

² broadside: side.

³ fancies: imaginings.

⁴ surges (sûrj'êz): great rolling swells of water.

head seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning which quivered along the foaming billows and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water; her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dexterous movement of the helm¹ preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging² sounded like funeral wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of bulkheads, as the ship labored in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the sides of the ship and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey; the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favoring breeze, soon put all these dismal reflections to flight. It is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her canvas,³ every sail swelled, and careering⁴ gayly over the waves, how lofty, how gallant she appears—how she seems to lord it over the deep!

I might fill a volume with the reveries of a sea voyage, for with me it is almost a continual reverie—but it is time to get to shore.

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the masthead. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with everything of which his childhood has heard or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the moment of arrival it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war that prowled like guardian giants along the coast, the headlands of Ireland stretching out into the channel, the Welsh mountains towering into the clouds—all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey,⁵ I reconnoitered⁶ the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages with their trim shrubberies and green grass plots. I saw the moldering ruin of an abbey overrun with ivy and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighboring hill—all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favorable that the ship was enabled to come at once to the pier. It was thronged with people, some idle lookers-on, others eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship was consigned. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded him by the crowd in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship as

¹ *helm*: the steering apparatus.

² *rigging*: the entire system of ropes on a vessel.

³ *is decked out in all her canvas*: has every sail unfurled.

⁴ *careering*: moving at high speed.

⁵ *Mersey* (mûr'zî): a river in England which flows into the Irish Sea.

⁶ *reconnoitered* (rĕk'ô-noi'tĕrd): scanned.

friends happened to recognize each other. I particularly noticed one young woman of humble dress but interesting demeanor. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship, as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all the voyage and had excited the sympathy of everyone on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade, but of late his illness had so increased that he had taken to his hammock and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds¹ with a countenance so wasted, so pale, so ghastly that it was no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognize him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features; it read at once a whole volume of sorrow; the poor woman clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

PONDERING OVER THE SELECTION

1. Washington Irving was the first well-known American author to write books on travel. He wrote many excellent short stories, too, but people today probably

¹ *shrouds*: the ropes stretched from the masthead of a vessel to the rail or to other masts, serving as a means of ascent.

enjoy his quiet, rambling books of travel more than they do his stories.

2. Except for his short stories, it is hard to classify Irving's writings into types of literature. He himself called many of them sketches. Can you classify the selection you have just read? How is it like an essay? How is it like an autobiography? To what type of literature do you think it belongs?

3. Irving's writings are usually quiet, filled with gentle humor, and express much of the writer's own personality. The reader feels that the writer is not so much describing the external world for its own sake, as using the external world to describe his own feelings. In "The Voyage" how does he use the description of the sea to express his own feelings? Does he make you feel the isolation and the quiet thoughtfulness he himself felt when the sea was calm?

4. You can never find in a sea voyage exactly the things Irving found. There are very few large sailing ships left on the sea and so you can never feel the thrill of a full-rigged ship, with all her white sails set, racing before the wind. You can never settle down to quiet weeks of meditation while the ship is tossing far from land. You can never, on a steamship, feel so close to wind and weather as did the passenger on the sailing ship. You can never feel the peaceful isolation Irving felt as one of the charms of a sea voyage, for the radio brings you the world's news in an instant. What advantages have travelers of today to make up for what they have lost?

A FRENCH TAR-BABY*

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

People in all parts of the world have certain folk tales and folk songs. This folklore reveals early customs of living in various regions and consequently it is rich in local color. It has been handed down from one generation to another and today exists as a strange mixture of fact and fancy. Among the people having a rich supply of folklore are the African Negroes. When some of the Negroes

*From *Evening Tales*.

came to America, they carried part of their folklore with them. Here the stories were passed along from one generation to another just as they had been in Africa. The following tells how a curious rabbit was caught by a baby made of tar.

In the time when there were hobgoblins and fairies, Brother Goat and Brother Rabbit lived in the same neighborhood, not far from each other.

Proud of his long beard and sharp horns, Brother Goat looked on Brother Rabbit with disdain. He would hardly speak to Brother Rabbit when he met him, and his greatest pleasure was to make his little neighbor the victim of his tricks and practical jokes. For instance, he would say:

"Brother Rabbit, here is Mr. Fox," and this would cause Brother Rabbit to run away as hard as he could. Again he would say:

"Brother Rabbit, here is Mr. Wolf," and poor Brother Rabbit would shake and tremble with fear. Sometimes he would cry out:

"Brother Rabbit, here is Mr. Tiger," and then Brother Rabbit would shudder and think his last hour had come.

Tired of this miserable existence, Brother Rabbit tried to think of some means by which he could change his powerful and terrible neighbor into a friend. After a time he thought he had discovered a way to make Brother Goat his friend, and so he invited him to dinner.

Brother Goat was quick to accept the invitation. The dinner was a fine affair, and there was an abundance of good eating. A great many different dishes were served. Brother Goat licked his mouth and shook his long beard with satisfaction. He had never before been present at such a feast.

"Well, my friend," exclaimed Brother Rabbit, when the dessert was brought in, "how do you like your dinner?"

"I could certainly wish for nothing better," replied Brother Goat, rubbing the tips of his horns against the back of his chair; "but my throat is very dry and a little water would hurt neither the dinner nor me."

"Gracious!" said Brother Rabbit, "I have neither wine-cellar nor water. I am not in the habit of drinking while I am eating."

"Neither have I any water, Brother Rabbit," said Brother Goat. "But I have an idea! If you will go with me over yonder by the big poplar, we will dig a well."

"No, Brother Goat," said Brother Rabbit, who hoped to revenge himself—"no, I do not care to dig a well. At daybreak I drink the dew from the cups of the flowers, and in the heat of the day I milk the cows and drink the cream."

"Well and good," said Brother Goat. "Alone I will dig the well, and alone I will drink out of it."

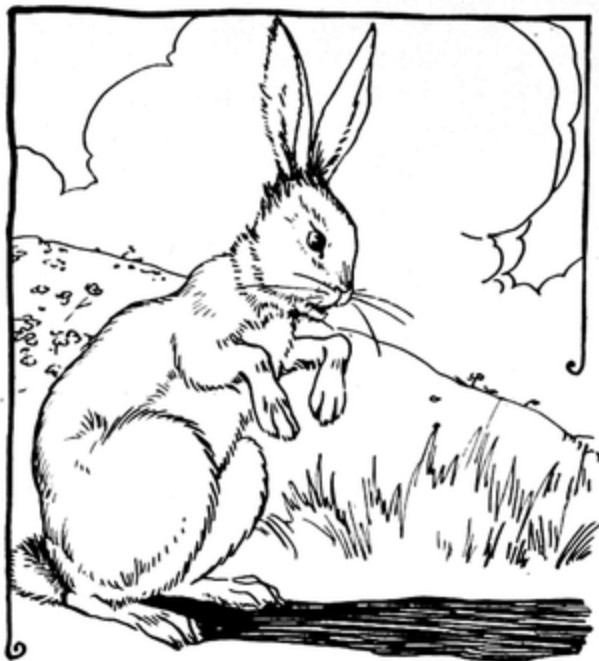
"Success to you, Brother Goat," said Brother Rabbit.

"Thank you kindly, Brother Rabbit."

Brother Goat then went to the foot of the big poplar and began to dig his well. He dug with his forefeet and with his horns, and the well got deeper and deeper. Soon the water began to bubble up and the well was finished, and then Brother Goat made haste to quench his thirst. He was in such a hurry that his beard got in the water, but he drank and drank until he had his fill.

Brother Rabbit, who had followed him at a little distance hid himself behind a bush and laughed heartily. He said to himself: "What an innocent creature you are!"

The next day, when Brother Goat, with his big beard and sharp horns, returned to his well to get some water, he saw the tracks of Brother Rabbit in



BROTHER RABBIT LISTENED WITH HIS
LONG EARS POINTED FORWARD

the soft earth. This put him to thinking. He sat down, pulled his beard, scratched his head, and tapped himself on the forehead.

"My friend," he exclaimed after a while, "I will catch you yet."

Then he ran and got his tools (for Brother Goat was something of a carpenter in those days) and made a large doll out of laurel wood. When the doll was finished, he spread tar on it here and there, on the right and on the left, and up and down. He smeared it all over with the sticky stuff, until it was as black as a Guinea Negro.¹

This finished, Brother Goat waited quietly until evening. At sunset he placed the tarred doll near the well, and ran and hid himself behind the trees and bushes. The moon had just risen, and the heavens twinkled with millions of little star-torches.

Brother Rabbit, who was waiting in his house, believed that the time had

come for him to get some water, so he took his bucket and went to Brother Goat's well. On the way he was very much afraid that something would catch him. He trembled when the wind shook the leaves of the trees. He would go a little distance and then stop and listen; he hid here behind a stone, and there behind a tuft of grass.

At last he arrived at the well, and there he saw the little Negro. He stopped and looked at it with astonishment. Then he drew back a little way, advanced again, drew back, advanced a little, and stopped once more.

"What can that be?" he said to himself. He listened with his long ears pointed forward, but the trees could not talk, and the bushes were dumb. He winked his eyes and lowered his head. "Hey, friend! who are you?" he asked.

The tar-doll didn't move. Brother Rabbit went up a little closer, and asked again:

"Who are you?"

The tar-doll said nothing. Brother Rabbit breathed more at ease. Then he went to the brink of the well, but when he looked in the water the tar-doll seemed to look in too. He could see her reflection in the water. This made Brother Rabbit so mad that he grew red in his face.

"See here!" he exclaimed, "if you look in this well I'll give you a rap on the nose!"

Brother Rabbit leaned over the brink of the well, and saw the tar-doll smiling at him in the water. He raised his right hand and hit her—bam! His hand stuck.

"What's this?" exclaimed Brother Rabbit. "Turn me loose, imp of Satan! If you do not turn me loose at once, I will rap you on the eye with my other hand."

¹ *Guinea Negro*: a Negro from Guinea, a section of Africa. Africa is the original home of the Negro race.

Then he hit her—bim! The left left hand stuck also. Then Brother Rabbit raised his right foot, saying:

"Mark me well, little Congo! Do you see this foot? I will kick you in the stomach if you do not turn me loose this instant."

No sooner said than done. Brother Rabbit let fly his right foot—vip! The foot stuck, and he raised the other.

"Do you see this foot?" he exclaimed. "If I hit you with it, you will think a thunderbolt has struck you."

Then he kicked her with the left foot, and it also stuck like the other, and Brother Rabbit held fast his Guinea Negro.

"Watch out, now!" he cried. "I've already butted a great many people with my head. If I butt you in your ugly face I'll knock it into a jelly. Turn me loose! Oho! you don't answer?" Bap!

"Guinea girl!" exclaimed Brother Rabbit, "are you dead? Gracious goodness! how my head does stick!"

When the sun rose, Brother Goat went to his well to find out something about Brother Rabbit. The result was beyond his expectations.

"Hey, little rogue, big rogue!" exclaimed Brother Goat. "Hey, Brother Rabbit! what are you doing there? I thought you drank the dew from the cups of the flowers, or milk from the cows. Aha, Brother Rabbit! I will punish you for stealing my water."

"I am your friend," said Brother Rabbit; "don't kill me."

"Thief, thief!" cried Brother Goat, and then he ran quickly into the woods, gathered up a pile of dry limbs, and made a great fire. He took Brother Rabbit from the tar-doll and prepared to burn him alive. As he was passing

¹ Congo: the name of a region in central Africa; used here for "Negro."



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE, LITTLE ROGUE?" SAID BROTHER GOAT WHEN HE WENT TO THE WELL

a thicket of brambles with Brother Rabbit on his shoulders, Brother Goat met his little daughter Beledie, who was walking in the fields eating grass.

"Where are you going, papa, muffled up with such a burden? Come and eat the fresh grass with me, and throw wicked Brother Rabbit in the brambles."

Cunning Brother Rabbit raised his long ears and pretended to be very much frightened.

"Oh, no, Brother Goat!" he cried. "Don't throw me in the brambles."

They will tear my flesh, put out my eyes, and pierce my heart. Oh, I pray you, rather throw me in the fire."

"Aha, little rogue, big rogue! Aha, Brother Rabbit!" exclaimed Brother Goat, exultingly, "you don't like the brambles? Well, then, go and laugh in them," and he threw Brother Rabbit in without a feeling of pity.

Brother Rabbit fell in the brambles, leaped to his feet, and began to laugh.

"Ha-ha-ha! Brother Goat, what a simpleton you are!—ha-ha-ha! A better bed I never had! In these brambles I was born!"

Brother Goat was in despair, but he could not help himself. Brother Rabbit was safe.

A long beard is not always a sign of intelligence.

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. As the Negroes repeated their folklore, some of it came to the attention of Joel Chandler Harris. He liked the stories very much as a boy, and later, when he became a newspaper man, collected some of them for publication. He wrote the stories in dialect just as if they were being told by an old Negro character by the name of Uncle Remus. After he had written his own story about the tar-baby, he discovered a French version of the tale and wrote the story here produced. Why do you suppose Negro folk tales appealed to Harris so much?

2. This story, as already indicated, is a folk tale. What qualities of a folk tale did you observe as you read? In what regard might the story be considered merely a yarn?

3. Folk tales are usually simple stories that go straight to the point. There are no complications of plot, and the language is usually simple. How does the foregoing story meet these conditions?

4. The last sentence is the "moral" of the story. Explain in your own words just what it means. Write out the explanation and compare it with statements prepared by other members in the class.

NO!*

By GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE

One of the most picturesque spots in America is the French Quarter of New Orleans. There, even today, you may walk from a busy modern street into a strange country and another age. This is the old city that was originally settled by the French and belonged to France for many years. The following selection from a novel is based upon an incident that took place in this interesting quarter.

If M. Grandissime¹ had believed that he was prepared for the supreme bitterness of that moment, he had sadly erred. He could not speak. He extended his hand in a dumb farewell, when, all unsanctioned by his will,² the voice of despair escaped him in a low moan. At the same moment, a tinkling sound drew near, and the room, which had grown dark with the fall of night, began to brighten with the softly widening light of an evening lamp, as a servant approached to place it in the front drawing-room.

Aurora gave her hand and withdrew it. In the act the two somewhat changed position, and the rays of the lamp, as the maid passed the door, falling upon Aurora's face, betrayed the again upturned eyes.

They fell.

The lover paused.

"You thing I'm crool."

She was the statue of meekness.

"Hope has been crhuel to me," replied M. Grandissime, "not you; that I cannot say. Adieu."

He was turning.

"'Sieur³ Grandissime—"

She seemed to tremble.

He stood still.

*From *The Grandissimes*.

¹ M. Grandissime (mē-syû grán'dé-sēm').

² all unsanctioned by his will: involuntarily.

³ 'Sieur (syû): short for French *Monsieur* (mē-syû'), "mister" which is often abbreviated to M.

"'Sieur Grandissime,"—her voice was very tender, "wad you' horry?"

There was a great silence.

"'Sieur Grandissime, you know—teg a chair."

He hesitated a moment and then both sat down. The servant repassed the door; yet when Aurora broke the silence, she spoke in English—having such hazardous things to say. It would conceal possible stammering.

"'Sieur Grandissime—you know dad riz'n I—"

She slightly opened her fan, looking down upon it, and was still.

"I have no raight to ask the rheason," said M. Grandissime. "It is yo's—not mine."

Her head went lower.

"Well, you know,"—she dropped it meditatively to one side, with her eyes on the floor,—"'tis bick-ause—'tis bick-ause I thing in a few days I'm goin' to die."

M. Grandissime said never a word. He was not alarmed.

She looked up suddenly and took a quick breath, as if to resume, but her eyes fell before his, and she said, in a tone of half-soliloquy:

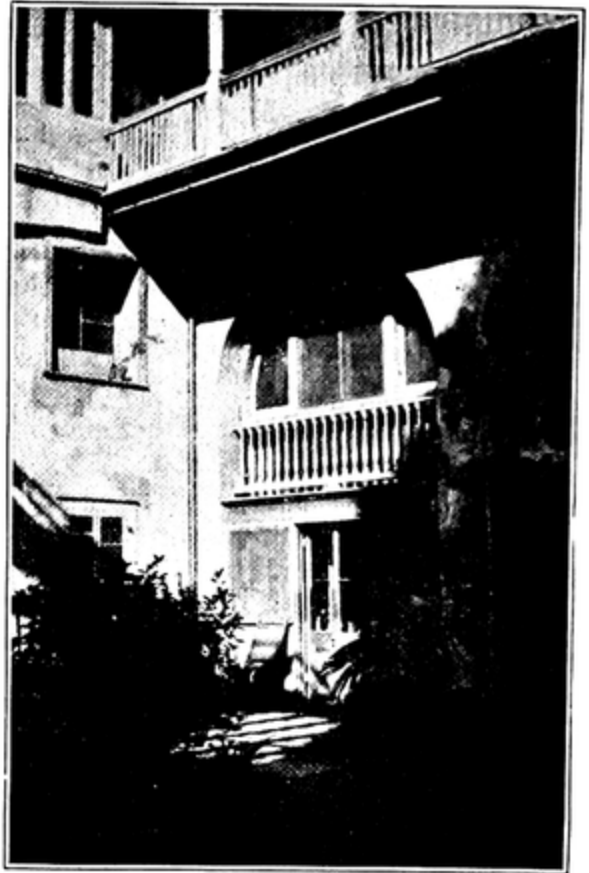
"I've so mudge troub' wit dad hawt."

She lifted one little hand feebly to the cardiac region,¹ and sighed softly, with a dying languor.

M. Grandissime gave no response. A vehicle rumbled by in the street below, and passed away. At the bottom of the room, where a gilded Mars was driving into battle, a soft note told the half-hour. The lady spoke again.

"Id mague"—she sighed once more—"so strange²—sometime' I thing I'm git'n' crezzy."

Still he to whom these fearful dis-



THE COURTYARD OF AN OLD BUILDING IN THE FRENCH QUARTER OF NEW ORLEANS

closures were being made remained as silent and motionless as an Indian captive, and, after another pause with its painful accompaniment of small sounds, the fair speaker resumed with more energy, as befitting the approach to an incredible climax.

"Some day, 'Sieur Grandissime," she said, "id mague me fo'gid my hage! I think I'm young!"

She lifted her eyes with the evident determination to meet his squarely, but it was too much. Her eyes fell as before; yet she went on speaking without hesitation:

"An' w'en someboddie git'n' ti'ed livin' wid 'imsev an' big'n' to fill ole, an' wan' someboddie to teg de care of 'im an' wan' me to gid marri'd wid 'im— I thing 'e's in love to me." Her fingers kept up a little shuffling

¹ cardiac region: region nearest to or surrounding the heart.

² Id mague so strange: it (makes) acts so strangely.

with the fan. "I thing I'm crezzy. I thing I muz be go'n to die to-recklie." She looked up to the ceiling with large eyes, and then again at the fan in her lap, which continued its spreading and shutting. "An daz de riz'n, 'Sieur Grandissime." She waited until it was certain he was about to answer, and then interrupted him nervously: "You know, 'Sieur Grandissime, id woon be righd! Id woon be de justiz to *you*! An' you de bez man I evva know in my life, 'Sieur Grandissime!" Her hands shook. "A man w'at nevva wan' to gid marri'd wid noboddie in 'is life, and now trine to gid marri'd juz only to ripose de soul of 'is oncl'¹—"

M. Grandissime uttered an exclamation of protest, and she ceased.

"I asked you," continued he, with low-toned emphasis, "fo' the single and only rheason that I want you fo' my wife!"

"Yez," she quickly replied; "daz all. Daz wad I thing. An' I thing daz de rad weh to say, 'Sieur Grandissime. Bick-ause, you know, you an' me is too hole to talg about dad *lovin'*, you know. An' you godd dad grade *rizpeg* fo' me, an' me I godd dad 'ighea *rispeg* fo' you; bud—' she clutched the fan and her face sank lower still—'Bud—' she swallowed—shook her head—'Bud—'" She bit her lip; she could not go on.

"Aurora," said her lover, bending forward and taking one of her hands between his. "I *do* love you with all my soul."

She made a poor attempt to withdraw her hand, abandoned the effort, and looked up savagely through a pair of overflowing eyes, demanding:

"*Mais*,² fo' w'y you di' n' wan' to sesso?"

¹ of 'is oncl': of his uncle. The French word for "uncle" is *oncle*.

² *Mais* (mě): French for "but."

M. Grandissime smiled argumentatively.

"I have said so a hundred times, in everhy way but in words."

She lifted her head proudly, and bowed like a queen.

"*Mais*, you see, 'Sieur Grandissime, you bin meg one mizteg."³

"Bud 't is corrhected in time," exclaimed he, with suppressed but eager joyousness.

"'Sieur Grandissime," she said with a tremendous solemnity, "I'm verrie sawrie, *mais*—you spogue too lade."

"No, no!" he cried, "the corrhrection comes in time. Say that, lady: say that!"

His ardent gaze beat hers once more down; but she shook her head. He ignored the motion.

"And you will corrhect yo' answeh: ah! say that, too!" he insisted, covering the captive hand with both his own, and leaning forward from his seat.

"*Mais*, 'Sieur Grandissime, you know, dad is so verrie unegspeg'."

"Oh! unexpected!"

"*Mais*, I was thing all dad time id was Clotilde⁴ wad you—"

She turned her face away and buried her mouth in her handkerchief.

"Ah!" he cried, "mock me no mo', Aurora Nancanou!"⁵

He rose erect and held the hand firmly which she strove to draw away:

"Say the word, sweet lady; say the word!"

She turned upon him suddenly, rose to her feet, was speechless an instant while her eyes flashed into his, and crying out:

"No!" burst into tears, laughed through them, and let him clasp her to his bosom.

³ *meg one mizteg*: make one mistake.

⁴ *Clotilde* (klō'tēld').

⁵ *Nancanou* (nān'ká'nōō).

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. The author of the foregoing selection lived in New Orleans for many years. While there he became acquainted with the French people and their traditions. He feared that these traditions would soon be forgotten unless they were preserved in literature. Accordingly he wrote a number of books to preserve them. What customs are reflected in the selection you just read?

2. This selection, taken from a novel, deals with one episode in the lives of the characters. What is the episode? Who are the characters?

3. Did you have any trouble reading the conversation? It is written in the dialect some of the people in New Orleans use as they speak. This dialect is a variation of French that has developed since the region was settled a century or so ago. How does the use of the dialect in the story help to make it more realistic and colorful? If you had trouble understanding the conversation, read the story aloud. You will find that the manner in which some of the words are pronounced is often more indicative of their meaning than the way in which they are spelled.

4. What other stories about the French people of New Orleans have you read? Select one of the most interesting and give a report in class.

THE THIRD INGREDIENT*

By O. HENRY

At the time the following story was written girls who worked in stores were very much underpaid. A strong feeling was growing that the owners of stores should be forced to pay higher salaries. This fact explains a number of allusions in the story.

The (so-called) Vallambrosa Apartment House is not an apartment house. It is composed of two old-fashioned, brownstone-front residences

welded¹ into one. The parlor floor of one side is gay with the wraps and headgear of a modiste;² the other is lugubrious with the sophistical promises and grisly display of a painless dentist. You may have a room there for two dollars a week, or you may have one for twenty dollars. Among the Vallambrosa's roomers are stenographers, musicians, brokers, shopgirls, space-rate writers,³ art students, wire tappers, and other people who lean far over the banister rail when the door-bell rings.

This treatise shall have to do with but two of the Vallambrosians — though meaning no disrespect to the others.

At six o'clock one afternoon Hetty Pepper came back to her third-floor rear \$3.50 room in the Vallambrosa with her nose and chin more sharply pointed than usual. To be discharged from the department store where you have been working four years, and with only fifteen cents in your purse, does have a tendency to make your features appear more finely chiseled.⁴

And now for Hetty's thumb-nail⁵ biography while she climbs the two flights of stairs.

She walked into the Biggest Store one morning four years before, with seventy-five other girls, applying for a job behind the waist-department counter. The phalanx⁶ of wage-earners formed a bewildering scene of beauty, carrying a total mass of blond hair sufficient to have justified the horse-

¹ welded: combined.

² modiste (mō'dēst'): French term meaning "dressmaker."

³ space-rate writers: writers who are paid in accordance with the number of words their articles contain.

⁴ finely chiseled: a term applied to sculpture, in which the stone is cut with a chisel.

⁵ thumb-nail: brief enough to be written on a thumb-nail.

⁶ phalanx (fā'lāngsk): a large group of persons moving together.

*From *Options*.

back gallops of a hundred Lady Godivas.¹

The capable, cool-eyed, impersonal, young, bald-headed man, whose task it was to engage six of the contestants, was aware of a feeling of suffocation as if he were drowning in a sea of frangipani,² while white clouds, hand-embroidered, floated about him. And then a sail hove in sight. Hetty Pepper, homely of countenance, with small, contemptuous, green eyes and chocolate-colored hair, dressed in a suit of plain burlap and a common-sense hat, stood before him with every one of her twenty-nine years of life unmistakably in sight.

"You're on!" shouted the bald-headed young man, and was saved. And that is how Hetty came to be employed in the Biggest Store. The story of her rise to an eight-dollar-a-week salary is the combined stories of Hercules,³ Joan of Arc,⁴ Una,⁵ Job,⁶ and Little Red Riding Hood. You shall not learn from me the salary that was paid her as a beginner. There is a sentiment growing about such things, and I want no millionaire store proprietors climbing the fire escape of my tenement house to throw dynamite bombs into my skylight boudoir.

The story of Hetty's discharge from the Biggest Store is so nearly a repetition of her engagement as to be monotonous.

In each department of the store there is an omniscient, omnipresent,

and omnivorous person carrying always a mileage book and a red necktie, and referred to as a "buyer." The destinies of the girls in his department who live on (see Bureau of Victual Statistics) so much per week are in his hands.

This particular buyer was a capable, cool-eyed, impersonal, young, bald-headed man. As he walked along the aisles of his department he seemed to be sailing on a sea of frangipani, while white clouds, machine-embroidered, floated around him. Too many sweets bring surfeit. He looked upon Hetty Pepper's homely countenance, emerald eyes, and chocolate-colored hair as a welcome oasis of green in a desert of cloying beauty. In a quiet angle of a counter he pinched her arm kindly, three inches above the elbow. She slapped him three feet away with one good blow of her muscular and not especially lily-white right.⁷ So, now you know why Hetty Pepper came to leave the Biggest Store at thirty minutes' notice, with one dime and a nickel in her purse.

This morning's quotations⁸ list the price of rib beef at six cents per (butcher's) pound. But on the day that Hetty was "released" by the B. S. the price was seven and one half cents. That fact is what makes this story possible. Otherwise, the extra four cents would have—

But the plot of nearly all the good stories in the world is concerned with shorts who were unable to cover,⁹ so you can find no fault with this one.

Hetty mounted with her rib beef to her \$3.50 third-floor back. One hot savory beef stew for supper, a night's

⁷ right: right hand.

⁸ quotations: quotations of market prices.

⁹ shorts who were unable to cover: Shorts are those who agree to sell stocks they do not own, hoping to buy them at a lower price and thus make a profit. If, however, the price goes up instead of down, they cannot cover—that is, supply the stocks—without paying more than the price at which they agreed to sell, and thus they lose money.

¹ Lady Godiva (gō-dī'vā): Lady Godiva was the wife of Leofric, Earl of Chester, in the eleventh century. She begged her husband to relieve Coventry of a burdensome toll, and he agreed to do so on condition that she should ride through the market place naked, covered only by her long, beautiful hair. This she did, and won relief for the people.

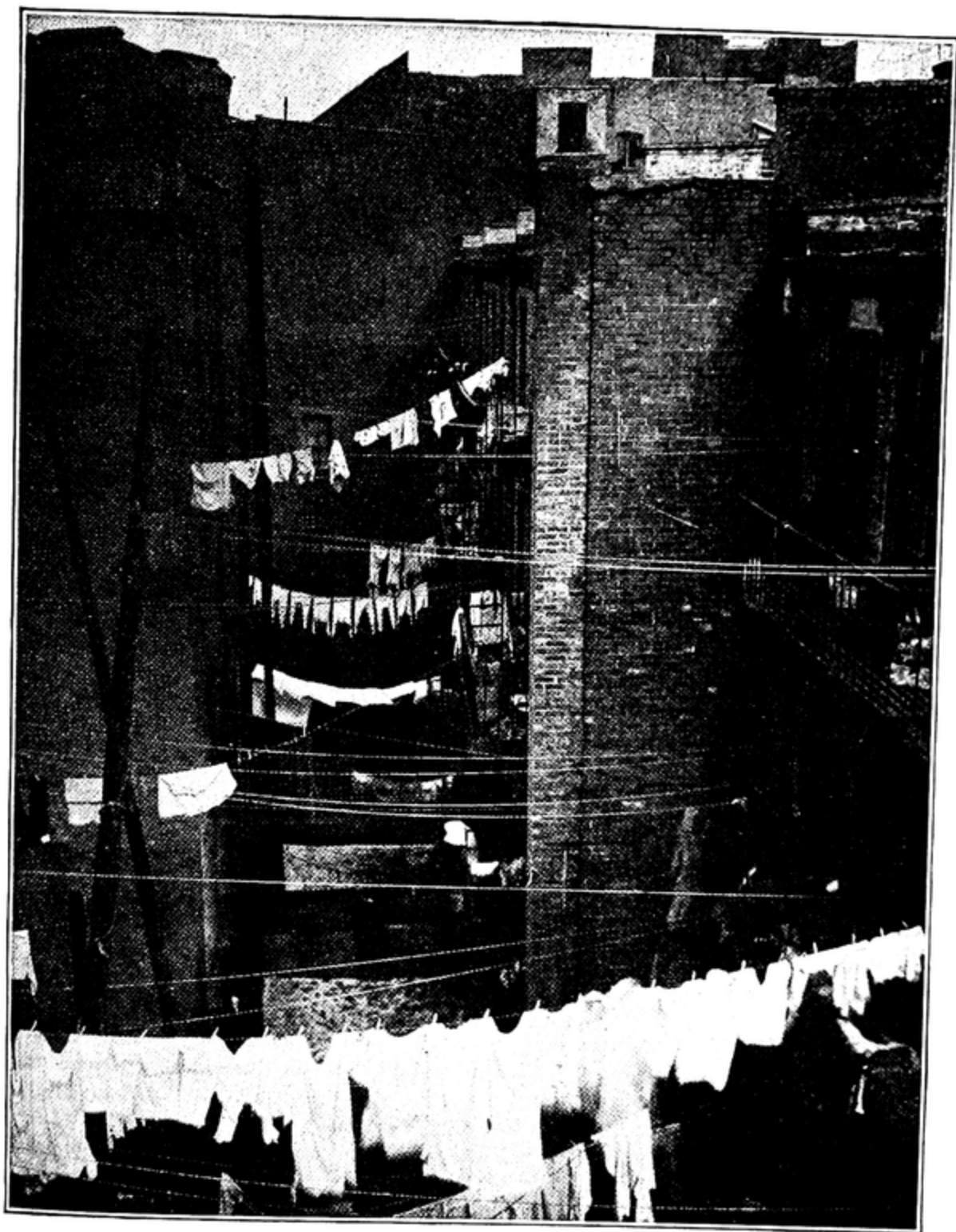
² frangipani (frān'jī-pān't): jasmine perfume.

³ Hercules (hūr'kū-lēz): a Greek warrior of the Trojan War.

⁴ Joan of Arc: a French girl who led an army.

⁵ Una (ū'nā): a lovely lady in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, the personification of truth.

⁶ Job: a character in the Bible, who suffered many hardships and personifies patience.



VIEW FROM HETTY'S THIRD-FLOOR REAR APARTMENT

good sleep, and she would be fit in the morning to apply again for the tasks of Hercules, Joan of Arc, Una, Job, and Little Red Riding Hood.

In her room she got the graniteware stewpan out of the 2 × 4-foot china—er I mean earthenware—closet, and began to dig down in a rat's nest of paper bags for the potatoes and onions. She came out with her nose and chin just a little sharper pointed.

There was neither a potato nor an onion. Now, what kind of a beef stew can you make out of simply beef? You can make oyster soup without oysters, turtle soup without turtles, coffee cake without coffee, but you can't make beef stew without potatoes and onions.

But rib beef alone, in an emergency, can make an ordinary pine door look like a wrought-iron gambling house portal¹ to the wolf.² With salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of flour (first well stirred in a little cold water), 'twill serve—'tis not so deep as a lobster à la Newburgh, nor so wide as a church festival doughnut; but 'twill serve.

Hetty took her stew-pan to the rear of the third-floor hall. According to the advertisements of the Vallambrosa there was running water to be found there. Between you and me and the water meter, it only ambled or walked through the faucets; but technicalities have no place here. There was also a sink where the housekeeping roomers of the third floor often met to dump their coffee grounds and glare at one another's kimonos.

At this sink Hetty found a girl with heavy, gold-brown, artistic hair and plaintive eyes, washing two large "Irish" potatoes. Hetty knew the Vallambrosa as well as any one not owning "double hextra-magnifying

eyes" could compass³ its mysteries. The kimonos were her encyclopedia, her "Who's What?" her clearing house of news, of goers and comers. From a rose-pink kimono edged with Nile green she had learned that the girl with the potatoes was a miniature⁴ painter living in a kind of attic—or "studio," as they prefer to call it—on the top floor. Hetty was not certain in her mind what a miniature was; but it certainly wasn't a house, because house painters, although they wear splashy overalls and poke ladders in your face on the street, are known to indulge in a riotous profusion of food at home.

The potato girl was quite slim and small, and handled her potatoes as an old bachelor uncle handles a baby who is cutting teeth. She had a dull shoemaker's knife in her right hand, and she had begun to peel one of the potatoes with it.

Hetty addressed her in the punctiliously formal tone of one who intends to be cheerfully familiar with you in the second round.

"Beg pardon," she said, "for butting into what's not my business, but if you peel them potatoes you lose out. They're new Bermudas. You want to scrape 'em. Lemme show you."

She took a potato and the knife, and began to demonstrate.

"Oh, thank you," breathed the artist. "I didn't know. And I did hate to see the thick peeling go; it seemed such a waste. But I thought they always had to be peeled. When you've got only potatoes to eat, the peelings count, you know."

"Say, kid," said Hetty, staying her knife, "you ain't up against it, too, are you?"

The miniature-artist smiled at her starvedly.

¹ portal: door.

² wolf: personification of hunger.

³ compass: grasp mentally; understand.

⁴ miniature: a very small portrait.

"I suppose I am. Art—or, at least, the way I interpret it—doesn't seem to be much in demand. I have only these potatoes for my dinner. But they aren't so bad boiled and hot, with a little butter and salt."

"Child," said Hetty, letting a brief smile soften her rigid features, "Fate has sent me and you together. I've had it handed to me in the neck, too; but I've got a chunk of meat in my room as big as a lap-dog. And I've done everything to get potatoes except pray for 'em. Let's me and you bunch our commissary¹ departments and make a stew of 'em. We'll cook it in my room. If we only had an onion to go with it! Say, kid, you haven't got a couple of pennies that've slipped down into the lining of your last winter's sealskin, have you? I could step down to the corner and get one at old Giuseppe's stand. A stew without an onion is worse'n a matinee without candy."

"You may call me Cecilia," said the artist. "No; I spent my last penny three days ago."

"Then we'll have to cut the onion out instead of slicing it in," said Hetty. "I'd ask the janitress for one, but I don't want 'em hep just yet to the fact² that I'm pounding the asphalt³ for another job. But I wish we did have an onion."

In the shopgirl's room the two began to prepare their supper. Cecilia's part was to sit on the couch helplessly and beg to be allowed to do something, in the voice of a cooing ring-dove. Hetty prepared the rib beef, putting it in cold salted water in the stewpan and setting it on the one-burner gas stove.

"I wish we had an onion," said Hetty, as she scraped the two potatoes.

On the wall opposite the couch was pinned a flaming, gorgeous advertising picture of one of the new ferryboats of the P. U. F. F. Railroad that had been built to cut down the time between Los Angeles and New York city one-eighth of a minute.

Hetty, turning her head during her continuous monologue, saw tears running from her guest's eyes as she gazed on the idealized presentment of the speeding, foam-girdled transport.

"Why, say, Cecilia, kid," said Hetty, poisoning her knife, "is it as bad art as that? I ain't a critic, but I thought it kind of brightened up the room. Of course, a manicure-painter could tell it was a bum picture in a minute. I'll take it down if you say so. I wish to the holy Saint Potluck we had an onion."

But the miniature painter had tumbled down, sobbing, with her nose indenting the hard-woven drapery of the couch. Something was here deeper than the artistic temperament offended at crude lithography.⁴

Hetty knew. She had accepted her rôle long ago. How scant the words with which we try to describe a single quality of a human being! When we reach the abstract⁵ we are lost. The nearer to Nature that the babbling of our lips comes, the better do we understand. Figuratively (let us say), some people are Bosoms, some are Hands, some are Heads, some are Muscles, some are Feet, some are Backs for burdens.

Hetty was a Shoulder. Hers was a sharp, sinewy shoulder; but all her life people had laid their heads upon it, metaphorically or actually, and had left there all or half their troubles. Looking at Life anatomically, which is as good a way as any, she was pre-

¹ *commissary* (kôm'z-sēr't): provisions, food.

² *hep just yet to the fact*: to know the fact.

³ *pounding the asphalt*: walking the streets.

⁴ *lithography*: a process of printing pictures from a flat stone.

⁵ *abstract*: ideal.



THE FERRY IN THE NORTH RIVER AGAINST
THE NEW YORK SKYLINE

ordained to be a Shoulder. There were few truer collar bones anywhere than hers.

Hetty was only thirty-three, and she had not yet outlived the little pang that visited her whenever the head of youth and beauty leaned upon her for consolation. But one glance in her mirror always served as an instantaneous pain-killer. So she gave one pale look into the crinkly old looking-glass on the wall above the gas stove, turned down the flame a little lower from the bubbling beef and potatoes, went over to the couch, and lifted Cecilia's head to its confessional.

"Go on and tell me, honey," she said. "I know now that it ain't art that's worrying you. You met him on a ferryboat, didn't you? Go on,

Cecilia, kid, and tell your—your Aunt Hetty about it."

But youth and melancholy must first spend the surplus of sighs and tears that waft and float the barque of romance to its harbor in the delectable isles. Presently, through the stringy tendons that formed the bars of the confessional, the penitent—or was it the glorified communicant of the sacred flame?—told her story without art or illumination.

"It was only three days ago. I was coming back on the ferry from Jersey City. Old Mr. Schrum, an art dealer, told me of a rich man in Newark who wanted a miniature of his daughter painted. I went to see him and showed him some of my work. When I told him the price would be fifty dollars he laughed at me like a hyena. He said an enlarged crayon twenty times the size would cost him only eight dollars.

"I had just enough money to buy my ferry ticket back to New York. I felt as if I didn't want to live another day. I must have looked as I felt, for I saw *him* on the row of seats opposite me, looking at me as if he understood. He was nice-looking, but, oh, above everything else, he looked kind. When one is tired or unhappy or hopeless, kindness counts more than anything else.

"When I got so miserable that I couldn't fight against it any longer, I got up and walked slowly out of the rear door of the ferryboat cabin. No one was there, and I slipped quickly over the rail, and dropped into the water. Oh, friend Hetty, it was cold, cold!

"For just one moment I wished I was back in the old Vallambrosa, starving and hoping. And then I got numb, and didn't care. And then I felt that somebody else was in the water close by me, holding me up. He

had followed me, and jumped in to save me.

"Somebody threw a thing like a big white doughnut at us, and he made me put my arms through the hole. Then the ferryboat backed, and they pulled us on board. Oh, Hetty, I was so ashamed of my wickedness in trying to drown myself; and, besides, my hair had all tumbled down and was sopping wet, and I was a perfect sight.

"And then some men in blue came around; and he gave them his card, and I heard him tell them he had seen me drop my purse on the edge of the boat outside the rail, and in leaning over to get it I had fallen overboard. And then I remembered having read in the papers that people who try to kill themselves are locked up in cells with people who try to kill other people, and I was afraid.

"But some ladies on the boat took me downstairs to the furnace room and got me nearly dry and did up my hair. When the boat landed, he came and put me in a cab. He was all dripping himself, but laughed as if he thought it was all a joke. He begged me, but I wouldn't tell him my name nor where I lived, I was so ashamed of my looks."

"You were a fool, child," said Hetty, kindly. "Wait till I turn the light up a bit. I wish to Heaven we had an onion."

"Then he raised his hat," went on Cecilia, "and said: 'Very well. But I'll find you, anyhow. I'm going to claim my rights of salvage.'¹ Then he gave money to the cab driver and told him to take me where I wanted to go and walked away. What is 'salvage,' Hetty?"

"The edge of a piece of goods that ain't hemmed," said the shopgirl.

¹rights of salvage: compensation for saving a ship, cargo, or lives at sea.

"You must have looked pretty well frazzled out to the little hero boy."

"It's been three days," moaned the miniature painter, "and he hasn't found me yet."

"Extend the time," said Hetty. "This is a big town. Think of how many girls he might have to see soaked in water with their hair down before he would recognize you. The stew's getting on fine—but, oh, for an onion! I'd even use garlic if I had it."

The beef and potatoes bubbled merrily, exhaling a mouth-watering savor that yet lacked something, leaving a hunger on the palate, a haunting, wistful desire for some lost and needful ingredient.

"I came near drowning in that awful river," said Cecilia, shuddering.

"It ought to have more water in it," said Hetty; "the stew, I mean. I'll go get some at the sink."

"It smells good," said the artist.

"That nasty old North River?" objected Hetty. "It smells to me like soap factories and wet setter dogs—oh, you mean the stew. Well, I wish we had an onion for it. Did he look like he had money?"

"First he looked kind," said Cecilia. "I'm sure he was rich; but that matters so little. When he drew out his billfolder to pay the cabman you couldn't help seeing hundreds and thousands of dollars in it. And I looked over the cab doors and saw him leave the ferry station in a motor car; and the chauffeur gave him his bear-skin to put on, for he was sopping wet. And it was only three days ago."

"What a fool!" said Hetty shortly.

"Oh, the chauffeur wasn't wet," breathed Cecilia. "And he drove the car away very nicely."

"I mean *you*," said Hetty. "For not giving him your address."

"I never give my address to chauffeurs," said Cecilia, haughtily.

"I wish we had one," said Hetty, disconsolately.

"What for?"

"For the stew, of course—oh, I mean an onion."

Hetty took a pitcher and started to the sink at the end of the hall.

A young man came down the stairs from above just as she was opposite the lower step. He was decently dressed, but pale and haggard. His eyes were dull with the stress of some burden of physical or mental woe. In his hand he bore an onion—a pink, smooth, solid, shining onion, as large around as a ninety-eight-cent alarm clock.

Hetty stopped. So did the young man. There was something Joan of Arc-ish, Herculean, and Una-ish in the look and pose of the shoplady—she had cast off the rôles of Job and Little Red Riding Hood. The young man stopped at the foot of the stairs and coughed distractedly. He felt marooned, held up, attacked, assailed, levied upon, sacked, assessed, panhandled, brow-beaten, though he knew not why. It was the look in Hetty's eyes that did it. In them he saw the Jolly Roger¹ fly to the masthead and an able seaman with a dirk between his teeth scurry up the ratlines² and nail it there. But as yet he did not know that the cargo he carried was the thing that had caused him to be so nearly blown out of the water without even a parley.³

"*Beg* your pardon," said Hetty, as sweetly as her dilute acetic acid tones permitted, "but did you find that onion on the stairs? There was a hole in the paper bag; and I've just come out to look for it."

The young man coughed for half a minute. The interval may have given

him the courage to defend his own property. Also he clutched his pungent prize greedily, and, with a show of spirit, faced his grim waylayer.

"No," he said huskily, "I didn't find it on the stairs. It was given to me by Jack Bevens, on the top floor. If you don't believe it, ask him. I'll wait until you do."

"I know about Bevens," said Hetty, sourly. "He writes books and things up there for the paper-and-rags man. We can hear the postman guy him all over the house when he brings them thick envelopes back. Say—do you live in the Vallambrosa?"

"I do not," said the young man. "I come to see Bevens sometimes. He's my friend. I live two blocks west."

"What are you going to do with the onion?—*begging* your pardon," said Hetty.

"I'm going to eat it."

"Raw?"

"Yes; as soon as I get home."

"Haven't you got anything else to eat with it?"

The young man considered briefly.

"No," he confessed; "there's not another scrap of anything in my diggings to eat. I think old Jack is pretty hard up for grub in his shack, too. He hated to give up the onion, but I worried him into parting with it."

"Man," said Hetty, fixing him with her world-sapient eyes, and laying a bony but impressive finger on his sleeve, "you've known trouble, too, haven't you?"

"Lots," said the onion owner, promptly. "But this onion is my own property, honestly come by. If you will excuse me, I really must be going."

"Listen," said Hetty, paling a little with anxiety. "Raw onion is a mighty poor diet. And so is a beef stew without one. Now, if you're Jack Bevens'

¹ *Jolly Roger*: the pirate flag.

² *ratlines* (rät'līnz): crosswise ropes attached to form a ladder. See note 1, page 186.

³ *parley*: discussion of terms of surrender.

friend, I guess you're nearly right. There's a little lady—a friend of mine—in my room there at the end of the hall. Both of us are out of luck; and we had just potatoes and meat between us. They're stewing now. But it ain't got any soul. There's something lacking to it. There's certain things in life that are naturally intended to fit and belong together. One is pink cheesecloth and green roses, and one is ham and eggs, and one is Irish and trouble. And the other one is beef and potatoes *with* onions. And still another one is people who are up against it and other people in the same fix."

The young man went into a protracted paroxysm of coughing. With one hand he hugged his onion to his bosom.

"No doubt; no doubt," said he, at length. "But, as I said, I must be going because——"

Hetty clutched his sleeve firmly.

"Don't be a Dago, Little Brother. Don't eat raw onions. Chip it in toward the dinner and line yourself inside with the best stew you ever licked a spoon over. Must two ladies knock a young gentleman down and drag him inside for the honor of dining with 'em? No harm shall befall you, Little Brother. Loosen up and fall into line."

The young man's pale face relaxed into a grin.

"Believe I'll go you," he said.

"If my onion is good as a credential,¹ I'll accept the invitation gladly."

"It's good as that, but better as seasoning," said Hetty. "You come and stand outside the door till I ask my lady friend if she has any objections. And don't run away with that letter of recommendation before I come out."

Hetty went into her room and

¹ *credential*: a certificate of good faith.

closed the door. The young man waited outside.

"Cecilia, kid," said the shopgirl, oiling the sharp saw of her voice as well as she could, "there's an onion outside. With a young man attached. I've asked him in to dinner. You ain't going to kick, are you?"

"Oh, dear!" said Cecilia, sitting up and patting her artistic hair. She cast a mournful glance at the ferry-boat poster on the wall.

"Nit," said Hetty. "It ain't him. You're up against real life now. I believe you said your hero friend had money and automobiles. This is a poor skeezicks that's got nothing to eat but an onion. But he's easy-spoken and not a freshy. I imagine he's been a gentleman, he's so low down now. And we need the onion. Shall I bring him in? I'll guarantee his behavior."

"Hetty, dear," sighed Cecilia, "I'm so hungry. What difference does it make whether he's a prince or a burglar? I don't care. Bring him in if he's got anything to eat with him."

Hetty went back into the hall. The onion man was gone. Her heart missed a beat, and a gray look settled over her face except on her nose and cheekbones. And then the tides of life flowed in again, for she saw him leaning out of the front window at the other end of the hall. She hurried there. He was shouting to someone below. The noise of the street overpowered the sound of her footsteps. She looked down over his shoulder, saw whom he was speaking to, and heard his words. He pulled himself in from the window-sill and saw her standing over him.

Hetty's eyes bored into him like two steel gimlets.

"Don't lie to me," she said, calmly. "What were you going to do with that onion?"

The young man suppressed a cough and faced her resolutely. His manner was that of one who had been bearded sufficiently.

"I was going to eat it," said he, with emphatic slowness; "just as I told you before."

"And you have nothing else to eat at home?"

"Not a thing."

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I am not working at anything just now."

"Then why," said Hetty, with her voice set on its sharpest edge, "do you lean out of windows and give orders to chauffeurs in green automobiles in the street below?"

The young man flushed, and his dull eyes began to sparkle.

"Because, madam," said he, in *accelerando*¹ tones, "I pay the chauffeur's wages and I own the automobile—and also this onion—this onion, madam."

He flourished the onion within an inch of Hetty's nose. The shoplady did not retreat a hair's breadth.

"Then why do you eat onions," she said, with biting contempt, "and nothing else?"

"I never said I did," retorted the young man, heatedly. "I said I had nothing else to eat where I live. I am not a delicatessen storekeeper."

"Then why," pursued Hetty, inflexibly,² "were you going to eat a raw onion?"

"My mother," said the young man, "always made me eat one for a cold. Pardon my referring to a physical infirmity; but you may have noticed that I have a very, very severe cold. I was going to eat the onion and go to bed. I wonder why I am standing here and apologizing to you for it."

"How did you catch this cold?" went on Hetty, suspiciously.

The young man seemed to have arrived at some extreme height of feeling. There were two modes of descent open to him—a burst of rage or a surrender to the ridiculous. He chose wisely; and the empty hall echoed his hoarse laughter.

"You're a dandy," said he. "And I don't blame you for being careful. I don't mind telling you. I got wet. I was on a North River ferry a few days ago when a girl jumped overboard. Of course, I——"

Hetty extended her hand, interrupting his story.

"Give me the onion," she said.

The young man set his jaw a trifle harder.

"Give me the onion," she repeated.

He grinned, and laid in it her hand.

Then Hetty's infrequent, grim, melancholy smile showed itself. She took the young man's arm and pointed to the door of her room.

"Little Brother," she said, "go in there. The little fool you fished out of the river is there waiting for you. Go on in. I'll give you three minutes before I come. Potatoes is in there, waiting. Go on in, Onions."

After he had tapped at the door and entered, Hetty began to peel and wash the onion at the sink. She gave a gray look at the gray roofs outside and the smile on her face vanished by little jerks and twitches.

"But it's us," she said, grimly, to herself, "it's us that furnished the beef."

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. You have read other stories by O. Henry and know that he was fond of surprise endings. Nearly all his stories have them. What is the surprise ending in this one? Were you really surprised?

¹ *accelerando* (ăt-chă'lä-răn'dō): a musical term meaning "gradually faster."

² *inflexibly*: firmly.

2. What type of literature is this? What do you learn about the various characters? Do you need any more background than you are given?

3. O. Henry made great use of coincidence in his stories, and this is no longer considered good practice in story writing. It is felt that, while extraordinary coincidences may happen in real life, they will not seem credible in a story. In spite of this, O. Henry's stories have always been extremely popular. What qualities do you think they have that make up for the use of coincidence?

4. Do you know of any case in which a great change was produced in someone's life or a difficulty solved by a coincidence? Do you think such coincidences happen often?

MOBY DICK OR THE WHITE WHALE

By HERMAN MELVILLE

In the first half of the nineteenth century there were no electric lights. There were no gas lights or even kerosene lamps. The log cabin in the woods and the fine city house both were lighted by candles or by whale-oil lamps. The need for whale oil was enormous, and whaling was one of the great industries of New England.

So many whales were killed during this time that they are very scarce today in most of the oceans. Whaling ships, or whalers as they are called, have little luck except in the Arctic or Antarctic ocean. In the great days of whaling, however, they could successfully operate almost anywhere in the seven seas.

Whaling was a hard life, and the whalers had many adventures. The ships were small, and much of the space was used up by the equipment for catching and cutting up the whale and extracting the oil. There were the ordinary perils of the sea, such as storms and calms, shipwreck, and disease caused by poor food. In addition there was the incredibly hard work of whaling. The business brought large returns, however, and there were always

plenty of men to furnish the crews of the whaling ships.

At sea there was always a man in the crow's nest. This was a small platform high on one of the masts. The look-out's job was to watch for whales. Usually he did not see the whale at all. He saw a little column of water spouting up like a fountain from the ocean. This was a whale breathing.

A whale cannot breathe under water. He fills his lungs with air and dives, or "sounds." On that one supply of air, the whale can stay under water for a long time, but he must finally come up to breathe. Just before he reaches the surface he blows the old air from his lungs, blowing a column of water and spray along with it. This blowing out of air is called spouting.

When the lookout saw the spout of a whale, he shouted, "There she blows!" Instantly the crew of the whaling ship became intensely active. They lowered small boats from the deck and raced after the whale.

In each boat was a crew of oarsmen and a harpooner. The harpooner stood in the front of the boat with his harpoon poised. The harpoon itself was a spear with an iron head loosely mounted on a wooden shaft. A line was attached to the head. The other end of the line was coiled in tubs, so that it could run out without tangling.

You might think the whale would become frightened and sound or swim away, but it was seldom that one did. A whale of the varieties hunted for oil was so large that he had no natural enemies to fear. By the time the first of the boats reached him, he was probably rolling on the surface, half asleep.

When the boat was close enough, the harpooner threw his harpoon. The iron head pierced the thick hide of the whale, and the barbs held it there. The shaft of the spear dropped off. It was loosely attached for that very reason.

The whale was frightened now, and raced away over the sea. The line whirled out of the tub. As soon as the sailors were able to do so, they fastened the line and let the whale tow the boat. This helped to tire him out. If he sounded, the men might have to pay out more line. There

was no danger the whale would turn and try to swallow the boat, as you sometimes see in old drawings. Moby Dick's action in attacking the boat was most unusual. A whale's mouth is really not very large. There were two real dangers however. One was that he would sound and pull the boat under the water. The other was that he might strike it with his huge tail.

The chase went on for a long time, in circles and zigzags and straightaways at terrific speed, but the whale was finally tired out. Then the oarsmen began the long, hard pull, towing the whale back to the ship. If no other boat had killed a whale, the ship might come to meet them.

In the following story you will go with the whalers as they capture a great many whales. You will also go back to the ship with them and see what happened to the whale after it had been made fast along the side of the ship.

CHAPTER I

THE CARPETBAG

Call me Ishmael.¹ Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos² get such an upper hand of me that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street and methodically knocking people's hats

off—then I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can.

I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpetbag,³ tucked it under my arm, and started for Cape Horn and the Pacific. Quitting the good city of old Manhatto,⁴ I duly arrived in New Bedford. It was on a Saturday night in December. Much was I disappointed upon learning that the little packet⁵ for Nantucket had already sailed, and that no way of reaching that place would offer till the following Monday.

As most young candidates for the pains and penalties of whaling stop at this same New Bedford, thence to embark on their voyage, it may as well be related that I, for one, had no idea of so doing. For my mind was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine, boisterous something about everything connected with that famous old island which amazingly pleased me.

Now, having a night, a day, and still another night following before me in New Bedford ere I could embark for my destined port, it became a matter of concernment where I was to eat and sleep meanwhile. It was a very dubious-looking, nay, a very dark and dismal night, bitingly cold and cheerless. I knew no one in the place. With anxious grapnels⁶ I had sounded my pocket and only brought up a few pieces of silver.

With halting steps I paced the streets, and passed the sign of "The Crossed Harpoons," but it looked too expensive and jolly there. Farther on, from the bright red windows of

³ *carpetbag*: an old-fashioned traveling case.

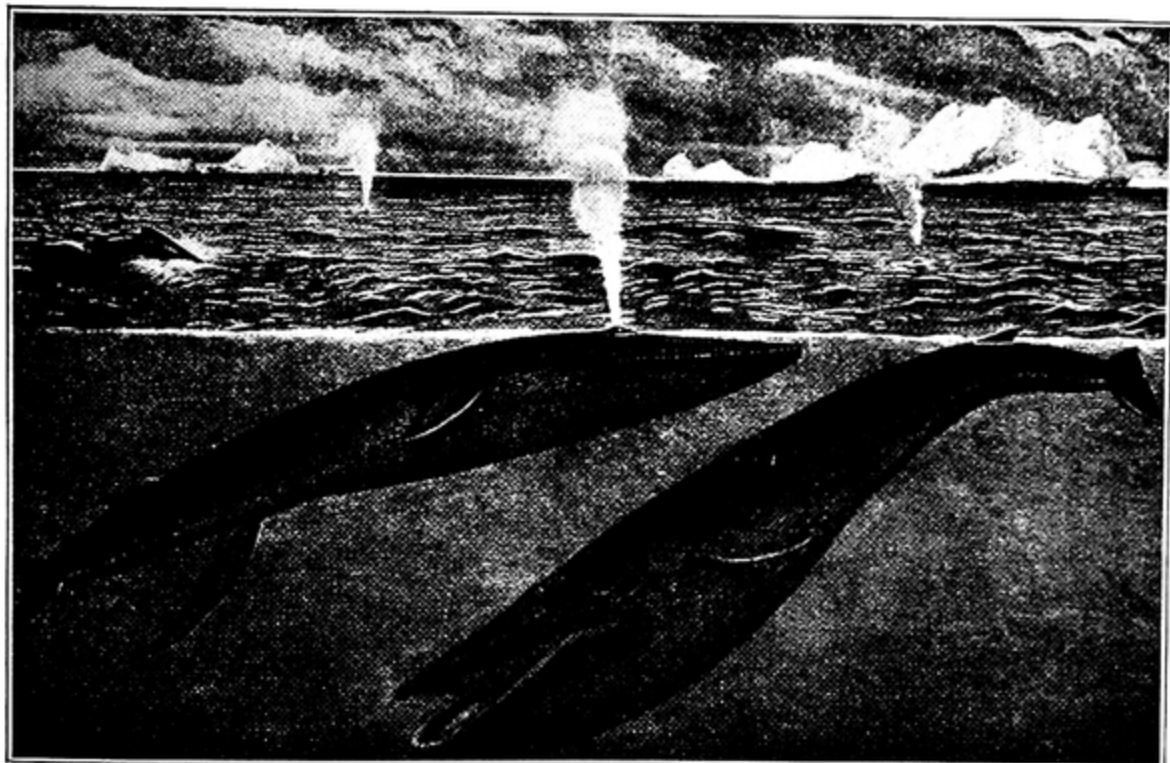
⁴ *Manhatto* (mán-hăt'ô): Manhattan Island, New York City.

⁵ *packet*: a ship that carries passengers and goods and has a fixed time for sailing.

⁶ *grapnels* (grăp'nělz): a ship's anchor having more than two flukes, or grasping parts; mentioned here to suggest searching fingers.

¹ *Ishmael* (ish'mă-ěł): a wanderer, from Ishmael, the castaway son of Abraham, who was driven into the wilderness, and reputed to be ancestor of the Bedouin tribes.

² *hypos* (hî'pōz): worries about possible poor health.



Courtesy Quelle und Meyer, Leipzig

THERE SHE BLOWS!

the "Sword-Fish Inn," there came such fervent rays that it seemed to have melted the packed snow and ice from before the house, for everywhere else the congealed frost lay ten inches thick in a hard, asphaltic pavement—rather weary for me when I struck my foot against the flinty projections, because from hard, remorseless service the soles of my boots were in a most miserable plight. "Too expensive and jolly," again thought I, pausing one moment to watch the broad glare in the street and hear the sounds of the tinkling glasses within. "But go on, Ishmael," said I at last; "don't you hear? Get away from before the door; your patched boots are stopping the way." So on I went. I now by instinct followed the streets that took me waterward, for there, doubtless, were the cheapest, if not the cheeriest inns.

Such dreary streets! Blocks of blackness, not houses, on either hand,

and here and there a candle, like a candle moving about in a tomb. At this hour of the night, of the last day of the week, that quarter of the town proved all but deserted. But presently I came to a smoky light proceeding from a low, wide building, the door of which stood invitingly open. It had a careless look, as if it were meant for the uses of the public; so, entering, the first thing I did was to stumble over an ash box in the porch.

"Ha!" thought I, "ha," as the flying particles almost choked me, "are these ashes from that destroyed city, Gomorrah?" But 'The Crossed Harpoons' and 'The Sword-Fish?'—this, then, must needs be the sign of 'The Trap.'"

However, I picked myself up and, hearing a loud voice within, pushed on and opened a second, interior door.

¹ *Gomorrah* (gō-mōr'ā): an ancient city destroyed by fire from heaven because of its wickedness. Gen. 19:24.

It seemed the great Black Parliament¹ sitting in Tophet.² A hundred black faces turned round in their rows to peer; and beyond, a black Angel of Doom was beating a book in a pulpit. It was a Negro church, and the preacher's text was about the blackness of darkness, and the weeping and wailing and teeth-gnashing there.

"Ha, Ishmael," muttered I, backing out, "wretched entertainment at the sign of 'The Trap'!"

Moving on, I at last came to a dim sort of light not far from the docks, and heard a forlorn creaking in the air; and, looking up, saw a swinging sign over the door with a white painting upon it, faintly representing a tall, straight jet of misty spray, and these words underneath—"The Spouter-Inn:—Peter Coffin."

"Coffin?—Spouter?—Rather ominous in that particular connexion," thought I. "But it is a common name in Nantucket, they say, and I suppose this Peter here is an emigrant from there."

As the light looked so dim, and the place, for the time, looked quiet enough, and the dilapidated little wooden house itself looked as if it might have been carted here from the ruins of some burnt district, and as the swinging sign had a poverty-stricken sort of creak to it, I thought that here was the very spot for cheap lodgings, and the best of pea coffee.

CHAPTER II

THE SPOUTER-INN

Entering that gable-ended Spouter-Inn, you found yourself in a wide, low, straggling entry with old-fashioned

wainscots, reminding one of the bulwarks of some condemned old craft.

Crossing this dusky entry, and on through yon low-arched way—cut through what in old times must have been a great central chimney with fireplaces all round—you enter the public room. A still duskiest place is this, with such low ponderous beams above and such old wrinkled planks beneath that you would almost fancy you trod some old craft's cockpits,³ especially of such a howling night, when this corner-anchored old ark rocked so furiously. On one side stood a long, low, shelf-like table covered with cracked glass cases, filled with dusty rarities gathered from this wide world's remotest nooks. Projecting from the further angle of the room stands a dark-looking den—the bar—a rude attempt at a right whale's head. Be that how it may, there stands the vast arched bone of the whale's jaw, so wide a coach might almost drive beneath it. Within are shabby shelves, ranged round with old decanters, bottles, flasks; and in those jaws of swift destruction, like another cursed Jonah⁴ (by which name indeed they called him), bustles a little withered old man who, for their money, dearly sells the sailors deliriums and death.

Upon entering the place, I found a number of young seamen gathered about a table, examining by a dim light divers specimens of *skrimshander*.⁵ I sought the landlord, and, telling him I desired to be accommodated with a room, received for answer that his house was full—there was not a bed that was unoccupied.

¹ *cockpits*: cabins below the ship's water line, often used as hospitals.

⁴ *Jonah* (jō'ná): a biblical character reported to have been swallowed by a whale.

⁵ *skrimshander* (skrīm'shōn'dēr): various decorated objects made by sailors from whale-bone.

¹ *Black Parliament*: English assembly ruled over by Henry VIII in the sixteenth century, which lasted six and one-half years.

² *Tophet* (tō'fēt): the place of fiery torment, or perdition.

"But avast,"¹ he added, tapping his forehead, "you hain't no objections to sharing a harpooneer's blanket, have ye? I s'pose you are goin' a-whalin', so you'd better get used to that sort of thing."

I told him that I never liked to sleep two in a bed; that if I should ever do so, it would depend upon who the harpooneer might be, and that if he (the landlord) really had no other place for me, and the harpooneer was not decidedly objectionable, why rather than wander farther about a strange town on so bitter a night, I would put up with the half of any decent man's blanket.

"I thought so. All right; take a seat. Supper? You want supper? Supper'll be ready directly."

At last some four or five of us were summoned to our meal in an adjoining room. It was cold as Iceland—no fire at all—the landlord said he couldn't afford it. Nothing but two dismal tallow candles, each in a winding sheet.² We were fain to button up our monkey jackets,³ and hold to our lips cups of scalding tea with our half frozen fingers. But the fare was of the most substantial kind—not only meat and potatoes, but dumplings; good heavens! dumplings for supper! One young fellow in a green box coat addressed himself to these dumplings in a most direful manner.

"My boy," said the landlord, "you'll have the nightmare to a dead sar-tainty."

"Landlord," I whispered, "that ain't the harpooneer, is it?"

"Oh, no," said he, looking a sort of diabolically funny, "the harpooner is a dark-complexioned chap. He never

eats dumplings, he don't—he eats nothing but steaks and likes 'em rare."

"The devil he does," says I. "Where is that harpooneer? Is he here?"

"He'll be here afore long," was the answer.

I could not help it, but I began to feel suspicious of this "dark-complexioned" harpooneer. At any rate, I made up my mind that, if it so turned out that we should sleep together, he must undress and get into bed before I did.

Supper over, the company went back to the barroom, when, knowing not what else to do with myself, I resolved to spend the rest of the evening as a looker-on.

The more I pondered over this harpooneer, the more I abominated the thought of sleeping with him. It was fair to presume that, being a harpooneer, his linen or woollen, as the case might be, would not be of the tidiest, certainly none of the finest. I began to twitch all over. Besides, it was getting late, and my decent harpooneer ought to be home and going bedwards.

"Landlord! I've changed my mind about that harpooneer—I shan't sleep with him. I'll try the bench here."

"Just as you please; I'm sorry I can't spare ye a tablecloth for a mat-tress, and it's a plaguy rough board here"—feeling of the knots and notches.

I now took the measure of the bench, and found that it was a foot too short; but that could be mended with a chair. But it was a foot too narrow, and the other bench in the room was about four inches higher than this one—so there was no yoking them. I then placed the first bench lengthwise along the only clear space against the wall, leaving a little interval between, for my back to settle down in. But I soon found that there came such a

¹ *avast* (ä-väst'): stop, an interjection used chiefly by sailors.

² *winding sheet*: the dropped tallow or wax around a guttered candle looked like the sheet wrapped around the dead.

³ *monkey jacket*: a sailor's short, heavy coat.

draught of cold air over me from under the sill of the window that this plan would never do at all, especially as another current from the rickety door met the one from the window, and both together formed a series of small whirlwinds in the immediate vicinity of the spot where I had thought to spend the night.

"The devil fetch that harpooneer," thought I, "but stop, couldn't I steal a march on him—bolt his door inside and jump into his bed, not to be wakened by the most violent knockings?"

It seemed no bad idea; but upon second thoughts I dismissed it. For who could tell but what the next morning, so soon as I popped out of the room, the harpooneer might be standing in the entry, all ready to knock me down!

Still, looking round me again, and seeing no possible chance of spending a sufferable night unless in some other person's bed, I began to think that after all I might be cherishing unwarrantable prejudices against this unknown harpooneer. Thinks I, "I'll wait awhile; he must be dropping in before long. I'll have a good look at him then, and perhaps we may become jolly good bedfellows after all—there's no telling."

"Landlord!" said I, "what sort of a chap is he—does he always keep such late hours?" It was now hard upon twelve o'clock.

The landlord chuckled again with his lean chuckle, and seemed to be mightily tickled at something beyond my comprehension.

"No," he answered, "generally he's an early bird—airley to bed and airley to rise—yea, he's the bird what catches the worm.—But tonight he went out a-peddling, you see, and I don't see what on airth keeps him so late, unless, may be, he can't sell his head."

"Can't sell his head?—What sort of a bamboozingly¹ story is this you are telling me?" getting into a towering rage. "Do you pretend to say, landlord, that this harpooneer is actually engaged this blessed Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, in peddling his head around this town?"

"That's precisely it," said the landlord, "and I told him he couldn't sell it here, the market's overstocked."

"With what?" shouted I.

"With heads to be sure; ain't there too many heads in the world?"

"I tell you what it is, landlord," said I, quite calmly; "you'd better stop spinning that yarn to me—I'm not green."

"Be easy, be easy, this here harpooneer I have been tellin' you of has arrived just from the South Seas, where he bought up a lot of 'balmed² New Zealand heads (great curios, you know), and he's sold all on 'em but one, and that one he's trying to sell tonight, cause tomorrow's Sunday, and it would not do to be sellin' human heads about the streets when folks is goin' to churches. He wanted to, last Sunday, but I stopped him just as he was goin' out of the door with four heads strung on a string, for all the airth like a string of inions."

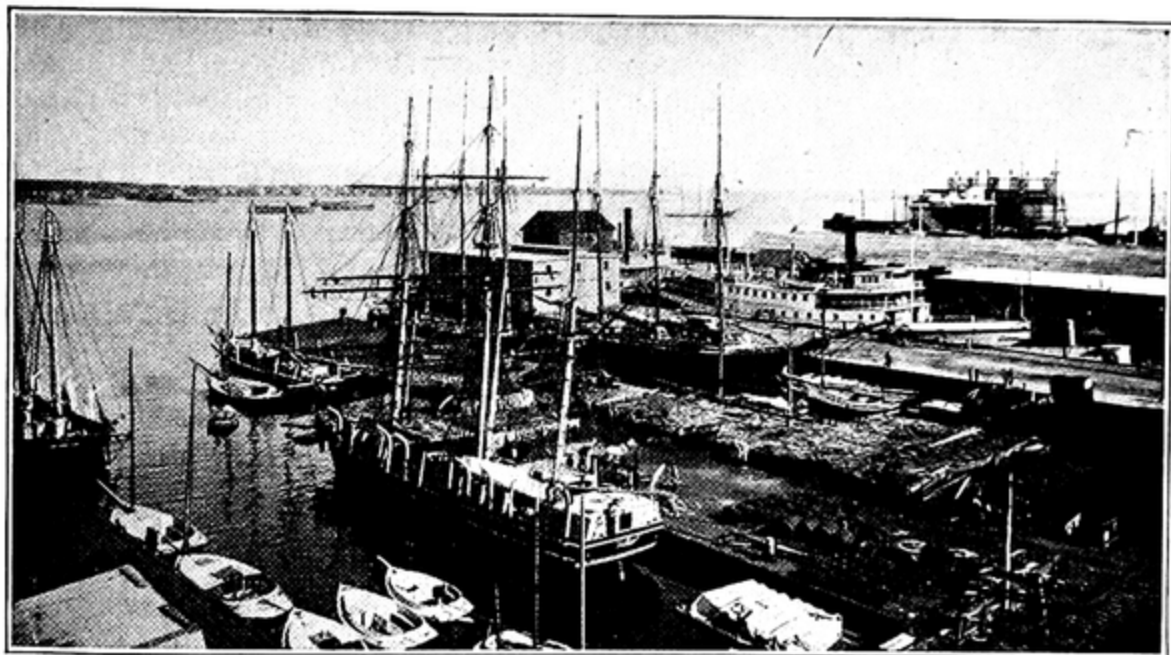
This account cleared up the otherwise unaccountable mystery, and showed that the landlord, after all, had had no idea of fooling me—but at the same time what could I think of a harpooneer who stayed out of a Saturday night clean into the holy Sabbath, engaged in such a cannibal's business as selling the heads of dead idolators?

"Depend upon it, landlord, that harpooneer is a dangerous man."

"He pays reg'lar," was the rejoinder. "But come, it's getting dreadful late;

¹ *bamboozingly*: misleading or deceiving.

² *balmed*: embalmed.



NEW BEDFORD HARBOR

you had better be turning flukes.¹ There's plenty room for two to kick about in that bed; it's an almighty big bed that. Come along here; I'll give ye a glim² in a jiffy"; and, so saying, he lighted a candle and held it towards me, offering to lead the way. But I stood irresolute; when looking at a clock in the corner, he exclaimed, "I vum³ it's Sunday—you won't see that harpooneer tonight; he's come to anchor somewhere—come along then; do come; won't ye come?"

I considered the matter a moment, and then upstairs we went, and I was ushered into a small room, cold as a clam, and furnished, sure enough, with a prodigious bed, almost big enough indeed for any four harpooneers to sleep abreast.

"There," said the landlord, placing the candle on a crazy old sea chest that did double duty as a washstand and center table; "there, make your-

¹ *turning flukes*: going to bed. A *fluke* is one of the lobes of a whale's tail. When it dives below the surface, it is said to "turn flukes," thus retiring.

² *glim*: slang for "light."

³ *vum* (vūm): colloquial or spoken form of "vow."

self comfortable now, and good night to ye." I turned round from eyeing the bed, but he had disappeared.

Folding back the counterpane, I stooped over the bed. Though none of the most elegant, it yet stood the scrutiny tolerably well. I then glanced round the room; and, besides the bedstead and center table, could see no other furniture belonging to the place but a rude shelf, the four walls, and a papered fireboard representing a man striking a whale. Of things not properly belonging to the room, there was a hammock lashed up and thrown upon the floor in one corner; also a large seaman's bag, containing the harpooneer's wardrobe, no doubt in lieu of a land trunk. Likewise, there was a parcel of outlandish bone fish-hooks on the shelf over the fireplace, and a tall harpoon standing at the head of the bed.

I sat down on the side of the bed, and commenced thinking about this head-peddling harpooneer. After thinking some time on the bedside, I got up and took off my monkey jacket, and then stood in the middle

of the room thinking. I then took off my coat, and thought a little more in my shirt sleeves. But beginning to feel very cold now, half undressed as I was, and remembering what the landlord said about the harpooneer's not coming home at all that night, it being so very late, I made no more ado, but jumped out of my pantaloons and boots, and then, blowing out the light, tumbled into bed and commended myself to the care of heaven.

Whether that mattress was stuffed with corncocks or broken crockery, there is no telling, but I rolled about a good deal, and could not sleep for a long time. At last I slid off into a light doze, and had pretty nearly made a good offing¹ towards the land of Nod when I heard a heavy footfall in the passage and saw a glimmer of light come into the room from under the door.

"Lord save me," thinks I, "that must be the harpooneer, the infernal head-peddler." But I lay perfectly still, and resolved not to say a word till spoken to.

Holding a light in one hand and that identical New Zealand head in the other, the stranger entered the room and, without looking towards the bed, placed his candle a good way off from me on the floor in one corner, and then began working away at the knotted cords of the large bag I before spoke of as being in the room. I was all eagerness to see his face, but he kept it averted for some time while employed in unlacing the bag's mouth. This accomplished, however, he turned round—when, good heavens! what a sight!

Such a face! It was of a dark, purplish, yellow color, here and there stuck over with large, blackish-looking squares. Yes, it's just as I thought,

he's a terrible bedfellow; he's been in a fight, got dreadfully cut, and here he is, just from the surgeon. But at that moment he chanced to turn his face so towards the light that I plainly saw they could not be sticking-plasters at all, those black squares on his cheeks. They were stains of some sort or other.

At first I knew not what to make of this; but soon an inkling of the truth occurred to me. I remembered a story of a white man—a whaler too—who, falling among the cannibals, had been tattooed by them. I concluded that this harpooneer, in the course of his distant voyages, must have met with a similar adventure.

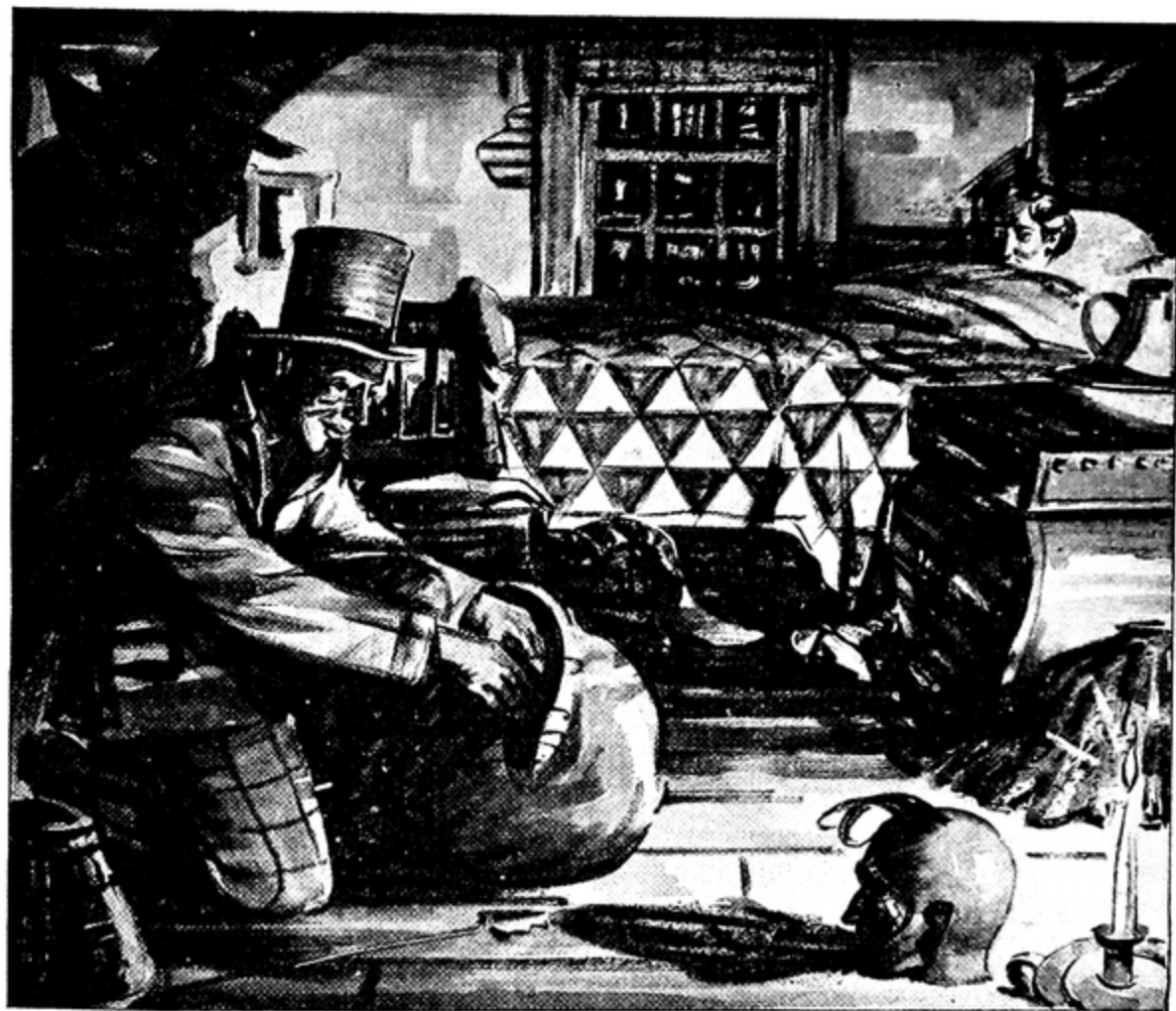
Now, while all these ideas were passing through me like lightning, this harpooneer never noticed me at all. But, after some difficulty having opened his bag, he commenced fumbling in it, and presently pulled out a sort of tomahawk and a sealskin wallet with the hair on. Placing these on the old chest in the middle of the room, he then took the New Zealand head—a ghastly thing enough—and crammed it down into the bag.

He now took off his hat—a new beaver hat²—when I came nigh singing out with fresh surprise. There was no hair on his head—none to speak of at least—nothing but a small scalp-knot twisted up on his forehead. His bald purplish head now looked for all the world like a mildewed skull. Had not the stranger stood between me and the door, I would have bolted out of it quicker than ever I bolted a dinner.

Meanwhile, he continued the business of undressing, and at last showed his chest and arms. As I live, these covered parts of him were checkered with the same squares as his face; his back, too, was all over the same dark squares; he seemed to have been in a

¹ *offing*: departure, usually applying to a ship passing out of sight of land.

² *beaver hat*: made of beaver fur.



"HE COMMENCED FUMBLING IN HIS BAG"

Thirty Years' War,¹ and just escaped from it with a sticking-plaster shirt. Still more, his very legs were marked, as if a parcel of dark-green frogs were running up the trunks of young palms. It was now quite plain that he must be some abominable savage or other shipped aboard of a whaler in the South Seas, and so landed in this Christian country. I quaked to think of it. A peddler of heads too—perhaps the heads of his own brothers. He might take a fancy to mine—heavens! look at that tomahawk!

All these queer proceedings increased my uncomfortableness, and, seeing him now exhibiting strong symptoms

of concluding his business operations and jumping into bed with me, I thought it was high time, before the light was put out, to break the spell in which I had so long been bound.

But the interval I spent in deliberating what to say was a fatal one. Taking up his tomahawk from the table, he examined the head of it for an instant, and then, holding it to the light, with his mouth at the handle, he puffed out great clouds of tobacco smoke. The next moment the light was extinguished, and this wild cannibal, tomahawk between his teeth, sprang into bed with me. I sang out, I could not help it now; and, giving a sudden grunt of astonishment, he began feeling me.

¹ *Thirty Years' War*: religious war in Germany, 1618-1648.

Stammering out something, I knew not what, I rolled away from him against the wall, and then conjured him, whoever or whatever he might be, to keep quiet and let me get up and light the lamp again. But his guttural responses satisfied me at once that he but ill-comprehended my meaning.

"Who-e debel you?"—he at last said—"you no speak-e, dam-me, I kill-e." And, so saying, began flourishing the lighted tomahawk about me in the dark.

"Landlord, for God's sake, Peter Coffin!" shouted I. "Landlord! Watch! Coffin! Angels! save me!"

"Speak-e! tell-ee me who-ee be, or dam-me, I kill-e!" again growled the cannibal, while his horrid flourishings of the homahawk scattered the hot tobacco ashes about me till I thought my linen would get on fire. But thank heaven, at that moment the landlord came into the room light in hand, and, leaping from the bed, I ran up to him.

"Don't be afraid now," said he, grinning again. "Queequeg here wouldn't harm a hair of your head."

"Stop your grinning," shouted I, "and why didn't you tell me that that infernal harpooneer was a cannibal?"

"I thought ye know'd it;—didn't I tell ye, he was a peddlin' heads around town? But turn flukes again and go to sleep. Queequeg, look here—you sabee me, I sabee you—this man sleepee you—you sabbee?"

"Me sabbee plenty"—grunted Queequeg, puffing away at his pipe and sitting up in bed.

"You gettee in," he added, motioning to me with his tomahawk and throwing the clothes to one side. He really did this in not only a civil but a really kind and charitable way.

I stood looking at him a moment. For all his tattooings he was on the

whole a clean, comely looking cannibal. "What's all this fuss I have been making about," thought I to myself, "the man's a human being just as I am: he has just as much reason to fear me, as I have to be afraid of him. Better sleep with a sober cannibal than a drunken Christian."

"Landlord," said I, "tell him to stash¹ his tomahawk there, or pipe, or whatever you call it; tell him to stop smoking, in short, and I will turn in with him. But I don't fancy having a man smoking in bed with me. It's dangerous. Besides, I ain't insured."

This being told to Queequeg, he at once complied, and again politely motioned me to get into bed—rolling over to one side as much as to say, "I won't touch a leg of ye."

"Good night, landlord," said I, "you may go."

I turned in, and never slept better in my life.

CHAPTER III

BREAKFAST

Descending into the barroom next morning, I accosted the grinning landlord very pleasantly. I cherished no malice towards him, though he had been skylarking with me not a little in the matter of my bedfellow.

The barroom was now full of the boarders who had been dropping in the night previous, and whom I had not as yet had a good look at. They were nearly all whalemens: chief mates, and second mates, and third mates, and sea carpenters, sea coopers,² and sea blacksmiths, and harpooneers, and ship keepers; a brown and brawny company, with bosky³ beards; an unshorn,⁴ shaggy set, all wearing monkey jackets for morning gowns.

¹ *stash*: slang expression meaning to put away.

² *coopers*: makers of barrels and casks.

³ *bosky* (bōs'kī): bushy.

⁴ *unshorn*: unshaved.

"Grub, ho!" now cried the landlord, flinging open a door, and in we went to breakfast.

Queequeg sat there among the seamen—at the head of the table, too, it so chanced—as cool as an icicle. To be sure, I cannot say much for his breeding. His greatest admirer could not have cordially justified his bringing his harpoon into breakfast with him and using it there without ceremony, reaching over the table with it, to the imminent jeopardy of many heads, and grappling¹ the beefsteaks towards him. But *that* was certainly very coolly done by him, and every one knows that in most people's estimation, to do anything coolly is to do it genteelly.

We will not speak of all Queequeg's peculiarities here; how he eschewed² coffee and hot rolls and applied his undivided attention to beefsteaks, done rare. Enough that when breakfast was over he withdrew like the rest into the public room, lighted his tomahawk pipe, and was sitting there quietly digesting and smoking with his inseparable hat on when I sallied out for a stroll.

CHAPTER IV

A BOSOM FRIEND

Returning to the Spouter-Inn, I found Queequeg there quite alone. Pretty soon, going to the table, he took up a large book there, and placing it on his lap began counting the pages with deliberate regularity; at every fiftieth page—as I fancied—stopping for a moment, looking vacantly around him, and giving utterance to a long-drawn, gurgling whistle of astonishment. He would then begin again at the next fifty; seeming to commence at number one each time, as though he could not count more than fifty, and

it was only by such a large number of fifties being found together that his astonishment at the multitude of pages was excited.

With much interest I sat watching him, half pretending meanwhile to be looking out at the storm from the casement, and he never heeded my presence, never troubled himself with so much as a single glance; but appeared wholly occupied with counting the pages of the marvelous book. Considering how sociably we had been sleeping together the night previous, I thought this indifference of his very strange. But savages are strange beings; at times you do not know exactly how to take them. At first they are overawing; their calm self-collectedness of simplicity seems a Socratic³ wisdom.

I had noticed also that Queequeg never consorted⁴ at all, or but very little, with the other seamen in the inn. He made no advances whatever; appeared to have no desire to enlarge the circle of his acquaintances. All this struck me as mighty singular; yet, upon second thoughts, there was something almost sublime in it. Here was a man some twenty thousand miles from home, by the way of Cape Horn, that is—which was the only way he could get there—thrown among people as strange to him as though he were in the planet Jupiter; and yet he seemed entirely at his ease, preserving the utmost serenity, content with his own companionship; always equal to himself. Surely this was a touch of fine philosophy, though no doubt he had never heard there was such a thing as that.

"I'll try a pagan friend," thought I, "since Christian kindness has proved

¹ *grappling*: hooking and pulling in.

² *eschewed*: did not use, avoided.

³ *Socratic* (sō-krāt'ik): seemingly humble and unassuming, but also very keen; from the method of Socrates, an Athenian philosopher of the fourth century B.C.

⁴ *consorted*: associated.

but hollow courtesy." I drew my bench near him, and made some friendly signs and hints, doing my best to talk with him meanwhile. At first he little noticed these advances; but presently, upon my referring to his last night's hospitalities, he made out to ask me whether we were again to be bedfellows. I told him yes; whereat I thought he looked pleased, perhaps a little complimented.

We then turned over the book together, and I endeavored to explain to him the purpose of the printing and the meaning of the few pictures that were in it. Thus I soon engaged his interest; and from that we went to jabbering the best we could about the various outer sights to be seen in this famous town. Soon I proposed a social smoke; and, producing his pouch and tomahawk, he quietly offered me a puff. And then we sat exchanging puffs from that wild pipe of his, and keeping it regularly passing between us.

After supper, and another social chat and smoke, we went to our room together. He made me a present of his embalmed head; took out his enormous tobacco wallet and, groping under the tobacco, drew out some thirty dollars in silver; then spreading them on the table and mechanically dividing them into two equal portions, pushed one of them towards me, and said it was mine. I was going to remonstrate, but he silenced me by pouring them into my trousers' pockets. I let them stay.

We undressed and went to bed, at peace with our own consciences and all the world. But we did not go to sleep without some little chat.

CHAPTER V

NANTUCKET

Next morning, Monday, after disposing of the embalmed head to a

barber for a block,¹ I settled my own and comrade's bill; using, however, my comrade's money. The grinning landlord, as well as the boarders, seemed amazingly tickled at the sudden friendship which had sprung up between me and Queequeg—especially as Peter Coffin's cock-and-bull² stories about him had previously so much alarmed me concerning the very person whom I now companioned with.

We borrowed a wheelbarrow, and, embarking our things, including my own poor carpetbag and Queequeg's canvas sack and hammock, away we went down to the "Moss," the little Nantucket packet schooner moored at the wharf. As we were going along, the people stared; not at Queequeg so much—for they were used to seeing cannibals like him in their streets—but at seeing him and me upon such confidential terms. But we heeded them not, going along wheeling the barrow by turns, and Queequeg now and then stopping to adjust the sheath on his harpoon barbs.

At last, passage paid and luggage safe, we stood on board the schooner. Hoisting sail, it glided down the Acushnet River. On one side New Bedford rose in terraces of streets, their ice-covered trees all glittering in the clear, cold air. Huge hills and mountains of casks on casks were piled upon her wharves, and side by side the world-wandering whale ships lay silent and safely moored at last; while from others came a sound of carpenters and coopers, with blended noises of fires and forges to melt the pitch, all betokening that new cruises were on the start; that one most perilous and long voyage ended only begins a second; and a second ended only begins a third, and so on, for ever and for aye.

¹ block: haircut.

² cock-and-bull: unbelievable.

Gaining the more open water, the bracing breeze waxed fresh. The little "Moss" tossed the quick foam from her bows¹ as a young colt his snortings. How I snuffed that Tartar² air!—how I spurned that turnpike earth!—that common highway all over dented with the marks of slavish heels and hoofs; and turned me to admire the magnanimity³ of the sea which will permit no records.

At the same foam-fountain, Queequeg seemed to drink and reel with me. His dusky nostrils swelled apart; he showed his filed and pointed teeth. On, on we flew; and, our offing gained, the "Moss" did homage to the blast; ducked and dived her bows as a slave before the Sultan. Sideways leaning, we sideways darted; every ropeyarn tingling like a wire; the two tall masts buckling like Indian canes in land tornadoes.

Nothing happened on the passage worthy the mentioning; so, after a fine run, we safely arrived in the harbor at Nantucket.

Nantucket! Take out your map and look at it. See what a real corner of the world it occupies; how it stands there, away off shore, more lonely than the Eddystone lighthouse. Look at it—a mere hillock and elbow of sand; all beach, without a background. There is more sand there than you would use in twenty years as a substitute for blotting paper.

What wonder, then, that these Nantucketers, born on a beach, should take to the sea for a livelihood! They first caught crabs and quohogs⁴ in the sand; grown bolder, they waded out with nets for mackerel; more experienced, they pushed off in boats and

captured cod; and at last, launching a navy of great ships on the sea, explored this watery world; put an incessant belt of circumnavigations round it; peeped in at Behring's Strait;⁵ and in all seasons and all oceans declared everlasting war with the mightiest animated mass that has survived the flood; most monstrous and most mountainous! That Himmalehan,⁶ salt-sea Mastodon,⁷ clothed with such portentousness⁸ of unconscious power that his very panics are more to be dreaded than his most fearless and malicious assaults!

It was quite late in the evening when the little "Moss" came snugly to anchor, and Queequeg and I went ashore; so we could attend to no business that day, at least none but a supper and a bed. The landlord of the Spouter-Inn had recommended us to his cousin Hosea Hussey of the Try Pots, whom he asserted to be the proprietor of one of the best kept hotels in all Nantucket, and moreover he had assured us that Cousin Hosea, as he called him, was famous for his chowders. In short, he plainly hinted that we could not possibly do better than try potluck at the Try Pots.

Two enormous wooden pots painted black and suspended by asses' ears swung from the crosstrees⁹ of an old topmast planted in front of an old doorway. The horns of the crosstrees were sawed off on the other side, so that old topmast looked not a little like a gallows. Perhaps I was oversensitive to such impressions at the time, but I could not help staring at

¹ bows, or bow: the front part of the ship.

² Tartar (tär'tär): wild and tempestuous, from the Tartars, who live in eastern and central Asia.

³ magnanimity (mäg'nä-nīm'ti): nobility.

⁴ quohogs (quō'hōgz): round clams.

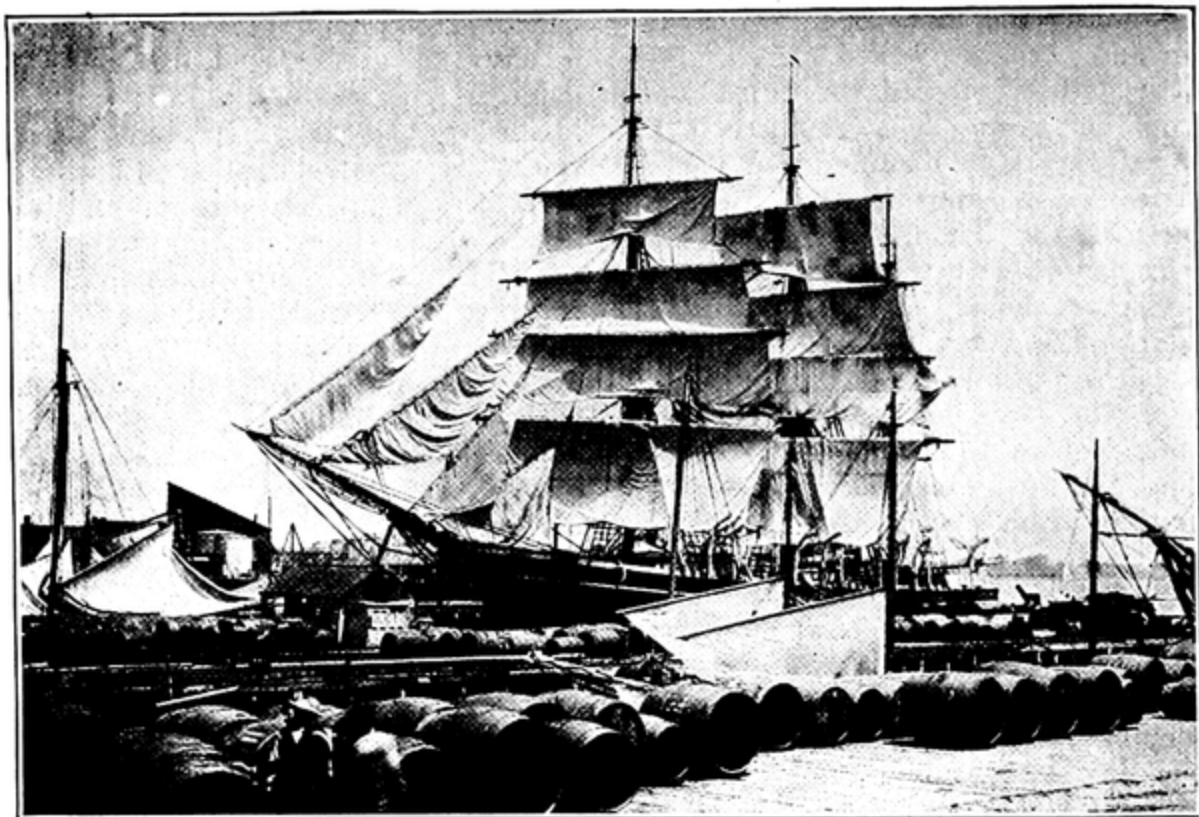
⁵ Behring's Strait: narrow water passageway between Alaska and Siberia.

⁶ Himmalehan (hi-mäl'ē-hăn): huge, like the Himalaya Mountains.

⁷ Mastodon (mäs'tō-dōn): the whale.

⁸ portentousness (pōr-tēn'tūs-nēs): imposing effect.

⁹ crosstrees: two lengths of timber placed horizontally across the upper part of a ship's mast to support the rigging.



WHALING BARK IN THE HARBOR

this gallows with a vague misgiving. A sort of crick was in my neck as I gazed up to the two remaining horns; yes, *two* of them, one for Queequeg and one for me. "It's ominous," thinks I. "A Coffin my innkeeper upon landing in my first whaling port, and here a gallows! and a pair of prodigious black pots too! Are these last throwing out oblique hints touching Tophet?"

I was called from these reflections by the sight of a freckled woman with yellow hair and a yellow gown standing in the porch of the inn, under a dull-red lamp swinging there that looked much like an injured eye, and carrying on a brisk scolding with a man in a purple woolen shirt.

"Get along with ye," said she to the man, "or I'll be combing ye!"

"Come on, Queequeg," said I; "all right. There's Mrs. Hussey."

And so it turned out; Mr. Hosea Hussey being from home, but leaving Mrs. Hussey entirely competent to attend to all his affairs. Upon our making known our desire for a supper and a bed, Mrs. Hussey, postponing further scolding for the present, ushered us into a little room and, seating us at a table spread with the relics of a recently concluded repast, turned round to us and said, "Clam or cod?"

A warm, savory steam from the kitchen served to belie the apparently cheerless prospect before us. But when that smoking chowder came in, the mystery was delightfully explained. Oh! sweet friends, hearken to me. It was made of small juicy clams, scarcely bigger than hazel nuts, mixed with pounded ship biscuits and salted pork cut up into little flakes; the whole enriched with butter and plentifully seasoned with pepper and salt. Our

appetites being sharpened by the frosty voyage, and in particular, Queequeg seeing his favourite fishing food before him, and the chowder being surpassingly excellent, we despatched it with great expedition; when leaning back a moment and bethinking me of Mrs. Hussey's clam and cod announcement, I thought I would try a little experiment. Stepping to the kitchen door, I uttered the word "cod" with great emphasis, and resumed my seat. In a few moments the savory steam came forth again, but with a different flavor, and in good time a fine cod-chowder was placed before us.

CHAPTER VI

THE SHIP

In bed we concocted our plans for the morrow. But, to my surprise and no small concern, Queequeg now gave me to understand that he had been diligently consulting Yojo—the name of the black little god he carried about with him—and Yojo had told him two or three times over, and strongly insisted upon it every way, that instead of our going together among the whaling fleet in harbor, and in concert selecting our craft; instead of this, I say, Yojo earnestly enjoined that the selection of the ship should rest wholly with me, inasmuch as Yojo purposed befriending us; and, in order to do so, had already pitched upon a vessel, which, if left to myself, I, Ishmael, should infallibly light upon, for all the world as though it had turned out by chance; and in that vessel I must immediately ship¹ myself for the present, irrespective of Queequeg.

Next morning early, leaving Queequeg shut up with Yojo in our little bedroom—for it seemed that it was some sort of Lent or Ramadan, or day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer

¹ *ship*: join a ship's crew.

with Queequeg and Yojo that day; how it was I never could find out, for, though I applied myself to it several times, I never could master his liturgies² and XXXIX Articles³—leaving Queequeg, then, fasting on his tomahawk pipe, I sallied out among the shipping. After much prolonged sauntering and many random inquiries, I learnt that there were three ships up for three-years' voyages—the "Devil-dam," the "Tit-bit," and the "Pequod." *Devil-Dam*, I do not know the origin of; *Tit-bit* is obvious; *Pequod*, you will no doubt remember, was the name of a celebrated tribe of Massachusetts Indians, now extinct as the ancient Medes. I peered and pryed about the "Devil-Dam"; from her, hopped over to the "Tit-bit"; and, finally, going on board the "Pequod," looked around her for a moment and then decided that this was the very ship for us.

You may have seen many a quaint craft in your day, for aught I know—square-toed luggers;⁴ mountainous Japanese junks;⁵ butter-box galliots,⁶ and what not. But take my word for it, you never saw such a rare old craft as this same rare old "Pequod." Old Captain Peleg, many years her chief mate before he commanded another vessel of his own, and now a retired seaman, and one of the principal owners of the "Pequod"—this old Peleg, during the term of his chief-mateship, had built upon her original grotesqueness. She was appareled like any barbaric Ethiopian emperor, his neck heavy with pendants of polished ivory. She was a thing of trophies.

² *liturgies* (līt'ēr-jīs): forms of religious service.

³ *xxxix Articles*: the creed of the Anglican Church.

⁴ *lugger* (lūg'ēr): small ship with sails fastened to the masts at an angle instead of horizontally.

⁵ *junk*: a high, square, and seaworthy flat-bottomed vessel.

⁶ *galliot* (gāl'i-ōt): a small, fast Dutch merchant ship.

A cannibal of a craft, tricking herself forth in the chased¹ bones of her enemies. All round, her unpaneled, open bulwarks were garnished like one continuous jaw, with the long sharp teeth of the sperm whale, inserted there for pins to fasten her old hempen thews² and tendons to. Those thews ran not through base blocks of land wood, but deftly traveled over sheaves of sea ivory. Scorning a turnstile wheel at her reverend helm, she sported there a tiller; and that tiller was in one mass, curiously carved from the long narrow lower jaw of her hereditary foe. The helmsman who steered by that tiller in a tempest felt like the Tartar when he holds back his fiery steed by clutching its jaw. A noble craft, but somehow a most melancholy! All noble things are touched with that.

Now when I looked about the quarter-deck for someone having authority, in order to propose myself as a candidate for the voyage, at first I saw nobody; but I could not well overlook a strange sort of tent, or rather wigwam, pitched a little behind the mainmast. It seemed only a temporary erection used in port. It was of a conical shape, some ten feet high; consisting of the long, huge slabs of limber black bone taken from the middle and highest part of the jaws of the right whale. Planted with their broad ends on the deck, a circle of these slabs, laced together, mutually sloped towards each other, and at the apex united in a tufted point, where the loose hairy fibers waved to and fro like the topknot on some old Pottowattamie Sachem's³ head. A triangular opening faced towards the bows of the ship, so that the insider commanded a complete view forward.

¹ chased: engraved and decorated.

² thews: muscles.

³ Sachem (sá'chēm): a hereditary Indian chief of the highest rank.

And half concealed in this queer tenement, I at length found one who by his aspect seemed to have authority; and who, it being noon, and the ship's work suspended, was now enjoying respite from the burden of command. He was seated on an old-fashioned oaken chair wriggling all over with curious carving and the bottom of which was formed of a stout interlacing of the same strange elastic stuff of which the peculiar wigwam was constructed.

"Is this the captain of the 'Pequod'?" said I, advancing to the door of the tent.

"Supposing it be the captain of the 'Pequod,' what dost thou want of him?" he demanded.

"I was thinking of shipping."

"Thou wast, was thou? I see thou art no Nantucketer—ever been in a stove⁴ boat?"

"No, sir, I never have."

"Dost know nothing at all about whaling, I dare say—eh?"

"Nothing, sir; but I have no doubt I shall soon learn. I've been several voyages in the merchant service, and I think that——"

"Marchant service be damned. Talk not that lingo to me. Dost see that leg?—I'll take that leg away from thy stern if ever thou talkest of the marchant service to me again. Marchant service indeed! I suppose now ye feel considerable proud of having served in those marchant ships. But flukes! man, what makes thee want to go a whaling, eh?"

"Well, sir, I want to see what whaling is. I want to see the world."

"Want to see what whaling is, eh? Have ye clapped eye on Captain Ahab?"

"Who is Captain Ahab, sir?"

"Aye, aye, I thought so. Captain Ahab is the captain of this ship."

⁴ stove: smashed.

"I am mistaken then. I thought I was speaking to the captain himself."

"Thou art speaking to Captain Peleg—that's who ye are speaking to, young man. It belongs to me and Captain Bildad to see the 'Pequod' fitted out for the voyage and supplied with all her needs, including crew. We are part owners and agents. But, as I was going to say, if thou wantest to know what whaling is, as thou tellest ye do, I can put ye in a way to finding it out before ye bind yourself to it past backing out. Clap eye on Captain Ahab, young man, and thou wilt find that he has only one leg."

"What do you mean, sir? Was the other one lost by a whale?"

"Lost by a whale! Young man, come nearer to me; it was devoured, chewed up, crunched by the monstrous *parmacetty*¹ that ever chipped a boat!—ah, ah!"

I was a little alarmed by his energy, perhaps also a little touched at the hearty grief in his concluding exclamation, but said as calmly as I could, "What you say is no doubt true enough, sir; but how could I know there was any peculiar ferocity in that particular whale, though indeed I might have inferred as much from the simple fact of the accident."

"Thou mayest as well sign the papers right off," he added. "Come along with ye." And, so saying, he led the way below deck into the cabin.

The space between the decks was small; and there, bolt upright, sat old Bildad, who always sat so, and never leaned, and this to save his coattails. His broad-brim² was placed beside him; his legs were stiffly crossed; his drab vesture was buttoned up to his chin; and, spectacles on nose, he seemed absorbed in reading from a ponderous volume.

¹ *parmacetty*: sperm whale.

² *broad-brim*: broad-brimmed hat.

"Bildad," cried Captain Peleg, "at it again, Bildad, eh? Ye have been studying those Scriptures, now, for the last thirty years, to my certain knowledge. How far ye got, Bildad?"

As if long habituated³ to such profane talk from his old shipmate, Bildad, without noticing his present irreverence, quietly looked up, and seeing me, glanced again inquiringly towards Peleg.

"He says he's our man, Bildad," said Peleg; "he wants to ship."

"Dost thee?" said Bildad, in a hollow tone, and turning round to me.

"I *dost*," said I unconsciously, he was so intense a Quaker.

"What do ye think of him, Bildad?" said Peleg.

"He'll do," said Bildad, eyeing me, and then went on spelling away at his book in a mumbling tone quite audible.

I thought him the queerest old Quaker I ever saw, especially as Peleg, his friend and old shipmate, seemed such a blusterer. But I said nothing, only looking round me sharply. Peleg now threw open a chest and, drawing forth the ship's articles, placed pen and ink before him and seated himself at a little table. "Now then, my young man, Ishmael's thy name, didn't ye say? Well then, down ye go here, Ishmael, for the three hundredth lay."

"Captain Peleg," said I, "I have a friend with me who wants to ship too—shall I bring him down tomorrow?"

"To be sure," said Peleg. "Fetch him along, and we'll look at him."

"What lay⁴ does he want?" groaned Bildad, glancing up from the book in which he had again been burying himself.

³ *habituated* (*hă-bīt'ū-āt'éd*): accustomed to by habit.

⁴ *lay*: a certain share of the whaling ship's profits, paid in place of regular wages and apportioned according to the importance of a sailor's duties.

"Oh! never thee mind about that, Bildad," said Peleg. "Has he ever whaled it any?" turning to me.

"Killed more whales than I can count, Captain Peleg."

"Well, bring him along then."

And, after signing the papers, off I went, nothing doubting but that I had done a good morning's work and that the "*Pequod*" was the identical ship that Yojo had provided to carry Queequeg and me round the Cape.

But I had not proceeded far when I began to bethink me that the captain with whom I was to sail yet remained unseen by me; though, indeed, in many cases, a whale ship will be completely fitted out and receive all her crew on board ere the captain makes himself visible by arriving to take command. For sometimes these voyages are so prolonged, and the shore intervals at home so exceedingly brief, that if the captain have a family, or any absorbing concernment of that sort, he does not trouble himself much about his ship in port, but leaves her to the owners till all is ready for sea. However, it is always as well to have a look at him before irrevocably committing yourself into his hands. Turning back, I accosted Captain Peleg, inquiring where Captain Ahab was to be found.

"And what dost thou want of Captain Ahab? It's all right enough; thou art shipped."

"Yes, but I should like to see him."

"But I don't think thou wilt be able to at present. I don't know exactly what's the matter with him; but he keeps close inside the house; a sort of sick, and yet he don't look so. In fact, he ain't sick; but no, he isn't well either. Anyhow, young man, he won't always see me, so I don't suppose he will thee. He's a queer man, Captain Ahab—so some think—but a good one. Oh, thou'lt like him well

enough; no fear, no fear. He's a grand, ungodly, godlike man, Captain Ahab; doesn't speak much; but, when he does speak, then you may well listen. Mark ye, be forewarned; Ahab's above the common; Ahab's been in colleges, as well as 'mong the cannibals; been used to deeper wonders than the waves; fixed his fiery lance in mightier, stranger foes than whales. His lance! aye, the keenest and surest that out of all our isle! Oh! he ain't Captain Bildad; no, and he ain't Captain Peleg; he's *Ahab*, boy; and Ahab of old, thou knowest, was a crowned king!"

"And a very vile one. When that wicked king was slain, the dogs, did they not lick his blood?"

"Come hither to me—hither, hither," said Peleg, with a significance in his eye that almost startled me. "Look ye, lad; never say that on board the '*Pequod*.' Never say it anywhere. Captain Ahab did not name himself. 'Twas a foolish, ignorant whim of his crazy, widowed mother, who died when he was only a twelvemonth old. And yet the old squaw Tistig, at Gayhead, said that the name would somehow prove prophetic. And, perhaps, other fools like her may tell thee the same. I wish to warn thee. It's a lie."

"I know Captain Ahab well; I've sailed with him as mate years ago; I know what he is—a good man—not a pious, good man, like Bildad, but a swearing good man—something like me—only there's a good deal more of him. Aye, aye, I know that he was never very jolly; and I know that on the passage home he was a little out of his mind for a spell; but it was the sharp shooting pains in his bleeding stump that brought that about, as any one might see. I know, too, that ever since he lost his leg last voyage by that accursed whale, he's been a kind of moody—desperate moody, and savage sometimes; but that will all pass off."

"And once for all, let me tell thee and assure thee, young man, it's better to sail with a moody good captain than a laughing bad one. So good-bye to thee—and wrong not Captain Ahab because he happens to have a wicked name. Besides, my boy, he has a wife—not three voyages wedded—a sweet, resigned girl. Think of that; by that sweet girl that old man had a child. Hold ye, then, there can be any utter, hopeless harm in Ahab? No, no, my lad; stricken, blasted if he be, Ahab has his humanities!"

As I walked away, I was full of thoughtfulness; what had been incidentally revealed to me of Captain Ahab filled me with a certain wild vagueness of painfulness concerning him. And somehow, at the time, I felt a sympathy and a sorrow for him, but for I don't know what, unless it was the cruel loss of his leg. And yet I also felt a strange awe of him; but that sort of awe, which I cannot at all describe, was not exactly awe; I do not know what it was. But I felt it; and it did not disincline me towards him; though I felt impatience at what seemed like mystery in him, so imperfectly as he was known to me then. However, my thoughts were at length carried in other directions, so that for the present dark Ahab slipped my mind.

CHAPTER VII

HIS MARK

Next morning we rose and dressed; and Queequeg taking a prodigious hearty breakfast of chowders of all sorts, so that the landlady should not make much profit by reason of his Ramadan, we sallied out to board the "Pequod," sauntering along and picking our teeth with halibut bones.

As we were walking down the end of the wharf towards the ship, Queequeg

carrying his harpoon, Captain Peleg in his gruff voice loudly hailed us from his wigwam, saying he had not suspected my friend was a cannibal, and furthermore announcing that he let no cannibals on board that craft unless they previously produced their papers.

"What do you mean by that, Captain Peleg?" said I, now jumping on the bulwarks and leaving my comrade standing on the wharf.

"I mean," he replied, "he must show his papers."

"Yea," said Captain Bildad in his hollow voice, sticking his head from behind Peleg's out of the wigwam. "He must show that he's converted. Son of darkness," he added, turning to Queequeg, "art thou at present in communion with any Christian church?"

"Why," said I, "he's a member of the First Congregational Church."

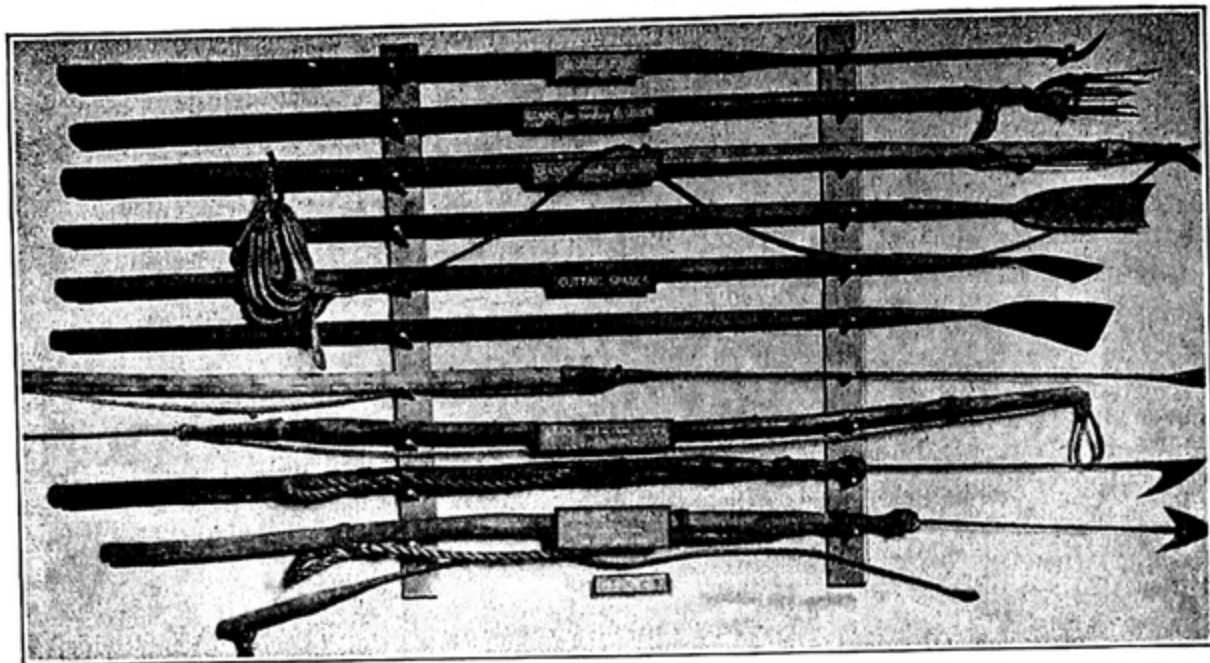
Here be it said that many tattooed savages sailing in Nantucket ships at last come to be converted into the churches.

"First Congregational Church," cried Bildad; "what! that worships in Deacon Deuteronomy Coleman's meeting-house?" and so saying, taking out his spectacles, he rubbed them with his great yellow bandana handkerchief and, putting them on very carefully, came out of the wigwam, and, leaning stiffly over the bulwarks, took a good long look at Queequeg.

"How long hath he been a member?" he then said, turning to me. "Not very long, I rather guess, young man."

"No," said Peleg, "and he hasn't been baptized right either, or it would have washed some of that devil's blue off his face."

"Do tell, now," cried Bildad, "is this Philistine a regular member of Deacon Deuteronomy's meeting? I never saw him going there, and I pass it every Lord's day."



Courtesy Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass.

WHALING TOOLS

"I don't know anything about Deacon Deuteronomy or his meeting," said I; "all I know is that Queequeg here is a born member of the First Congregational Church. He is a deacon himself, Queequeg is."

"Young man," said Bildad sternly, "thou art skylarking with me—explain thyself, thou young Hittite.¹ What church dost thee mean? Answer me."

Finding myself thus hard pushed, I replied, "I mean, sir, the same ancient Catholic² Church to which you and I, and Captain Peleg there, and Queequeg here, and all of us, and every mother's son and soul of us belong; the great and everlasting First Congregation of this whole worshipping world; we all belong to that; only some of us cherish some crotchets³ nowadays touching the grand belief; in *that* we all join hands."

¹ *Hittite* (hlt'it): a member of an ancient people in Asia Minor and Syria; a pagan, from the biblical point of view.

² *catholic*: This does not mean the Roman Catholic church. The word is used in its original meaning of "universal."

³ *crotchets* (kröch'etz): unusual or fanciful notions.

"Splice, thou mean'st *splice* hands," cried Peleg, drawing nearer. "Young man, you'd better ship for a missionary instead of a foremast hand; I never heard a better sermon. Deacon Deuteronomy—why Father Mapple himself couldn't beat it, and he's reckoned something. Come aboard, come aboard; never mind about the papers. I say, tell Quohog there—what's that you call him? tell Quohog to step along. By the great anchor, what a harpoon he's got there! Looks like good stuff that; and he handles it about right. I say, Quohog, or whatever your name is, did you ever stand in the head of a whale boat? Did you ever strike a fish?"

Without saying a word, Queequeg, in his wild sort of way, jumped upon the bulwarks, from thence into the bows of one of the whaleboats hanging to the side; and then bracing his left knee, and poising his harpoon, cried out in some such way as this:

"Cap'ain, you see him small drop tar on water dere? You see him? Well, spose him one whale eye, well,

den!" and taking sharp aim at it, he darted the iron right over old Bildad's broad-brim, clean across the ship's decks, and struck the glistening tar spot out of sight.

"Now," said Queequeg, quietly hauling in the line, "spos-ee him whale-eye; why, dad whale dead."

"Quick, Bildad," said Peleg, his partner, who, aghast at the close vicinity of the flying harpoon, had retreated towards the cabin gangway. "Quick, I say, you Bildad, and get the ship's papers. We must have Hedgehog there, I mean Quohog, in one of our boats. Look ye, Quohog, we'll give ye the ninetieth lay, and that's more than ever was given a harpooner yet out of Nantucket."

So down we went into the cabin, and to my great joy Queequeg was soon enrolled among the same ship's company to which I myself belonged.

When all preliminaries were over and Peleg had got everything ready for signing, he turned to me and said, "I guess Quohog there don't know how to write, does he? I say, Quohog, blast ye! dost thou sign thy name or make thy mark?"

But at this question Queequeg, who had twice or thrice before taken part in similar ceremonies, looked no ways abashed; but taking the offered pen, copied upon the paper, in the proper place, an exact counterpart of a queer round figure which was tattooed upon his arm; so that through Captain Peleg's obstinate mistake touching his appellative, it stood something like this:

Quohog.
his ✚ mark.

CHAPTER VIII

ALL ASTIR

A day or two passed, and there was great activity aboard the "Pequod." Not only were the old sails being

mended, but new sails were coming on board, and bolts of canvas, and coils of rigging. In short, everything betokened that the ship's preparations were hurrying to a close. Captain Peleg seldom or never went ashore, but sat in his wigwam keeping a sharp lookout upon the hands. Bildad did all the purchasing and providing at the store, and the men employed in the hold and on the rigging were working till long after nightfall.

On the day following Queequeg's signing articles,¹ word was given at all the inns where the ship's company were stopping that their chests must be on board before night, for there was no telling how soon the vessel might be sailing. So Queequeg and I got down our traps, resolving, however, to sleep ashore till the last. But it seems they always give very long notice in these cases, and the ship did not sail for several days. But no wonder; there was a good deal to be done, and there is no telling how many things to be thought of, before the "Pequod" was fully equipped.

Everyone knows what a multitude of things—beds, saucepans, knives and forks, shovels and tongs, napkins, nut-crackers, and what not, are indispensable to the business of housekeeping. Just so with whaling, which necessitates a three-years' housekeeping upon the wide ocean, far from all grocers, costermongers,² doctors, bakers, and bankers. And though this also holds true of merchant vessels, yet not by any means to the same extent as with whalemén. For besides the great length of the whaling voyage, the numerous articles peculiar to the prosecution of the fishery, and the impossibility of replacing them at the remote harbors usually frequented, it must be remembered that, of all ships, whaling

¹ *signing articles*: signing a contract.

² *costermongers* (kōs'tēr-mūng'gērz): hawkers.

vessels are the most exposed to accidents of all kinds, and especially to the destruction and loss of the very things upon which the success of the voyage most depends. Hence the spare boats, spare spars, and spare lines and harpoons, and spare everythings, almost, but a captain and duplicate ship.

At the period of our arrival at the Island, the heaviest storage of the "Pequod" had been almost completed; comprising her beef, bread, water, fuel, and iron hoops and staves. But, as before hinted, for some time there was a continual fetching and carrying on board of divers odds and ends of things, both large and small.

During these days of preparation, Queequeg and I often visited the craft, and as often I asked about Captain Ahab, and how he was, and when he was going to come on board his ship. To these questions they would answer that he was getting better and better, and was expected aboard every day; meantime, the two captains, Peleg and Bildad, could attend to everything necessary to fit¹ the vessel for the voyage.

If I had been downright honest with myself, I would have seen very plainly in my heart that I did but half fancy being committed this way to so long a voyage without once laying my eyes on the man who was to be the absolute dictator of it so soon as the ship sailed out upon the open sea. But when a man suspects any wrong, it sometimes happens that if he be already involved in the matter, he insensibly strives to cover up his suspicions even from himself. And much this way it was with me. I said nothing, and tried to think nothing.

At last it was given out that some time next day the ship would certainly sail. So next morning Queequeg and I took a very early start.

¹ fit: make ready.

CHAPTER IX

GOING ABOARD

It was nearly six o'clock, but only grey imperfect misty dawn, when we drew nigh the wharf.

"There are some sailors running ahead there, if I see right," said I to Queequeg. "It can't be shadow. She's off by sunrise, I guess. Come on!"

Stepping on board the "Pequod," we found everything in profound quiet, not a soul moving. The cabin entrance was locked within; the hatches were all on, and lumbered² with coils of rigging.³ Going forward to the fore-castle, we found the slide of the scuttle⁴ open. Seeing a light, we went down, and found only an old rigger there, wrapped in a tattered pea jacket. He was thrown at whole length upon two chests, his face downwards and inclosed in his folded arms. The profoundest slumber slept upon him.

"Those sailors we saw, Queequeg, where can they have gone to?" said I, looking dubiously at the sleeper.

But it seemed that, when on the wharf, Queequeg had not at all noticed what I now alluded to. But I beat the thing down; and, again marking the sleeper, jocularly hinted to Queequeg that perhaps we had best sit up with the body, telling him to establish himself accordingly. He put his hand upon the sleeper's rear, as though feeling if it was soft enough, and then, without more ado, sat quietly down there.

"Gracious! Queequeg, don't sit there," said I.

"Oh! perry dood seat," said Queequeg, "my country way; won't hurt him face."

"Face!" said I, "call that his face? Very benevolent countenance then.

² lumbered: crowded.

³ rigging: the ropes and chain used for raising and lowering the spars and masts.

⁴ scuttle: a small opening or hatchway in the deck of a ship, large enough to admit a man, with a lid to cover it.

But how hard he breathes, he's heaving himself. Get off, Queequeg, you are heavy, it's grinding the face of the poor. Get off, Queequeg! Look, he'll twitch you off soon. I wonder he don't wake."

Queequeg removed himself to just beyond the head of the sleeper and lighted his tomahawk pipe. The strong vapor now completely filling the contracted hole, it began to tell upon the sleeping rigger. He breathed with a sort of muffledness; then seemed troubled in the nose; then revolved over once or twice; then sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Holloa!" he breathed at last, "who be ye smokers?"

"Shipped men," answered I. "When does she sail?"

"Aye, aye, ye are going in her, be ye? She sails today. The captain came aboard last night."

"What captain?—Ahab?"

"Who but him indeed?"

I was going to ask him some further questions concerning Ahab when we head a noise on deck.

"Holloa! Starbuck's astir," said the rigger. "He's a lively chief mate, that; good man, and a pious. But all alive now, I must turn to." And, so saying, he went on deck, and we followed.

It was now clear sunrise. Soon the crew came on board in twos and threes; the riggers bestirred themselves; the mates were actively engaged; and several of the shore people were busy in bringing various last things on board. Meanwhile Captain Ahab remained invisibly enshrined within his cabin.

CHAPTER X

GETTING UNDER WEIGH

At length, towards noon, upon the final dismissal of the ship's riggers, and after the "Pequod" had been hauled

out from the wharf, the two captains, Peleg and Bildad, issued from the cabin, and, turning to the chief mate, Peleg said:

"Now, Mr. Starbuck, are you sure everything is right? Captain Ahab is all ready—just spoke to him—nothing more to be got from shore, eh? Well, call all hands, then. Muster 'em aft here—blast 'em!"

"No need of profane words, however great the hurry, Peleg," said Bildad, "but away with thee, friend Starbuck, and do our bidding."

How now! Here upon the very point of starting for the voyage Captain Peleg and Captain Bildad were going it with a high hand on the quarter-deck, just as if they were to be joint commanders at sea, as well as to all appearances in port. And, as for Captain Ahab, no sign of him was yet to be seen. But then, the idea was that his presence was by no means necessary in getting the ship under weigh, and steering her well out to sea. Indeed, as that was not at all his proper business, but the pilot's; and as he was not yet completely recovered—so they said—therefore Captain Ahab stayed below. And all this seemed natural enough; especially as in the merchant service many captains never show themselves on deck for a considerable time after heaving up the anchor, but remain over the cabin table, having a farewell merrymaking with their shore friends before they quit the ship for good with the pilot.

At last we gained such an offing that the two pilots were needed no longer. The stout sailboat that had accompanied us began ranging alongside.

"Come, come, Captain Bildad; stop palavering—away!" and with that Peleg hurried him over the side, and both dropt into the boat.

Ship and boat diverged; the cold, night breeze blew between; a scream-

ing gull flew overhead; the two hulls wildly rolled; we gave three heavy-hearted cheers and blindly plunged like fate into the lone Atlantic.

CHAPTER XI

AHAB

For several days after leaving Nantucket nothing above hatches was seen of Captain Ahab. The mates regularly relieved each other at the watches and, for aught that could be seen to the contrary, they seemed to be the only commanders of the ship; only they sometimes issued from the cabin with orders so sudden and peremptory that after all it was plain they but commanded vicariously.¹ Yes, their supreme lord and dictator was there, though hitherto unseen by any eyes not permitted to penetrate into the now sacred retreat of the cabin.

Every time I ascended to the deck from my watches below, I instantly gazed aft to mark if any strange face were visible; for my first vague disquietude touching the unknown captain, now in the seclusion of the sea, became almost a perturbation. Whatever it was of apprehension or uneasiness—to call it so—which I felt, yet whenever I came to look about me in the ship, it seemed against all warrantry to cherish such emotions. For though the harpooneers, with the great body of the crew, were a far more barbaric, heathenish, and motley set than any of the tame merchantship companies which my previous experiences had made me acquainted with, still I ascribed this—and rightly ascribed it—to the fierce uniqueness of the very nature of that wild Scandinavian vocation in which I had so abandonedly embarked. But it was

especially the aspect of the three chief officers of the ship, the mates, which was most forcibly calculated to allay these colorless misgivings and induce confidence and cheerfulness in every presentment of the voyage. Three better, more likely sea officers and men, each in his own different way, could not readily be found, and they were every one of them Americans; the chief mate, Starbuck, a Nantucketer; Flash, the third mate, a Vineyarder; Stubb, the second mate, a Cape man.

Now it being Christmas when the ship shot from out her harbor, for a space we had biting Polar weather, though all the time running away from it to the southward, and by every degree and minute of latitude which we sailed, gradually leaving that merciless winter and all its intolerable weather behind us. It was one of those less lowering, but still grey and gloomy enough mornings of the transition when with a fair wind the ship was rushing through the water with a vindictive sort of leaping and melancholy rapidity, that as I mounted to the deck at the call of the forenoon watch, so soon as I leveled my glance towards the taffrail,² foreboding shivers ran over me. Reality outran apprehension; Captain Ahab stood upon his quarter-deck.

There seemed no sign of common bodily illness about him, nor of the recovery from any. He looked like a man cut away from the stake, when the fire had overrunningly wasted all the limbs without consuming them or taking away one particle from their compacted aged robustness. His whole high, broad form seemed to be made of solid bronze, and to be shaped in an unalterable mould, like Cellini's³ cast Perseus.

¹ *taffrail* (tăf'rāl): rail around the stern, or quarter-deck rail.

² *Cellini* (chĕl-lĕ'nĕ): Italian sculptor, 1500-1571.

¹ *vicariously*: as they were told; not from their own ideas.

Threading its way out from among his grey hairs, and continuing right down one side of his tawny scorched face and neck till it disappeared in his clothing, you saw a slender rodlike mark, lividly whitish. It resembled that perpendicular seam sometimes made in the straight, lofty trunk of a great tree when the upper lightning tearingly darts down it, and without wrenching a single twig, peels and grooves out the bark from top to bottom ere running off into the soil, leaving the tree still greenly alive, but branded. Whether that mark was born with him, or whether it was the scar left many years ago by some desperate wound, no one could certainly say.

By some tacit consent, throughout the voyage little or no allusion was made to it, especially by the mates. But once an old Gay Head¹ Indian among the crew, asserted that not till he was full forty years old did Ahab become that way branded, and then it came upon him not in the fury of any mortal fray, but in an elemental strife at sea. Yet this wild hint seemed inferentially negatived by what a grey Manxman² insinuated, an old sepulchral man, who, having never before sailed out of Nantucket, had never ere this laid eye upon wild Ahab. Nevertheless, the old sea traditions, the immemorial credulities, popularly invested this old Manxman with preternatural³ powers of discernment. So that no white sailor seriously contradicted him when he said that if Captain Ahab should be tranquilly laid out—which might hardly come to pass, so he muttered—then whoever

should do that last office for the dead would find a birthmark on him from crown to sole.

So powerfully did the whole grim aspect of Ahab affect me, and the livid brand which streaked it, that for the first few moments I hardly noted that not a little of this overbearing grimness was owing to the barbaric white leg upon which he partly stood. It had previously come to me that this ivory leg had at sea been fashioned from the polished bone of the sperm whale's jaw.

"Aye, he was once dismasted off Japan," said the old Gay Head Indian once; "but, like his dismasted craft, he shipped another mast without coming home for it. He had a quiver of 'em."

I was struck with the singular posture he maintained. Upon each side of the "Pequod's" quarter-deck, and pretty close to the mizzen shrouds,⁴ there was an auger hole, bored about half an inch or so into the plank. His bone leg steadied in that hole, one arm elevated and holding by a shroud, Captain Ahab stood erect, looking straight out beyond the ship's ever-pitching prow. There was an infinity of firmest fortitude, a determinate, unsunderable wilfulness, in the fixed and fearless, forward dedication of that glance. Not a word he spoke; nor did his officers say aught to him; though by all their minutest gestures and expressions they plainly showed the uneasy, if not painful, consciousness of being under a troubled master-eye. And not only that, but moody, stricken Ahab stood before them with a crucifixion in his face; they felt in him all the nameless regal overbearing dignity of some mighty, hopeless woe.

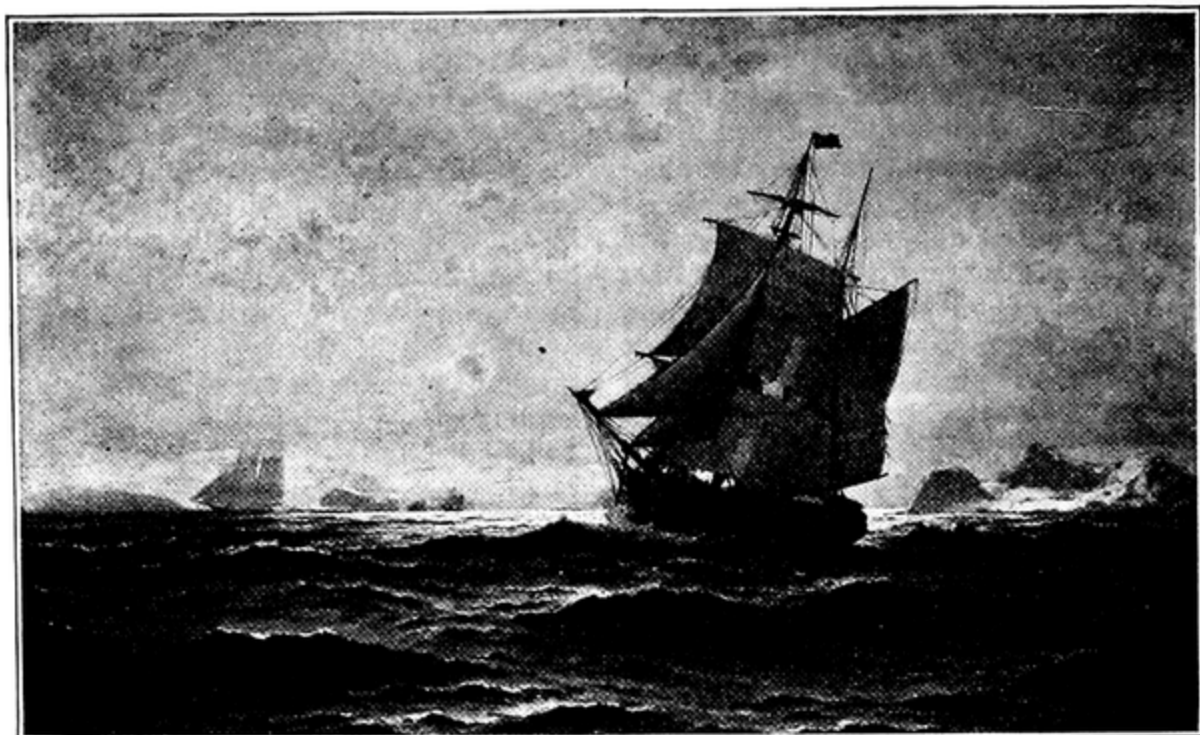
Ere long, from his first visit in the air he withdrew into his cabin. But

¹ *Gay Head*: the most westerly promontory of Martha's Vineyard, which is southeast of Massachusetts.

² *Manxman*: from the Isle of Man, just west of England.

³ *preternatural* (pré'tér-năt'ü-răl): more than natural.

⁴ *mizzen* (míz'én) *shrouds*: ropes running up from the rail around the deck.



Painting by William Bradford

Gramstorff Bros., Inc., Malden, Mass.

WHALING SHIPS

after that morning he was every day visible to the crew, either standing in his pivot-hole or seated upon an ivory stool he had, or heavily walking the deck. As the sky grew less gloomy—indeed, began to grow a little genial—he became still less and less a recluse; as if, when the ship had sailed from home, nothing but the dead wintry bleakness of the sea had then kept him so secluded. And, by and by, it came to pass that he was almost continually in the air; but, as yet, for all that he said, or perceptibly did, on the at last sunny deck, he seemed as unnecessary there as another mast. But the “Pequod” was only making a passage now, not regularly cruising. Nearly all whaling preparatives needing supervision the mates were fully competent to, so that there was little or nothing, out of himself, to employ or excite Ahab, now, and thus chase away, for that one interval, the clouds that layer upon layer were piled upon his brow.

Nevertheless, ere long the warm, warbling persuasiveness of the pleasant, holiday weather we came to seemed gradually to charm him from his mood. For, as when the red-cheeked, dancing girls, April and May, trip home to the wintry, misanthropic¹ woods, even the barest, ruggedest, most thunder-cloven old oak will at least send forth some few green sprouts to welcome such glad-hearted visitants; so Ahab did, in the end, a little respond to the playful allurings of that girlish air. More than once did he put forth the faint blossom of a look, which, in any other man, would have soon flowered out in a smile.

CHAPTER XII

THE QUARTER-DECK

(Enter Ahab: Then, all.)

One morning, shortly after breakfast, Ahab, as was his wont, ascended the cabin gangway to the deck. There

¹ *misanthropic* (mĭs'ān-thrōp'ĭk): man-hating.

most sea captains usually walk at that hour, as country gentlemen, after the same meal, take a few turns in the garden.

Soon his steady, ivory stride was heard, as to and fro he paced his old rounds, upon planks so familiar to his tread that they were all over dented, like geological stones, with the peculiar mark of his walk. Did you fixedly gaze, too, upon that ribbed and dented brow, there, also, you would see still stranger footprints—the footprints of his one unsleeping, absorbing, ever-pacing thought.

But on the occasion in question those dents looked deeper, even as his nervous step that morning left a deeper mark. And so full of his thought was Ahab that at every uniform turn that he made, now at the mainmast and now at the binnacle,¹ you could almost see that thought turn in him as he turned, and pace in him as he paced—so completely possessing him, indeed, that it all but seemed the inward mould of every outer movement he made.

"D'ye mark him, Flask?" whispered Stubb to the third mate. "The chick that's in him pecks the shell. 'Twill soon be out."

The hours wore on—Ahab now shut up within his cabin; anon, pacing the deck, with the same intense bigotry² of purpose in his aspect.

It drew near the close of day. Suddenly he came to a halt by the bulwarks, and, inserting his bone leg into the auger hole there, and with one hand grasping a shroud, he ordered Starbuck to send everybody aft.³

"Sir!" said the mate, astonished at an order seldom or never given on ship-board except in some extraordinary case.

¹ *binnacle* (bīn'á-k'l): the stand for the ship's compass.

² *bigotry*: obstinacy.

³ *aft*: back to the stern of the vessel.

"Send everybody aft," Ahab repeated. "Mastheads, there! come down!"

When the entire ship's company were assembled, and with curious and not wholly unapprehensive faces were eyeing him—for he looked not unlike the weather horizon when a storm is coming up—Ahab, after rapidly glancing over the bulwarks and then darting his eyes among the crew, started from his standpoint, and, as though not a soul were nigh him, resumed his heavy turns upon the deck. With bent head and half-slouched hat he continued to pace, unmindful of the wondering whispering among the men, till Stubb cautiously whispered to Flask that Ahab must have summoned them there for the purpose of witnessing a pedestrian feat. But this did not last long.

Vehemently pausing, he cried, "What do ye do when ye see a whale, men?"

"Sing out for him!" was the impulsive rejoinder from a score of clubbed voices.⁴

"Good!" cried Ahab, with a wild approval in his tones, observing the hearty animation into which his unexpected question had so magnetically thrown them.

"And what do ye next, men?"

"Lower away, and after him!"

"And what tune is it ye pull to, men?"

"A dead whale or a stove boat!"

More and more strangely and fiercely glad and approving grew the countenance of the old man at every shout, while the mariners began to gaze curiously at each other, as if marveling how it was that they themselves became so excited at such seemingly purposeless questions.

But they were all eagerness again as Ahab, now half-revolving in his pivot-hole, with one hand reaching high up

⁴ *clubbed voices*: voices speaking together.

a shroud and tightly, almost convulsively, grasping it, addressed them thus:

"All ye mastheaders have before now heard me give orders about a white whale. Look ye! D'ye see this Spanish ounce of gold?"—holding up a broad bright coin to the sun. It is a sixteen dollar piece, men. D'ye see it? Mr. Starbuck, hand me yon top maul."

While the mate was getting the hammer, Ahab, without speaking, was slowly rubbing the goldpiece against the skirts of his jacket, as if to heighten its luster, and without using any words was meanwhile lowly humming to himself, producing a sound so strangely muffled and inarticulate that it seemed the mechanical humming of the wheels of his vitality in him.

Receiving the top maul from Starbuck, he advanced towards the mainmast with the hammer uplifted in one hand, exhibiting the gold with the other, and with a high raised voice exclaiming: "Whosoever of ye raises me a white-headed whale with a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw; whosoever of ye raises me that white-headed whale, with three holes punctured in his starboard fluke—look ye, whosoever of ye raises me that same white whale, he shall have this gold doubloon,¹ my boys!"

"Huzza! huzza!" cried the seamen, as with swinging tarpaulins they hailed the act of nailing the gold to the mast.

"It's a white whale, I say," resumed Ahab, as he threw down the top maul, "a white whale. Skin your eyes² for him, men; look sharp for white water. If ye see but a bubble, sing out."

All this while Tashtego, Daggoo, and Queequeg, the harpooners, had looked

on with even more intense interest and surprise than the rest, and at the mention of the wrinkled brow and crooked jaw they had started as if each was separately touched by some specific recollection.

"Captain Ahab," said Tashtego, "that white whale must be the same that some call Moby Dick."

"Moby Dick?" shouted Ahab. "Do ye know the white whale then, Tash?"

"Does he fan-tail a little curious, sir, before he goes down?" said the Gay-Header deliberately.

"And has he a curious spout, too," said Daggoo, "very bushy, even for a parmacetty, and mighty quick, Captain Ahab?"

"And he have one, two, tree—oh! good many iron in him hide, too, Captain," cried Queequeg disjointedly, "all twisketee be-twisk, like him—him—" faltering hard for a word, and screwing his hand round and round as though uncorking a bottle—"like him—him—"

"Corkscrew!" cried Ahab. "Aye, Queequeg, the harpoons lie all twisted and wrenched in him; aye, Daggoo, his spout is a big one, like a whole shock of wheat, and white as a pile of our Nantucket wool after the great annual sheepshearing; aye, Tashtego, and he fan-tails like a split jib³ in a squall. Death and devils! men, it is Moby Dick ye have seen—Moby Dick—Moby Dick!"

"Captain Ahab," said Starbuck, who, with Stubb and Flask, had thus far been eyeing his superior with increasing surprise, but at last seemed struck with a thought which somewhat explained all the wonder, "Captain Ahab, I have heard of Moby Dick—but it was not Moby Dick that took off thy leg?"

"Who told thee that?" cried Ahab; then pausing, "Aye, Starbuck; aye,

¹ *doubloon* (düb-lōon'): a Spanish coin worth about sixteen silver dollars.

² *skin your eyes*: watch.

³ *split jib*: a triangular sail set upon a stay.

my hearties all round; it was Moby Dick that dismasted me; Moby Dick that brought me to this dead stump I stand on now. Aye, aye!" he shouted with a terrific, loud, animal sob, like that of a heart-stricken moose. "Aye, aye! it was that accursed white whale that razed¹ me; made a poor pegging lubber of me for ever and a day!"

Then tossing both arms, with measureless imprecations he shouted out: "Aye, aye! and I'll chase him round Good Hope, and round the Horn, and round the Norway Maelstrom,² and round perdition's flames before I give him up. And this is what ye have shipped for, men! to chase that white whale on both sides of land and over all sides of earth, till he spouts black blood and rolls fin out. What say ye, men, will ye splice hands³ on it, now? I think ye do look brave."

"Aye, aye!" shouted the harpooners and seamen, running closer to the excited old man. "A sharp eye for the white whale; a sharp lance for Moby Dick!"

"God bless ye," he seemed to half sob and half shout. "God bless ye, men. Steward! go draw the great measure of grog.⁴ But what's this long face about, Mr. Starbuck. Wilt thou not chase the white whale? Art not game for Moby Dick?"

"I am game for his crooked jaw, and for the jaws of Death, too, Captain Ahab, if it fairly comes in the way of the business we follow; but I came here to hunt whales, not my commander's vengeance. How many barrels will thy vengeance yield thee even if thou gettest it, Captain Ahab? It will not fetch thee much in our Nantucket market."

¹ razed: felled, injured.

² Norway Maelstrom (mäl'ström): famous whirlpool off the coast of Norway.

³ splice hands: join hands.

⁴ grog: a strong drink.

"Vengeance on a dumb brute," cried Starbuck, "that simply smote thee from blindest instinct! Madness! To be enraged with a dumb thing, Captain Ahab, seems blasphemous."

"Talk not to me of blasphemy, man; I'd strike the sun if it insulted me. For could the sun do that, then could I do the other; since there is ever a sort of fair play herein, jealousy presiding over all creations. But not my master, man, is even that fair play. Who's over me? Truth hath no confines. Take off thine eye! more intolerable than fiends' glarings is a doltish⁵ stare! So, so; thou reddenest and palest; my heat has melted thee an anger-glow. But look ye, Starbuck, what is said in heat, that thing unsays itself. There are men from whom warm words are small indignity. I meant not to incense⁶ thee, man. Let it go."

"God keep me!—keep us all!" murmured Starbuck, lowly.

But in his joy at the enchanted, tacit acquiescence⁷ of the mate, Ahab did not hear his foreboding invocation; nor yet the low laugh from the hold; nor yet the presaging vibrations of the winds in the cordage; nor yet the hollow flap of the sails against the masts, as for a moment their hearts sank in. For again Starbuck's downcast eyes lighted up with the stubbornness of life; the subterranean laugh died away; the winds blew on; the sails filled out; the ship heaved and rolled as before.

"The measure! the measure!" cried Ahab.

"Drink and pass!" he cried, handing the heavy charged flagon to the nearest seamen. "The crew alone now drink. Round with it, round! Short draughts—long swallows, men; 'tis hot as

⁵ doltish: stupid.

⁶ incense (in-sěns'): anger.

⁷ acquiescence (āk'wī-ēs'ēns): agreement to the proposal, though somewhat unwillingly.

Satan's hoof. So, so; it goes round excellently. It spiralizes in ye; forks out at the serpent-snapping eye. Well done; almost drained. That way it went, this way it comes. Hand it me—here's a hollow! Men, ye seem the years; so brimming life is gulped and gone. Steward, refill!

"Attend now, my braves. I have mustered ye all round this capstan;¹ and ye mates, flank me with your lances; and ye harpooneers, stand there with your irons; and ye, stout mariners, ring me in, that I may in some sort revive a noble custom of my fishermen fathers before me. O men, you will yet see that— Ha! boy, come back? Bad pennies come not sooner. Hand it me. Why, now, this pewter had run brimming again, wer't not thou St. Vitus' imp—away, thou ague!

"Advance, ye mates! Cross your lances full before me. Well done! Let me touch the axis."

So saying, with extended arm he grasped the three level, radiating lances at their crossed center; while so doing, suddenly and nervously twitched them; meanwhile, glancing intently from Starbuck to Stubb, from Stubb to Flask. It seemed as though, by some nameless, interior volition, he would fain have shocked into them the same fiery emotion accumulated within the Leyden jar² of his own magnetic life. The three mates quailed before his strong, sustained, and mystic aspect. Stubb and Flask looked sideways from him; the honest eye of Starbuck fell downright.

"In vain!" cried Ahab. "But, maybe, 'tis well. For did ye three but once take the full-forced shock, then mine own electric thing, *that* had

perhaps expired from out me. Perchance, too, it would have dropped ye dead. Perchance ye need it not. Down lances! And now, ye mates, I do appoint ye three cupbearers to my three pagan kinsmen there—yon three most honorable gentlemen and noblemen, my valiant harpooneers. Disdain the task? What, when the great Pope washes the feet of beggars, using his tiara³ for ewer⁴? Oh, my sweet cardinals! your own condescension, *that* shall bend ye to it. I do not order ye; ye will it. Cut your seizings⁵ and draw the poles, ye harpooneers!"

Silently obeying the order, the three harpooneers now stood with the detached iron part of their harpoons, some three feet long, held, barbs up, before him.

"Stab me not with that keen steel! Cant them; cant them over! Know ye not the goblet end? Turn up the socket! So, so; now, ye cupbearers, advance. The irons! take them; hold them while I fill!"

Forthwith, slowly going from one officer to the other, he brimmed the harpoon sockets with the fiery waters from the pewter.

"Now, three to three ye stand. Commend the murderous chalices!⁶ Bestow them, ye who are now made parties to this indissoluble league. Ha! Starbuck! but the deed is done! Yon ratifying sun now waits to sit upon it. Drink, ye harpooneers! Drink and swear, ye men that man the deathful whaleboat's bow—Death to Moby Dick! God hunt us all if we do not hunt Moby Dick to his death!"

The long, barbed steel goblets were lifted; and to cries and maledictions⁷

¹ *capstan* (kăp'stăn): an upright cylinder turned by bars to exert pull on a rope passing around it.

² *Leyden* (lî'dĕn) *jar*: a condenser for the storing-up of static electricity.

³ *tiara* (tî-ār'ă): the Pope's triple crown, a tiara surrounded by three crowns.

⁴ *ewer* (û'ēr): container for water.

⁵ *seizings*: the ropes used to fasten the poles.

⁶ *chalices*: drinking cups.

⁷ *maledictions*: curses.

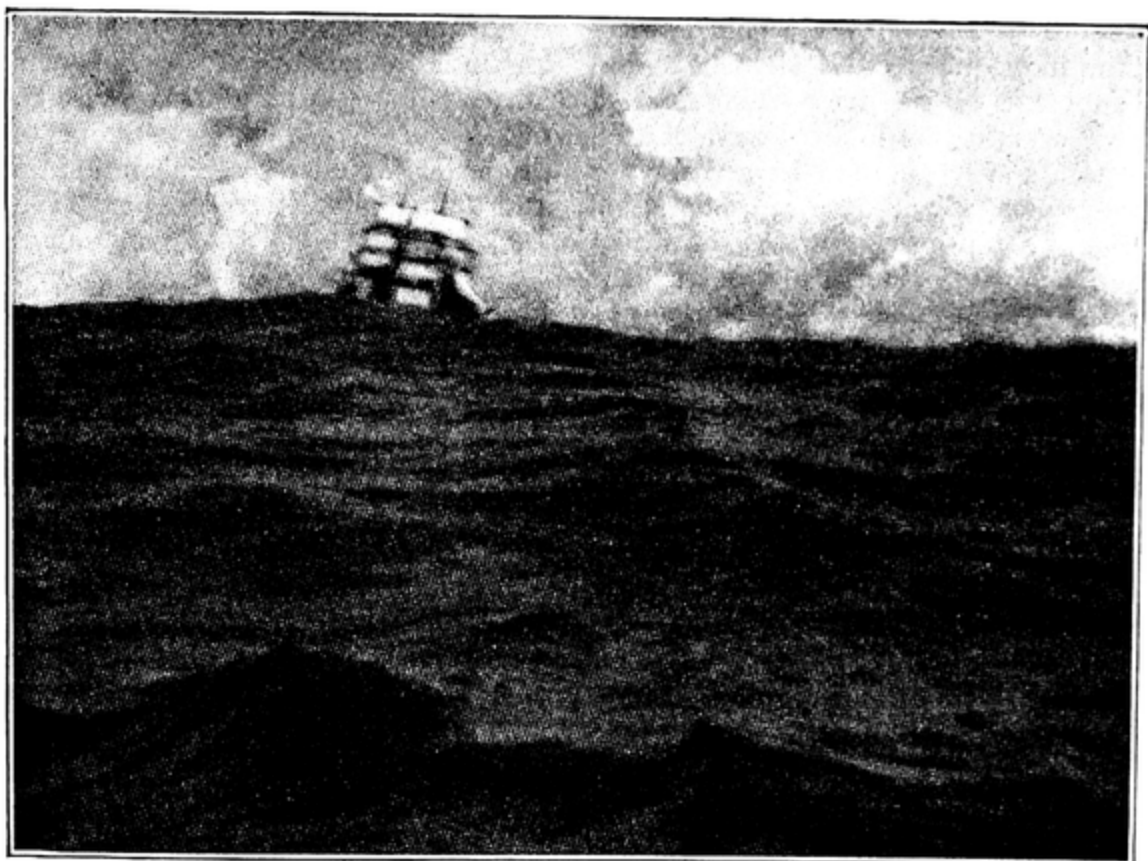


Photo by F. J. Mortimer, F. R. P. S.

IN MID-OCEAN

against the white whale, the spirits were simultaneously quaffed down with a hiss. Starbuck paled, and turned, and shivered. Once more, and finally, the replenished pewter¹ went the rounds among the frantic crew; when, wavering his free hand to them, they all dispersed; and Ahab retired within his cabin.

CHAPTER XIII

MOBY DICK

I, Ishmael, was one of that crew; my shouts had gone up with the rest; my oath had been welded with theirs; and stronger I shouted, and more did I hammer and clinch my oath, because of the dread in my soul. A wild, mystical, sympathetic feeling was in me; Ahab's quenchless feud seemed

¹ *replenished pewter*: refilled pewter flagon.

mine. With greedy ears I learned the history of that murderous monster against whom I and all the others had taken our oaths of violence and revenge.

For some time past, though at intervals only, the unaccompanied, secluded White Whale had haunted those uncivilized seas mostly frequented by the sperm whale fishermen. But not all of them knew of his existence; only a few of them, comparatively, had knowingly seen him; while the number who as yet had actually and knowingly given battle to him was small indeed. For, owing to the large number of whale cruisers; the disorderly way they were sprinkled over the entire watery circumference, many of them adventurously pushing their quest along solitary latitudes,² so as

² *solitary latitudes*: rarely frequented regions.

seldom or never for a whole twelve-month or more on a stretch to encounter a single news-telling sail of any sort; the inordinate¹ length of each separate voyage; the irregularity of the times of sailing from home; all these, with other circumstances, direct and indirect, long obstructed the spread through the whole world-wide whaling fleet of the special individualizing tidings concerning Moby Dick.

It was hardly to be doubted that several vessels reported to have encountered, at such or such a time, or on such or such a meridian, a sperm whale of uncommon magnitude and malignity,² which whale, after doing great mischief to his assailants, had completely escaped them; to some minds it was not an unfair presumption, I say, that the whale in question must have been no other than Moby Dick. Yet as of late the sperm whale fishery had been marked by various and not unfrequent instances of great ferocity, cunning, and malice in the monster attacked. Therefore it was that those who by accident ignorantly gave battle to Moby Dick; such hunters, perhaps, for the most part, were content to ascribe the peculiar terror he bred more, as it were, to the perils of the sperm whale fishery at large than to the individual cause. In that way, mostly, the disastrous encounter between Ahab and the whale had hitherto been popularly regarded.

And as for those who, previously hearing of the White Whale, by chance caught sight of him; in the beginning of the thing they had every one of them, almost, as boldly and fearlessly lowered for him as for any other whale of that species. But at length such calamities did ensue in these assaults

—not restricted to sprained wrists and ankles, broken limbs, or devouring amputations—but fatal to the last degree of fatality; those repeated disastrous repulses, all accumulating and piling their terrors upon Moby Dick; those things had gone far to shake the fortitude of many brave hunters to whom the story of the White Whale had eventually come.

No wonder, then, that, ever gathering volume from the mere transit over the wildest watery spaces, the out-blown rumors of the White Whale did in the end incorporate with themselves all manner of morbid hints and half-formed suggestions of supernatural agencies which eventually invested Moby Dick with new terrors unborrowed from anything that visibly appears. So that in many cases such a panic did he finally strike that few who by those rumors, at least, had heard of the White Whale, few of those hunters were willing to encounter the perils of his jaw.

Overawed by the rumors concerning him, not a few of the fishermen recalled, in reference to Moby Dick, the earlier days of the sperm whale fishery, when it was oftentimes hard to induce long practiced right whalemens to embark in the perils of this new and daring warfare; such men protesting that although other leviathans³ might be hopefully pursued, yet to chase and point lances at such an apparition as the sperm whale was not for mortal man. That to attempt it would be inevitably to be torn into a quick eternity. On this head, there are some remarkable documents that may be consulted.

Nevertheless, some there were who even in the face of these things were ready to give chase to Moby Dick; and a still greater number who, chanc-

¹ inordinate: indefinite, irregular.

² malignity (mă-llg'nî-tî): disposition to inflict injury.

³ leviathans (lê-vî'á-thānz): whales or other large sea-creatures.

ing only to hear of him distantly and vaguely, without the specific details of any certain calamity, and without superstitious accompaniments, were sufficiently hardy not to flee from the battle if offered.

One of the wild suggestions referred to, as at last coming to be linked with the White Whale in the minds of the superstitiously inclined, was the unearthly conceit¹ that Moby Dick was ubiquitous;² that he had actually been encountered in opposite latitudes at one and the same instant of time.

Forced into familiarity, then, with such prodigies as these, and knowing that after repeated, intrepid assaults the White Whale had escaped alive, it cannot be much matter of surprise that some whalemens should go still further in their superstitions; declaring Moby Dick not only ubiquitous, but immortal (for immortality is but ubiquity in time); that though groves of spears should be planted in his flanks, he would still swim away unharmed; or if indeed he should ever be made to spout thick blood, such a sight would be but a ghastly deception; for again in unensanguined³ billows, hundreds of leagues⁴ away, his unsullied jet would once more be seen.

But, even stripped of these supernatural surmisings, there was enough in the earthly make and incontestable character of the monster to strike the imagination with unwonted power. For it was not so much his uncommon bulk that so much distinguished him from other sperm whales, but, as was elsewhere thrown out, a peculiar snow-white wrinkled forehead and a high, pyramidical white hump. These were his prominent features; the tokens

whereby, even in the limitless, uncharted seas, he revealed his identity, at a long distance, to those who knew him.

The rest of his body was so streaked, and spotted, and marbled with the same shrouded hue that, in the end, he had gained his distinctive appellation of the White Whale; a name, indeed, literally justified by his vivid aspect when seen gliding at high noon through a dark blue sea, leaving a milky-way wake⁵ of creamy foam, all spangled with golden gleamings.

Nor was it his unwonted magnitude, nor his remarkable hue, nor yet his deformed lower jaw that so much invested the whale with natural terror, as that unexampled, intelligent malignity which, according to specific accounts, he had over and over again evinced in his assaults. More than all, his treacherous retreats struck more of dismay than perhaps aught else. For, when swimming before his exulting pursuers with every apparent symptom of alarm, he had several times been known to turn round suddenly, and, bearing down upon them, either stave⁶ their boats to splinters, or drive them back in consternation to their ship.

Already several fatalities had attended his chase. But though similar disasters, however little bruited⁷ ashore, were by no means unusual in the fishery, yet in most instances such seemed the White Whale's infernal aforethought of ferocity⁸ that every dismembering or death that he caused was not wholly regarded as having been inflicted by an unintelligent agent.

Small reason was there to doubt, then, that ever since that almost fatal

¹ *conceit*: a fanciful or extravagant notion.

² *ubiquitous* (ū-bīk'wī-tūs): present everywhere.

³ *unensanguined* (ūn'ēn-sāng'gwīnd): unreddened; unstained by blood.

⁴ *leagues* (lēgz): three-mile units for measuring distance.

⁵ *wake*: a path or trail.

⁶ *stave*: smash.

⁷ *bruited* (brōōt'ēd): rumored, talked about.

⁸ *aforethought of ferocity*: ferocious plan.

encounter Ahab had cherished a wild vindictiveness against the whale, all the more fell¹ for that in his frantic morbidness he at last came to identify with him not only all his bodily woes but all his intellectual and spiritual exasperations.

It is not probable that this monomania² in him took its instant rise at the precise time of his bodily dismemberment. Then, in darting at the monster, knife in hand, he had but given loose to a sudden, passionate, corporal animosity; and when he received the stroke that tore him, he probably but felt the agonizing bodily laceration, but nothing more. Yet, when by this collision forced to turn towards home, and for long months of days and weeks Ahab and anguish lay stretched together in one hammock, rounding in midwinter that dreary, howling Patagonian Cape, then it was that his torn body and gashed soul bled into one another, and, so interfusing, made him mad.

That it was only then, on the homeward voyage, after the encounter, that the final monomania seized him seems all but certain from the fact that, at intervals during the passage, he was a raving lunatic; and, though unlimbed of a leg, yet such vital strength yet lurked in his Egyptian chest, and was moreover intensified by his delirium, that his mates were forced to lace him fast, even there, as he sailed, raving in his hammock. In a straitjacket³ he swung to the mad rockings of the gales. And, when running into more sufferable latitudes, the ship, with mild stun'sails⁴ spread,

floated across the tranquil tropics, and to all appearances the old man's delirium seemed left behind him with the Cape Horn swells, and he came forth from his dark den into the blessed light and air; even then, when he bore that firm, collected front, however pale, and issued his calm orders once again; and his mates thanked God the direful madness was gone; even then, Ahab, in his hidden self, raved on.

Now, in his heart, Ahab had some glimpse of this, namely: all my means are sane, my motive and my object mad. Yet, without power to kill, or change, or shun the fact, he likewise knew that to mankind he did long dissemble; in some sort, did still. But that thing of his dissembling was only subject to his perceptibility, not to his will determinate. Nevertheless, so well did he succeed in that dissembling that when with ivory leg he stepped ashore at last, no Nantucketer thought him otherwise than but naturally grieved, and that to the quick, with the terrible casualty which had overtaken him.

Here, then, was this grey-headed, ungodly old man, chasing with curses a Job's whale round the world, at the head of a crew, too, chiefly made up of mongrel renegades,⁵ and castaways, and cannibals—morally enfeebled also by the incompetence of mere unaided virtue or right-mindedness in Starbuck, the invulnerable jollity of indifference and recklessness in the second mate, Stubb, and the pervading mediocrity in Flask, the third mate. Such a crew, so officered, seemed specially picked and packed by some infernal fatality to help him to his monomaniac revenge. How it was that they so abundantly responded to the old man's ire—by what evil magic their souls were possessed that at times his

¹ fell: evil.

² monomania (mŏn'ô-mă'nî-ă): insanity upon a single subject.

³ straitjacket: jacket to keep a person from using his arms, or from being violent.

⁴ stun'sails: meaning studding sails, light sails, set at the side of a principal square sail, to increase the speed of the vessel.

⁵ renegades (rĕn'ĕ-gădz): deserters from other ships or employment.

hate seemed almost theirs; the White Whale as much their insufferable¹ foe as his; how all this came to be—what the White Whale was to them, or how to their unconscious understandings, also, in some dim, unsuspected way, he might have seemed the gliding great demon of the seas of life—all this to explain would be to dive deeper than Ishmael can go.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FIRST LOWERING

It was a cloudy, sultry afternoon; the seamen were lazily lounging about the decks or vacantly gazing over into the lead-colored waters. Queequeg and I were mildly employed weaving what is called a sword-mat, for an additional lashing to our boat. So still and subdued and yet somehow preluding was all the scene, and such an incantation of revelry lurked in the air that each silent sailor seemed resolved into his own invisible self.

I was the attendant or page of Queequeg while busy at the mat. As I kept passing and repassing the filling or woof of marline² between the long yarns of the warp,³ using my own hand for the shuttle, and as Queequeg, standing sideways, ever and anon slid his heavy oaken sword between the threads and, idly looking off upon the water, carelessly and unthinkingly drove home every yarn; I say so strange a dreaminess did there then reign all over the ship and all over the sea, only broken by the intermitting dull sound of the sword, that it seemed as if this were the Loom of Time, and I myself were a shuttle mechanically weaving and weaving away at the Fates.

¹ *insufferable*: unendurable.

² *marline* (măr'līn): a small, two-strand rope.

³ *warp* (wōrp): the lengthwise parallel threads fixed in the loom.

Thus we were weaving and weaving away when I started at a sound so strange, long drawn, and musically wild and unearthly that the ball of free will dropped from my hand, and I stood gazing up at the clouds whence that voice dropped like a wing. High aloft in the crosstrees was that mad Gay-Header, Tashtego. His body was reaching eagerly forward, his hand stretched out like a wand, and at brief sudden intervals he continued his cries. To be sure, the same sound was that very moment perhaps being heard all over the seas, from hundreds of whalemens' lookouts perched as high in the air; but from few of those lungs could that accustomed old cry have derived such a marvelous cadence as from Tashtego the Indian's.

As he stood hovering over you half suspended in air, so wildly and eagerly peering towards the horizon, you would have thought him some prophet or seer beholding the shadows of Fate, and by those wild cries announcing their coming.

"There she blows! there! there! there! she blows! she blows!"

"Where-away?"

"On the lee-beam,⁴ about two miles off, a school of them!"

Instantly all was commotion.

The sperm whale blows as a clock ticks, with the same undeviating⁵ and reliable uniformity. And thereby whalemens distinguish this fish from other tribes of his genus.

"There go flukes!" was now the cry from Tashtego; and the whales disappeared.

"Quick, steward!" cried Ahab. "Time! time!"

Dough-Boy, the steward, hurried below, glanced at the watch, and reported the exact minute to Ahab.

⁴ *on the lee-beam*: on the beam away from the wind.

⁵ *undeviating*: unchanging.

The ship was now kept away from the wind, and she went gently rolling before it. Tashtego reporting that the whales had gone down heading to leeward,¹ we confidently looked to see them again directly in advance of our bows. For that singular craft at times evinced by the sperm whale when, sounding with his head in one direction, he nevertheless, while concealed beneath the surface, mills round, and swiftly swims off in the opposite quarter—this deceitfulness of his could not now be in action; for there was no reason to suppose that the fish seen by Tashtego had been in any way alarmed, or indeed knew at all of our vicinity.

One of the men selected for shipkeepers—that is, those not appointed to the boats—by this time relieved the Indian at the mainmast head. The sailors at the fore and mizzen² had come down; the line tubs were fixed in their places; the cranes were thrust out; the mainyard was backed, and the three boats swung over the sea like three samphire³ baskets over high cliffs. Outside of the bulwarks their eager crews with one hand clung to the rail, while one foot was expectantly poised on the gunwale.⁴ So look the long line of man-of-war's men about to throw themselves on board an enemy's ship.

But at this critical instant a sudden exclamation was heard that took every eye from the whale. With a start all glared at dark Ahab, who was surrounded by five dusky phantoms that seemed fresh formed out of air.

The phantoms, for so they then seemed, were flitting on the other side

of the deck and, with a noiseless celerity, were casting loose the tackles and bands of the boat which swung there. This boat had always been deemed one of the spare boats, though technically called the captain's, on account of its hanging from the starboard⁵ quarter. The figure that now stood by its bows was tall and swart,⁶ with one white tooth evilly protruding from its steel-like lips. A rumpled Chinese jacket of black cotton funereally invested him, with wide black trousers of the same dark stuff. But strangely crowning this ebonness⁷ was a glistening white plaited turban, the living hair braided and coiled round and round upon his head. Less swart in aspect, the companions of this figure were of that vivid, tiger-yellow complexion peculiar to some of the aboriginal⁸ natives of the Manilas—a race notorious for a certain diabolism of subtlety, and by some honest white mariners supposed to be the paid spies and secret confidential agents on the water of the devil, their lord, whose counting-room they suppose to be elsewhere.

While yet the wondering ship's company were gazing upon these strangers, Ahab cried out to the white-turbaned old man at their head, "All ready there, Fedallah!"

"Ready," was the half-hissed reply.

"Lower away then; d'ye hear?" shouting across the deck. "Lower away there, I say."

Such was the thunder of his voice that spite of their amazement the men sprang over the rail; the sheaves whirled round in the blocks; with a wallow, the three boats dropped into the sea; while, with a dexterous, off-handed daring, unknown in any other vocation, the sailors, goatlike, leaped

¹ *leeward* (lē'wērd): down-wind, as opposed to windward, or into the wind.

² *mizzen*: fore-and-aft sail set on the last mast.

³ *samphire* (sām'fir): a small plant growing among rocks near the sea.

⁴ *gunwale* (gūn'el): the part of the vessel where topsides and deck meet.

⁵ *starboard* (stär'bērd): right.

⁶ *swart*: dark-complexioned, swarthy.

⁷ *ebonness*: blackness.

⁸ *aboriginal* (āb'ō-rīj'ē-nāl): first, earliest.

down the rolling ship's side into the tossed boats below.

Hardly had they pulled out from under the ship's lee when a fourth keel, coming from the windward side, pulled round and under the stern, and showed the five strangers rowing Ahab, who, standing erect in the stern, loudly hailed Starbuck, Stubb, and Flask to spread themselves widely, so as to cover a large expanse of water. But with all their eyes again riveted upon the swart Fedallah and his crew, the inmates of the other boats obeyed not the command.

"Captain Ahab?" said Starbuck.

"Spread yourselves," cried Ahab; "give way, all four boats. Thou, Flask, pull out more to leeward!"

"Aye, aye, sir," cheerily cried little Flask, sweeping round his great steering oar. "Lay back!" addressing his crew. "There!—there!—there again! There she blows right ahead, boys!—lay back!"

"Never heed yonder yellow boys, Archy."

"Oh, I don't mind 'em, sir," said Archy; "I knew it all before now. Didn't I hear 'em in the hold? And didn't I tell Cabaco here of it? What say ye, Cabaco? They are stowaways."

"Pull, pull, my fine hearts-alive; pull, my children; pull, my little ones," drawlingly and soothingly sighed Stubb to his crew, some of whom still showed signs of uneasiness. "Why don't you break your backbones, my boys? What is it you stare at? Those chaps in yonder boat? Tut! They are only five more hands come to help us—never mind from where—the more the merrier. Pull, then, do pull; never mind the brimstone—devils are good fellows enough. So, so; there you are now; that's the stroke for a thousand pounds; that's the stroke to sweep the stakes!¹ Hurrah for the gold cup of

sperm oil, my heroes! Three cheers, men—all hearts alive! Easy, easy; don't be in a hurry—don't be in a hurry. Why don't you snap your oars, you rascals? Bite something, you dogs! So, so, so, then;—softly, softly! That's it—that's it! long and strong. Give way there, give way!"

Stubb's exordium to his crew is given here at large, because he had rather a peculiar way of talking to them in general, and especially in inculcating the religion of rowing. But you must not suppose from this specimen of his sermonizings that he ever flew into downright passions with his congregation. Not at all; and therein consisted his chief peculiarity. He would say the most terrific things to his crew, in a tone so strangely compounded of fun and fury, and the fury seemed so calculated merely as a spice to the fun, that no oarsman could hear such queer invocations without pulling for dear life, and yet pulling for the mere joke of the thing. Besides, he all the time looked so easy and indolent himself, so loungingly managed his steering-oar, and so broadly gaped—open-mouthed at times—that the mere sight of such a yawning commander, by sheer force of contrast, acted like a charm upon the crew. Then again, Stubb was one of those odd sort of humorists whose jollity is sometimes so curiously ambiguous as to put all inferiors on their guard in the matter of obeying them.

In obedience to a sign from Ahab, Starbuck was now pulling obliquely across Stubb's bow; and when for a minute or so the two boats were pretty near to each other, Stubb hailed the mate.

"Mr. Starbuck! larboard² boat there, ahoy! a word with ye, sir, if ye please!"

"Halloa!" returned Starbuck, turning round not a single inch as he spoke;

¹ sweep the stakes: win all the honors or prizes.

² larboard (lär'börd): left.

still earnestly but whisperingly urging his crew; his face set like a flint from Stubb's.

"What think ye of those yellow boys, sir!"

"Smuggled on board, somehow, before the ship sailed. (Strong, strong boys!)" in a whisper to his crew, then speaking out loud again: "A sad business, Mr. Stubb! (seethe her, seethe her, my lads!) but never mind, Mr. Stubb, all for the best. Let all your crew pull strong, come what will. (Spring, my men, spring!) There's hogsheads of sperm ahead, Mr. Stubb, and that's what ye came for. (Pull, my boys!) Sperm, sperm's the play! This at least is duty; duty and profit hand in hand."

Meantime Ahab, out of hearing of his officers, having sided the furthest to windward, was still ranging ahead of the other boats; a circumstance bespeaking how potent a crew was pulling him. Those tiger-yellow creatures of his seemed all steel and whale-bone; like five trip hammers they rose and fell with regular strokes of strength which periodically started the boat along the water like a horizontal burst boiler out of a Mississippi steamer.

All four boats were now in keen pursuit of that one spot of troubled water and air. But it bade fair to outstrip them; it flew on and on, as a mass of interblending bubbles borne down a rapid stream from the hills.

"Pull, pull, my good boys," said Starbuck, in the lowest possible but intensest concentrated whisper to his men; while the sharp fixed glance from his eyes, darting straight ahead of the bow, almost seemed as two visible needles in two unerring binnacle compasses. He did not say much to his crew, though, nor did his crew say anything to him. Only the silence of the boat was at intervals startlingly pierced by one of his peculiar whispers,

now harsh with command, now soft with entreaty.

How different the loud little Flask. "Sing out and say something, my hearties. Roar and pull, my thunderbolts! Beach me, beach me on their black backs, boys; only do that for me, and I'll sign over to you my Martha's Vineyard plantation, boys; including wife and children, boys. Lay me on—lay me on! O Lord, Lord! But I shall go stark, staring mad! See! see that white water!"

And so shouting, he pulled his hat from his head, and stamped up and down on it; then picking it up, flirtd¹ it far off upon the sea; and finally fell to rearing and plunging in the boat's stern like a crazed colt from the prairie.

But what it was that inscrutable² Ahab said to that tiger-yellow crew of his—these were words best omitted here; for you live under the blessed light of the evangelical land. Only the infidel sharks in the audacious seas may give ear to such words, when, with tornado brow, and eyes of red murder, and foam-glued lips, Ahab leaped after his prey.

Meanwhile all the boats tore on. The repeated specific allusions of Flask to "that whale," as he called the fictitious monster which he declared to be incessantly tantalizing his boat's bow with its tail—these allusions of his were at times so vivid and lifelike that they would cause some one or two of his men to snatch a fearful look over his shoulder. But this was against all rule; for the oarsmen must put out their eyes and ram a skewer through their necks,³ usage pronouncing that they must have no organs but

¹ flirtd: threw.

² inscrutable: not understandable.

³ ram a skewer through their necks: thrust a pin of wood or metal to hold their heads rigid.

ears, and no limbs but arms, in these critical moments.

It was a sight full of quick wonder and awe! The vast swells of the omnipotent sea; the surging, hollow roar they made, as they rolled along the eight gunwales like gigantic bowls¹ in a boundless bowling-green; the brief suspended agony of the boat, as it would tip for an instant on the knifelike edge of the sharper waves that almost seemed threatening to cut it in two; the sudden profound dip into the watery glens and hollows; the keen spurtings and goadings to gain the top of the opposite hill; the headlong, sledlike slide down its other side—all these, with the cries of the headsmen and harpooneers, and the shuddering gasps of the oarsmen, with the wondrous sight of the ivory "Pequod" bearing down upon her boats with outstretched sails, like a wild hen after her screaming brood—all this was thrilling. Not the raw recruit, marching from the bosom of his wife into the fever heat of his first battle; not the dead man's ghost encountering the first unknown phantom in the other world—neither of these can feel stranger and stronger emotions than that man does who for the first time finds himself pulling into the charmed, churned circle of the hunted sperm whale.

The dancing white water made by the chase was now becoming more and more visible, owing to the increasing darkness of the dun² cloud-shadows flung upon the sea. The jets of vapor no longer blended, but tilted everywhere to right and left; the whales seemed separating their wakes. The boats were pulled more part, Starbuck giving chase to three whales running dead to leeward. Our sail was now set,

and, with the still rising wind, we rushed along, the boat going with such madness through the water that the lee oars could scarcely be worked rapidly enough to escape being torn from the rowlocks.

Soon we were running through a suffusing wide veil of mist; neither ship nor boat to be seen.

"Give way, men," whispered Starbuck, drawing still further aft the sheet of his sail; "there is time to kill a fish yet before the squall comes. There's white water again!—close to! Spring."

Soon after, two cries in quick succession on each side of us denoted that the other boats had got fast; but hardly were they overheard when with a lightning-like, hurtling whisper Starbuck said: "Stand up!" and Queequeg, harpoon in hand, sprang to his feet.

Though not one of the oarsmen was then facing the life-and-death peril so close to them ahead, yet, with their eyes on the intense countenance of the mate in the stern of the boat, they knew that the imminent instant had come; they heard, too, an enormous wallowing sound as of fifty elephants stirring in their litter. Meanwhile the boat was still booming through the mist, the waves curling and hissing around us like the erected crests of enraged serpents.

"That's his hump. *There, there*, give it to him!" whispered Starbuck.

A short rushing sound leaped out of the boat; it was the darted iron of Queequeg. Then all in one welded commotion came an invisible push from astern, while forward the boat seemed striking on a ledge; the sail collapsed and exploded; a gush of scalding vapor shot up near by; something rolled and tumbled like an earthquake beneath us. The whole crew were half suffocated as they were tossed helter-skelter into the white curdling

¹ bowls: balls for rolling over a greensward for bowling.

² dun: dull, dark-colored.



From *Century Illustrated Magazine*, 1870

FAST TO A WHALE

cream of the squall. Squall, whale, and harpoon had all blended together; and the whale, merely grazed by the iron, escaped.

Though completely swamped, the boat was nearly unharmed. Swimming round it we picked up the floating oars and, lashing them across the gunwale, tumbled back to our places. There we sat up to our knees in the sea, the water covering every rib and plank so that to our downward-gazing eyes the suspended craft seemed a coral boat grown up to us from the bottom of the ocean.

The wind increased to a howl; the waves dashed their bucklers¹ together; the whole squall roared, forked, and crackled around us like a white fire upon the prairie, in which, unconsumed, we were burning; immortal in these jaws of death! In vain we hailed the other boats; as well roar to the live coals down the chimney of a flaming furnace as hail those boats in that storm. Meanwhile the driving scud, rack,² and mist grew darker with the shadows of night; no sign of the ship could be seen. The rising sea forbade all attempts to bale out the boat. The oars were useless as propellers, performing now the office of life preservers. So, cutting the lashing of the waterproof match-keg, after many failures Starbuck contrived to ignite the lamp in the lantern; then, stretching it on a waif pole,³ handed it to Queequeg as the standard-bearer of this forlorn hope. There, then, he sat, holding up that imbecile candle in the heart of that almighty forlornness. There, then, he sat, the sign and symbol of a man without faith, hopelessly holding up hope in the midst of despair.

¹ *bucklers*: shields worn to protect the body; the waves are thought of as warriors.

² *rack*: small clouds driven rapidly by the wind.

³ *waif pole*: a stray or loose pole.

Wet, drenched through, and shivering cold, despairing of ship or boat, we lifted up our eyes as the dawn came on. The mist still spread over the sea, the empty lantern lay crushed in the bottom of the boat. Suddenly Queequeg started to his feet, hollowing his hand to his ear. We all heard a faint creaking, as of ropes and yards hitherto muffled by the storm. The sound came nearer and nearer; the thick mists were dimly parted by a huge, vague form. Affrighted, we all sprang into the sea as the ship at last loomed into view, bearing right down upon us within a distance of not much more than its length.

Floating on the waves we saw the abandoned boat, as for one instant it tossed and gaped beneath the ship's bows like a chip at the base of a cataract; and then the vast hull rolled over it, and it was seen no more till it came up weltering astern. Again we swam for it, were dashed against it by the seas, and were at last taken up and safely landed on board. Ere the squall came close to, the other boats had cut loose from their fish and returned to the ship in good time. The ship had given us up, but was still cruising, if haply⁴ it might light upon some token of our perishing—an oar or a lance pole.

CHAPTER XV

THE SPIRIT-SPOUT

Days, weeks passed, and under easy sail the ivory "Pequod" had slowly swept across four several cruising grounds: that off the Azores; off the Cape de Verdes;⁵ on the Plate (so called), being off the mouth of the Rio de la Plata;⁶ and the Carrol

⁴ *haply*: by chance.

⁵ *Cape de Verdes*: Cape Verde, the extreme west cape of Africa.

⁶ *Rio de la Plata* (rē'ō dē lā plā'tá): a river in Argentina, South America.

Ground, an unstaked, watery locality, southerly from St. Helena.¹

It was while gliding through these latter waters that one serene and moonlight night, when all the waves rolled by like scrolls of silver and, by their soft, suffusing seethings, made what seemed a silvery silence, not a solitude: on such a silent night a silvery jet was seen far in advance of the white bubbles at the bow. Lit up by the moon, it looked celestial;² seemed some plumed and glittering god uprising from the sea. Fedallah first descried this jet. For of these moonlight nights, it was his wont to mount to the mainmast head and stand lookout there, with the same precision as if it had been day. And yet, though herds of whales were seen by night, not one whaleman in a hundred would venture a lowering for them.

You may think with what emotions, then, the seamen beheld this old Oriental perched aloft at such unusual hours, his turban and the moon companions in one sky. But when, after spending his uniform interval there for several successive nights without uttering a single sound; when, after all this silence, his unearthly voice was heard announcing that silvery, moonlit jet, every reclining mariner started to his feet as if some winged spirit had lighted in the rigging, and hailed the mortal crew. "There she blows!" Had the trump of judgment blown, they could not have quivered more; yet still they felt no terror; rather pleasure. For though it was a most unwonted hour, yet so impressive was the cry, and so deliriously exciting, that almost every soul on board instinctively desired a lowering.

¹ *St. Helena* (hě-lě'ná): an island nearer Africa than South America, in the South Atlantic Ocean, belonging to Great Britain. It is noted as the place of imprisonment of Napoleon after his defeat at Waterloo.

² *celestial*: heavenly.

This midnight spout had almost grown a forgotten thing when, some days after, lo! at the same silent hour it was again announced: again it was descried by all; but upon making sail to overtake it, once more it disappeared as if it had never been. And so it served us night after night, till no one heeded it but to wonder at it. Mysteriously jetted into the clear moonlight, or starlight, as the case might be; disappearing again for one whole day, or two days, or three; and somehow seeming at every distinct repetition to be advancing still further and further in our van, this solitary jet seemed for ever alluring us on.

Nor with the immemorial superstition of their race, and in accordance with the preternaturalness, as it seemed, which in many things invested the "Pequod," were there wanting some of the seamen who swore that whenever and wherever descried; at however remote times, or in however far apart latitudes and longitudes, that unnearable³ spout was cast by one self-same whale; and that whale, Moby Dick. For a time there reigned, too, a sense of peculiar dread at this flitting apparition, as if it were treacherously beckoning us on and on, in order that the monster might turn round upon us, and rend us⁴ at last in the remote stand most savage seas.

These temporary apprehensions, so vague but so awful, derived a wondrous potency from the contrasting serenity of the weather, in which, beneath all its blue blandness, some thought there lurked a devilish charm, as for days and days we voyaged along, through seas so wearily, lonesomely mild that all space, as if in repugnance to our vengeful errand, seemed vacating itself of life before our urnlike prow.

³ *unnearable*: impossible to get near to.

⁴ *rend us*: tear us apart.

But, at last, when turning to the eastward, the Cape winds began howling around us, and we rose and fell upon the long, troubled seas that are there; when the ivory-tusked "Pequod" sharply bowed to the blast and gored the dark waves in her madness, till, like showers of silver chips, the foam-flakes flew over her bulwarks; then all this desolate vacuity of life went away, but gave place to sights more dismal than before. But calm, snow-white, and unvarying; still directing its fountain of feathers to the sky; still beckoning us on from before, the solitary jet would at times be descried.

During all this blackness of the elements, Ahab, though assuming for the time the almost continual command of the drenched and dangerous deck, manifested the gloomiest reserve, and more seldom than ever addressed his mates. In tempestuous times like these, after everything above and aloft has been secured, nothing more can be done but passively to await the issue of the gale. Then Captain and crew become practical fatalists. So, with his ivory leg inserted into its accustomed hole, and with one hand firmly grasping a shroud, Ahab for hours and hours would stand gazing dead to windward, while an occasional sudden squall of sleet or snow would all but congeal his very eyelashes together.

Meantime the crew, driven from the forward part of the ship by the perilous seas that burstingly broke over its bows, stood in a line along the bulwarks in the waist; and the better to guard against the leaping waves, each man had slipped himself into a sort of bowline secured to the rail, in which he swung as in a loosened belt. Few or no words were spoken; and the silent ship, as if manned by painted sailors in wax, day after day tore on through all the swift madness and

gladness of the demoniac waves. By night the same muteness of humanity before the shrieks of the ocean prevailed; still in silence the men swung in the bowlines; still wordless Ahab stood up to the blast. Even when wearied nature seemed demanding repose, he would not seek that repose in his hammock.

Never could Starbuck forget the old man's aspect when, one night going down into the cabin to mark how the barometer stood, he saw him with closed eyes sitting straight in his floor-screwed chair, the rain and half-melted sleet of the storm from which he had some time before emerged still slowly dripping from the unremoved hat and coat. On the table beside him lay unrolled a chart of tides and currents. His lantern swung from his tightly clenched hand. Though the body was erect, the head was thrown back so that the closed eyes were pointed towards the needle of the telltale¹ that swung from a beam in the ceiling.

"Terrible old man!" thought Starbuck with a shudder, "sleeping in this gale, still thou steadfastly eyest thy purpose."

CHAPTER XVI

STUBB KILLS A WHALE

The next day was exceedingly still and sultry, and, with nothing special to engage them, the "Pequod's" crew could hardly resist the spell of sleep induced by such a vacant sea. For this part of the Indian Ocean through which we then were voyaging is not what whalers call a lively ground; that is, it affords fewer glimpses of porpoises, dolphins, flying fish, and other vivacious denizens

¹ *telltale*: a compass placed in the captain's cabin in order that he may learn the ship's course without going on deck.

of more stirring waters than those off the Rio de la Plata, or the inshore ground off Peru.

It was my turn to stand at the foremasthead; and, with my shoulders leaning against the slackened royal shrouds, to and fro I idly swayed in what seemed an enchanted air. No resolution could withstand it; in that dreamy mood losing all consciousness, at last my soul went out of my body; though my body still continued to sway as a pendulum will, long after the power which first moved it is withdrawn.

Suddenly bubbles seemed bursting beneath my closed eyes; like vises my hands grasped the shrouds; some invisible, gracious agency preserved me; with a shock I came back to life. And lo! close under our lee, not forty fathoms off, a gigantic sperm whale lay rolling in the water like the capsized hull of a frigate, his broad, glossy back, of an Ethiopian¹ hue, glistening in the sun's rays like a mirror. But lazily undulating in the trough of the sea, and ever and anon tranquilly spouting his vapory jet, the whale looked like a portly burgher smoking his pipe of a warm afternoon. But that pipe, poor whale, was thy last. As if struck by some enchanter's wand, the sleepy ship and every sleeper in it all at once started into wakefulness; and more than a score of voices from all parts of the vessel, simultaneously with the three notes from aloft, shouted forth the accustomed cry, as the great fish slowly and regularly spouted the sparkling brine into the air.

"Clear away the boats! Luff!"² cried Ahab. And, obeying his own order, he dashed the helm down before

¹ *Ethiopian* (ē'thī-ō'pī-ān): black.

² *luff*: to turn a ship toward the wind so as to check its speed or bring the vessel to a complete stop.

the helmsman could handle the spokes.³

The sudden exclamations of the crew must have alarmed the whale; and ere the boats were down, majestically turning, he swam away to the leeward, but with such a steady tranquillity, and making so few ripples as he swam, that, thinking after all he might not as yet be alarmed, Ahab gave orders that not an oar should be used, and no man must speak but in whispers. So seated like Ontario Indians on the gunwales of the boats, we swiftly but silently paddled along, the calm not admitting of the noiseless sails being set. Presently, as we thus glided in chase, the monster perpendicularly flitted his tail forty feet into the air, and then sank out of sight like a tower swallowed up.

"There go flukes!" was the cry, an announcement immediately followed by Stubb's producing his match and igniting his pipe, for now a respite was granted. After the full interval of his sounding had elapsed, the whale rose again, and being now in advance of the smoker's boat, and much nearer to it than to any of the others, Stubb counted upon the honor of the capture. It was obvious, now, that the whale had at length become aware of his pursuers. All silence of cautiousness was therefore no longer of use. Paddles were dropped and oars came loudly into play. And still puffing at his pipe, Stubb cheered on his crew to the assault.

Yes, a mighty change had come over the fish. All alive to his jeopardy, he was going "head out"; that part obliquely projecting from the mad yeast which he brewed.

³ The mention of spokes seems to be an error, because the "Pequod" was steered by a tiller instead of by a wheel.



Paul's Photos

"STAND UP, TASHTEGO!—GIVE IT TO HIM!"

"Start her, start her, my men! Don't hurry yourselves; take plenty of time—but start her; start her like thunderclaps, that's all," cried Stubb, spluttering out the smoke as he spoke. "Start her, now; give 'em the long and strong stroke, Tashtego. Start her, Tash, my boy—start her, all; but keep cool, keep cool—cucumbers is the word—easy, easy—only start her like grim death and grinning devils, and raise the buried dead perpendicular out of their graves, boys—that's all. Start her!"

"Woo-hoo! Wa-hee!" screamed the Gay-Header in reply, raising some old war whoop to the skies; as every oarsman in the strained boat involuntarily bounced forward with the one tremendous leading stroke which the eager Indian gave.

But his wild screams were answered by others quite as wild. "Kee-hee! Kee-hee!" yelled Daggoo, straining forwards and backwards on his seat, like a pacing tiger in his cage.

"Ka-la! Koo-loo!" howled Queequeg, as if smacking his lips over a mouthful of Grenadier's steak.¹ And thus with oars and yells the keels cut the sea. Meanwhile Stubb, retaining his place in the van, still encouraged his men to the onset, all the while puffing the smoke from his mouth. Like desperadoes they tugged and they strained, till the welcome cry was heard, "Stand up, Tashtego!—give it to him!" The harpoon was hurled. "Stern all!" The oarsmen backed water; the same moment something went hot and hissing along every one of their wrists. It was the magical line.

An instant before, Stubb had swiftly caught two additional turns with it round the loggerhead, whence, by reason of its increased rapid circlings, a hempen blue smoke now jetted up and mingled with the steady fumes from his pipe. As the line passed round and round the loggerhead,

¹ Grenadier's steak: the steak of a certain fish.

so also, just before reaching that point, it blisteringly passed through and through both of Stubb's hands, from which the handcloths, or squares of quilted canvas sometimes worn at these times, had accidentally dropped. It was like holding an enemy's sharp two-edged sword by the blade, and that enemy all the time striving to wrest it out of your clutch.

"Wet the line! wet the line!" cried Stubb to the tub oarsman (him seated by the tub), who, snatching off his hat, dashed the sea water into it. More turns were taken, so that the line began holding its place. The boat now flew through the boiling water like a shark all fins. Stubb and Tashtego here changed places—stem for stern—a staggering business truly in that rocking commotion.

From the vibrating line extending the entire length of the upper part of the boat, and from its now being more tight than a harpstring, you would have thought the craft had two keels—one cleaving the water, the other the air—as the boat churned on through both opposing elements at once. A continual cascade played at the bows; a ceaseless whirling eddy in her wake; and, at the slightest motion from within, even but of a little finger, the vibrating, cracking craft canted over her spasmodic gunwale into the sea. Thus they rushed; each man with might and main clinging to his seat to prevent being tossed to the foam; and the tall form of Tashtego at the steering oar crouching almost double, in order to bring down his center of gravity. Whole Atlantics and Pacifics seemed passed as they shot on their way, till at length the whale somewhat slackened his flight.

"Haul in—haul in!" cried Stubb to the bowsman; and, facing round towards the whale, all hands began

pulling the boat up to him, while yet the boat was being towed on. Soon ranging up by his flank, Stubb, firmly planting his knee in the clumsy cleat, darted dart after dart into the flying fish; at the word of command, the boat alternately sterning out of the way of the whale's horrible wallow and then ranging up for another fling.

The red tide now poured from all sides of the monster like brooks down a hill. His tormented body rolled not in brine but in blood, which bubbled and seethed for furlongs¹ behind in their wake. The slanting sun playing upon this crimson pond in the sea sent back its reflection into every face, so that they all glowed to each other like red men. And all the while, jet after jet of white smoke was agonizingly shot from the spiracle² of the whale, and vehement puff after puff from the mouth of the excited headsman; as at every dart, hauling in upon his crooked lance (by the line attached to it), Stubb straightened it again and again by a few rapid blows against the gunwale, then again and again sent it into the whale.

"Pull up—pull up!" he now cried to the bowsman, as the waning³ whale relaxed in his wrath. "Pull up!—close to!" and the boat ranged along the fish's flank; when reaching far over the bow, Stubb slowly churned his long, sharp lance into the fish, and kept it there, carefully churning and churning as if cautiously seeking to feel after some gold watch that the whale might have swallowed, and which he was fearful of breaking ere he could hook it out. But that gold watch he sought was the innermost life of the fish. And now it

¹ *furlongs*: units of measurement, each 220 yards or an eighth of a mile.

² *spiracle*: blow-hole or nostril.

³ *waning*: weakening.

is struck; for, starting from his trance into that unspeakable thing called his "flurry," the monster horribly wallowed in his blood, overwrapped himself in impenetrable, mad, boiling spray, so that the imperilled craft, instantly dropping astern, had much ado blindly to struggle out from that frenzied twilight into the clear air of the day.

And now abating in his flurry, the whale once more rolled out into view; surging from side to side; spasmodically dilating and contracting his spout-hole, with sharp, cracking, agonized respirations. At last, gush after gush of clotted red gore, as if it had been the purple lees¹ of red wine, shot into the air, and falling back again ran dripping down his motionless flanks into the sea. His heart had burst!

"He's dead, Mr. Stubb," said Daggoo.

"Yes; both pipes² smoked out!" and withdrawing his own from his mouth, Stubb scattered the dead ashes over the water; and, for a moment, stood thoughtfully eyeing the vast corpse he had made.

CHAPTER XVII

CUTTING IN

It was a Saturday night, and such a Sabbath as followed! *Ex officio* professors³ of Sabbath-breaking are all whalemén. The ivory "Pequod" was turned into what seemed a shamble;⁴ every sailor a butcher. You would have thought we were offering up ten thousand red oxen to the sea gods.

In the first place, the enormous cutting tackles, among other ponder-

ous things comprising a cluster of blocks generally painted green, and which no single man can possibly lift—this vast bunch of grapes was swayed up to the maintop and firmly lashed to the lower masthead, the strongest point anywhere above a ship's deck. The end of the hawserlike rope winding through these intricacies was then conducted to the windlass,⁵ and the huge lower block of the tackles was swung over the whale; to this block the great blubber hook, weighing some one hundred pounds, was attached.

And now suspended in stages over the side, Starbuck and Stubb, the mates, armed with their long spades, began cutting a hole in the body for the insertion of the hook just above the nearest of the two side-fins. This done, a broad, semicircular line is cut round the hole, the hook is inserted, and the main body of the crew, striking up a wild chorus, now commence heaving in one dense crowd at the windlass. When instantly, the entire ship careens⁶ over on her side; every bolt in her starts like the nailheads of an old house in frosty weather; she trembles, quivers, and nods her frightened mastheads to the sky. More and more she leans over to the whale, while every gasping heave of the windlass is answered by a helping heave from the billows; till at last, a swift, startling snap is heard; with a great swash the ship rolls upwards and backwards from the whale, and the triumphant tackle rises into sight, dragging after it the disengaged semicircular end of the first strip of blubber.

Now as the blubber envelopes the whale precisely as the rind does an orange, so is it stripped off from the body precisely as an orange is sometimes stripped by spiralizing it. For

¹ *lees* (lēz): sediment or dregs collected at the bottom of a container of wine or other liquor.

² *pipes*: a slang expression for blow-holes through which the whale spouts.

³ *Ex officio* (ēks ō-fish'ī-ō) *professors*: that is, practitioners because of the nature of their occupation.

⁴ *shamble*: a place for slaughtering animals.

⁵ *windlass* (wīnd'lās): a machine for hoisting by winding in a rope attached to it.

⁶ *careens*: tips suddenly.

the strain constantly kept up by the windlass continually keeps the whale rolling over and over in the water, and as the blubber in one strip uniformly peels off along the line called the "scarf," simultaneously cut by the spades of Starbuck and Stubb, the mates; and just as fast as it is thus peeled off, and indeed by that very act itself, it is all the time being hoisted higher and higher aloft till its upper end grazes the main-top; the men at the windlass then cease heaving, and for a moment or two the prodigious blood-dripping mass sways to and fro as if let down from the sky, and everyone present must take good heed to dodge it when it swings, else it may box his ears and pitch him headlong overboard.

One of the attending harpooners now advances with a long keen weapon called a boarding-sword, and watching his chance he dexterously slices out a considerable hole in the lower part of the swaying mass. Into this hole the end of the second alternating great tackle is then hooked so as to retain a hold upon the blubber, in order to prepare for what follows. Whereupon, this accomplished swordsman, warning all hands to stand off, once more makes a scientific dash at the mass, and with a few sidelong, desperate, lunging slicings, severs it completely in twain; so that while the short lower part is still fast, the long upper strip, called a blanket-piece, swings clear, and is all ready for lowering. The heavers forward now resume their song, and while the one tackle is peeling and hoisting a second strip from the whale, the other is slowly slackened away, and down goes the first strip through the main hatchway right beneath, into an unfurnished parlor called the blubber-room. Into this twilight apartment sundry nimble hands keep coiling away the long blanket-piece as if it were a

great live mass of plaited serpents. And thus the work proceeds; the two tackles hoisting and lowering simultaneously; both whale and windlass heaving, the heavers singing, the blubber-room gentlemen coiling, the mates scarfing,¹ the ship straining, and all hands swearing occasionally, by way of assuaging the general friction.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FUNERAL

"Haul in the chains! Let the carcase go astern!"

The vast tackles have now done their duty. The peeled white body of the beheaded whale flashes like a marble sepulcher; though changed in hue, it has not perceptibly lost anything in bulk. It is still colossal. Slowly it floats more and more away, the water round it torn and splashed by the insatiate sharks, and the air above vexed with rapacious flights of screaming fowls, whose beaks are like so many insulting poniards² in the whale. The vast white headless phantom floats further and further from the ship, and every rod that it so floats, what seem square roods³ of sharks and cubic roods of fowls augment the murderous din. For hours and hours from the almost stationary ship that hideous sight is seen. Beneath the unclouded and mild azure sky, upon the fair face of the pleasant sea, wafted by the joyous breezes, that great mass of death floats on and on, till lost in infinite perspectives.

There's a most doleful and most mocking funeral! The sea vultures all in pious mourning, the air sharks all punctiliously in black or speckled. In life but few of them would have helped

¹ scarfing: cutting the blubber loose.

² poniards (pōn'yērdz): long, slender-bladed daggers.

³ roods: units of square measure, one-fourth of an acre each.

the whale, I ween,¹ if peradventure he had needed it; but upon the banquet of his funeral they most piously do pounce. Oh, horrible vultureism of earth! from which not the mightiest whale is free.

Nor is this the end. Desecrated as the body is, a vengeful ghost survives and hovers over it to scare. Espied by some timid man-of-war or blundering discovery vessel from afar, when the distance, obscuring the swarming fowls, nevertheless still shows the white mass floating in the sun, and the white spray heaving high against it; straightway the whale's unharming corpse, with trembling fingers is set down in the log²—*shoals, rocks, and breakers hereabouts: beware*. And for years afterwards, perhaps, ships shun the place; leaping over it as silly sheep leap over a vacuum, because their leader originally leaped there when a stick was held. There's your law of precedents; there's your utility of traditions; there's the story of your obstinate survival of old beliefs never bottomed on the earth, and now not even hovering in the air! There's orthodoxy!

Thus, while in life the great whale's body may have been a real terror to his foes, in his death his ghost becomes a powerless panic to a world.

CHAPTER XIX

THE GRAND ARMADA

The long and narrow peninsula of Malacca, extending southeastwards from the territories of Birmah,³ forms the most southerly point of all Asia. In a continuous line from that peninsula stretch the long islands of Sumatra, Java, Bally,⁴ and Timor; which, with many others, form a vast mole,

or rampart, lengthwise connecting Asia with Australia, and dividing the long, unbroken Indian ocean from the thickly studded oriental archipelagoes. This rampart is pierced by several sally ports⁵ for the convenience of ships and whales, conspicuous among which are the Straits of Sunda and Malacca. By the Straits of Sunda, chiefly, vessels bound to China from the west emerge into the China seas.

Time out of mind the piratical proas⁶ of the Malays, lurking among the low, shaded coves and islets of Sumatra, have sallied out upon the vessels sailing through the straits, fiercely demanding tribute at the point of their spears. Though by the repeated bloody chastisements they have received at the hands of European cruisers the audacity of these corsairs has of late been somewhat repressed, yet, even at the present day, we occasionally hear of English and American vessels which, in those waters, have been remorselessly boarded and pillaged.

With a fair, fresh wind, the "Pequod" was now drawing nigh to these straits; Ahab purposing to pass through them into the Javan sea, and thence, cruising northwards, over waters known to be frequented here and there by the sperm whale, sweep in-shore by the Philippine Islands, and gain the far coast of Japan in time for the great whaling season there. By these means, the circumnavigating "Pequod" would sweep almost all the known sperm whale cruising grounds of the world, previous to descending upon the Line⁷ in the Pacific, where

⁵ *sally ports*: literally, openings under the walls of a fortification through which soldiers can emerge to drive back the attacking force. Here the term means waterways through which ships and whales could pass.

⁶ *proas* (prō'áz): praus, in the Malay language; swift outrigger-and-sails canoes carrying many men.

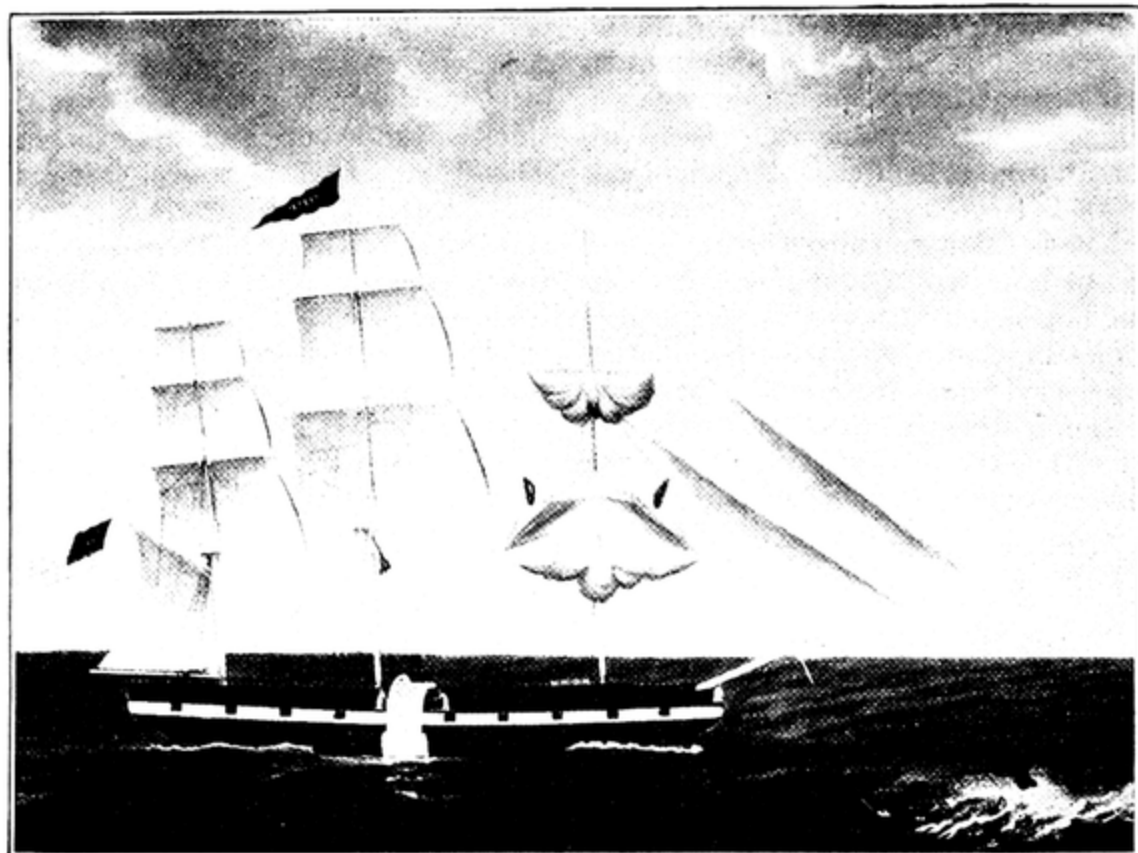
⁷ *the Line*: the equator.

¹ *ween*: believe.

² *log*: a ship's record-book.

³ *Birmah* (būr-má): Burma, India.

⁴ *Bally* (bā'li): Bali.



Permission of the Peabody Museum of Salem, Mass.

AN OLD PAINTING OF A NEW BEDFORD WHALER, SHOWING THE
PROCESS OF STRIPPING BLUBBER FROM A WHALE

Ahab, though everywhere else foiled in his pursuit, firmly counted upon giving battle to Moby Dick in the sea he was most known to frequent, and at a season when he might most reasonably be presumed to be haunting it.

But how now? In this zoned quest, does Ahab touch no land? Does his crew drink air? Surely he will stop for water. Nay. For a long time, now, the circus-running sun has raced within his fiery ring and needs no sustenance but what's in himself. So Ahab. Mark this, too, in the whaler. While other hulls are loaded down with alien stuff, to be transferred to foreign wharves; the world-wandering whale ship carries no cargo but herself and crew, their weapons and their wants. She has a whole lake's contents bottled in her ample hold. She is ballasted with utilities; not alto-

gether with unusable pig-lead and kentledge.¹ She carries years' water in her.

Now, as many sperm whales had been captured off the western coast of Java, in the near vicinity of the Straits of Sunda; indeed, as most of the ground roundabout was generally recognized by the fishermen, as an excellent spot for cruising, therefore, as the "Pequod" gained more and more upon Java Head, the lookouts were repeatedly hailed and admonished to keep wide awake. But though the green palmy cliffs of the land soon loomed on the starboard bow, and with delighted nostrils the fresh cinnamon was snuffed in the air, yet not a single jet was descried. Almost renouncing all thought of falling in with any game hereabouts, the ship had

¹ kentledge (kěnt'lēj): pig-iron carried for ballast.

well-nigh entered the straits, when the customary cheering cry was heard from aloft, and ere long a spectacle¹ of singular magnificence saluted us.

Broad on both bows,² at the distance of some two or three miles, and forming a great semicircle embracing one-half of the level horizon, a continuous chain of whale-jets were up-playing and sparkling in the noonday air. Unlike the straight perpendicular twin-jets of the right whale, which, dividing at top, fall over in two branches like the cleft³ drooping boughs of a willow, the single forward-slanting spout of the sperm whale presents a thick curled bush of white mist, continually rising and falling away to leeward.

Seen from the "Pequod" deck, then, as she would rise on a high hill of the sea, this host of vapory spouts, individually curling up into the air, and beheld through a blending atmosphere of bluish haze, showed like the thousand cheerful chimneys of some dense metropolis, descried of a balmy autumnal morning by some horseman on a height.

Crowding all sail, the "Pequod" pressed after them, the harpooneers handling their weapons and loudly cheering from the heads of their yet suspended boats. If the wind only held, little doubt had they that, chased through these Straits of Sunda, the vast host would only deploy⁴ into the Oriental seas to witness the capture of not a few of their number. And who could tell whether, in that congregated caravan, Moby Dick himself might not temporarily be swimming, like the worshiped white elephant in the coronation procession of the Siamese! So with stunsail piled on stunsail

we sailed along, driving these leviathans before us.

Stripped to our shirts and drawers, we sprang to the white-ash,⁵ and after several hours' pulling were almost disposed to renounce the chase, when a general pausing commotion among the whales gave animating tokens that they were now at last under the influence of that strange perplexity of inert irresolution which, when the fishermen perceive it in the whale, they say he is gallied.⁶ In all directions expanding in vast irregular circles, and aimlessly swimming hither and thither, by their short thick spoutings they plainly betrayed their distraction of panic. This was still more strangely evinced by those of their number who, completely paralyzed as it were, helplessly floated like water-logged dismantled ships on the sea. Had these leviathans been but a flock of simple sheep, pursued over the pasture by three fierce wolves, they could not possibly have evinced such excessive dismay.

Though many of the whales, as has been said, were in violent motion, yet it is to be observed that as a whole the herd neither advanced nor retreated, but collectively remained in one place. As is customary in those cases, the boats at once separated, each making for some one lone whale on the outskirts of the shoal. In about three minutes' time Queequeg's harpoon was flung; the stricken fish darted blinding spray in our faces, and then, running away with us like light, steered straight for the heart of the herd. Though such a movement on the part of the whale struck under such circumstances is in no wise unprecedented, and indeed is almost always more or less anticipated, yet

¹ *spectacle*: sight.

² *Broad on both bows*: spread out both to right and to left of the bow.

³ *cleft*: divided.

⁴ *deploy*: spread out in order to get a better view of the proceedings.

⁵ *white-ash*: oars made of this wood, which is especially strong.

⁶ *gallied* (gäl'id): frightened into confusion.

does it present one of the more perilous vicissitudes¹ of the fishery. For as the swift monster drags you deeper and deeper into the frantic shoal, you bid adieu to circumspect life and only exist in a delirious throb.

As, blind and deaf, the whale plunged forward, as if by sheer power of speed to rid himself of the iron leech² that had fastened to him; as we thus tore a white gash in the sea, on all sides menaced as we flew by the crazed creatures to and fro rushing about us, our beset boat was like a ship mobbed by ice-isles in a tempest and striving to steer through their complicated channels and straits, knowing not at what moment it may be locked in and crushed.

But, not a bit daunted, Queequeg steered us manfully; now sheering off from this monster directly across our route in advance; now edging away from that, whose colossal flukes were suspended overhead, while all the time Starbuck stood up in the bows, lance in hand, pricking out of our way whatever whales he could reach by short darts, for there was no time to make long ones. Nor were the oarsmen quite idle, though their wonted duty was now altogether dispensed with. They chiefly attended to the shouting part of the business.

"Out of the way, Commodore!" cried one, to a great dromedary that of a sudden rose bodily to the surface and for an instant threatened to swamp us.

"Hard down with your tail, there!" cried a second to another, which, close to our gunwale, seemed calmly cooling himself with his own fanlike extremity.

All whaleboats carry certain curious contrivances, originally invented by

the Nantucket Indians, called druggs. Two thick squares of wood of equal size are stoutly clenched together, so that they cross each other's grain at right angles; a line of considerable length is then attached to the middle of this block, and the other end of the line being looped, it can in a moment be fastened to a harpoon. It is chiefly among galled whales that this drugg is used. For then more whales are close around you than you can possibly chase at one time. But sperm whales are not every day encountered; while you may, then, you must kill all you can. And if you cannot kill them all at once, you must wing them, so that they can be afterwards killed at your leisure. Hence it is that at times like these the drugg comes into requisition.

Our boat was furnished with three of them. The first and second were successfully darted, and we saw the whales staggeringly running off, fettered by the enormous sidelong resistance of the towing drugg. They were cramped like malefactors with the chain and ball. But upon flinging the third, in the act of tossing overboard the clumsy wooden block, it caught under one of the seats of the boat, and in an instant tore it out and carried it away, dropping the oarsman in the boat's bottom as the seat slid from under him. On both sides the sea came in at the wounded planks, but we stuffed two or three drawers and shirts in, and so stopped the leaks for the time.

It had been next to impossible to dart these drugged-harpoons were it not that, as we advanced into the herd, our whale's way greatly diminished; moreover, that as we went still further and further from the circumference of commotion, the direful disorders seemed waning. So that when at last the jerking harpoon drew out,

¹ *vicissitudes* (vī-sīs'ī-tūdz): complete changes of circumstances.

² *leech*: hook.

and the towing whale sideways vanished; then, with the tapering force of his parting momentum, we glided between two whales into the innermost heart of the shoal, as if from some mountain torrent we had slid into a serene valley lake. Here the storms in the roaring glens between the outermost whales were heard but not felt. In this central expanse the sea presented that smooth, satin-like surface, called a sleek, produced by the subtle moisture thrown off by the whale in his more quiet moods. Yes, we were now in that enchanted calm which they say lurks at the heart of every commotion. And still in the distracted distance we beheld the tumults of the outer concentric circles, and saw successive pods¹ of whales, eight or ten in each, swiftly going round and round, like multiplied spans of horses in a ring; and so closely shoulder to shoulder that a Titanic circus-rider might readily have overarched the middle ones, and so have gone round on their backs.

Owing to the density of the crowd of reposing whales more immediately surrounding the embayed² axis of the herd, no possible chance of escape was at present afforded us. We must watch for a breach in the living wall that hemmed us in, the wall that had only admitted us in order to shut us up. Keeping at the center of the lake, we were occasionally visited by small tame cows and calves, the women and children of this routed host.

Now, inclusive of the occasional wide intervals between the revolving outer circles, and inclusive of the spaces between the various pods in any one of those circles, the entire area at this juncture, embraced by the whole multitude, must have contained at least two or three square miles.

At any rate—though indeed such a test at such a time might be deceptive—spoutings might be discovered from our low boat that seemed playing up almost from the rim of the horizon. I mention this circumstance because, as if the cows and calves had been purposely locked up in this innermost fold; and as if the wide extent of the herd had hitherto prevented them from learning the precise cause of its stopping; or, possibly, being so young, unsophisticated, and every way innocent and inexperienced; however it may have been, these smaller whales—now and then visiting our becalmed boat from the margin of the lake—evinced a wondrous fearlessness and confidence, or else a still becharmed panic which it was impossible not to marvel at. Like household dogs they came snuffing round us, right up to our gunwales, and touching them; till it almost seemed that some spell had suddenly domesticated them. Queequeg patted their foreheads; Starbuck scratched their backs with his lance, but, fearful of consequences, for the time refrained from darting it.

Meanwhile, as we thus lay entranced,³ the occasional sudden frantic spectacles in the distance evinced the activity of the other boats, still engaged in drugging the whales on the frontier of the host;⁴ or possibly carrying on the war within the first circle, where abundance of room and some convenient retreats were afforded them. But the sight of the enraged drugged whales now and then blindly darting to and fro across the circles was nothing to what at last met our eyes. It is sometimes the custom when fast to a whale more than commonly powerful and alert to seek to hamstring him, as it were, by sundering or maiming his gigantic tail-tendon. It

¹ pods: herds.

² embayed: inclosed or hemmed-in.

³ entranced: in a trance; motionless.

⁴ frontier of the host: edge of the herd.

is done by darting a short-handled cutting-spade, to which is attached a rope for hauling it back again. A whale wounded (as we afterwards learned) in this part, but not effectually, as it seemed, had broken away from the boat, carrying along with him half of the harpoon line; and in the extraordinary agony of the wound, he was now dashing among the revolving circles like the lone mounted desperado Arnold at the battle of Saratoga,¹ carrying dismay wherever he went.

But agonizing as was the wound of this whale, and an appalling spectacle enough, anyway, yet the peculiar horror with which he seemed to inspire the rest of the herd was owing to a cause which at first the intervening distance obscured from us. But at length we perceived that by one of the unimaginable accidents of the fishery, this whale had become entangled in the harpoon-line that he towed; he had also run away with the cutting-spade in him; and while the free end of the rope attached to that weapon had permanently caught in the coils of the harpoon-line round his tail, the cutting-spade itself had worked loose from his flesh. So that, tormented to madness, he was now churning through the water, violently flailing with his flexible tail and tossing the keen spade about him, wounding and murdering his own comrades.

This terrific object seemed to recall the whole herd from their stationary fright. First, the whales forming the margin of our lake began to crowd a little and tumble against each other, as if lifted by half spent billows from afar; then the lake itself began faintly

to heave and swell; in more and more contracting orbits the whales in the more central circles began to swim in thickening clusters. Yes, the long calm was departing. A low advancing hum was soon heard; and then, like to the tumultuous masses of block-ice when the great river Hudson breaks up in the Spring, the entire host of whales came tumbling upon their inner center, as if to pile themselves up in one common mountain. Instantly Starbuck and Queequeg changed places, Starbuck taking the stern.

"Oars! Oars!" he intensely whispered, seizing the helm—"grip your oars, and clutch your souls, now! My God, men, stand by! Shove him off, you Queequeg—the whale there!—prick him!—hit him! Stand up stand up, and stay so! Spring, men—pull, men; never mind their backs—scrape them!—scrape away!"

The boat was now all but jammed between two vast black bulks, leaving a narrow Dardanelles² between their long lengths. But by desperate endeavor we at last shot into a temporary opening; then giving way rapidly, and at the same time earnestly watching for another outlet. After many similar hairbreadth escapes, we at last swiftly glided into what had just been one of the outer circles, but now crossed by random whales, all violently making for one center. This lucky salvation was cheaply purchased by the loss of Queequeg's hat, who, while standing in the bows to prick the fugitive whales, had his hat taken clean from his head by the air-eddy made by the sudden tossing of a pair of broad flukes close by.

Riotous and disordered as the universal commotion now was, it soon resolved itself into what seemed a sys-

¹ *Arnold at the battle of Saratoga* (săr'ă-tō'gă): Benedict Arnold is now known almost wholly as a traitor to the patriot cause. He had previously, however, been one of the most brilliant soldiers in the colonial army, saving the day at the Battle of Saratoga. Because of the government's failure to recognize his services he later deserted to the British.

² *Dardanelles* (dăr'dă-nělz): the narrow water-passage extending for forty miles between Europe and Asiatic Turkey, southwest of Constantinople.

tematic movement; for having clumped together at last in one dense body, they then renewed their onward flight with augmented fleetness. Further pursuit was useless; but the boats still lingered in their wake to pick up what drugged whales might be dropped astern, and likewise to secure one which Flask had killed and waifed. The waif is a pennoned pole, two or three of which are carried by every boat; and which, when additional game is at hand, are inserted upright into the floating body of a dead whale, both to mark its place on the sea and also as token of prior possession, should the boats of any other ship draw near.

The result of this lowering was somewhat illustrative of that sagacious saying in the fishery—the more whales the less fish. Of all the drugged whales only one was captured. The rest contrived to escape.

CHAPTER XX

LEG AND ARM

*The "Pequod," of Nantucket, Meets
the "Samuel Enderby," of London*

"Ship, ahoy! Hast seen the White Whale?"

So cried Ahab, hailing a ship showing English colors, bearing down under the stern. Trumpet to mouth, the old man was standing in his hoisted quarter-boat, his ivory leg plainly revealed to the stranger captain, who was carelessly reclining in his own boat's bow. He was a darkly tanned, burly, good-natured, fine-looking man of sixty or thereabouts, dressed in a spacious roundabout that hung round him in festoons of blue pilot-cloth; and one empty arm of this jacket streamed behind him like the arm of a hussar's surcoat.¹

¹ *surcoat* (sûr'kôt): a coat usually worn over armor.

"Hast seen the White Whale?"

"See you this?" and, withdrawing it from the folds that had hidden it, he held up a white arm of sperm whale bone, terminating in a wooden head like a mallet.

"Man my boat!" cried Ahab, impetuously, and tossing about the oars near him—"Stand by to lower!"

In less than a minute, without quitting his little craft, he and his crew were dropped to the water and were soon alongside of the stranger. But here a curious difficulty presented itself. In the excitement of the moment, Ahab had forgotten that since the loss of his leg he had never once stepped on board of any vessel at sea but his own, and then it was always by an ingenious and very handy mechanical contrivance peculiar to the "Pequod," and a thing not to be rigged and shipped in any other vessel at a moment's warning. Now, it is no very easy matter for anybody—except those who are almost hourly used to it, like whalemén—to clamber up a ship's side from a boat on the open sea; for the great swells now lift the boat high up towards the bulwarks, and then instantaneously drop it halfway down to the keelson.² So, deprived of one leg, and the strange ship unsupplied with the kindly invention, Ahab now found himself abjectly reduced to a clumsy landsman again.

It has before been hinted, perhaps, that every little untoward circumstance that befell him, and which indirectly sprang from his luckless mishap, almost invariably irritated or exasperated Ahab. And in the present instance, all this was heightened by the sight of the two officers of the strange ship leaning over the side, by the perpendicular ladder of nailed cleets there, and swinging

² *keelson* (kêl's'n): the structure of a ship just above the keel.

towards him a pair of tastefully ornamented man-ropes; for at first they did not seem to bethink them that a one-legged man must be too much of a cripple to use their sea bannisters. But this awkwardness only lasted a minute, because the strange captain, observing at a glance how affairs stood, cried out, "I see, I see!—avast heaving there! Jump, boys, and swing over the cutting-tackle."

As good luck would have it, they had had a whale alongside a day or two previous, and the great tackles were still aloft, and the massive curved blubber-hook, now clean and dry, was still attached to the end. This was quickly lowered to Ahab, who at once comprehending it all, slid his solitary thigh into the curve of the hook (it was like sitting in the fluke of an anchor, or the crotch of an apple tree), and then giving the word, held himself fast, and at the same time also helped to hoist his own weight by pulling hand-over-hand upon one of the running parts of the tackle. Soon he was carefully swung inside the high bulwarks and gently landed upon the capstan head. With his ivory arm frankly thrust forth in welcome, the other captain advanced, and Ahab, putting out his ivory leg, and crossing the ivory arm (like two sword-fish blades) cried out in his walrus way, "Aye, aye, hearty! let us shake bones together!—an arm and a leg!—an arm that never can shrink, d'y'e see; and a leg that never can run. Where did'st thou see the White Whale?—how long ago?"

"The White Whale," said the Englishman, pointing his ivory arm towards the East, and taking a rueful sight along it, as if it had been a telescope; "there I saw him, on the Line, last season."

"And he took that arm off, did he?" asked Ahab, now sliding down from

the capstan, and resting on the shoulder of the Englishman, as he did so.

"Aye, he was the cause of it, at least; and that leg, too?"

"Spin me the yarn," said Ahab. "How was it?"

"It was the first time in my life that I ever cruised on the Line," began the Englishman. "I was ignorant of the White Whale at that time. Well, one day we lowered for a pod of four or five whales, and my boat fastened to one of them; a regular circus horse he was, too, that went milling and milling round so, that my boat's crew could only trim dish,¹ by sitting all their sterns on the outer gunwale. Presently up breaches² from the bottom of the sea a bouncing great whale, with a milky-white head and hump, all crows' feet and wrinkles."

"It was he, it was he!" cried Ahab, suddenly letting out his suspended breath.

"And harpoons sticking in near his starboard fin."

"Aye, aye—they were mine—*my* irons," cried Ahab, exultingly—"but on!"

"Give me a chance, then," said the Englishman, good-humoredly. "Well, this old great-grandfather, with the white head and hump, runs all afoam into the pod and goes to snapping furiously at my fast-line."

"Aye, I see!—wanted to part it; free the fast-fish—an old trick—I know him."

"How it was exactly," continued the one-armed commander, "I do not know; but in biting the line, it got foul of his teeth, caught there somehow; but we didn't know it then; so that when we afterwards pulled on the line, bounce we came plump on to his hump!

¹ *trim dish*: balance the boat, keep from upsetting.

² *breaches*: rises.

instead of the other whale's that went off to windward, all fluking. Seeing how matters stood, and what a noble great whale it was—the noblest and biggest I ever saw, sir, in my life—I resolved to capture him, spite of the boiling rage he seemed to be in. And thinking the haphazard line would get loose, or the tooth it was tangled to might draw (for I have a devil of a boat's crew for a pull on a whale-line); seeing all this, I say, I jumped into my first mate's boat—Mr. Mounttop's here (by the way, Captain—Mounttop—the captain);—as I was saying, I jumped into Mounttop's boat, which, d'ye see, was gunwale and gunwale with mine, then; and snatching the first harpoon, let this old great-grandfather have it. But, Lord, look you, sir—hearts and souls alive, man—the next instant, in a jiff, I was blind as a bat—both eyes out—all befogged and bedeadened with black foam—the whale's tail looming straight up out of it, perpendicular in the air, like a marble steeple.

"No use sterning all, then; but as I was groping at midday, with a blinding sun, all crown-jewels; as I was groping, I say, after the second iron, to toss it overboard—down comes the tail like a Lima tower,¹ cutting my boat in two, leaving each half in splinters; and, flukes first, the white hump backed through the wreck, as though it was all chips. We all struck out. To escape his terrible flailings, I seized hold of my harpoon-pole sticking in him, and for a moment clung to that like a sucking fish. But a combing sea dashed me off, and at the same instant the fish, taking one good dart forwards, went down like a flash; and the barb of that cursed second iron towing along near me caught me here" (clapping his hand just below his shoulder); "yes,

¹ *Lima (lě'má) tower*: refers to falling buildings during earthquakes in Peru.



Painting by Homer Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston
SAILOR AND SHIP'S BELL

caught me just here, I say, and bore me down to Hell's flames, I was thinking; when, when, all of a sudden, thank the good God, the barb ript its way along the flesh—clear along the whole length of my arm—came out nigh my wrist, and up I floated;—and that gentleman there will tell you the rest (by the way, Captain—Dr. Bunger, ship's surgeon: Bunger, my lad,—the Captain). Now, Bunger boy, spin your part of the yarn."

The professional gentleman thus familiarly pointed out had been all the time standing near them, with nothing specific visible to denote his gentlemanly rank on board. His face was an exceedingly round but sober one; he was dressed in a faded blue woolen frock or shirt and patched trousers; and had thus far been dividing his attention between a marlingspike² he held in one hand and a pill box held in the other, occasionally casting a criti-

² *marlingspike*: a tool used to separate strands of rope.

cal glance at the ivory limbs of the two crippled captains. But, at his superior's introduction of him to Ahab, he politely bowed, and straightway went on to do his captain's bidding.

"It was a shocking bad wound," began the whale-surgeon; "and, taking my advice, Captain Boomer here, stood our old 'Sammy'—"

"'Samuel Enderby' is the name of my ship," interrupted the one-armed captain, addressing Ahab; "go on, boy."

"Stood our old 'Sammy' off to the northward, to get out of the blazing hot weather there on the Line. But it was no use—I did all I could; sat up with him nights; was very severe with him in the matter of diet—"

"Oh, very severe!" chimed in the patient himself; then suddenly altering his voice, "Drinking hot rum toddies with me every night, till he couldn't see to put on the bandages; and sending me to bed, half-seas over,¹ about three o'clock in the morning. Oh, ye stars! he sat up with me indeed, and was very severe in my diet. Oh! a great watcher, and very dietetically severe, is Dr. Bunger. (Bunger, you dog, laugh out! why don't ye? You know you're a precious jolly rascal.) But, heave ahead, boy, I'd rather be killed by you than kept alive by any other man."

"My captain, you must have ere this perceived, respected sir"—said the imperturbable godly-looking Bunger, slightly bowing to Ahab—"is apt to be facetious at times; he spins us many clever things of that sort. But I may as well say—*en passant*,² as the French remark—that I myself—that is to say, Jack Bunger, late of the reverend clergy—am a strict total abstinence man; I never drink—"

"Water!" cried the captain; "he never drinks it; it's a sort of fits to him;

fresh water throws him into the hydrophobia; but go on—go on with the arm story."

"Yes, I may as well," said the surgeon coolly. "I was about observing, sir, before Captain Boomer's facetious interruption, that, spite of my best and severest endeavors, the wound kept getting worse and worse; the truth was, sir, it was an ugly gaping wound as surgeon ever saw; more than two feet and several inches long. I measured it with the lead line. In short, it grew black; I knew what was threatened, and off it came. But I had no hand in shipping that ivory arm there; that thing is against all rule"—pointing at it with the marlingspike—"that is the captain's work, not mine; he ordered the carpenter to make it; he had that club-hammer there put on the end, to knock someone's brains out with, I suppose as he tried mine once. He flies into diabolical passions sometimes. Do ye see this dent, sir"—removing his hat, and brushing aside his hair, and exposing a bowl-like cavity in his skull, but which bore not the slightest scarry trace, or any token of ever having been a wound—"Well, the captain there will tell you how that came here; he knows."

"No, I don't," said the captain, "but his mother did; he was born with it. Oh, you solemn rogue, you—you Bunger! was there ever such another Bunger in the watery world? Bunger, when you die, you ought to die in pickle,³ you dog; you should be preserved to future ages, you rascal."

"What became of the White Whale?" now cried Ahab, who thus far had been impatiently listening to this byplay.

"Oh!" cried the one-arm captain, "Oh, yes! Well; after he sounded, we didn't see him again for some time; in

¹ half-seas over: half drunk.

² *en passant* (ôn pá'sän'): in passing.

³ pickle: a preservative.

fact, as I before hinted, I didn't then know what whale it was that had served me such a trick, till some time afterwards, when coming back to the Line, we heard about Moby Dick—as some call him—and then I knew it was he."

"Did'st thou cross his wake again?"

"Twice."

"But could not fasten?"

"Didn't want to try to; ain't one limb enough? What should I do without this other arm? And I'm thinking Moby Dick doesn't bite as much as he swallows."

"Well, then," interrupted Bunger, "give him your left arm for bait to get the right. Do you know, gentlemen"—very gravely and mathematically bowing to each captain in succession—"Do you know, gentlemen, that the digestive organs of the whale are so inscrutably constructed by Divine Providence that it is quite impossible for him to completely digest even a man's arm? And he knows it too. So that what you take for the White Whale's malice is only his awkwardness. For he never means to swallow a single limb; he only thinks to terrify by feints.¹ But sometimes he is like the old juggling fellow, formerly a patient of mine in Ceylon, that making believe swallow jackknives, once upon a time let one drop into him in good earnest, and there it stayed for a twelvemonth or more; when I gave him an emetic, and he heaved it up in small tacks, d'ye see. No possible way for him to digest that jackknife and fully incorporate it into his general bodily system. Yes, Captain Boomer, if you are quick enough about it, and have a mind to pawn one arm for the sake of the privilege of giving decent burial to the other, why in that case the arm is yours; only let the whale have another chance at you shortly, that's all."

¹ *feints* (*fānts*): pretended attacks.

"No, thank ye, Bunger," said the English captain, "he's welcome to the arm he has, since I can't help it, and didn't know him then; but not to another one. No more White Whales for me; I've lowered for him once, and that has satisfied me. There would be great glory in killing him, I know that; and there is a shipload of precious sperm in him, but, hark ye, he's best let alone; don't you think so, Captain?"—glancing at the ivory leg.

"He is. But he will still be hunted, for all that. What is best let alone, that accursed thing is not always what least allures.² He's all a magnet! How long since thou saw'st him last? Which way heading?"

"Bless my soul, and curse the foul fiend's," cried Bunger, stoopingly walking around Ahab and, like a dog, strangely snuffing; "this man's blood—bring the thermometer!—it's at the boiling point!—his pulse makes these planks beat!—sir!"—taking a lancet³ from his pocket, and drawing near to Ahab's arm.

"Avast!" roared Ahab, dashing him against the bulwarks—"Man the boat! Which way heading?"

"Good God!" cried the English captain, to whom the question was put. "What's the matter? He was heading east, I think.—Is your captain crazy?" whispering to Fedallah.

But Fedallah, putting a finger on his lip, slid over the bulwarks to take the boat's steering oar, and Ahab, swinging the cutting-tackle towards him, commanded the ship's sailors to stand by to lower.

In a moment he was standing in the boat's stern, and the Manilla men were springing to their oars. In vain the English Captain hailed him. With back to the stranger ship, and face set

² *allures*: draws or attracts.

³ *lancet* (*lān'sēt*): small knife used by surgeons for blood-letting.

like a flint to his own, Ahab stood upright till alongside of the "Pequod."

CHAPTER XXI

AHAB AND STARBUCK IN THE CABIN

According to usage they were pumping the ship next morning; and lo! no inconsiderable oil came up with the water; the casks below must have sprung a bad leak. Much concern was shown; and Starbuck went down into the cabin to report this unfavorable affair.

Now, from the south and west the "Pequod" was drawing nigh to Formosa and the Bashee Isles, between which lies one of the tropical outlets from the China waters into the Pacific. And so Starbuck found Ahab with a general chart of the oriental archipelagoes spread before him, and another separate one representing the long eastern coasts of the Japanese islands—Nippon, Matsmai, and Sikoke. With his snow-white ivory leg braced against the screwed leg of his table, and with a long pruning-hook of a jack-knife in his hand, the wondrous old man, with his back to the gangway door, was wrinkling his brow and tracing his old courses¹ again.

"Who's there?" hearing the foot-step at the door, but not turning round to it. "On deck! Begone!"

"Captain Ahab mistakes; it is I. The oil in the hold is leaking, sir. We must up Burtons² and break out."³

"Up Burtons and break out? Now that we are nearing Japan, heave-to here for a week to tinker a parcel of old hoops?"

"Either do that, sir, or waste in one day more oil than we may make good in a year. What we come twenty

¹ *old courses*: routes followed on earlier voyages.

² *Burtons*: blocks and tackles for hoisting the casks.

³ *break out*: haul up the casks for inspection.

thousand miles to get is worth saving, sir."

"So it is, so it is; if we get it."

"I was speaking of the oil in the hold, sir."

"And I was not speaking or thinking of that at all. Begone! Let it leak! I'm all aleak myself. Aye! leaks in leaks! not only full of leaky casks, but those leaky casks are in a leaky ship; and that's a far worse plight than the "Pequod's," man. Yet I don't stop to plug my leak; for who can find it in the deep-loaded hull; or how hope to plug it, even if found, in this life's howling gale? Starbuck! I'll not have the Burtons hoisted."

"What will the owners say, sir?"

"Let the owners stand on Nantucket beach and outyell the typhoons. What cares Ahab? Owners, owners? Thou art always prating to me, Starbuck, about those miserly owners, as if the owners were my conscience. But look ye, the only real owner of anything is its commander; and hark ye, my conscience is in this ship's keel. On deck!"

"Captain Ahab," said the reddening mate, moving further into the cabin, with a daring so strangely respectful and cautious that it almost seemed not only every way seeking to avoid the slightest outward manifestation of itself, but within also seemed more than half distrustful of itself; "a better man than I might well pass over in thee what he would quickly enough resent in a younger man; aye, and in a happier, Captain Ahab."

"Devils! Dost thou then so much as dare to critically think of me? On deck!"

"Nay, sir, not yet; I do entreat. And I do dare, sir—to be forebearing! Shall we not understand each other better than hitherto, Captain Ahab?"

Ahab seized a loaded musket from the rack (forming part of most South-

Sea-men's cabin furniture) and pointing it towards Starbuck, exclaimed: "There is one God that is Lord over the earth, and one captain that is lord over the 'Pequod.' On deck!"

For an instant in the flashing eyes of the mate, and his fiery cheeks, you would have almost thought that he had really received the blaze of the levelled tube.¹ But, mastering his emotion, he half calmly rose and, as he quitted the cabin, paused for an instant and said: "Thou hast outraged, not insulted me, sir; but for that I ask thee not to beware of Starbuck; thou wouldst but laugh; but let Ahab beware of Ahab; beware of thyself, old man."

"He waxes brave, but nevertheless obeys; most careful bravery that!" murmured Ahab, as Starbuck disappeared. "What's that he said—Ahab beware of Ahab—there's something there!" Then unconsciously using the musket for a staff, with an iron brow he paced to and fro in the little cabin; but presently the thick plaits² of his forehead relaxed and, returning the gun to the rack, he went to the deck.

"Thou art but too good a fellow, Starbuck," he said lowly to the mate; then raising his voice to the crew: "Furl the t'gallant-sails, and close-reef the topsails, fore and aft; back the mainyard; up Burtons, and break out in the mainhold."

It were perhaps vain to surmise exactly why it was that, as respecting Starbuck, Ahab thus acted. It may have been a flash of honesty in him; or mere prudential policy which, under the circumstance, imperiously forbade the slightest symptom of open disaffection, however transient, in the important chief officer of his ship. However it was, his orders were executed, and the Burtons were hoisted.

¹ tube: musket.

² plaits: frowns.

CHAPTER XXII

QUEEQUEG IN HIS COFFIN

Upon searching, it was found that the casks last struck into the hold were perfectly sound, and that the leak must be further off. So, it being calm weather, they broke out deeper and deeper, disturbing the slumbers of the huge ground-tire butts;³ and from that black midnight sending those gigantic moles into the daylight above. So deep did they go; and so ancient, and corroded, and weedy the aspect of the lowermost puncheons,⁴ that you almost looked next for some mouldy corner-stone cask containing coins of Captain Noah, with copies of the posted placards vainly warning the infatuated old world from the flood. Tierce⁵ after tierce, too, of water, and bread, and beef, and shooks of staves, and iron bundles of hoops were hoisted out, till at last the piled decks were hard to get about and the hollow hull echoed underfoot, as if you were treading over empty catacombs, and reeled and rolled in the sea like an air-freighted demijohn.⁶ Topheavy was the ship as a dinnerless student with all Aristotle in his head.⁷ Well was it that the typhoons did not visit them then.

Now at this time it was that my poor pagan companion and fast bosom-friend, Queequeg, was seized with a fever, which brought him nigh to his endless end.

Be it said that, in this vocation of whaling, sinecures⁸ are unknown; dignity and danger go hand in hand; till you get to be captain, the higher you rise the harder you toil. So with poor

³ butts: casks.

⁴ puncheons: casks, containing wine.

⁵ tierce: a cask, larger than a barrel.

⁶ demijohn: a narrow-necked bottle for water.

⁷ Aristotle in his head: his mind full of the teachings and philosophy of the Greek teacher.

⁸ sinecures: positions requiring little labor or responsibility.

Queequeg, who, as harpooneer, must not only face all the rage of the living whale, but mount his dead back in a rolling sea; and finally descend into the gloom of the hold and, bitterly sweating all day in that subterraneous confinement, resolutely manhandle the clumsiest casks and see to their stowage. To be short, among whalemén, the harpooneers are the holders.¹

Poor Queequeg! When the ship was about half disembowelled, you should have stooped over the hatchway and peered down upon him there; where, stripped to his woolen drawers, the tattooed savage was crawling about amid that dampness and slime like a green spotted lizard at the bottom of a well. And a well, or an ice-house, it somehow proved to him, poor pagan; where, strange to say, for all the heat of his sweatings, he caught a terrible chill which lapsed into a fever; and at last, after some days' suffering, laid him in his hammock, close to the very sill of the door of death. How he wasted and wasted away in those few long-lingering days, till there seemed but little left of him but his frame and tattooing! But as all else in him thinned, and his cheekbones grew sharper, his eyes, nevertheless, seemed growing fuller and fuller; they became of a strange softness of luster; and mildly but deeply looked out at you from his sickness, a wondrous testimony to that immortal health in him which could not die or be weakened.

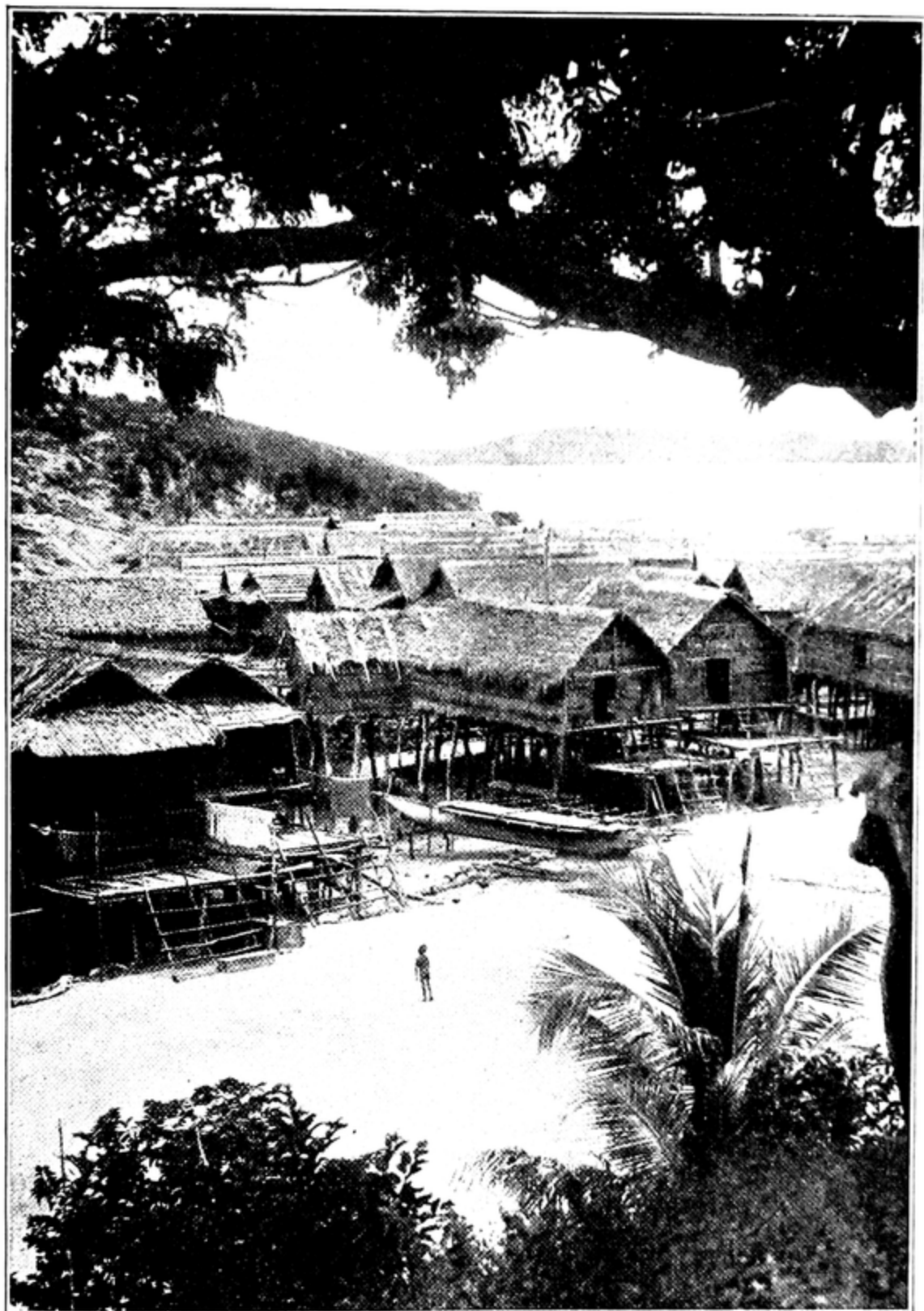
Not a man of the crew but gave him up; and, as for Queequeg himself, what he thought of his case was forcibly shown by a curious favor he asked. He called one to him in the grey morning watch, when the day was just breaking, and, taking his hand, said that while in Nantucket he had chanced to see certain little canoes of

dark wood, like the rich war-wood of his native isle; and upon inquiry he had learned that all whalemén who died in Nantucket were laid in those same dark canoes, and that the fancy of being so laid had much pleased him; for it was not unlike the custom of his own race, who, after embalming a dead warrior, stretched him out in his canoe, and so left him to be floated away to the starry archipelagoes; for not only do they believe that the stars are isles, but that far beyond all visible horizons their own mild, uncontented seas interflow with the blue heavens, and so form the white breakers of the Milky Way. He added that he shuddered at the thought of being buried in his hammock, according to the usual sea-custom, tossed like something vile to the death-devouring sharks. No: he desired a canoe like those of Nantucket, all the more congenial to him, being a whaleman, that like a whaleboat these coffin-canoes were without a keel; though that involved but uncertain steering, and much leeway adown the dim ages.

Now, when this strange circumstance was made known aft, the carpenter was at once commanded to do Queequeg's bidding, whatever it might include. There was some heathenish, coffin-colored old lumber aboard, which, upon a long previous voyage, had been cut from the aboriginal groves of the Lackaday Islands, and from these dark planks the coffin was recommended to be made. No sooner was the carpenter apprised of the order than, taking his rule, he forthwith, with all the indifferent promptitude of his character, proceeded into the fore-castle and took Queequeg's measure with great accuracy, regularly chalking Queequeg's person as he shifted the rule.

"Ah! poor fellow! he'll have to die now," ejaculated the Long Island sailor.

¹ holders: men who work in the hold, or interior, where the cargo is stored.



Ewing Galloway

QUEEQUEG'S ORIGINAL HOME

Going to his vise-bench, the carpenter for convenience sake and general reference now transferringly measured on it the exact length the coffin was to be, and then made the transfer permanent by cutting two notches at its extremities. This done, he marshalled¹ the planks and his tools, and to work.

When the last nail was driven and the lid duly planed and fitted, he lightly shouldered the coffin and went forward with it, inquiring whether they were ready for it yet in that direction.

Overhearing the indignant but half-humorous cries with which the people on deck began to drive the coffin away, Queequeg, to every one's consternation, commanded that the thing should be instantly brought to him, nor was there any denying him; seeing that, of all mortals, some dying men are the most tyrannical; and certainly, since they will shortly trouble us so little for evermore, the poor fellows ought to be indulged.

Leaning over in his hammock, Queequeg long regarded the coffin with an attentive eye. He then called for his harpoon, had the wooden stock drawn from it, and then had the iron part placed in the coffin along with one of the paddles of his boat. All by his own request, also, biscuits were then ranged round the sides within; a flask of fresh water was placed at the head, and a small bag of woody earth scraped up in the hold at the foot; and a piece of sailcloth being rolled up for a pillow, Queequeg now entreated to be lifted into his final bed, that he might make trial of its comforts, if any it had. He lay without moving a few minutes, then told one to go to his bag and bring out his little god, Yojo. Then, crossing his arms on his breast with Yojo between, he called for the coffin lid (hatch, he called it) to be placed

over him. The head part turned over with a leather hinge, and there lay Queequeg in his coffin with little but his composed countenance in view. "Rarmai" (it will do; it is easy), he murmured at last, and signed to be replaced in his hammock.

But now that he had apparently made every preparation for death; now that his coffin was proved a good fit, Queequeg suddenly rallied; soon there seemed no need of the carpenter's box; and thereupon, when some expressed their delighted surprise, he, in substance, said that the cause of his sudden convalescence was this: at a critical moment, he had just recalled a little duty ashore which he was leaving undone; and therefore had changed his mind about dying; he could not die yet, he averred. They asked him, then, whether to live or die was a matter of his own sovereign will and pleasure. He answered, certainly. In a word, it was Queequeg's conceit² that if a man made up his mind to live, mere sickness could not kill him; nothing but a whale, or a gale, or some violent, ungovernable, unintelligent destroyer of that sort.

Now there is this noteworthy difference between savage and civilized; that while a sick civilized man may be six months convalescing, generally speaking, a sick savage is almost half-well again in a day. So, in good time my Queequeg gained strength; and at length after sitting on the windlass for a few indolent days (but eating with a vigorous appetite) he suddenly leaped to his feet, threw out his arms and legs, gave himself a good stretching, yawned a little bit, and then springing into the head of his hoisted boat, and poising a harpoon, pronounced himself fit for a fight.

With a wild whimsiness, he now used his coffin for a sea chest; and, emptying

¹ marshalled: collected.

² conceit: belief.

into it his canvas bag of clothes, set them in order there. Many spare hours he spent in carving the lid with all manner of grotesque figures and drawings; and it seemed that hereby he was striving, in his rude way, to copy parts of the twisted tattooing on his body. And this tattooing had been the work of a departed prophet and seer of his island, who, by those hieroglyphic marks, had written out on his body a complete theory of the heavens and the earth, and a mystical treatise on the art of attaining truth; so that Queequeg in his own proper person was a riddle to unfold; a wondrous work in one volume, but whose mysteries not even himself could read, though his own live heart beat against them.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE FORGE

Perth, the begrimed, blistered old blacksmith, swathed¹ in a bristling shark-skin apron, about midday was standing between his forge and anvil, the latter placed upon an iron-wood log, with one hand holding a pike-head² in the coals and with the other at his forge's lungs, when Captain Ahab came along, carrying in his hand a small, rusty looking leathern bag. While yet a little distance from the forge, moody Ahab paused; till at last, Perth, withdrawing his iron from the fire, began hammering it upon the anvil—the red mass sending off the sparks in thick hovering flights, some of which flew close to Ahab.

"What wert thou making there?"

"Welding an old pike-head, sir; there were seams and dents in it."

"And can'st thou make it all smooth again, blacksmith, after such hard usage as it had?"

"I think so, sir."

¹ swathed: wrapped.

² pike-head: steel point of a lance-like weapon.

"And I suppose thou can'st smoothe almost any seams and dents; never mind how hard the metal, blacksmith?"

"Aye, sir, I think I can; all seams and dents but one."

"Look ye here, then," cried Ahab, passionately advancing, and leaning with both hands on Perth's shoulders: "look ye here—*here*—can ye smoothe out a seam like this, blacksmith?" sweeping one hand across his ribbed brow. "If thou could'st, blacksmith, glad enough would I lay my hand upon thy anvil, and feel thy heaviest hammer between my eyes. Answer! Can'st thou smoothe this seam?"

"Oh! that is the one, sire! Said I not all seams and dents but one?"

"Aye, blacksmith, it is the one; aye, man, it is unsmoothable; for though thou only see'st it here in my flesh, it has worked down into the bone of my skull—that is all wrinkles! But, away with child's play; no more gaffs and pikes today. Look ye here!" jingling the leathern bag, as if it were full of coins. "I, too, want a harpoon made; one that a thousand yoke of fiends could not part, Perth; something that will stick in a whale like his own fin-bone. There's the stuff," flinging the pouch upon the anvil. "Look ye, blacksmith, these are the gathered nail-stubs of the steel shoes of racing horses."

"Horse-shoe stubs, sir? Why, Captain Ahab, thou hast here, then, the best and stubbornest stuff we blacksmiths ever work."

"I know it, old man; these stubs will weld together like glue from the melted bones of murderers. Quick! forge me the harpoon. And forge me, first, twelve rods for its shank; then wind, and twist, and hammer these twelve together like the yarns and strands of a tow-line. Quick! I'll blow the fire."

When at last the twelve rods were made, Ahab tried them, one by one, by spiraling them, with his own hand, round a long, heavy iron bolt. "A flaw!" rejecting the last one. "Work that over again, Perth."

This done, Perth was about to begin welding the twelve into one, when Ahab stayed his hand and said he would weld his own iron. As, then, with regular, gasping hems, he hammered on the anvil, Perth passing to him the glowing rods, one after the other, and the hard-pressed forge shooting up its intense straight flame, the Parsee¹ passed silently and, bowing over his head towards the fire, seemed invoking some curse or some blessing on the toil. But, as Ahab looked up, he slid aside.

"What's that bunch of lucifers² dodging about there for?" muttered Stubb, looking on from the fore-castle. "That Parsee smells fire like a fusee;³ and smells of it himself, like a hot musket's powder-pan."

At last the shank, in one complete rod, received its final heat; and as Perth, to temper it, plunged it all hissing into the cask of water near by, the scalding steam shot up into Ahab's bent face.

"Would'st thou brand me, Perth?" he cried, wincing for a moment with the burning pain. "Have I been but forging my own branding-iron?"

"Pray God, not that; yet I fear something, Captain Ahab. Is not this harpoon for the White Whale?"

"For the white fiend! But now for the barbs; thou must make them thyself, man. Here are my razors—the best of steel; here, and make the barbs sharp as the needle-sleet of the Icy Sea."

For a moment, the old blacksmith eyed the razors as though he would fain not use them.

"Take them, man, I have no need for them; for I now neither shave, sup, nor pray till—but here—to work!"

Fashioned at last into an arrowy shape, and welded by Perth to the shank, the steel soon pointed the end of the iron; and as the blacksmith was about giving the barbs their final heat, prior to tempering them, he cried to Ahab to place the water cask near.

"No, no—no water for that; I want it of the true death-temper. Ahoy, there! Tashtego, Queequeg, Daggoo! What say ye, pagans! Will ye give me as much blood as will cover this barb?" holding it high up. A cluster of dark nods replied, "Yes." Three punctures were made in the heathen flesh, and the White Whale's barbs were then tempered.

Now, mustering the spare poles from below and selecting one of hickory, with the bark still investing it, Ahab fitted the end to the socket of the iron. A coil of new tow-line was then unwound, and some fathoms of it taken to the windlass, and stretched to a great tension. Pressing his foot upon it, till the rope hummed like a harp string, then eagerly bending over it, and seeing no strandings, Ahab exclaimed, "Good! and now for the seizings."⁴

At one extremity the rope was unstranded, and the separate spread yarns were all braided and woven round the socket of the harpoon; the pole was then driven hard up into the socket; from the lower end the rope was traced halfway along the pole's length and firmly secured so with inter-twistings of twine. This done, pole, iron, and rope—like the Three Fates—remained inseparable, and Ahab

¹ Parsee: fire worshiper; one of Ahab's special whalers who came on board secretly.

² lucifers: devils.

³ fusee (fû-zê'): a large friction match.

⁴ seizings: fastenings.

moodily stalked away with the weapon; the sound of his ivory leg, and the sound of the hickory pole, both hollowly ringing along every plank.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE "PEQUOD" MEETS THE "BACHELOR"

Penetrating further and further into the heart of the Japanese cruising ground, the "Pequod" was soon all astir in the fishery. Often, in mild, pleasant weather, for twelve, fifteen, eighteen, and twenty hours on the stretch, they were engaged in the boats, steadily pulling, or sailing, or paddling after the whales, or for an interlude of sixty or seventy minutes calmly awaiting their uprising; though with but small success for their pains.

At such times, under an abated sun; afloat all day upon smooth, slow heaving swells; seated in his boat, light as a birch canoe; and so sociably mixing with the soft waves themselves that like hearthstone cats they purr against the gunwale; these are the times of dreamy quietude, when beholding the tranquil beauty and brilliancy of the ocean's skin, one forgets the tiger heart that pants beneath it, and would not willingly remember that this velvet paw but conceals a remorseless fang.

These are the times when in his whaleboat the rover softly feels a certain filial, confident, landlike feeling towards the sea; that he regards it as so much flowery earth; and the distant ship, revealing only the tops of her masts, seems struggling forward, not through high rolling waves, but through the tall grass of a rolling prairie: as when the western emigrants' horses only show their erected ears, while their hidden bodies widely wade through the amazing verdure.¹

¹ *verdure*: long, green grass.

And jolly enough were the sights and the sounds that came bearing down before the wind.

It was a Nantucket ship, the "Bachelor," which had just wedged in her last cask of oil and bolted down her bursting hatches; and now, in glad holiday apparel, was joyously, though somewhat vaingloriously, sailing round among the widely separated ships on the ground, previous to pointing her prow for home.

The three men at her masthead wore long streamers of narrow red bunting at their hats; from the stern a whaleboat was suspended, bottom down; and hanging captive from the bowsprit was seen the long lower jaw of the last whale they had slain. Signals, ensigns, and jacks of all colors were flying from her rigging on every side. Sideways lashed in each of her three basketed tops were two barrels of sperm, above which, in her topmast crosstrees, you saw slender breakers² of the same precious fluid; and nailed to her main truck was a brazen lamp.

As was afterwards learned, the "Bachelor" had met with the most surprising success; all the more wonderful, for that while cruising in the same seas numerous other vessels had gone entire months without securing a single fish. Not only had barrels of beef and bread been given away to make room for the far more valuable sperm, but additional supplemental casks had been bartered for from the ships she had met; and these were stowed along the deck, and in the captain's and officers' staterooms. Even the cabin table itself had been knocked into kindling wood; and the cabin mess dined off the broad head of an oil-butt, lashed down to the floor for a centerpiece. In the forecabin the sailors had actually caulked and pitched their chests, and filled them;

² *breakers*: small water casks.

it was humorously added that the cook had clapped a head on his largest boiler, and filled it; that the steward had plugged his spare coffee-pot and filled it; that the harpooneers had headed the sockets of their irons and filled them; that indeed everything was filled with sperm, except the captain's pantaloons pockets, and those he reserved to thrust his hands into, in testimony of his entire satisfaction.

As this glad ship of good luck bore down upon the moody "Pequod," the barbarian sound of enormous drums came from her forecabin; and drawing still nearer, a crowd of her men were seen standing round her huge try-pots,¹ which, covered with the parchment-like *poke* or stomach skin of the black fish, gave forth a loud roar to every stroke of the clenched hands of the crew. On the quarter-deck the mates and harpooneers were dancing with the olive-hued girls who had eloped with them from the Polynesian Isles; while suspended in an ornamented boat, firmly secured aloft between the foremast and mainmast, three Long Island Negroes, with glittering fiddlebows of whale ivory, were presiding over the hilarious jig. Meanwhile, others of the ship's company were tumultuously busy at the masonry of the try-works,² from which the huge pots had been removed. You would have almost thought they were pulling down the cursed Bastille,³ such wild cries they raised as the now useless brick and mortar were being hurled into the sea.

Lord and master over all this scene, the captain stood erect on the ship's elevated quarter-deck, so that the whole rejoicing drama was full before him, and seemed merely contrived for his own individual diversion.

¹ *try-pots*: melting pots.

² *try-works*: apparatus for melting blubber.

³ *Bastille* (*bās-tēl'*): a fortress-prison in Paris, stormed by the French on July 14, 1789.

And Ahab, he too was standing on his quarter-deck, shaggy and black, with a stubborn gloom; and as the two ships crossed each other's wakes—one all jubilations for things passed, the other all forebodings as to things to come—their two captains in themselves impersonated the whole striking contrast of the scene.

"Come aboard, come aboard!" cried the gay "Bachelor's" commander, lifting a glass and a bottle in the air.

"Hast seen the White Whale?" gritted Ahab in reply.

"No; only heard of him; but don't believe in him at all," said the other good-humoredly. "Come aboard!"

"Thou art too damned jolly. Sail on. Hast lost any men?"

"Not enough to speak of—two islanders, that's all—but come aboard, old hearty, come along. I'll soon take that black from your brow. Come along, will ye (merry's the play); a full ship and homeward bound."

"How wondrous familiar is a fool!" muttered Ahab; then aloud, "Thou art a full ship and homeward bound, thou sayst; well, then, call me an empty ship, and outward bound. So go thy ways, and I will mine. Forward there! Set all sail, and keep her to the wind!"

And thus, while the one ship went cheerily before the breeze, the other stubbornly fought against it; and so the two vessels parted; the crew of the "Pequod" looking with grave, lingering glances towards the receding "Bachelor"; but the "Bachelor's" men never heeding their gaze for the lively revelry they were in. And as Ahab, leaning over the taffrail, eyed the homeward-bound craft, he took from his pocket a small vial of sand, and looking from the ship to the vial, seemed thereby bringing two remote associations together, for that vial was filled with Nantucket soundings.

CHAPTER XXV

THE QUADRANT

The season for the Line at length drew near; and every day when Ahab, coming from his cabin, cast his eyes aloft, the vigilant helmsman would ostentatiously handle his spokes, and the eager mariners quickly run to the braces, and would stand there with all their eyes centrally fixed on the nailed doubloon; impatient for the order to point the ship's prow for the equator. In good time the order came. It was hard upon high noon; and Ahab, seated in the bows of his high-hoisted boat, was about taking his wonted daily observation of the sun to determine his latitude.

Now, in that Japanese sea, the days in summer are as freshets of effulgences.¹ That unblinking vivid Japanese sun seems the blazing focus of the glassy ocean's immeasurable burning-glass. The sky looks lacquered;² clouds there are none; the horizon floats; and this nakedness of unrelieved radiance is as the insufferable splendors of God's throne. Well that Ahab's quadrant was furnished with colored glasses, through which to take sight of that solar fire. So, swinging his seated form to the roll of the ship, and with his astrological-looking instrument placed to his eye, he remained in that posture for some moments to catch the precise instant when the sun should gain its precise meridian. Meantime, while his whole attention was absorbed, the Parsee was kneeling beneath him on the ship's deck, and with face thrown up like Ahab's, was eyeing the same sun with him; only the lids of his eyes half hooded their orbs, and his wild face was subdued to an earthly passionlessness. At

length the desired observation was taken; and with his pencil upon his ivory leg, Ahab soon calculated what his latitude must be at that instant.

Then, falling into a moment's reverie, he again looked up towards the sun and murmured to himself: "Thou sea-mark! thou high and mighty Pilot! thou tellest me truly where I *am*—but canst thou cast the least hint where I *shall* be? Or canst thou tell where some other thing besides me is this moment living? Where is Moby Dick? This instant thou must be eyeing him. These eyes of mine look into the very eye that is even now beholding him; aye, and into the eye that is even now equally beholding the objects on the unknown, thither side of thee, thou sun!"

Then gazing at his quadrant and handling, one after the other, its numerous cabalistical³ contrivances, he pondered again, and muttered: "Foolish toy! babies' plaything of haughty admirals, and commodores, and captains; the world brags of thee, of thy cunning and might; but what after all canst thou do but tell the poor, pitiful point where thou thyself happenest to be on this wide planet, and the hand that holds thee; no! not one jot more! Thou canst not tell where one drop of water or one grain of sand will be tomorrow noon; and yet with thy impotence thou insultest the sun! Science! Curse thee, thou vain toy; and cursed be all the things that cast man's eyes aloft to that heaven, whose live vividness but scorches him, as these old eyes are even now scorched with thy light, O sun! Level by nature to this earth's horizon are the glances of man's eyes; not shot from the crown of his head, as if God had meant him to gaze on his firmament. Curse thee, thou quadrant!" dashing it to the deck. "No longer will I

¹ *effulgences* (ě-fŭl'jěn-sěz): shining floods of light.

² *lacquered* (lăk'ěrd): glaringly shiny.

³ *cabalistical* (kăb'ă-lis'tl-kăl): secret and mystic.

guide my earthly way by thee; the level ship's compass and the level dead-reckoning, by log and by line; *these* shall conduct me and show me my place on the sea. Aye," lighting from the boat to the deck, "thus I trample on thee, thou paltry thing that feebly pointest on high; thus I split and destroy thee!"

As the frantic old man thus spoke and thus trampled with his live and dead feet, a sneering triumph that seemed meant for Ahab, and a fatalistic despair that seemed meant for himself—these passed over the mute, motionless Parsee's face. Unobserved he rose and glided away; while, awe-struck by the aspect of their commander, the seamen clustered together on the forecastle, till Ahab, troubledly pacing the deck, shouted out, "To the braces! Up helm!—square in!"

In an instant the yards swung round; and as the ship half-wheeled upon her heel, her three firm-seated graceful masts erectly poised upon her long, ribbed hull seemed as the three Horatii¹ pirouetting on one sufficient steed.

Standing between the knight-heads, Starbuck watched the "Pequod's" tumultuous way, and Ahab's also, as he went lurching along the deck.

"I have sat before the dense coal fire and watched it all aglow, full of its tormented flaming life; and I have seen it wane at last, down, down, to dumbest dust. Old man of oceans! of all this fiery life of thine, what will at length remain but one little heap of ashes!"

"Aye," cried Stubb, "but sea-coal ashes—mind ye that, Mr. Starbuck—sea-coal, not your common charcoal. 'Well, well,' I heard Ahab mutter, 'here someone thrusts these cards into these old hands of mine; swears that I

must play them, and no others.' And damn me, Ahab, but thou actest right; live in the game, and die it!"

CHAPTER XXVI

THE NEEDLE

That night there was a severe thunder storm. Next morning the not-yet-subsided sea rolled in long slow billows of mighty bulk, and striving in the "Pequod's" gurgling track, pushed her on like giants' palms outspread. The strong, unstaggering breeze abounded so that sky and air seemed vast outbellying sails; the whole world boomed before the wind. Muffled in the full morning light, the invisible sun was only known by the spread intensity of his place, where his bayonet rays moved on in stacks. Emblazonings, as of crowned Babylonian kings and queens, reigned over everything. The sea was a crucible of molten gold that bubblingly leaps with light and heat.

Long maintaining an enchanted silence, Ahab stood apart; and every time the teetering ship loweringly pitched down her bowsprit, he turned to eye the bright sun's rays produced ahead; and when she profoundly settled by the stern, he turned behind, and saw the sun's rearward place, and how the same yellow rays were blending with his undeviating wake.

"Ha, ha, my ship! thou mightest well be taken now for the sea chariot of the sun. Ho, ho! all ye nations before my prow, I bring the sun to ye! Yoke on the further billows; hallo! a tandem, I drive the sea!"

But, suddenly reined back by some counter thought, he hurried towards the helm, huskily demanding how the ship was heading.

"East-sou-east, sir," said the frightened steersman.

"Thou liest!" smiting him with his clenched fist. "Heading east at

¹ *Horatii* (hō-rā'shī-i): three brothers who fought for Rome against the *Curiatii* (kū-rī-ā'shī-i), three representatives of the rival city Alba.

this hour in the morning, and the sun astern?"

Upon this every soul was confounded; for the phenomenon just then observed by Ahab had unaccountably escaped everyone else; but its very blinding palpableness¹ must have been the cause.

Thrusting his head halfway into the binnacle, Ahab caught one glimpse of the compasses; his uplifted arm slowly fell; for a moment he almost seemed to stagger. Standing behind him Starbuck looked, and lo! the two compasses pointed East, and the "Pequod" was as infallibly going west.

But ere the first wild alarm could get out abroad among the crew, the old man with a rigid laugh exclaimed, "I have it! It has happened before. Mr. Starbuck, last night's thunder turned our compasses—that's all. Thou hast before now heard of such a thing, I take it."

"Aye; but never before has it happened to me, sir," said the pale mate, gloomily.

Here, it must needs be said, that accidents like this have in more than one case occurred to ships in violent storms. The magnetic energy as developed in the mariner's needle is, as all know, essentially one with the electricity beheld in heaven; hence it is not to be much marveled at that such things should be. In instances where the lightning has actually struck the vessel, so as to smite down some of the spars and rigging, the effect upon the needle has at times been still more fatal; all its loadstone virtue being annihilated, so that the before magnetic steel was of no more use than an old wife's knitting needle. But in either case the needle never again, of itself, recovers the original

virtue thus marred or lost; and if the binnacle compasses be affected, the same fate reaches all the others that may be in the ship; even were the lowermost one inserted into the kelson.

Deliberately standing before the binnacle, and eyeing the transpointed compasses, the old man, with the sharp of his extended hand, now took the precise bearing of the sun, and satisfied that the needles were exactly inverted, shouted out his orders for the ship's course to be changed accordingly. The yards were hard up; and once more the "Pequod" thrust her undaunted bows into the opposing wind, for the supposed fair one had only been juggling her.

For a space the old man walked the deck in rolling reveries. But chancing to slip with his ivory heel, he saw the crushed copper sight-tubes of the quadrant he had the day before dashed to the deck.

"Thou poor, proud heaven-gazer and sun's pilot! yesterday I wrecked thee, and today the compasses would fain have wrecked me. So, so. But Ahab is lord over the level loadstone yet. Mr. Starbuck—a lance without the pole; a top-maul, and the smallest of the sailmaker's needles. Quick!"

Accessory, perhaps, to the impulse dictating the thing he was now about to do were certain prudential motives, whose object might have been to revive the spirits of his crew by a stroke of his subtle skill in a matter so wondrous as that of the inverted compasses. Besides, the old man well knew that to steer by transpointed needles, though clumsily practicable, was not a thing to be passed over by superstitious sailors without some shudderings and evil portents.²

"Men," said he, steadily turning upon the crew, as the mate handed him the things he had demanded,

¹ *palpableness* (pāl'pā-b'l-nēs'): plainness, obviousness.

² *portents*: signs, forebodings.

"my men, the thunder turned old Ahab's needles; but out of this bit of steel Ahab can make one of his own that will point as true as any."

Abashed glances of servile¹ wonder were exchanged by the sailors, as this was said; and with fascinated eyes they awaited whatever magic might follow. But Starbuck looked away.

With a blow from the top-maul Ahab knocked off the steel head of the lance, and then handing to the mate the long iron rod remaining, bade him hold it upright, without its touching the deck. Then, with the maul, after repeatedly smiting the upper end of this iron rod, he placed the blunted needles endwise on the top of it, and less strongly hammered that several times, the mate still holding the rod as before. Then going through some small strange motions with it—whether indispensable to the magnetizing of the steel or merely intended to augment the awe of the crew is uncertain—he called for linen thread; and, moving to the binnacle, slipped out the two reversed needles there, and horizontally suspended the sail needle by its middle over one of the compass cards.² At first the steel went round and round, quivering and vibrating at either end; but at last it settled to its place, when Ahab, who had been intently watching for this result, stepped frankly back from the binnacle, and pointing his stretched arm towards it, exclaimed,—“Look ye, you yourselves, if Ahab be not lord of the level loadstone! The sun is east, and that compass swears it!”

One after another they peered in, for nothing but their own eyes could persuade such ignorance as theirs, and one after another they slunk away.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE LIFE-BUOY

Steering now southeastward by Ahab's leveled steel, and her progress solely determined by Ahab's level log and line, the “Pequod” held on her path towards the equator. Making so long a passage through such unfrequented waters, descrying no ships, and ere long, sideways impelled by unvarying trade winds,³ over waves monotonously mild—all these seemed the strange calm things preluding some riotous and desperate scene.

At last, when the ship drew near to the outskirts, as it were, of the equatorial fishing ground, and in the deep darkness that goes before the dawn was sailing by a cluster of rocky islets, the watch—then headed by Flask—was startled by a cry so plaintively wild and unearthly—like half-articulated wailings of the ghosts of all Herod's⁴ murdered Innocents—that, one and all, they started from their reveries, and for the space of some moments stood, or sat, or leaned all transfixedly listening, like the carved Roman slave, while that wild cry remained within hearing. The Christian or civilized part of the crew said it was mermaids, and shuddered; but the pagan harpooners remained unappalled. Yet the grey Manxman—the oldest mariner of all—declared that the wild, thrilling sounds that were heard were the voices of newly drowned men in the sea.

Below in his hammock, Ahab did not hear of this till grey dawn, when he came to the deck; it was then told to him by Flask, not unaccompanied with hinted dark meanings. He thus explained the wonder.

¹ *servile* (sûr'vil): submissive, meek.

² *compass cards*: the compass card is the circular card of a mariner's compass on which the 32 points are marked. It moves with the needles that are attached.

³ *trade winds*: winds blowing toward the equator from the east.

⁴ *Herod's* (hêr'ûdz): King of the Jews who had all the children in Bethlehem slain in an attempt to kill the young Christ.

Those rocky islands the ship had passed were the resort of great numbers of seals, and some young seals that had lost their dams,¹ or some dams that had lost their cubs, must have risen nigh the ship and kept company with her, crying and sobbing with their human sort of wail. But this only the more affected some of them, because most mariners cherish a very superstitious feeling about seals, arising not only from their peculiar tones when in distress, but also from the human look of their round heads and semi-intelligent faces seen peeringly uprising from the water alongside. In the sea, under certain circumstances, seals have more than once been mistaken for men.

But the bodings of the crew were destined to receive a most plausible confirmation in the fate of one of their number that morning. At sunrise this man went from his hammock to his masthead at the fore; and whether it was that he was not yet half waked from his sleep (for sailors sometimes go aloft in a transition state), whether it was thus with the man there is now no telling; but, be that as it may, he had not been long at his perch when a cry was heard—a cry and a rushing—and looking up, they saw a falling phantom in the air; and looking down, a little tossed heap of white bubbles in the blue of the sea.

The life-buoy—a long, slender cask—was dropped from the stern, where it always hung obedient to a cunning spring; but no hand rose to seize it, and the sun having long beat upon this cask it had shrunken, so that it slowly filled, and the parched wood also filled at its every pore; and the studded iron-bound cask followed the sailor to the bottom, as if to yield him his pillow, though in sooth but a hard one.

¹ dams: mothers.

And thus the first man of the "Pequod" that mounted the mast to look out for the White Whale, on the White Whale's own peculiar ground, that man was swallowed up in the deep.² But few, perhaps, thought of that at the time. Indeed, in some sort, they were not grieved at this event, at least as a portent; for they regarded it not as a foreshadowing of evil in the future, but as the fulfilment of an evil already presaged.³ They declared that now they knew the reason of those wild shrieks they had heard the night before. But again the old Manxman said nay.

The lost life-buoy was now to be replaced; Starbuck was directed to see to it; but as no cask of sufficient lightness could be found, and as in the feverish eagerness of what seemed the approaching crisis of the voyage all hands were impatient of any toil but what was directly connected with its final end, whatever that might prove to be; therefore they were going to leave the ship's stern unprovided with a buoy when by certain strange signs and innuendoes⁴ Queequeg hinted a hint concerning his coffin.

"A life-buoy of a coffin!" cried Starbuck, starting.

"Rather queer, that, I should say," said Stubb.

"It will make a good enough one," said Flask, "the carpenter here can arrange it easily."

"Bring it up; there's nothing else for it," said Starbuck, after a melancholy pause. "Rig it, carpenter; do not look at me so—the coffin, I mean. Dost thou hear me? Rig it."

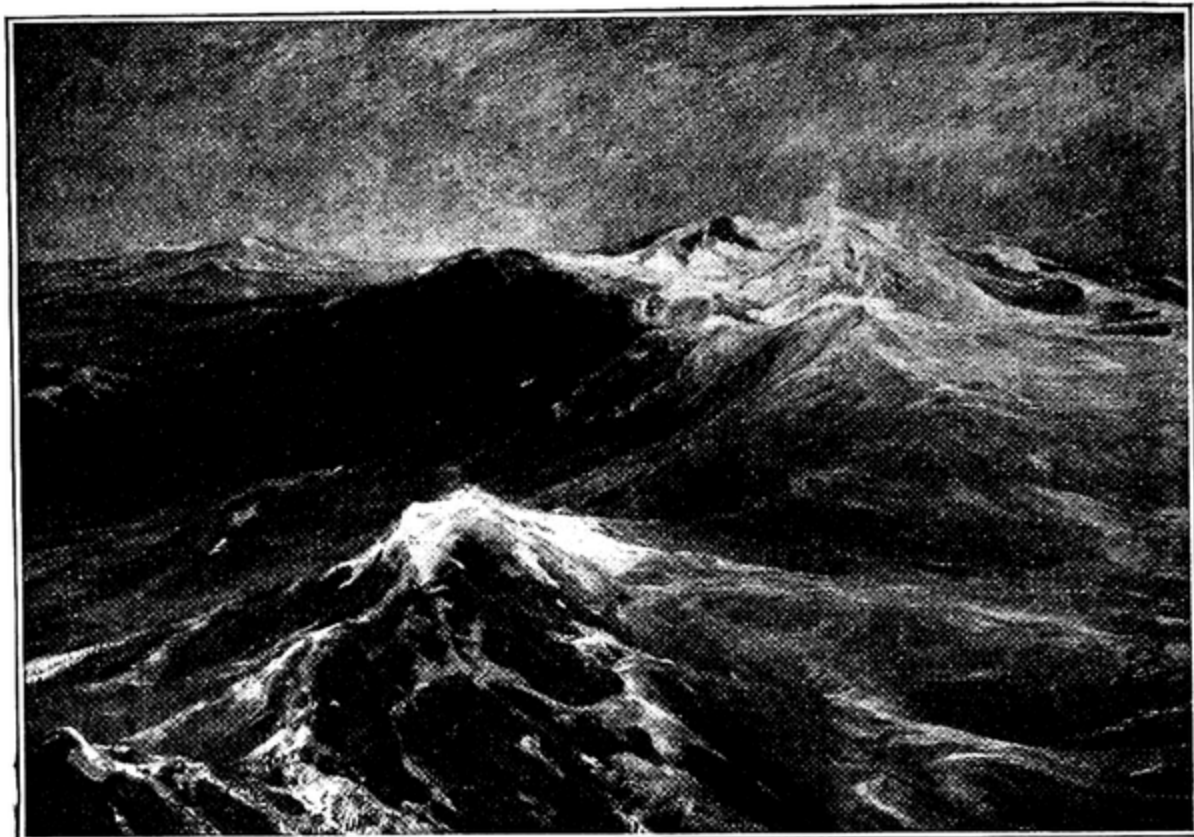
"And shall I nail down the lid, sir?" moving his hand as with a hammer.

"Aye."

² swallowed up in the deep: drowned.

³ presaged (prēs'ājd): predicted.

⁴ innuendoes (in'ū-ēn'dōz): hints and indirect references to the real meanings.



From painting by Charles Herbert Woodbury

Courtesy Worcester Art Museum

THE SEA

"And shall I caulk the seams, sir?" moving his hand as with a caulking-iron.

"Aye."

"And shall I then pay over the same with pitch, sir?" moving his hand as with a pitch-pot.

"Away! what possesses thee to this? Make a life-buoy of the coffin, and no more.—Mr. Stubb, Mr. Flask, come forward with me."

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE "PEQUOD" MEETS THE "RACHEL"

Next day, a large ship, the "Rachel," was descried bearing directly down upon the "Pequod," all her spars thickly clustering with men. At the time the "Pequod" was making good speed through the water; but as the broad-winged windward stranger shot nigh to her, the boastful sails all fell together as blank

bladders that are burst, and all life fled from the smitten hull.

"Bad news; she brings bad news," muttered the old Manxman. But ere her commander, who, with trumpet to mouth, stood in his boat, could hopefully hail, Ahab's voice was heard.

"Hast seen the White Whale?"

"Aye, yesterday. Have ye seen a whaleboat adrift?"

Throttling his joy, Ahab negatively answered this unexpected question; and would then have fain boarded the stranger when the stranger captain himself, having stopped his vessel's way, was seen descending her side. A few keen pulls, and his boat-hook soon clinched the "Pequod's" main-chains, and he sprang to the deck. Immediately he was recognized by Ahab for a Nantucketer he knew. But no formal salutation was exchanged.

"Where was he?—not killed!—not killed!" cried Ahab, closely advancing. "How was it?"

It seemed that somewhat late on the afternoon of the day previous, while three of the stranger's boats were engaged with a shoal of whales which had led them some four or five miles from the ship; and while they were yet in swift chase to windward, the white hump and head of Moby Dick had suddenly loomed up out of the water, not very far to leeward; whereupon the fourth rigged boat—a reserved one—had been instantly lowered in chase. After a keen sail before the wind, this fourth boat—the swiftest keeled of all—seemed to have succeeded in fastening—at least, as well as the man at the masthead could tell anything about it. In the distance he saw the diminished dotted boat; and then a swift gleam of bubbling white water; and after that nothing more; whence it was concluded that the stricken whale must have indefinitely run away with his pursuers, as often happens.

There was some apprehension, but no positive alarm, as yet. The recall signals were placed in the rigging; darkness came on; and forced to pick up her three far to windward boats—ere going in quest of the fourth one in the precisely opposite direction—the ship had not only been necessitated to leave that boat to its fate till near midnight, but for the time, to increase her distance from it. But the rest of her crew being at last safe aboard, she crowded all sail—stunsail on stunsail—after the missing boat; kindling a fire in her try-pots for a beacon; and every other man aloft on the lookout. But though when she had thus sailed a sufficient distance to gain the presumed place of the absent ones when last seen; though she then paused to lower her spare

boats to pull all around her; and, not finding anything, had again dashed on; again paused, and lowered her boats; and though she had thus continued doing till daylight, yet not the least glimpse of the missing keel had been seen.

The story told, the stranger captain immediately went on to reveal his object in boarding the "Pequod." He desired that ship to unite with his own in the search by sailing over the sea some four or five miles apart, on parallel lines, and so sweeping a double horizon, as it were.

"I will wager something now," whispered Stubb to Flask, "that someone in that missing boat wore off that captain's best coat; mayhap, his watch—he's so cursed anxious to get it back. Who ever heard of two pious whale ships cruising after one missing whaleboat in the height of the whaling season? See, Flask, see how pale he looks—pale in the very buttons of his eyes—look—it wasn't the coat—it must have been the—"

"My boy, my own boy is among them. For God's sake—I beg, I conjure"—here exclaimed the stranger captain to Ahab, who thus far had but icily received his petition. "For eight-and-forty hours let me charter your ship—I will gladly pay for it, and roundly pay for it—if there be no other way—for eight-and-forty hours only—only that—you must, oh, you must, and you *shall* do this thing."

"His son!" cried Stubb, "oh, it's his son he's lost! I take back the coat and watch—what says Ahab? We must save that boy."

"He's drowned with the rest on 'em, last night," said the old Manx sailor standing behind them; "I heard; all of ye heard their spirits."

Now, as it shortly turned out, what made this incident of the "Rachel's" the more melancholy was the circum-

stance that not only was one of the captain's sons among the number of the missing boat's crew; but among the number of the other boats' crews at the same time, but on the other hand, separated from the ship during the dark vicissitudes of the chase, there had been still another son; as that for a time, the wretched father was plunged to the bottom of the cruellest perplexity; which was only solved for him by his chief mate's instinctively adopting the ordinary procedure of a whale ship in such emergencies, that is, when placed between jeopardized¹ but divided boats, always to pick up the majority first. But the captain, for some unknown constitutional reason, had refrained from mentioning all this, and not till forced to it by Ahab's iciness did he allude to his one yet missing boy; a little lad, but twelve years old, whose father with the earnest but unmisgiving hardihood of a Nantucketer's paternal love, had thus early sought to initiate him in the perils and wonders of a vocation almost immemorially the destiny of all his race.

Nor does it unfrequently occur that Nantucket captains will send a son of such tender age away from them for a protracted three or four years' voyage in some other ship than their own; so that their first knowledge of a whaleman's career shall be unenervated² by any chance display of a father's natural but untimely partiality, or undue apprehensiveness.

Meantime, now the stranger was still beseeching his poor boon of Ahab; and Ahab still stood like an anvil, receiving every shock, but without the least quivering of his own.

"I will not go," said the stranger, "till you say *aye* to me. Do to me

as you would have me do to you in the like case. For *you* too have a boy, Captain Ahab—though but a child, and nestling safely at home now—a child of your old age too—Yes, yes, you relent; I see it—run, run, men, now, and stand by to square in the yards."

"Avast," cried Ahab—"touch not a rope-yarn"; then in a voice that prolongingly moulded every word—"Captain Gardiner, I will not do it. Even now I lose time. Good-by, good-by. God bless ye, man, and may I forgive myself, but I must go. Mr. Starbuck, look at the binnacle watch, and in three minutes from this present instant warn off all strangers; then brace forward again, and let the ship sail as before."

Hurriedly turning, with averted face, he descended into his cabin, leaving the strange captain transfixed at this unconditional and utter rejection of his so earnest suit. But starting from his enchantment, Gardiner silently hurried to the side; more fell than stepped into his boat, and returned to his ship.

Soon the two ships diverged their wakes; and long as the strange vessel was in view, she was seen to yaw³ hither and thither at every dark spot, however small, on the sea. This way and that her yards were swung around; starboard and larboard, she continued to tack; now she beat against a head sea; and again it pushed her before it; while all the while her masts and yards were thickly clustered with men, as three tall cherry trees, when the boys are cherrying among the boughs.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE "PEQUOD" MEETS THE "DELIGHT"

The intense "Pequod" sailed on; the rolling waves and days went by; the life-buoy-coffin still lightly

¹ jeopardized: endangered.

² unenervated: not weakened.

³ yaw: turn from the course.

swung; and another ship, most miserably misnamed the "Delight," was descried. As she drew nigh, all eyes were fixed upon her broad beams, called shears, which, in some whaling ships, cross the quarter-deck at the height of eight or nine feet, serving to carry the spare, unrigged, or disabled boats.

Upon the stranger's shears were beheld the shattered, white ribs, and some few splintered planks, of what had once been a whaleboat; but you now saw through this wreck, as plainly as you see through the half-unhinged, and bleaching skeleton of a horse.

"Hast seen the White Whale?"

"Look!" replied the hollow-cheeked captain from his taffrail; and with his trumpet he pointed to the wreck.

"Hast killed him?"

"The harpoon is not yet forged that ever will do that," answered the other, sadly glancing upon a rounded hammock on the deck, whose gathered sides some noiseless sailors were busy in sewing together.

"Not forged!" and snatching Perth's leveled iron from the crotch, Ahab held it out, exclaiming "Look ye, Nantucketer; here in this hand I hold his death! Tempered¹ in blood, are these barbs; and I swear to temper them again in that hot place behind the fin where the White Whale most feeds his accursed life!"

"Then God keep thee, old man. See'st thou that?"—pointing to the hammock—"I bury but one of five stout men who were alive only yesterday, but were dead ere night. Only *that* one I bury; the rest were buried before they died; you sail upon their tomb." Then turning to his crew, "Are ye ready there? place the plank then on the rail, and lift the

¹tempered: process of hardening extremely hot steel by plunging it into a liquid in order to cool quickly.



THE "DELIGHT"

body; so, then—Oh! God"—advancing towards the hammock with uplifted hands—"may the resurrection and the life——"

"Brace forward! Up helm!" cried Ahab like lightning to his men.

But the suddenly started "Pequod" was not quick enough to escape the sound of the splash that the corpse soon made as it struck the sea; not so quick, indeed, but that some of the flying bubbles might have sprinkled her hull with their ghostly baptism.

As Ahab now glided from the dejected "Delight," the strange life-buoy hanging at the "Pequod's" stern came into conspicuous relief.

"Ha! yonder! look yonder, men!" cried a foreboding voice in her wake. "In vain, oh, ye strangers, ye fly our sad burial; ye but turn us your taffrail to show us your coffin!"

CHAPTER XXX

THE CHASE—FIRST DAY

That night, in the mid-watch, when the old man—as his wont at intervals—stepped forth from the scuttle in which he leaned and went to his pivot-hole, he suddenly thrust out his face firecelly, snuffing up the sea air as a sagacious ship's dog will in drawing nigh to some barbarous isle. He declared that a whale must be near. Soon that peculiar odor, sometimes to a great distance given forth by the living sperm whale, was palpable to all the watch; nor was any mariner surprised when, after inspecting the compass, and then the dog-vane,¹ and then ascertaining the precise bearing of the odor as nearly as possible, Ahab ordered the ship's course to be slightly altered and the sail to be shortened.

The acute policy dictating these movements was sufficiently vindicated at daybreak by the sight of a long sleek on the sea directly and lengthwise ahead, smooth as oil, and resembling in the pleated watery wrinkles bordering it the polished metallic-like marks of some swift tide-rip at the mouth of a deep, rapid stream.

"Man the mastheads! Call all hands!"

Thundering with the butts of three clubbed handspikes on the forecastle deck, Daggoo roused the sleepers with such judgment claps that they seemed to exhale from the scuttle, so instantaneously did they appear with their clothes in their hands.

"What d'ye see?" cried Ahab, flattening his face to the sky.

"Nothing, nothing, sir!" was the sound hailing down in reply.

"T'gallant sails!—stunsails! aloof and aloft, and on both sides!"

All sail being set, he now cast loose the life-line reserved for swaying him to the main royal-mast head; and in a few moments they were hoisting him thither, when, while but two-thirds of the way aloft, and while peering ahead through the horizontal vacancy between the main-topsail and top-gallant-sail, he raised a gull-like cry in the air, "There she blows!—there she blows! A hump like a snow-hill! It is Moby Dick!"

Fired by the cry which seemed simultaneously taken up by the three lookouts, the men on deck rushed to the rigging to behold the famous whale they had so long been pursuing. Ahab had now gained his final perch, some feet above the other lookouts, Tashtego standing just beneath him on the cap of the top-gallant-mast, so that the Indian's head was almost on a level with Ahab's heel. From this height the whale was now seen some mile or so ahead, at every roll of the sea revealing his high sparkling hump, and regularly jetting his silent spout into the air. To the credulous mariners it seemed the same silent spout they had so long ago beheld in the moonlit Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

"And did none of ye see it before?" cried Ahab, hailing the perched men all around him.

"I saw him almost that same instant, sir, that Captain Ahab did, and I cried out," said Tashtego.

"Not the same instant; not the same—no, the doubloon is mine, Fate reserved the doubloon for me. *I* only; none of ye could have raised the White Whale first. There she blows! there she blows!—there she blows! There again!—there again!" he cried, in long-drawn, lingering, methodic tones

¹ dog-vane: a small indicator telling the direction of the wind.

attuned to the gradual prolongings of the whale's visible jets. "He's going to sound! In stunsails! Down top-gallant-sails! Stand by three boats. Mr. Starbuck, remember, stay on board, and keep the ship. Helm there! Luff, luff a point! So; steady, man, steady! There go flukes! No, no; only black water! All ready the boats there? Stand by, stand by! Lower me, Mr. Starbuck; lower, lower—quick, quicker!" and he slid through the air to the deck.

"He is heading straight to leeward, sir," cried Stubb, "right away from us; cannot have seen the ship yet."

"Be dumb, man! Stand by the braces! Hard down the helm!—brace up! Shiver! her!—shiver her!—So; well that! Shiver her! Boats, boats, boats!"

Soon all the boats but Starbuck's were dropped; all the boat-sails set—all the paddles plying; with rippling swiftness, shooting to leeward; and Ahab heading the onset. A pale, death-glimmer lit up Fedallah's sunken eyes; a hideous motion gnawed his mouth.

Like noiseless nautilus² shells, their light prows sped through the sea; but only slowly they neared the foe. As they neared him, the ocean grew still more smooth; seemed drawing a carpet over its waves; seemed a noon-meadow, so serenely it spread. At length the breathless hunter came so nigh his seemingly unsuspecting prey that his entire dazzling hump was distinctly visible, sliding along the sea as if an isolated thing, and continually set in a revolving ring of finest, fleecy, greenish foam. He saw the vast, involved wrinkles of the slightly projecting head beyond. Before it, far out on the soft

Turkish-rugged waters, went the glistening white shadow from his broad, milky forehead, a musical rippling playfully accompanying the shade; and behind, the blue waters interchangeably flowed over into the moving valley of his steady wake; and on either hand bright bubbles arose and danced by his side. But these were broken again by the light toes of hundreds of gay fowls softly feathering the sea, alternate with their fitful flight; and like to some flagstaff rising from the painted hull of an argosy,³ the tall but shattered pole of a recent lance projected from the White Whale's back; and at intervals one of the cloud of soft-toed fowls hovering, and to and fro skimming like a canopy over the fish, silently perched and rocked on this pole, the long tail feathers streaming like pennons.

On each soft side—coincident with the parted swell that but once leaving him, then flowed so wide away—on each bright side, the whale shed off enticings. No wonder there had been some among the hunters who, namelessly transported and allured by all this serenity, had ventured to assail it; but had fatally found that quietude but the vesture⁴ of tornadoes. Yet calm, enticing calm, oh, whale! thou glidest on, to all who for the first time eye thee, no matter how many in that same way thou may'st have bejuggled⁵ and destroyed before.

And thus, through the serene tranquillities of the tropical sea, among waves whose hand-clappings were suspended by exceeding rapture, Moby Dick moved on, still withholding from sight the full terrors of his submerged trunk, entirely hiding the wrenched hideousness of his jaw. But soon the

¹ *shiver*: to cause a sail to shake or shiver by steering close to the wind.

² *nautilus* (nô'ti-lūs): a pearly, spiral-shelled sea-creature found in the South Pacific and Indian oceans.

³ *argosy* (är'gō-sī); a merchant-vessel of the largest size, laden with valuable cargo.

⁴ *vesture*: hiding place.

⁵ *bejuggled*: tricked, deceived.



From painting by the famous British artist, G. M. W. Turner

"THE FORE PART OF HIM ROSE SLOWLY FROM THE WATER"

fore part of him slowly rose from the water; for an instant his whole marbled body formed a high arch, like Virginia's Natural Bridge, and warningly waving his bannered flukes in the air, the grand god revealed himself, sounded, and went out of sight. Hoveringly halting, and dipping on the wing, the white sea-fowls longingly lingered over the agitated pool he left.

With oars apeak and paddles down, the sheets of their sails adrift, the three boats now stilly floated, awaiting Moby Dick's reappearance.

"An hour," said Ahab, standing rooted in his boat's stern; and he gazed beyond the whale's place, towards the dim blue spaces and wide wooing vacancies to leeward. It was only an instant; for again his eyes seemed whirling round in his head as he swept the watery circle. The

breeze now freshened; the sea began to swell.

"The birds!" cried Tashtego.

In long Indian file, as when herons take wing, the white birds were now all flying towards Ahab's boat; and when within a few yards began fluttering over the water there, wheeling round and round, with joyous, expectant cries. Their vision was keener than man's; Ahab could discover no sign in the sea. But suddenly as he peered down and down into its depths, he profoundly saw a white living spot no bigger than a white weasel with wonderful celerity uprising, and magnifying as it rose, till it turned, and then there were plainly revealed two long crooked rows of white, glistening teeth, floating up from the undiscoverable bottom. It was Moby Dick's open mouth and scrolled jaw; his vast, shadowed bulk still half blending with

the blue of the sea. The glittering mouth yawned beneath the boat like an open-doored marble tomb; and giving one sidelong sweep with his steering oar, Ahab whirled the craft aside from this tremendous apparition. Then, calling upon Fedallah to change places with him, went forward to the bows, and seizing Perth's harpoon, commanded his crew to grasp their oars and stand by to stern.

Now, by reason of this timely spinning round the boat upon its axis, its bow, by anticipation, was made to face the whale's head while yet under water. But as if perceiving this stratagem,¹ Moby Dick, with that malicious intelligence ascribed to him, sidlingly transplanted himself, as it were, in an instant, shooting his pleated head lengthwise beneath the boat.

Through and through; through every plank and each rib, it thrilled for an instant, the whale obliquely lying on his back, in the manner of a biting shark, slowly and feelingly taking its bows full within his mouth, so that the long, narrow, scrolled lower jaw curled high up into the open air, and one of the teeth caught in a rowlock. The bluish pearl-white of the inside of the jaw was within six inches of Ahab's head, and reached higher than that. In this attitude the White Whale now shook the slight cedar² as a mildly cruel cat her mouse. With unastonished eyes Fedallah gazed, and crossed his arms; but the tiger-yellow crew were tumbling over each other's heads to gain the uttermost stern.

And now, while both elastic gunwales were springing in and out, as the whale dallied with the doomed craft in this devilish way, and from his body being submerged beneath the boat, he could not be darted at from the bows, for the bows were almost inside of him,

as it were; and while the other boats involuntarily paused, as before a quick crisis impossible to withstand, then it was that monomaniac Ahab, furious with this tantalizing vicinity of his foe which placed him all alive and helpless in the very jaws he hated; frenzied with all this, he seized the long bone with his naked hands, and wildly strove to wrench it from its gripe. As now he thus vainly strove, the jaw slipped from him; the frail gunwales bent in, collapsed, and snapped, as both jaws, like an enormous shears, sliding further aft, bit the craft completely in twain, and locked themselves fast again in the sea, midway between the two floating wrecks. These floated aside, the broken ends drooping, the crew at the stern-wreck clinging to the gunwales and striving to hold fast to the oars to lash them across.

At that preluding moment, ere the boat was yet snapped, Ahab, the first to perceive the whale's intent, by the crafty upraising of his head, a movement that loosed his hold for the time; at that moment his hand had made one final effort to push the boat out of the bite. But only slipping further into the whale's mouth, and tilting over sideways as it slipped, the boat had shaken off his hold on the jaw, spilled him out of it, as he leaned to the push; and so he fell flat-faced upon the sea.

Ripplingly withdrawing from his prey, Moby Dick now lay at a little distance, vertically thrusting his oblong white head up and down in the billows: and at the same time slowly revolving his whole spindled body; so that when his vast wrinkled forehead rose—some twenty or more feet out of the water—the now rising swells, with all their confluent waves, dazingly broke against it; vindictively tossing their shivered spray still higher

¹ stratagem: trick.

² cedar: boat.

into the air. So, in a gale, the but half-baffled Channel¹ billows only recoil from the base of the Eddystone,² triumphantly to overleap its summit with their scud.

But soon resuming his horizontal attitude, Moby Dick swam swiftly round and round the wrecked crew; sideways churning the water in his vengeful wake, as if lashing himself up to still another and more deadly assault. Meanwhile Ahab, half smothered in the foam of the whale's insolent tail, and too much of a cripple to swim—though he could still keep afloat, even in the heart of such a whirlpool as that; helpless Ahab's head was seen, like a tossed bubble which the least chance shock might burst. From the boat's fragmentary stern Fedallah incuriously and mildly eyed him; the clinging crew, at the other drifting end, could not succor him; more than enough was it for them to look to themselves. For so revolvingly appalling was the White Whale's aspect, and so planetarily swift the ever-contracting circles he made, that he seemed horizontally swooping upon them. And though the other boats, unharmed, still hovered hard by, still they dared not pull into the eddy to strike lest that should be the signal for the instant destruction of the jeopardized castaways, Ahab and all; nor in that case could they themselves hope to escape. With straining eyes, then, they remained on the outer edge of the direful zone whose center had now become the old man's head.

Meantime, from the beginning all this had been descried from the ship's mastheads; and squaring her yards, she had borne down upon the scene, and was now so nigh that Ahab in the water hailed her—"Sail on the"—but that moment a breaking sea dashed

on him from Moby Dick, and whelmed him³ for the time. But struggling out of it again, and chancing to rise on a towering crest, he shouted,—“Sail on the whale!—Drive him off!”

The “Pequod's” prows were pointed; and breaking up the charmed circle, she effectually parted the white whale from his victim. As he sullenly swam off, the boats flew to the rescue.

Dragged into Stubb's boat with bloodshot, blinded eyes, the white brine caking in his wrinkles; the long tension of Ahab's bodily strength did crack, and helplessly he yielded to his body's doom for a time, lying all crushed in the bottom of Stubb's boat, like one trodden under foot of herds of elephants far inland. Nameless wails came from him, as desolate sounds from out ravines.

“The harpoon,” said Ahab, halfway rising, and draggingly leaning on one bended arm—“is it safe?”

“Aye, sir, for it was not darted; this is it,” said Stubb, showing it.

“Lay it before me;—any missing men?”

“One, two, three, four, five;—there were five oars, sir, and here are five men.”

“That's good.—Help me, man; I wish to stand. So, so, I see him! there! there! going to leeward still; what a leaping spout!—Hands off from me! The eternal sap runs up in Ahab's bones again! Set the sail; out oars; the helm!”

It is often the case that when a boat is stove, its crew, being picked up by another boat, help to work that second boat; and the chase is thus continued with what is called double-banked oars. It was thus now. But the added power of the boat did not equal the added power of the whale, for he seemed to have treble-banked his every fin; swimming with a velocity

³ whelmed him: covered him over.

¹ Channel: the English Channel.

² Eddystone: a lighthouse in the English Channel.

which plainly showed that if now, under these circumstances, pushed on, the chase would prove an indefinitely prolonged, if not a hopeless one; nor could any crew endure for so long a period, such an unintermitted, intense straining at the oar; a thing barely tolerable only in some one brief vicissitude. The ship itself, then, as it sometimes happens, offered the most promising intermediate means of overtaking the chase. Accordingly, the boats now made for her, and were soon swayed up to their cranes; the two parts of the wrecked boats having been previously secured by her—and then hoisting everything to her side, and stacking her canvas high up, and sideways outstretching it with stunsails, like the double-jointed wings of an albatross;¹ the "Pequod" bore down in the leeward wake of Moby Dick.

At the well-known, methodic intervals, the whale's glittering spout was regularly announced from the manned mastheads; and when he would be reported as just gone down, Ahab would take the time, and then pacing the deck, binnacle-watch in hand, so soon as the last second of the allotted hour expired, his voice was heard.—"Whose is the doubloon now? D'ye see him?" and if the reply was "No, sir!" straightway he commanded them to lift him to his perch. In this way the day wore on; Ahab, now aloft and motionless; anon, unrestingly pacing the planks.

As he was thus walking, uttering no sound, except to hail the men aloft, or to bid them hoist a sail still higher, or to spread one to a still greater breadth—thus to and fro pacing, beneath his slouched hat, at every turn he passed his own wrecked boat, which had been dropped upon the quarter-deck and lay there reversed; broken bow to shattered stern. At last he

¹ *albatross*: a large bird which often follows ships.

paused before it; and as in an already overclouded sky fresh troops of clouds will sometimes sail across, so over the old man's face there now stole some such added gloom as this.

Stubb saw him pause; and perhaps intending, not vainly, though, to evince his own unabated fortitude, and thus keep up a valiant place in his captain's mind, he advanced and, eyeing the wreck, exclaimed, "The thistle the ass refused; it pricked his mouth too keenly, sir, ha! ha!"

"What soulless thing is this that laughs before a wreck? Man, man! did I not know thee brave as fearless fire (and as mechanical), I could swear thou wert a poltroon.² Groan nor laugh should be heard before a wreck."

"Aye, sir," said Starbuck, drawing near, "'tis a solemn sight; an omen, and an ill one."

"Omen? omen?—the dictionary! If the gods think to speak outright to man, they will honorably speak outright; not shake their heads, and give an old wives' darkling hint.—Begone! Ye two are the opposite poles of one thing; Starbuck is Stubb reversed, and Stubb is Starbuck; and ye two are all mankind; and Ahab stands alone among the millions of the peopled earth, nor gods nor men his neighbors! Cold, cold—I shiver!—How now? Aloft there! D'ye see him? Sing out for every spout, though he spout ten times a second!"

The day was nearly done; only the hem of his golden robe was rustling. Soon it was almost dark, but the lookout men still remained unset.

"Can't see the spout now, sir;—too dark," cried a voice from the air.

"How heading when last seen?"

"As before, sir—straight to leeward."

"Good! he will travel slower now 'tis night. Down royals and top-

² *poltroon* (pöl-trōon'): a lazy coward.

gallant stunsails, Mr. Starbuck. We must not run over him before morning; he's making a passage now, and may heave-to a while. Helm there! keep her full before the wind!—Aloft! come down!—Mr. Stubb, send a fresh hand to the foremast head, and see it manned till morning."

Then advancing towards the doubloon in the mainmast—"Men, this gold is mine, for I earned it; but I shall let it abide here till the White Whale is dead; and then, whosoever of ye first raises him upon the day he shall be killed, this gold is that man's; and if on that day I shall again raise him, then, ten times its sum shall be divided among all of ye! Away now! the deck is thine, sir."

And so saying, he placed himself halfway within the scuttle, and slouching his hat, stood there till dawn, except when at intervals rousing himself to see how the night wore on.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE CHASE—SECOND DAY

At daybreak the three mastheads were punctually manned afresh.

"D'ye see him?" cried Ahab, after allowing a little space for the light to spread.

"See nothing, sir."

"Turn up all hands and make sail! he travels faster than I thought for;—the top-gallant sails!—aye, they should have been kept on her all night. No matter—'tis but resting for the rush."

The ship tore on; leaving such a furrow in the sea as when a cannon ball, missent, becomes a ploughshare and turns up the level field.

"By salt and hemp!" cried Stubb, "but this swift motion of the deck creeps up one's legs and tingles at the heart. This ship and I are two brave fellows!—Ha! ha! Someone take me up, and launch me, spinewise, on the

sea—for by live-oaks! my spine's a keel. Ha, ha! we go the gait that leaves no dust behind!"

"There she blows—she blows!—she blows!—right ahead!" was now the masthead cry.

"Aye, aye!" cried Stubb, "I knew it—ye can't escape—blow on and split your spout, O whale! the mad fiend himself is after ye! blow your trump—blister your lungs!—Ahab will dam off your blood as a miller shuts his water-gate upon the stream!"

And Stubb did but speak out for well-nigh all that crew. The frenzies of the chase had by this time worked them bubblingly up, like old wine worked anew. Whatever pale fears and forebodings some of them might have felt before; these were not only kept out of sight through the growing awe of Ahab, but they were broken up, and on all sides routed, as timid prairie hares that scatter before the bounding bison. The hand of Fate had snatched all their souls; and by the stirring perils of the previous day; the rack of the past night's suspense; the fixed, unfearing, blind, reckless way in which their wild craft went plunging towards its flying mark; by all these things their hearts were bowled along. The wind that made great bellies of their sails, and rushed the vessel on by arms invisible as irresistible, seemed the symbol of that unseen agency which so enslaved them to the race.

They were one man, not thirty. For as the one ship that held them all; though it was put together of all contrasting things—oak, and maple, and pine wood; iron, and pitch, and hemp—yet all these ran into each other in the one concrete hull, which shot on its way, both balanced and directed by the long central keel; even so, all the individualities of the crew, this man's valor, that man's fear; guilt and guiltiness, all varieties were welded

into oneness, and were all directed to that fatal goal which Ahab their one lord and keel did point to.

The rigging lived. The mastheads, like the tops of tall palms, were outspreadingly tufted with arms and legs. Clinging to a spar with one hand, some reached forth the other with impatient wavings; others, shading their eyes from the vivid sunlight, sat far out on the rocking yards; all the spars in full bearing of mortals, ready and ripe for their fate. Ah! how they still strove through that infinite blueness to seek out the thing that might destroy them!

"Why sing ye not out for him, if ye see him?" cried Ahab, when, after the lapse of some minutes since the first cry, no more had been heard. "Sway me up, men; ye have been deceived; not Moby Dick casts one odd jet in that way, and then disappears."

It was even so; in their headlong eagerness, the men had mistaken some other thing for the whale-spout, as the event itself soon proved; for hardly had Ahab reached his perch; hardly was the rope belayed¹ to its pin on deck, when he struck the keynote to an orchestra that made the air vibrate as with the combined discharges of rifles. The triumphant halloo of thirty buckskin lungs was heard, as—much nearer to the ship than the place of the imaginary jet, less than a mile ahead—Moby Dick bodily burst into view! For not by any calm and indolent spoutings; not by the peaceable gush of that mystic fountain in his head, did the White Whale now reveal his vicinity; but by the far more wondrous phenomenon of breaching. Rising with his utmost velocity from the furthest depths, the sperm whale thus booms his entire bulk into the pure element of air, and piling up a mountain of dazzling foam, shows his place to the

distance of seven miles and more. In those moments, the torn, enraged waves he shakes off seem his mane; in some cases, this breaching is his act of defiance.

"There she breaches! there she breaches!" was the cry, as in his immeasurable bravadoes the white whale tossed himself salmon-like to Heaven. So suddenly seen in the blue plain of the sea, and relieved against the still bluer margin of the sky, the spray that he raised for the moment intolerably glittered and glared like a glacier, and stood there gradually fading and fading away from its first sparkling intensity to the dim mistiness of an advancing shower in a vale.

"Aye, breach your last to the sun, Moby Dick!" cried Ahab; "thy hour and thy harpoon are at hand!—Down! down all of ye, but one man at the fore. The boats—stand by!"

Unmindful of the tedious rope-ladders of the shrouds, the men, like shooting stars, slid to the deck by the isolated backstays² and halyards;³ while Ahab, less dartingly, but still rapidly was dropped from his perch.

"Lower away," he cried, so soon as he had reached his boat—a spare one, rigged the afternoon previous. "Mr. Starbuck, the ship is thine—keep away from the boats, but keep near them. Lower, all!"

As if to strike a quick terror into them, by this time being the first assailant himself, Moby Dick had turned, and was now coming for the three crews. Ahab's boat was central; and cheering his men, he told them he would take the whale head-and-head—that is, pull straight up to his forehead—a not uncommon thing; for

² *backstays*: ropes extending from the masthead to the side of the ship and slanting a little toward the stern.

³ *halyards*: ropes used for hoisting sails.

¹ *belayed*: fastened.

when within a certain limit such a course excludes the coming onset from the whale's sidelong vision. But ere that close limit was gained, and while yet all three boats were plain as the ship's three masts to his eye, the White Whale, churning himself into furious speed, almost in an instant as it were, rushing among the boats with open jaws and a lashing tail, offered appalling battle on every side; and heedless of the irons darted at him from every boat, seemed only intent on annihilating each separate plank of which those boats were made. But skilfully maneuvered, incessantly wheeling like trained chargers in the field, the boats for a while eluded him; though, at times, but by a plank's breadth; while all the time, Ahab's unearthly slogan tore every other cry but his to shreds.

But at last in his untraceable evolutions the White Whale so crossed and recrossed, and in a thousand ways entangled the slack of the three lines now fast to him, that they foreshortened, and, of themselves warped the devoted boats towards the planted irons in him; though now for a moment the whale drew aside a little, as if to rally for a more tremendous charge. Seizing that opportunity, Ahab first paid out more line; and then was rapidly hauling and jerking in upon it again—hoping that way to disencumber it of some snarls—when lo! a sight more savage than the embattled teeth of sharks!

Caught and twisted—corkscrewed in the mazes of the line, loose harpoons and lances, with all their bristling barbs and points, came flashing and dripping up to the chocks¹ in the bows of Ahab's boat. Only one thing could be done. Seizing the boat-knife, he critically reached within—through—and then, without—the rays of steel; dragged

in the line beyond, passed it, inboard to the bowsman, and then, twice sundering the rope near the chocks—dropped the intercepted fagot of steel into the sea, and was all fast again. That instant the White Whale made a sudden rush among the remaining tangles of the other lines; by so doing, irresistibly dragged the more involved boats of Stubb and Flask towards his flukes; dashed them together like two rolling husks on a surf-beaten beach, and then, diving down into the sea, disappeared in a boiling maelstrom, in which, for a space, the odorous cedar chips of the wrecks danced round and round like the grated nutmeg in a swiftly stirred bowl of punch.

While the two crews were yet circling in the waters, reaching out after the revolving line-tubs, oars, and other floating furniture, while aslope little Flask bobbed up and down like an empty vial, twitching his legs upward to escape the dreaded jaws of sharks; and Stubb was lustily singing out for someone to ladle him up; and while the old man's line—now parting—admitted of his pulling into the creamy pool to rescue whom he could;—in that wild simultaneousness of a thousand concreted perils—Ahab's yet unstricken boat seemed drawn up towards Heaven by invisible wires,—as, arrow-like, shooting perpendicularly from the sea, the White Whale dashed his broad forehead against its bottom, and sent it turning over and over into the air; till it fell again—gunwale downwards—and Ahab and his men struggled out from under it, like seals from a seaside cave.

The first uprising momentum of the whale—modifying its direction as he struck the surface—involuntarily launched him along it to a little distance from the center of the destruction he had made; and with his back to it, he now lay for a moment slowly

¹ *chocks*: blocks of wood used as supports.

feeling with his flukes from side to side; and whenever a stray oar, bit of plank, the least chip or crumb of the boats touched his skin, his tail swiftly drew back and came sideways smiting the sea. But soon, as if satisfied that his work for that time was done, he pushed his pleated forehead through the ocean, and trailing after him the intertangled lines, continued his leeward way at a traveller's methodic pace.

As before, the attentive ship having descried the whole fight, again came bearing down to the rescue, and dropping a boat, picked up the floating mariners, tubs, oars, and whatever else could be caught at, and safely landed them on her decks. Some sprained shoulders, wrists, and ankles; livid contusions;¹ wrenched harpoons and lances; inextricable intricacies of rope; shattered oars and planks; all these were there; but no fatal or even serious ill seemed to have befallen anyone. As with Fedallah the day before, so Ahab was now found grimly clinging to his boat's broken half, which afforded a comparatively easy float; nor did it so exhaust him as the previous day's mishap.

But when he was helped to the deck, all eyes were fastened upon him; as instead of standing by himself he still half-hung upon the shoulder of Starbuck, who had thus far been the foremost to assist him. His ivory leg had been snapped off, leaving but one short sharp splinter.

"Aye aye, Starbuck, 'tis sweet to lean sometimes, be the leaner who he will; and would old Ahab had leaned oftener than he has."

"The ferrule² has not stood, sir," said the carpenter, now coming up; "I put good work into that leg."

¹ contusions (kōn-tū'zhūnz): bruises, cuts.

² ferrule (fēr'īl): ring or metal cap at the end of a cane or artificial limb for strength and protection.

"But no bones broken, sir, I hope," said Stubb with true concern.

"Aye! and all splintered to pieces, Stubb!—d'ye see it.—But even with a broken bone, old Ahab is untouched; and I account no living bone of mine one jot more me than this dead one that's lost. Nor white whale, nor man, nor fiend can so much as graze old Ahab in his own proper and inaccessible being. Can any lead touch yonder floor, any mast scrape yonder roof?—Aloft there! which way?"

"Dead to leeward, sir."

"Up helm, then; pile on the sail again, ship keepers! down the rest of the spare boats and rig them—Mr. Starbuck away, and muster the boat's crews."

"Let me first help thee towards the bulwarks, sir."

"Oh, oh, oh! how this splinter gores me now! Accursed fate! that the unconquerable captain in the soul should have such a craven³ mate!"

"Sir?"

"My body, man, not thee. Give me something for a cane—there, that shivered lance will do. Muster the men. Surely I have not seen him yet. By heaven it cannot be!—missing?—quick! call them all."

The old man's hinted thought was true. Upon mustering the company, the Parsee was not there.

"The Parsee!" cried Stubb—"he must have been caught in——"

"The black vomit wrench thee!—run all of ye above, aloft, cabin, fore-castle—find him—not gone—not gone!"

But quickly they returned to him with the tidings that the Parsee was nowhere to be found.

"Aye, sir," said Stubb—"caught among the tangles of your line—I thought I saw him dragging under."

³ craven: lacking in spirit or courage.

"My line! my line? Gone?—gone? What means that little word?—What death knell rings in it, that old Ahab shakes as if he were the belfry. The harpoon, too!—toss over the litter there,—d'ye see it?—the forged iron, men, the White Whale's—no, no, no,—blistered fool! this hand did dart it!—'tis in the fish!—Aloft there! Keep him nailed—Quick!—all hands to the rigging of the boats—collect the oars—harpooneers! the irons, the irons!—hoist the royals higher—a pull on all the sheets!—helm there! steady, steady for your life! I'll ten times girdle the unmeasured globe; yea and dive straight through it, but I'll slay him yet!"

"Great God! but for one single instant show thyself," cried Starbuck; "never, never wilt thou capture him, old man—In Jesus' name no

more of this, that's worse than devil's madness. Two days chased; twice stove to splinters; thy very leg once more snatched from under thee; thy evil shadow gone—all good angels mobbing thee with warnings:—what more wouldst thou have? Shall we keep chasing this murderous fish till he swamps the last man? Shall we be dragged by him to the bottom of the sea? Shall we be towed by him to the infernal world? Oh, oh—Impiety and blasphemy to hunt him more!"

"Starbuck, of late I've felt strangely moved to thee; ever since that hour we both saw—thou know'st what, in one another's eyes. But in this matter of the whale, be the front of thy face to me as the palm of this hand—a lipless, unfeatured blank. Ahab is forever Ahab, man. This whole act's immutably decreed. 'Twas rehearsed



From D. P. DeVries, *Rogee in Neue Welt*, 1655

A LEGENDARY WHALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

by thee and me a billion years before this ocean rolled. Fool! I am the Fates' lieutenant; I act under orders. Look thou, underling! that thou obeyest mine.

"Stand round me, men. Ye see an old man cut down to the stump; leaning on a shivered lance; propped up on a lonely foot. 'Tis Ahab—his body's part; but Ahab's soul's a centipede, that moves upon a hundred legs. I feel strained, half-stranded, as ropes that tow dismasted frigates in a gale; and I may look so. But ere I break, ye'll hear me crack; and till ye hear *that*, know that Ahab's hawser tows his purpose yet. Believe ye, men, in the things called omens? Then laugh aloud, and cry encore! For ere they drown, drowning things will twice rise to the surface; then rise again, to sink for evermore. So with Moby Dick—two days he's floated—tomorrow will be the third. Aye, men, he'll rise once more,—but only to spout his last! D'ye feel brave, men, brave?"

"As fearless fire," cried Stubb.

"And as mechanical," muttered Ahab. Then as the men went forward, he muttered on: "The things called omens! And yesterday I talked the same to Starbuck there, concerning my broken boat! Oh! how valiantly I seek to drive out of others' hearts what's clinched so fast in mine!—The Parsee—the Parsee!—gone, gone? and he was to go before:—but still was to be seen again ere I could perish—How's that? There's a riddle now might baffle all the lawyers backed by the ghosts of the whole line of judges: like a hawk's beak it pecks and pecks my brain. *I'll, I'll* solve it, though!"

When dusk descended, the whale was still in sight to leeward.

So once more the sail was shortened, and everything passed nearly as on

the previous night; only the sound of hammers and the hum of the grindstone was heard till nearly daylight, as the men toiled by lanterns in the complete and careful rigging of the spare boats and sharpening their fresh weapons for the morrow. Meantime, of the broken keel of Ahab's wrecked craft the carpenter made him another leg; while still as on the night before, slouched Ahab stood fixed within his scuttle.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE CHASE—THIRD DAY

The morning of the third day dawned fair and fresh, and once more the solitary night-man at the fore-masthead was relieved by crowds of the daylight lookouts, who dotted every mast and almost every spar.

"D'ye see him?" cried Ahab; but the whale was not yet in sight.

"In his infallible wake, though; but follow that wake, that's all. Helm there; steady, as thou goest, and hast been going. What a lovely day again! were it a new-made world, and made for a summerhouse to the angels, and this morning the first of its throwing open to them, a fairer day could not dawn upon the world. Here's food for thought, had Ahab time to think; but Ahab never thinks; he only feels, feels, feels; *that's* tingling enough for mortal man! to think's audacity. Aloft there! What d'ye see?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing! and noon at hand! The doubloon goes a-begging! See the sun! Aye, aye, it must be so. I've oversailed him. How, got the start? Aye, he's chasing *me* now; not I, *him*—that's bad; I might have known it, too. Fool! the lines—the harpoons he's towing. Aye, aye, I have run him by last night. About! about! Come down, all of ye, but the regular lookouts! Man the braces!"

Steering as she had done, the wind had been somewhat on the "Pequod's" quarter, so that now being pointed in the reverse direction, the braced ship sailed hard upon the breeze as she re-churned the cream in her own white wake.

"Against the wind he now steers for the open jaw," murmured Starbuck to himself, as he coiled the new-hauled main-brace upon the rail. "God keep us, but already my bones feel damp within me, and from the inside wet my flesh. I misdoubt me that I disobey my God in obeying him!"

"Stand by to sway me up!" cried Ahab, advancing to the hempen basket. "We should meet him soon."

"Aye, aye, sir," and straightway Starbuck did Ahab's bidding, and once more Ahab swung on high.

A whole hour now passed; gold-beaten out to ages. Time itself now held long breaths with keen suspense. But at last, some three points off the weather bow, Ahab descried the spout again, and instantly from the three mastheads three shrieks went up as if the tongues of fire had voiced it.

"Forehead to forehead I meet thee, this third time, Moby Dick! On deck there!—brace sharper up; crowd her into the wind's eye. He's too far off to lower yet, Mr. Starbuck. The sails shake! Stand over that helmsman with a topmaul! So, so; he travels fast, and I must down. But let me have one more good round look aloft her at the sea; there's time for that. An old, old sight, and yet somehow so young; aye, and not changed a wink since I first saw it, a boy, from the sand-hills of Nantucket! The same!—the same!—the same to Noah as to me. There's a soft shower to leeward. Such lovely leewardings! They must lead somewhere—to something else than common land, more palmy than the palms. Leeward! the White Whale

goes that way; look to windward, then; the better if the bitterer quarter.

"But good-by, good-by, old mast-head! What's this?—green? aye, tiny mosses in these warped cracks. No such green weather stains on Ahab's head! There's the difference now between man's old age and matter's. But aye, old mast, we both grow old together; sound in our hulls, though, are we not, my ship? Aye, minus a leg, that's all. By heaven this dead wood has the better of my live flesh every way. I can't compare with it; and I've known some ships made of dead trees outlast the lives of men made of the most vital stuff of vital fathers."

"What's that he said? he should still go before me, my pilot; and yet to be seen again? But where? Will I have eyes at the bottom of the sea, supposing I descend those endless stairs?¹ and all night I've been sailing from him, wherever he did sink to. Aye, aye, like many more thou told'st direful truth as touching thyself, O Parsee; but, Ahab, there thy shot fell short. Good-by, masthead—keep a good eye upon the whale, the while I'm gone. We'll talk tomorrow, nay, tonight, when the White Whale lies down there, tied by head and tail."

He gave the word; and still gazing round him, was steadily lowered through the cloven blue air to the deck.

In due time the boats were lowered; but as standing in his shallop's² stern Ahab just hovered upon the point of the descent, he waved to the mate—who held one of the tackle-ropes on deck—and bade him pause.

"Starbuck!"

"Sir?"

"For the third time my soul's ship starts upon this voyage, Starbuck."

"Aye, sir, thou wilt have it so."

¹ supposing I descend those endless stairs: if I should drown.

² shallop's: the small boat's.

"Some ships sail from their ports, and ever afterwards are missing, Starbuck!"

"Truth, sir; saddest truth."

"Some men die at ebb tide; some at low water; some at the full of the flood—and I feel now like a billow that's all one crested comb, Starbuck. I am old—shake hands with me, man."

Their hands met; their eyes fastened; Starbuck's tears the glue.

"Oh, my captain, my captain!—noble heart—go not—go not!—see, it's a brave man that weeps; how great the agony of the persuasion then!"

"Lower away!" cried Ahab, tossing the mate's arm from him. "Stand by the crew!"

In an instant the boat was pulling round close under the stern.

"The sharks! the sharks!" cried a voice from the low cabin window there; "O master, my master, come back!"

But Ahab heard nothing; for his own voice was high-lifted then; and the boat leaped on.

Yet the voice spake true; for scarce had he pushed from the ship, when numbers of sharks, seemingly rising from out the dark waters beneath the hull, maliciously snapped at the blades of the oars every time they dipped in the water; and in this way accompanied the boat with their bites. It is a thing not uncommonly happening to the whaleboats in those swarming seas; the sharks at times apparently following them in the same prescient¹ way that vultures hover over the banners of marching regiments in the east. But these were the first sharks that had been observed by the "Pequod" since the White Whale had been first descried; and whether it was that Ahab's crew were all such tiger-yellow barbarians, and therefore their flesh more musky to the senses of the

sharks—a matter sometimes well known to affect them—however it was, they seemed to follow that one boat without molesting the others.

"Heart of wrought steel!" murmured Starbuck, gazing over the side, and following with his eyes the receding boat—"canst thou yet ring boldly to that sight?—lowering thy keel among ravening sharks, and followed by them, open-mouthed to the chase; and this the critical third day? For when three days flow together in one continuous intense pursuit; be sure the first is the morning, the second the noon, and the third the evening and the end of that thing—be that end what it may. Oh! my God! what is this that shoots through me, and leaves me so deadly calm, yet expectant—fixed at the top of a shudder! Future things swim before me, as in empty outlines and skeletons; all the past is somehow grown dim. Mary, girl! thou fadest in pale glories behind me; boy! I seem to see but thy eyes grown wondrous blue. Strangest problems of life seem clearing; but clouds sweep between—Is my journey's end coming? My legs feel faint; like his who has footed it all day. Feel thy heart—beats it yet? Stir thyself, Starbuck!—stave it off—move, move! speak aloud!—Masthead there! See ye my boy's hand on the hill?—Crazed;—aloft there!—keep thy keenest eye upon the boats:—mark well the whale!—Ho! again!—drive off that hawk! see! he pecks—he tears the vane"—pointing to the red flag flying at the main-truck—"Ha! he soars away with it!—Where's the old man now? see'st thou that sight, oh Ahab!—shudder, shudder!"

The boats had not gone very far when by a signal from the mastheads—a downward pointed arm—Ahab knew that the whale had sounded; but intending to be near him at the next

¹ *prescient* (prĕ'shĭ-ĕnt): foreknowing, foreseeing.

rising, he held on his way a little sideways from the vessel; the becharmed crew maintaining the profoundest silence, as the head-beat waves hammered and hammered against the opposing bow.

"Drive, drive in your nails, O ye waves, to their uttermost heads drive them in! ye but strike a thing without a lid; and no coffin and no hearse can be mine—and hemp only can kill me! Ha! ha!"

Suddenly the waters around them slowly swelled in broad circles; then quickly upheaved, as if sideways sliding from a submerged berg of ice, swiftly rising to the surface. A low rumbling sound was heard; a subterraneous hum; and then all held their breaths; as bedraggled with trailing ropes, and harpoons, and lances, a vast form shot lengthwise but obliquely from the sea. Shrouded in a thin dropping veil of mist, it hovered for a moment in the rainbowed air; and then fell swamping back into the deep. Crushed thirty feet upwards, the waters flashed for an instant like heaps of fountains, then brokenly sank in a shower of flakes, leaving the circling surface creamed like new milk round the marble trunk of the whale.

"Give way!" cried Ahab to the oarsmen, and the boats darted forward to the attack; but maddened by yesterday's fresh irons that corroded¹ in him, Moby Dick seemed combinedly possessed by all the angels that fell from heaven. The wide tiers of welded tendons overspreading his broad white forehead, beneath the transparent skin, looked knitted together as, head on, he came churning his tail among the boats, and once more flailed them apart, spilling out the irons and lances from the two mates' boats, and dashing in one side of the upper part of their bows, but

¹ corroded: rusted.

leaving Ahab's almost without a scar.

While Daggoo and Queequeg were stopping the strained planks; and as the whale, swimming out from them, turned and showed one entire flank as he shot by them again; at that moment a quick cry went up. Lashed round and round to the fish's back; pinioned in the turns upon turns in which, during the past night, the whale had reeled the involutions of the lines around him, the half torn body of the Parsee was seen; his sable² raiment frayed to shreds; his distended eyes turned full upon old Ahab.

The harpoon dropped from his hand.

"Befooled, befooled!"—drawing in a long lean breath—"Aye, Parsee! I see thee again. Aye, and thou goest before; and this, *this* then is the hearse that thou didst promise. But I hold thee to the last letter of thy word. Where is the second hearse? Away, mates, to the ship! those boats are useless now; repair them if ye can in time, and return to me; if not, Ahab is enough to die—Down, men! the first thing that but offers to jump from this boat I stand in, that thing I harpoon. Ye are not other men, but my arms and my legs; and so obey me.—Where's the whale? gone down again?"

But he looked too nigh the boat; for as if bent upon escaping with the corpse he bore, and as if the particular place of the last encounter had been but a stage in his leeward voyage, Moby Dick was now again steadily swimming forward; and had almost passed the ship—which thus far had been sailing in the contrary direction to him, though for the present her headway had been stopped. He seemed swimming with his utmost velocity, and now only intent upon

² sable: black.

pursuing his own straight path in the sea.

"Oh! Ahab," cried Starbuck, "not too late is it, even now, the third day, to desist. See! Moby Dick seeks thee not. It is thou, thou, that madly seekest him!"

Setting sail to the rising wind, the lonely boat was swiftly impelled¹ to leeward, by both oars and canvas. And at last when Ahab was sliding by the vessel, so near as plainly to distinguish Starbuck's face as he leaned over the rail, he hailed him to turn the vessel about and follow him, not too swiftly, at a judicious interval. Glancing upwards, he saw Tashtego, Queequeg, and Daggoo, eagerly mounting to the three mastheads; while the oarsmen were rocking in the two staved boats which had just been hoisted to the side, and were busily at work in repairing them. One after the other, through the portholes, as he sped, he also caught flying glimpses of Stubb and Flask busying themselves on deck among bundles of new irons and lances. As he saw all this, as he heard the hammers in the broken boats, far other hammers seemed driving a nail into his heart. But he rallied. And now marking that the vane or flag was gone from the main-masthead, he shouted to Tash-tego, who had just gained that perch, to descend again for another flag and a hammer and nails, and so nail it to the mast.

Whether fagged by the three days' running chase, and the resistance to his swimming in the knotted hamper he bore; or whether it was some latent deceitfulness and malice in him: whichever was true, the White Whale's way now began to abate, as it seemed, from the boat so rapidly nearing him once more; though indeed the whale's last start had not been so long a one as

¹ *impelled*: driven.

before. And still as Ahab glided over the waves the un pitying sharks accompanied him; and so pertinaciously stuck to the boat; and so continually bit at the plying oars that the blades became jagged and crunched,² and left small splinters in the sea, at almost every dip.

"Heed them not! those teeth but give new rowlocks to your oars. Pull on! 'tis the better rest, the shark's jaw than the yielding water."

"But at every bite, sir, the thin blades grow smaller and smaller!"

"They will last long enough! pull on!—But who can tell"—he muttered—"whether these sharks swim to feast on the whale or on Ahab?—But pull on! Aye, all alive, now—we near him. The helm! take the helm! let me pass," and so saying, two of the oarsmen helped him forward to the bows of the still flying boat.

At length as the craft was cast to one side, and ran ranging along with the White Whale's flank, he seemed strangely oblivious of its advance—as the whale sometimes will—and Ahab was fairly within the smoky mountain mist, which, thrown off from the whale's spout, curled round his great Monadnock³ hump; he was even thus close to him; when, with body arched back, and both arms lengthwise high-lifted to the poise, he darted his fierce iron, and his far fiercer curse into the hated whale. As both steel and curse sank to the socket, as if sucked into a morass,⁴ Moby Dick sideways writhed; spasmodically rolled his nigh flank against the bow, and, without staving a hole in it, so suddenly canted the boat over, that had it not been for the elevated part of the gunwale to which he then clung,

² *crunched*: worn off.

³ *Monadnock* (mō-năd'nōk): a mountain in New Hampshire.

⁴ *morass*: swamp or bog, as of quicksand.

Ahab would once more have been tossed into the sea. As it was, three of the oarsmen—who foreknew not the precise instant of the dart, and were therefore unprepared for its effects—these were flung out; but so fell that in an instant two of them clutched the gunwale again, and rising to its level on a combing wave, hurled themselves bodily inboard again; the third man helplessly dropping astern, but still afloat and swimming.

Almost simultaneously, with a mighty volition¹ of ungraduated, instantaneous swiftness, the White Whale darted through the weltering sea. But when Ahab cried out to the steersman to take new turns with the line, and hold it so, and commanded the crew to turn round on their seats and tow the boat up to the mark; the moment the treacherous line felt that double strain and tug, it snapped in the empty air!

“What breaks in me? Some sinew cracks!—’tis whole again; oars! oars! Burst in upon him!”

Hearing the tremendous rush of the sea-crashing boat, the whale wheeled round to present his blank forehead at bay; but in that evolution, catching sight of the nearing black hull of the ship; seemingly seeing in it the source of all his persecutions; bethinking it—it may be—a larger and nobler foe; of a sudden he bore down upon its advancing prow, smiting his jaws amid fiery showers of foam.

Ahab staggered; his hand smote his forehead. “I grow blind; hands! stretch out before me that I may yet grope my way. Is’t night?”

“The whale! The ship!” cried the cringing oarsmen.

“Oars! oars! Slope downwards to thy depths, O sea, that ere it be forever too late, Ahab may slide this last, last time upon his mark! I see: the ship!

the ship! Dash on, my men! will ye not save my ship?”

But as the oarsmen violently forced their boat through the sledge-hammering seas, the before whale-smitten bow-ends of two planks burst through, and in an instant almost, the temporarily disabled boat lay nearly level with the waves; its half-wading, splashing crew trying hard to stop the gap and bale out the pouring water.

Meantime, for that one beholding instant, Tashtego’s masthead hammer remained suspended in his hand; and the red flag, half-wrapping him as with a plaid, then streamed itself straight out from him, as his own forward-flowing heart; while Starbuck and Stubb, standing upon the bow-sprit beneath, caught sight of the down-coming monster just as soon as he.

The whale, the whale! Up helm, up helm! Oh, all ye sweet powers of air, now hug me close! Let not Starbuck die, if die he must, in a woman’s fainting fit. Up helm, I say—ye fools, the jaw! the jaw! Is this the end of all my bursting prayers? all my lifelong fidelities? Oh, Ahab, Ahab, lo, thy work. Steady! helmsman, steady. Nay, nay! Up helm again! He turns to meet us! Oh, his unappeasable brow drives on towards one, whose duty tells him he cannot depart. My God, stand by me now!”

From the ship’s bows nearly all the seamen now hung inactive; hammers, bits of plank, lances, and harpoons, mechanically retained in their hands, just as they had darted from their various employments; all their enchanted eyes intent upon the whale, which from side to side strangely vibrating his predestinating head, sent a broad band of overspreading semi-circular foam before him as he rushed. Retribution, swift vengeance, eternal malice were in his whole aspect, and spite of all that mortal man could do,

¹ volition: power.

the solid white buttress of his forehead smote the ship's starboard bow till men and timbers reeled. Some fell flat upon their faces. Like dislodged trucks, the heads of the harpooners aloft shook on their bull-like necks. Through the breach they heard the waters pour, as mountain torrents down a flume.¹

"The ship! The hearse!—the second hearse!" cried Ahab from the boat; "its wood could only be American!"

Diving beneath the settling ship, the whale ran quivering along its keel; but turning under water, swiftly shot to the surface again, far off the other bow, but within a few yards of Ahab's boat, where, for a time, he lay quiescent.

The harpoon was darted; the stricken whale flew forward; with igniting velocity the line ran through the groove;—ran foul. Ahab stooped to clear it; he did clear it; but the flying turn caught him round the neck, and voicelessly as Turkish mutes bowstring their victim, he was shot out of the boat, ere the crew knew he was gone. Next instant, the heavy eye-splice in the rope's final end flew out of the stark-empty tub, knocked down an oarsman, and smiting the sea, disappeared in its depths.

For an instant, the tranced boat's crew stood still; then turned. "The ship? Great God, where is the ship?" Soon they through dim, bewildering mediums saw her sidelong fading phantom, only the uppermost masts out of water; while fixed by infatuation, or fidelity, or fate, to their once lofty perches, the pagan harpooners still maintained their sinking lookouts on the sea. And now concentric circles seized the lone boat itself, and all its crew, and each floating oar, and every lance-pole, and spinning, animate and inanimate, all round and round in one vortex, carried the smallest chip of the "Pequod" out of sight.

¹ *flume*: pipe or trough that carries water.

But as the last whelmings interminglingly poured themselves over the sunken head of the Indian at the main-mast, leaving a few inches of the erect spar yet visible, together with long streaming yards of the flag, which calmly undulated, with ironical coinciding, over the destroying billows they almost touched—at that instant, a red arm and a hammer hovered backwardly uplifted in the open air, in the act of nailing the flag faster and yet faster to the subsiding spar. A sky-hawk that tauntingly had followed the main-truck downwards from its natural home among the stars, pecking at the flag, and incommoding² Tashtego there; this bird now chanced to intercept its broad fluttering wing between the hammer and the wood, and simultaneously feeling that ethereal thrill, the submerged savage beneath, in his death-gasp, kept his hammer frozen there; and so the bird of heaven, with archangelic shrieks, and his imperial beak thrust upwards, and his whole captive form folded in the flag of Ahab, went down with his ship, which, like Satan, would not sink to hell till she had dragged a living part of heaven along with her, and helmeted herself with it.

Now small fowls flew screaming over the yet yawning gulf; a sullen white surf beat against its steep sides; then all collapsed, and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago.

EPILOGUE

"AND I ONLY AM ESCAPED
ALONE TO TELL THEE."

Job.³

The drama's done. Why then here does anyone step forth?—Because one did survive the wreck.

² *incommoding*: disturbing.

³ Job 41: 7, 26–29.

It so chanced that after the Parsee's disappearance, I was he whom the Fates ordained to take the place of Ahab's bowsman, when that bowsman assumed the vacant post; the same who, when on the last day the three men were tossed from out of the rocking boat, was dropped astern. So floating on the margin of the ensuing scene, and in full sight of it, when the half-spent suction of the sunk ship reached me, I was then, but slowly, drawn towards the closing vortex. When I reached it, it had subsided to a creamy pool. Round and round, then, and ever contracting towards the button-like black bubble at the axis of that slowly wheeling circle, like another Ixion¹ I did revolve. Till, gaining that vital center, the black bubble upward burst; and now, liberated by reason of its cunning spring, and, owing to its great buoyancy, rising with great force, the coffin life buoy shot lengthwise from the sea, fell over, and floated by my side. Buoyed up by that coffin, for almost one whole day and night I floated on a soft and dirge-like main.² The unharmed sharks, they glided by as if with padlocks on their mouths; the savage sea-hawks sailed with sheathed beaks. On the second day, a sail drew near, nearer, and picked me up at last. It was the devious-cruising "Rachel" that, in her retracing search after her missing children, only found another orphan.

PONDERING OVER THE NOVEL

Chapter I

Why did Ishmael wish to go to sea? Why did he have so much trouble finding a night's lodging in New Bedford?

Chapter II

What sort of place was the Spouter-Inn? Did you suspect from the introduction of Queequeg that he would become an important character in the story?

¹ *Ixion* (iks-i'ōn): a legendary king in Thessaly whose crimes earned him the punishment of being bound to a fiery wheel in the underworld.

² *dirge-like main*: a low-moaning sea.

Chapter III

What peculiarities did Queequeg show in eating? Did they tend in any way to change your opinion of him?

Chapter IV

What further information did you learn about Queequeg in this chapter? Why had Ishmael ceased to fear him?

Chapter V

How did Ishmael and Queequeg get their luggage to the boat? What did they find in Nantucket?

Chapter VI

What was Queequeg's plan for choosing a ship? What reasons did Ishmael give for choosing the "Pequod"? What did you learn about Captain Ahab in the chapter?

Chapter VII

What argument did Ishmael advance to have Queequeg accepted as one of the crew? What really secured him the place?

Chapter VIII

What equipment was provided for the whaling ship? How complete did the list seem to be?

Chapter IX

What seemed strange to Ishmael and Queequeg when they went aboard the ship? How do you account for the fact that Queequeg remained so calm?

Chapter X

How long did Captain Peleg and Captain Bildad stay on the ship? Why does a ship need a pilot at the start of a voyage?

Chapter XI

Why was Ishmael inclined to be afraid of Captain Ahab before he had ever met him? Did he feel easier in his mind after he had seen him? How did the captain change as the ship sailed southward?

Chapter XII

Did Captain Ahab seem to have any consideration for the rights of others? What did the first mate think of him? What obsession did the captain have? Do you think he was entirely sane? Give reasons for your opinion.

Chapter XIII

How did the legend about Moby Dick arise? How did this whale differ from other sperm whales? Why did Captain Ahab vow vengeance on him?

Chapter XIV

How did the first part of this chapter contrast with the intense activity of the latter part, after the whales were sighted? What preparations were made for attacking the whale? Perhaps you would like to begin an outline to help you follow the whole process of capturing and cutting up a whale.

Chapter XV

In which direction was the "Pequod" sailing? What mystery arose? Did it seem to have any connection with Moby Dick? What phrases in the chapter paint an especially vivid picture of the sea?

Chapter XVI

What methods of whaling were described in this chapter? Which parts of the chapter helped you understand the size and power of the whale?

Chapter XVII

What is the blubber of a whale? What steps were followed in removing it?

Chapter XVIII

What became of the carcass of the whale? What mistake did it sometimes cause?

Chapter XIX

In what part of the world did the action of this chapter take place? Would it be possible to find great crowds of whales in the same region now? What peculiar characteristics of whales are brought out in the chapter?

Chapter XX

How did the attitude of the English captain compare with that of Captain Ahab? What did the difference tell you about the characters of the two men? Which of the two captains was the wiser?

Chapter XXI

Why did it require a great deal of courage for Starbuck to argue with Captain

Ahab? What did he mean when he said, "Let Ahab to beware of Ahab"? What caused the captain to change his mind?

Chapter XXII

What did the incident about Queequeg add to the story? Did it serve to show another side of Queequeg's character, to add to the feeling that the voyage was doomed to disaster, or to prepare the way for something that was to appear later? Do you think the author intended the incident to be humorous or did he intend it to be pathetic?

Chapter XXIII

What feeling did you have as you read about the making of the harpoon? What did this incident add to the story?

Chapter XXIV

How would you compare the "Pequod" and the "Bachelor"? Which was the better ship?

Chapter XXV

What is a quadrant? How is latitude determined by observing the sun? What purpose, if any, did Captain Ahab have in breaking the quadrant? What did this act show about his character?

Chapter XXVI

What happened to the ship's compasses? Why were they not left as they were? How did Ahab use the incident to get greater control over his crew?

Chapter XXVII

How did Ahab explain the sound that frightened the sailors? Did his explanation make them feel any better? Why were they somewhat relieved following the drowning of the sailor? Why were they startled at the idea of a life buoy made from a box meant for a coffin?

Chapter XXVIII

How did the meeting with the "Rachel" help build up the plot? Why wouldn't Ahab help the captain?

Chapter XXIX

What happened in this chapter to show that Ahab is superstitious? Had you suspected before that he had this fear?

Chapter XXX

How did *Moby Dick* differ from other whales in appearance? How did his behavior with the whaleboat differ from that of most whales? Why was Ahab displeased by the comments of Stubb and Starbuck? Was the "Pequod's" crew as well prepared to meet the whale on the second day as on the first?

Chapter XXXI

What happened on the second day? Were the disasters worse than those on the first day? How were the damages repaired during the night? Could they be repaired completely?

Chapter XXXII

How did disaster come all in a moment to Captain Ahab, the ship, and the crew? How was Ishmael saved? Did he consider his survival an accident?

FURTHER ACTIVITIES

1. The foregoing novel was written by Herman Melville. All his stories of the sea reflect, to some extent, his own experiences. When whaling was at its height, about 1840, he worked on a whaler. The captain was cruel and mistreated his crew. To escape his cruelty, Melville and a companion deserted the ship and made their way to one of the Marquesas Islands in the Pacific. There they lived for some time with the natives. They were finally rescued by an Australian whaler. Finally Melville related some of his experiences in *Moby Dick* and two other novels, *Typee* and *Omoo*. Gather further information about Melville's interesting experiences and note how they served as an excellent background for stories of sea life.

2. *Moby Dick* is known as a novel. Explain just how it meets all the conditions of a novel. Does it have a setting, character, and extended plot? Is it a story which the author created but which could be true? Like all good novelists, Melville kept his background authentic. The crews of whalers were made up of people very much like the crew of the "Pequod." They had the same kind of experiences as the crew of the "Pequod" and caught whales exactly as explained in the story. Thus,

while *Moby Dick* is a novel, it could almost be considered a historical source book since it portrays whaling so accurately.

3. How would you classify *Moby Dick* as to merit among all the novels you have read? Many critics consider it the best sea story ever written. First, it is good as a thrilling adventure story. Write a brief summary of the story and relate some incidents that are especially thrilling. Second, as you have just learned, the novel gives an accurate picture of life on the sea. Mention some of the descriptions which are especially good. Third, the novel is a remarkable study of character. Who are the leading characters in the story? Write a brief description of each, using as many adjectives as possible to make yourself clear.

4. One cannot escape his destiny—this is the theme of *Moby Dick*. Can you think of a theme that is more inviting? Captain Ahab's determination to avenge himself on the whale is kept in the foreground continuously. Find all the influences you can which might have caused him to turn back. They range all the way from his love for his young wife and baby to the English captain who joked about the loss of his arm. Regardless of the influences, he kept on and surmounted all obstacles except the whale itself. Fate finally prevented him from carrying out his purpose of revenge. Ishmael, on the other hand, was favored by fate. It was not his destiny to die and fate seemed ever to be conspiring to save him. Make a list of the incidents in which he was favored. What part do you consider the climax of the story?

5. *Moby Dick* was once produced as a motion picture. Why do you suppose it was considered especially good for this purpose? Which scenes were probably best in the picture? Why? Choose an incident from the story which you consider especially good and write a scenario. Or, if you prefer, work with some of your classmates and actually dramatize an incident.

6. The story of *Moby Dick* affords an excellent basis for drawing sea pictures. If you like drawing, illustrate a scene.

POSTVIEW OF THE UNIT

The selections in this unit, of course, were not the first stories of adventure you have read. Doubtless as you have looked for reading materials you have chosen as many stories of adventure as possible. This is because you enjoy them more than most other forms of literature. There is more to such stories, however, than mere enjoyment. Really, adventure stories should be selected on the basis of what they add to your life. Have you considered these points?

In the first place, adventure stories should be selected on the basis of the help they give in understanding human nature. Someone has said that he who does not read books can lead only one life. Unless you read, your life is certain to be very limited in its scope. Reading is almost the only way to relive the experiences of Buffalo Bill and Kit Carson. Likewise it is almost the only way to relive the struggle of Captain Ahab with the whale. Other experiences, of course, may be lived, but it is helpful to read how others react to conditions similar to your own. Reading enables you to measure your life.

In the second place, you should select stories of adventure that are well written. Some stories, naturally, are worthless in this regard. They are written merely to provide a thrill. For this reason they cannot be classed as literature. It is highly important, then, especially in the selection of novels, that you choose only those written by authors who hold to high standards. Your teacher or any librarian will tell you who some of the acceptable authors are.

In the third place, you should select stories of a varied nature. Do not choose those that deal with the same form of adventure. For example, do not read sea stories alone or Wild West stories alone. Your reading should help broaden your horizon—your outlook on life. To read stories in only one field of adventure is almost as bad as to read no stories at all. Also choose materials from various types of literature. Find adventure in poetry and essays as well as in novels and short stories.

CHECKING YOUR EXPERIENCES

I. Copy each of the following sentences and complete it by using the word or words in parenthesis which will help to make the best statement.

1. M. Grandissime (angrily, patiently, reluctantly, happily) waited for Aurora's answer.
2. Hetty lost her position because of her (inefficiency, independence, unattractiveness, timidity).
3. Captain Ahab was interested primarily in (sea adventures, finding the White Whale, regaining his health, making money).
4. A long beard is not always a sign of (old age, wealth, intelligence, shrewdness).
5. Pache's blindness was caused by a (fight with a buffalo, shot of a gun, prairie fire, fall from a horse).

6. A voyage as described by Washington Irving is full of (adventure, humor, pathos, irony).
7. The Pony Express riders were in greatest danger from (rough roads, hostile Indians, buffalo herds, fierce storms).
8. Ahab was (an Indian fighter, a sea captain, a general, an English sailor).

II. At the left below is a list of characters in some of the stories of the unit. Copy the name of each character and write along with it the description from the list at the right which helps to make a true statement.

White Whale	was at one time a Pony Express rider.
Pache	waited for the man who was on the ferry.
Cecilia	closely observed his surroundings.
Colonel Cody	avoided giving a direct answer.
Brother Rabbit	could not think of beef stew without onion.
Washington Irving	was the subject of many rumors.
Hetty	lived in the time of hobgoblins and fairies.
Aurora	was blind, badger blind.

III. The following are beginning parts of sentences followed by several endings. Copy each beginning part and use along with it the ending which helps to make the best statement.

1. Buffalo Bill kept the road agents from getting his money he was carrying, by
taking another route
shooting the road agents
hiding the money
2. Captain Ahab hunted the whale because
the whale was white
he enjoyed whaling adventure
he sought revenge
3. Kit Carson's trio were riding with greatest speed to escape
the approaching prairie fire
tribes of savage Indians
stampeding herds of buffalo
4. Brother Rabbit was angry with the tar baby because
she would not talk to him
she would not let his hand go when he struck
he could see her smiling at him in the water
5. Hetty was employed in the Biggest Store because
she had the ability to figure correctly
no other person applied for the position
she was a contrast to the many applicants with blond hair

ENJOYING CREATIVE EXPERIENCES

1. Stories of adventure include many folk tales. Do you know exactly what folk tales are? How would you like to make a collection of them? Talk with older people of your community and ask them to tell you all the stories

they can which seem to have been handed down from the past. When you have secured a number of them, copy them carefully, on a typewriter if possible, and send them to a folklore society. Your teacher, perhaps, can tell you where to write.

2. Motion pictures are frequently based on stories of adventure. Think of the stories in the unit. Which ones do you think would make the best photoplays?

3. Consider the use of the selections for broadcasting over the radio. Which one would be the best suited for making into a play? Write out a dialog for such as you think might be used in a broadcast.

4. Write the story of "Kit Carson's Ride" in prose. First read the poem carefully to get the thought in mind. Avoid looking at it while you write, however, to make sure you use your own words rather than those of the author. Read your story in class and compare it with those prepared by your classmates.

5. If you enjoy working with your hands, you may want to try one of the following activities:

- a. Draw a picture of Moby Dick at sea.
- b. Make a painting based upon "Kit Carson's Ride."
- c. Make a miniature picture of Buffalo Bill.
- d. Make a model of the ship in which Washington Irving sailed to England.

ENJOYING FURTHER READING

Now that you have given special attention to good stories of adventure, you will probably want to read further before you leave the unit. Choose selections from several fields of adventure and several types of literature. The following list will guide you in your selection.

Beneath Tropic Seas. By CHARLES WILLIAM BEEBE.

A novel telling of exploration in the depths of the sea.

Cimarron. By EDNA FERBER.

A novel based on life in the early days of Oklahoma.

Glorious Adventure. By RICHARD HALLIBURTON.

A novel of exciting adventures experienced while traveling.

House of the Seven Gables. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

A novel based on the legend of a witch's curse in the early days of New England.

Linnet on the Threshold. By MARGARET RAYMOND.

The story of a girl who tried to earn her own living in New York, but decided to return to school.

Lonesome Road. By O. HENRY.

A short story about a deputy sheriff and how he changed his idea of marriage.

Meggy MacIntosh. By E. J. GRAY.

A novel about a girl who stole away from home to join the "unknown aunt of somebody, ride in the unknown carriage to an unknown ship."

Parnassus on Wheels. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A novel about a spinster who buys a traveling bookshop.

Père Marquette. By AGNES REPPLIER.

A novel about a hazardous trip in a frail canoe down the Wisconsin River and out upon the Mississippi.

Real Soldiers of Fortune. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

A novel of picturesque adventure.

Roast Beef—Medium. By EDNA FERBER.

Short stories of the adventures of a good-hearted salesman.

Tennessee's Partner. By BRET HARTE.

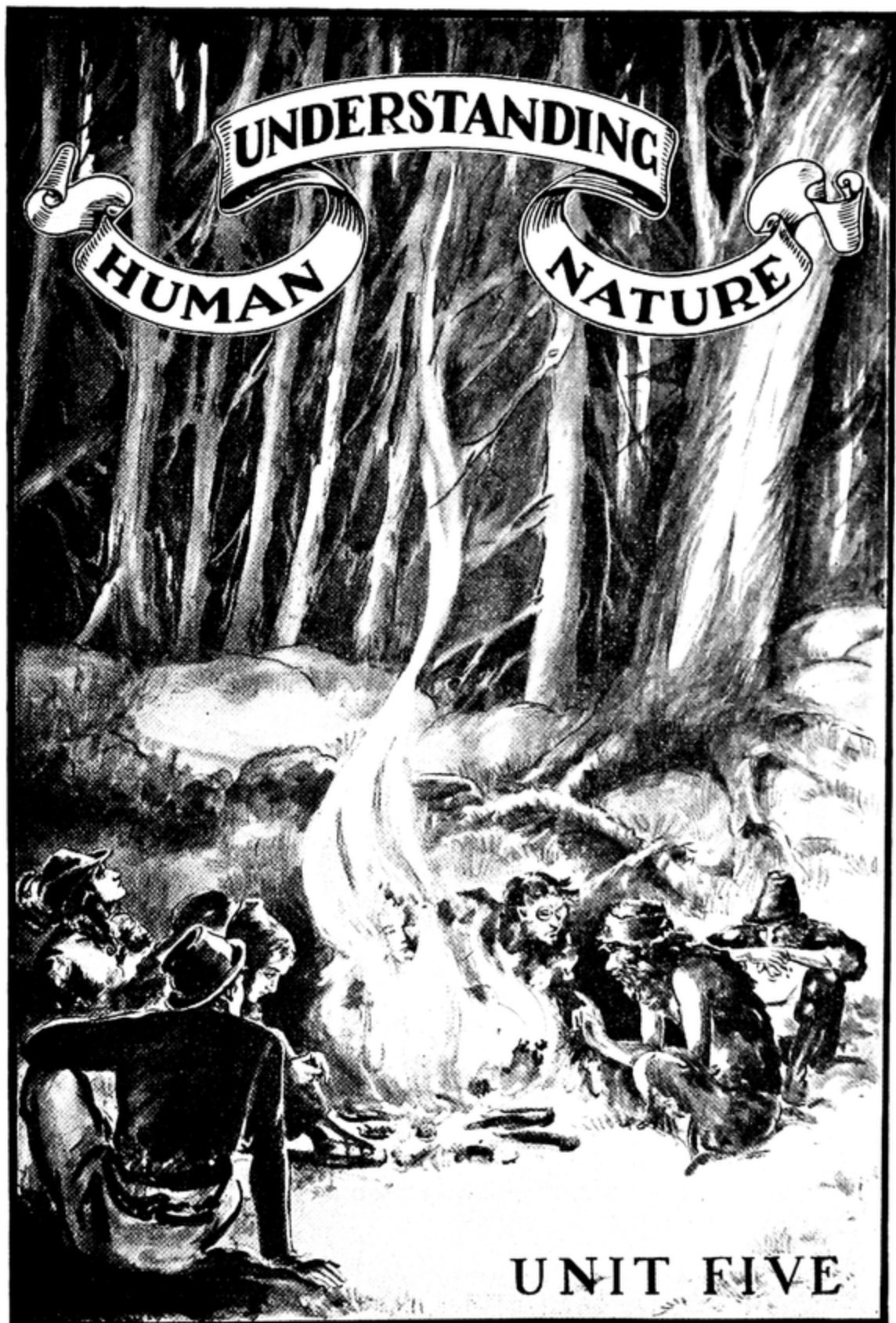
A short story about a notorious gambler and his kind-hearted partner at a mining camp.

Tiverton Tales. By ALICE BROWN.

Short stories of life in New England.

Two Years before the Mast. By CHARLES DANA.

A novel of life at sea which has stood the test of three generations.



UNIT FIVE

UNDERSTANDING HUMAN NATURE

Human nature cannot be weighed or measured. No rules have ever been devised for interpreting it. Your understanding of it depends entirely upon the experiences you have had with people. Some of these experiences have been direct, bringing you into actual contact with them. Other experiences have been indirect. That is, you have learned of people through reading, motion pictures, radio, and various other sources.

No doubt you have noticed that people are different, but that human nature as manifested in different people shows little variation. People have different personalities to be sure, just as they have different faces. As a matter of fact, however, faces are not entirely different. They differ in size, shape, and proportions but have the same features. They also have the same underlying structure of bone and muscle. Bone for bone and muscle for muscle, the Eskimo is like the black-fellow of Australia, and the Siamese peasant in his rice field is like the Swiss herdsman watching his goats on the high Alpine pastures. All people in the world, then, show differences which make them personalities. Beneath these differences is an underlying structure of ideas, ideals, and emotions which is common to all humanity. This underlying structure is human nature.

To understand people, you must study people themselves. Anything that widens your contact with them will broaden your understanding of human nature. In all your life you cannot know many people well, and most of your friends will have a very similar background. You will probably never know an Arab shiek, for instance, a Polynesian chief, or a Russian mujik. Certainly you will never meet Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, or Thomas Jefferson. It is only through literature, therefore, that you can study the characteristics of people in distant lands or of people who lived in earlier days.

This unit contains selections to help you study human nature. As you read, think back of the characters in a story to the author who created them and made them what they are. Indeed, characters and their reactions reveal the ideas of the author about human nature. He intended that some of the characters should please you and others displease you. He intended that some should exemplify certain traits and others different traits. Perhaps in planning the reaction of each character he thought how he himself would react under similar conditions. Thus a study of characters in stories is really a study of the authors themselves.

THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF*

By WASHINGTON IRVING

Almost everyone likes to travel. Some people like to travel for one reason and some for another. The following selection tells how a famous author felt about the matter.

I am of this mind with Homer, that as the snail that crept out of her shell was turned ere long into a toad, and thereby was forced to make a stool to sit on; so the traveller that straggleth from his own country is in a short time transformed into so monstrous a shape, that he is faine to alter his mansion with his manners, and to live where he can, not where he would.

—LYLY'S *Euphues*.

I was always fond of visiting new scenes and observing strange characters and manners. Even when a mere child, I began my travels and made many tours of discovery into foreign parts and unknown regions of my native city, to the frequent alarm of my parents and the emolument¹ of the town crier.² As I grew into boyhood, I extended the range of my observations. My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous in history or fable. I knew every spot where a murder or robbery had been committed or a ghost seen. I visited the neighboring villages, and added greatly to my stock of knowledge by noting their habits and customs and conversing with their sages and great men. I even journeyed one long summer's day to the summit of the most distant hill, whence I stretched my eye over many a mile of *terra incognita*,³

*From *The Sketch Book*.

¹ *emolument* (ē-mōl'ū-mēnt): profit.

² *town-crier*: an old-time officer whose duty it was to make announcements in the streets and thus to find lost children and animals.

³ *terra incognita* (tēr'rā in-kōg'nī-tā): unknown land.

and was astonished to find how vast a globe I inhabited.

This rambling propensity strengthened with my years. Books of voyages and travels became my passion, and in devouring their contents I neglected the regular exercises of the school. How wistfully would I wander about the pierheads⁴ in fine weather and watch the parting ships, bound to distant climes; with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails⁵ and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth!

Further reading and thinking, though they brought this vague inclination into more reasonable bounds, only served to make it more decided. I visited various parts of my own country; and had I been merely a lover of fine scenery, I should have felt little desire to seek elsewhere its gratification, for on no country have the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished.⁶ Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver; her mountains, with their bright aerial tints; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine—no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.

But Europe held forth the charms of storied and poetical association. There were to be seen the masterpieces of art, the refinements of highly cultivated society, the quaint peculiarities of ancient and local custom. My native

⁴ *pierheads*: landing places for boats.

⁵ *lessening sails*: sails looking smaller and smaller as a ship receded into the distance.

⁶ *more prodigally lavished*: bestowed in greater abundance.



Drawing by Edmund J. Sullivan

LOVERS OF THE PICTURESQUE

country was full of youthful promise; Europe was rich in the accumulated treasures of age. Her very ruins told the history of times gone by, and every moldering stone was a chronicle.¹ I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement—to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity—to loiter about the ruined castle—to meditate on the falling tower—to escape, in short, from the commonplace realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past.

I had, beside all this, an earnest desire to see the great men of the earth. We have, it is true, our great men in America; not a city but has an ample share of them. I have mingled among them in my time, and been almost

withered by the shade into which they cast me; for there is nothing so baleful² to a small man as the shade of a great one, particularly the great man of a city. But I was anxious to see the great men of Europe; for I had read, in the works of various philosophers, that all animals degenerated³ in America, and man among the number. A great man of Europe, thought I, must therefore be as superior to a great man of America as a peak of the Alps to a highland of the Hudson, and in this idea I was confirmed by observing the comparative importance and swelling magnitude⁴ of many English travelers among us, who, I was assured, were very little people in their own country. I will visit this land of wonders, thought I, and see the gigantic race from which I am degenerated.

It has been either my good or evil lot to have my roving passion gratified. I have wandered through different countries and witnessed many of the shifting scenes of life. I cannot say that I have studied them with the eye of a philosopher; but rather with the sauntering gaze with which humble lovers of the picturesque stroll from the window of one print shop to another; caught sometimes by the delineations of beauty, sometimes by the distortions of caricature, and sometimes by the loveliness of landscape. As it is the fashion for modern tourists to travel pencil in hand and bring home their portfolios filled with sketches. I am disposed to get up a few for the entertainment of my friends. When, however, I look over the hints and memorandums I have taken down for the purpose, my heart almost fails me at finding how my idle humor has led me aside from the great objects studied

² *baleful*: hateful; here means causing a feeling of inferiority.

³ *degenerated*: became of less worth.

⁴ *swelling magnitude*: taking on an air of great importance.

¹ *chronicle*: a record of events.

by every regular traveler who would make a book. I fear I shall give equal disappointment with an unlucky landscape painter who had traveled on the Continent but, following the bent of his vagrant inclination,¹ had sketched in nooks and corners and by-places. His sketch-book was accordingly crowded with cottages and landscapes and obscure ruins; but he had neglected to paint St. Peter's² or the Coliseum, the Cascade of Terni, or the Bay of Naples, and had not a single glacier or volcano in his whole collection.

PONDERING OVER THE SELECTION

1. What did the selection reveal about the author? What did he like to do? Did he have an orderly mind? Did he have a sense of humor?

2. Do you enjoy, sometimes, rambling from one thing to another, looking in shop windows as the men in the picture on the preceding page, or wandering from flower to flower in a garden? If you do, you will enjoy reading the writings of Irving.

3. The selection you just read is an introduction to a complete book which the author wrote, entitled *The Sketch Book*. It was written as an apology for the rambling character of the book. Read the complete book or selections from it and decide whether such an apology was needed.

4. Like all of *The Sketch Book* the selection really belongs to no one type of literature. What type would you say predominates?

¹ *vagrant inclination*: wandering interest.

² *St. Peter's*: St. Peter's Church in Rome.

THE GREAT CARBUNCLE

A Mystery of the White Mountains

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The following story is a study of motives. All the characters were looking for the same object, but they all had different reasons for wanting it and different ideas as to how it should be used.

At nightfall once in the olden time, on the rugged side of one of the Crystal Hills, a party of adventurers were refreshing themselves after a toilsome and fruitless quest³ for the Great Carbuncle. They had come thither, not as friends or partners in the enterprise, but each, save one youthful pair, impelled by his own selfish and solitary longing for this wondrous gem. Their feeling of brotherhood, however, was strong enough to induce them to contribute a mutual aid in building a rude hut of branches and kindling a great fire of shattered pines that had drifted down the headlong current of the Ammonoosuc,⁴ on the lower bank of which they were to pass the night. There was but one of their number, perhaps, who had become so estranged from⁵ natural sympathies by the absorbing spell of the pursuit as to acknowledge no satisfaction at the sight of human faces in the remote and solitary region whither they had ascended. A vast extent of wilderness lay between them and the nearest settlement, while scant a mile above their heads was that black verge⁶ where the hills throw off their shaggy mantle of forest trees and either robe themselves in clouds or tower naked into the sky. The roar of the Ammonoosuc would have been too awful for endurance if only a solitary man had listened while the mountain stream talked with the wind.

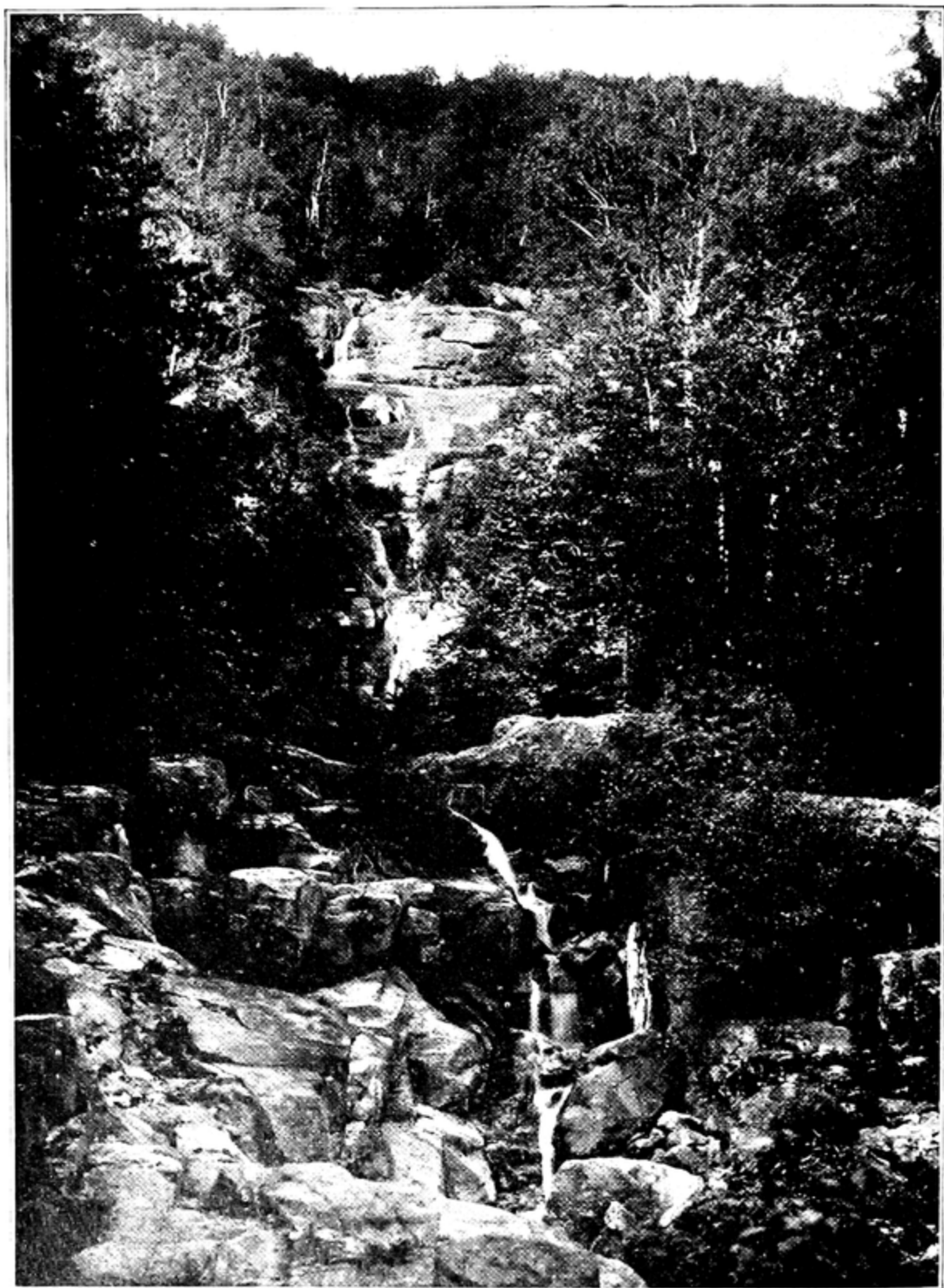
The adventurers, therefore, exchanged hospitable greetings and welcomed one another to the hut where each man was the host and all were the guests of the whole company. They spread their individual supplies of food on the flat surface of a rock and partook of a general repast, at the

³ *fruitless quest*: unavailing search.

⁴ *Ammonoosuc* (ām-ō-nōō'sūk): river in New Hampshire.

⁵ *estranged from*: separated from, lost to.

⁶ *verge*: timberline, beyond which no trees grow.



A BEAUTIFUL CATARACT IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

close of which a sentiment of good-fellowship was perceptible among the party, though repressed by the idea that the renewed search for the Great Carbuncle must make them strangers again in the morning. Seven men and one young woman, they warmed themselves together at the fire, which extended its bright wall along the whole front of their wigwam.¹ As they observed the various and contrasted figures that made up the assemblage, each man looking like a caricature of himself in the unsteady light that flickered over him, they came mutually to the conclusion that an odder society had never met in city or wilderness, on mountain or plain.

The eldest of the group—a tall, lean, weatherbeaten man some sixty years of age—was clad in the skins of wild animals whose fashion of dress he did well to imitate, since the deer, the wolf, and the bear had long been his most intimate companions. He was one of those ill-fated mortals, such as the Indians told of, whom in their early youth the Great Carbuncle smote with a peculiar madness and became the passionate dream of their existence. All who visited that region knew him as “the Seeker,” and by no other name. As none could remember when he first took up the search, there went a fable² in the valley of the Saco that for his inordinate lust³ after the Great Carbuncle he had been condemned to wander along the mountains till the end of time, still with the same feverish hopes at sunrise, the same despair at eve. Near this miserable Seeker sat a little elderly personage wearing a high-crowned hat shaped somewhat like a crucible.⁴ He was from beyond the sea—a Doctor

Cacaphodel,⁵ who had wilted and dried himself into a mummy by continually stooping over charcoal furnaces and inhaling unwholesome fumes during his researches in chemistry and alchemy.⁶ It was told of him—whether truly or not—that at the commencement of his studies he had drained his body of all its richest blood and wasted it, with other inestimable ingredients, in an unsuccessful experiment, and had never been a well man since. Another of the adventurers was Master Ichabod Pigsnort, a weighty⁷ merchant and selectman of Boston, and an elder of the famous Mr. Norton’s church. His enemies had a ridiculous story that Master Pigsnort was accustomed to spend a whole hour after prayer time every morning and evening in wallowing naked among an immense quantity of pine-tree shillings, which were the earliest silver coinage of Massachusetts. The fourth whom we shall notice had no name that his companions knew of, and was chiefly distinguished by a sneer that always contorted his thin visage, and by a prodigious pair of spectacles which were supposed to deform and discolor the whole face of nature to this gentleman’s perception. The fifth adventurer likewise lacked a name, which was the greater pity as he appeared to be a poet. He was a bright-eyed man, but woefully pined away,⁸ which was no more than natural if, as some people affirmed, his ordinary diet was fog, morning mist, and a slice of the densest cloud within his reach, sauced with moonshine whenever he could get it. Certain it is that the poetry which flowed from him had a smack of all these dainties. The sixth of the

¹ wigwam: hut.

² fable: story, report.

³ inordinate lust: excessive, grasping desire.

⁴ crucible (krōō’sl-b’l): a high, rounded vessel in which ores and other chemicals are melted.

⁵ Cacaphodel: (kā-kāf’ō-dēl).

⁶ alchemy (āl’kē-mī): the medieval science of chemistry.

⁷ weighty: important.

⁸ woefully pined away: very thin.

party was a young man of haughty mien who sat somewhat apart from the rest, wearing his plumed hat loftily among his elders, while the fire glittered on the rich embroidery of his dress and gleamed intensely on the jeweled pommel of his sword. This was the Lord de Vere, who when at home was said to spend much of his time in the burial vault of his dead progenitors¹ rummaging their moldy coffins in search of all the earthly pride and vainglory that was hidden among bones and dust; so that, besides his own share, he had the collected haughtiness of his whole line of ancestry.

Lastly, there was a handsome youth in rustic garb, and by his side a blooming little person in whom a delicate shade of maiden reserve was just melting into the rich glow of a young wife's affection. Her name was Hannah, and her husband's Matthew—two homely names, yet well enough adapted to the simple pair who seemed strangely out of place among the whimsical fraternity² whose wits had been set agog by the Great Carbuncle.

Beneath the shelter of one hut, in the bright blaze of the same fire, sat this varied group of adventurers, all so intent upon a single object that of whatever else they began to speak their closing words were sure to be illuminated³ with the Great Carbuncle. Several related the circumstances that brought them thither. One had listened to a traveler's tale of this marvelous stone in his own distant country, and had immediately been seized with such a thirst for beholding it as could only be quenched in its intensest luster. Another, so long ago as when the famous Captain Smith⁴

visited these coasts, had seen it blazing far at sea, and had felt no rest in all the intervening years till now that he took up the search. A third, being encamped on a hunting expedition full forty miles south of the White Mountains,⁵ awoke at midnight and beheld the Great Carbuncle gleaming like a meteor, so that the shadows of the trees fell backward from it. They spoke of the innumerable attempts which had been made to reach the spot, and of the singular fatality⁶ which had hitherto withheld success from all adventurers, though it might seem so easy to follow to its source a light that overpowered the moon and almost matched the sun. It was observable that each smiled scornfully at the madness of every other in anticipating⁷ better fortune than the past, yet nourished a scarcely hidden conviction that he would himself be the favored one.

As if to allay their too sanguine⁸ hopes, they recurred to the Indian traditions that a spirit kept watch about the gem and bewildered those who sought it either by removing it from peak to peak of the higher hills or by calling up a mist from the enchanted lake over which it hung. But these tales were deemed unworthy of credit, all professing to believe that the search had been baffled by want of sagacity or perseverance in the adventurers, or such other causes as might naturally obstruct the passage to any given point among the intricacies⁹ of forest, valley, and mountain.

In a pause of the conversation the wearer of the prodigious spectacles looked round upon the party, making each individual in turn the object of the sneer which invariably dwelt upon his countenance.

⁵ *White Mountains*: a mountain range in New Hampshire.

⁶ *singular fatality*: unvaried misfortune.

⁷ *anticipating*: expecting.

⁸ *sanguine*: optimistic.

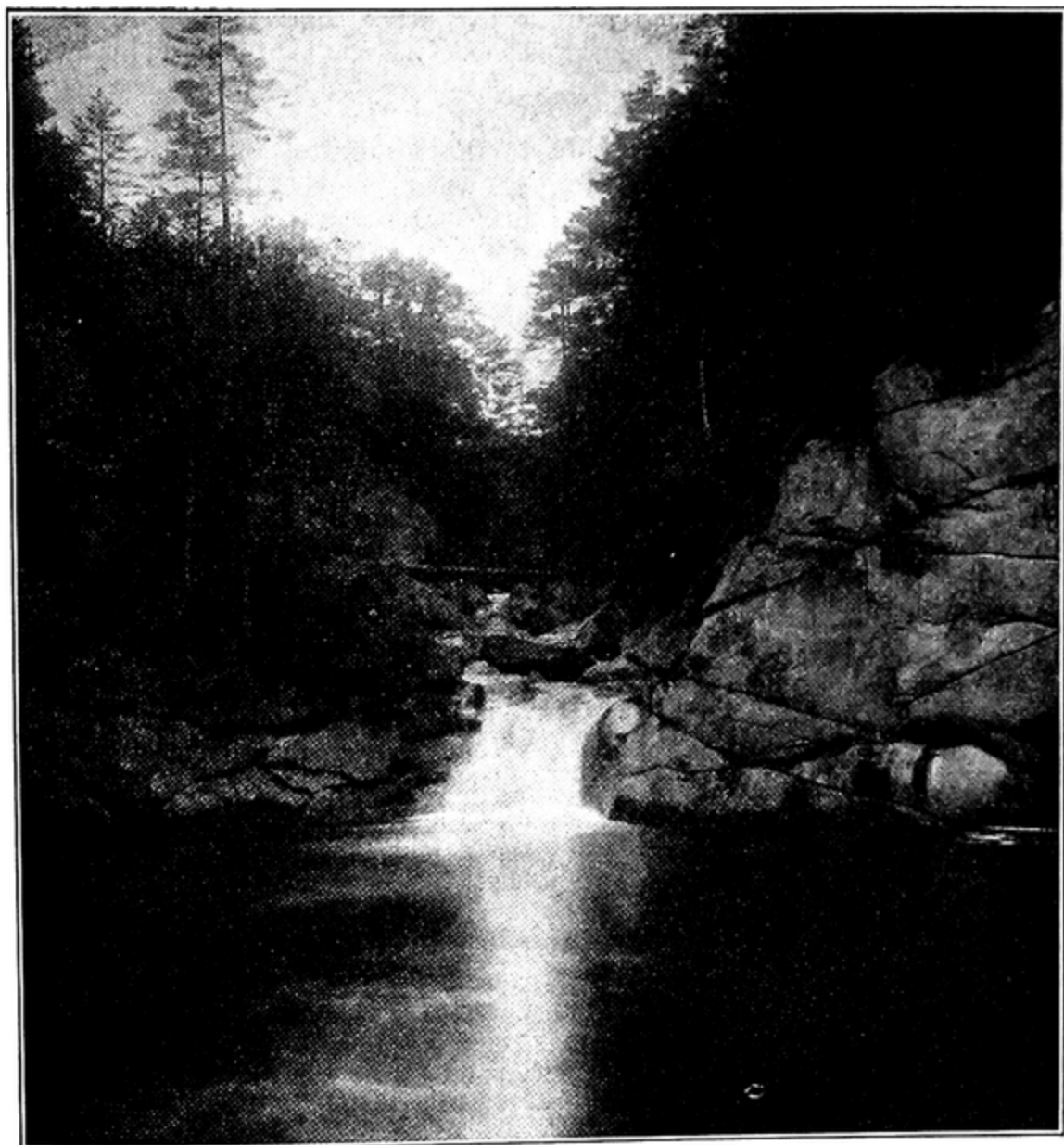
⁹ *intricacies*: complicated formations.

¹ *progenitors* (prô-jên't-têrz): ancestors.

² *fraternity*: a group of people having the same interests.

³ *illuminated*: made interesting by reference to the Great Carbuncle.

⁴ *Captain Smith*: the same John Smith who wrote the first selection in this book.



"A SPIRIT BEWILDERED THOSE WHO SOUGHT IT BY CALLING UP
A MIST FROM THE ENCHANTED LAKE"

"So, fellow pilgrims," said he, "here we are, seven wise men and one fair damsel, who doubtless is as wise as any graybeard of the company. Here we are, I say, all bound on the same goodly enterprise. Methinks, now, it were not amiss that each of us declare what he proposes to do with the Great Carbuncle provided he have the good hap¹ to clutch it.—What says our friend in the bearskin? How

¹ hap: luck.

mean you, good sir, to enjoy the prize which you have been seeking the Lord knows how long among the Crystal Hills?"

"How enjoy it!" exclaimed the aged Seeker bitterly. "I hope for no enjoyment from it; that folly has passed long ago. I keep up the search for this accursed stone because the vain ambition of my youth has become a fate upon me in old age. The pursuit alone is my strength, the energy of

my soul, the warmth of my blood, and the pith and marrow of my bones! Were I to turn back upon it, I should fall down dead on the hither side of the Notch, which is the gateway of this mountain region. Yet not to have my wasted lifetime back again would I give up my hopes of the Great Carbuncle. Having found it, I shall bear it to a certain cavern that I wot¹ of, and there, grasping it in my arms, lie down and die and keep it buried with me forever."

"O wretch regardless of the interests of science," cried Doctor Cacaphodel with philosophic indignation, "thou art not worthy to behold even from afar off the luster of this most precious gem that ever was concocted in the laboratory of Nature. Mine is the sole purpose for which a wise man may desire the possession of the Great Carbuncle. Immediately on obtaining it—for I have a presentiment,² good people, that the prize is reserved to crown my scientific reputation—I shall return to Europe and employ my remaining years in reducing it to its first elements. A portion of the stone will I grind to impalpable³ powder, other parts shall be dissolved in acids, or whatever solvents will act upon so admirable a composition,⁴ and the remainder I design to melt in the crucible or set on fire with the blow-pipe. By these various methods I shall gain an accurate analysis, and finally bestow the result of my labors upon the words in a folio volume."⁵

"Excellent!" quoth the man with the spectacles. "Nor need you hesitate, learned sir, on account of the necessary destruction of the gem, since the perusal of your folio may

teach every mother's son of us to concoct a Great Carbuncle of his own."

"But verily," said Master Ichabod Pignort, "for mine own part I object to the making of these counterfeits, as being calculated to reduce the marketable value of the true gem. I tell ye frankly, sirs, I have an interest in keeping up the price. Here have I quitted my regular traffic,⁶ leaving my warehouse in the care of my clerks, and putting my credit to great hazard, and, furthermore, have put myself in peril of death or captivity by the accursed heathen savages, and all this without daring to ask the prayers of the congregation, because the quest for the Great Carbuncle is deemed little better than a traffic with the evil one.⁷ Now, think ye that I would have done this grievous wrong to my soul, body, reputation, and estate without a reasonable chance of profit?"

"Not I, pious Master Pignort," said the man with the spectacles. "I never laid such a great folly to thy charge."

"Truly, I hope not," said the merchant. "Now, as touching this Great Carbuncle, I am free to own that I have never had a glimpse of it, but be it only the hundredth part so bright as people tell, it will surely outvalue the Great Mogul's best diamond,⁸ which he holds at an incalculable sum; wherefore I am minded to put the Great Carbuncle on shipboard and voyage with it to England, France, Spain, Italy, or into heathendom⁹ if Providence should send me thither, and, in a word, dispose of the gem to the best bidder among the potentates of the earth, that he may place it among his

* *quitted my regular traffic*: left my regular occupation.

* *traffic with the evil one*: carrying on business with Satan.

* *Great Mogul's best diamond*: an Indian diamond, said to have been displayed in 1665 and to have weighed 280 carats.

* *heathendom*: any heathen country.

¹ *wot*: know.

² *presentiment*: a feeling that something will happen.

³ *impalpable*: so fine that no grit can be felt when it is rubbed between the fingers.

⁴ *composition*: chemical compound.

⁵ *folio volume*: large book.

crown jewels. If any of ye have a wiser plan, let him expound it."

"That have I, thou sordid man!" exclaimed the poet. "Dost thou desire nothing brighter than gold, that thou wouldst transmute all this ethereal luster into such dross as thou wallowest in already? For myself, hiding the jewel under my cloak, I shall hie me back to my attic chamber in one of the darksome alleys of London. There night and day will I gaze upon it. My soul shall drink its radiance; it shall be diffused throughout my intellectual powers and gleam brightly in every line of poesy that I indite. Thus long ages after I am gone the splendor of the Great Carbuncle will blaze around my name."

"Well said, Master Poet!" cried he of the spectacles. "Hide it under thy cloak, sayest thou? Why, it will gleam through the holes and make thee look like a jack-o'-lantern!"

"To think," ejaculated the Lord de Vere, rather to himself than his companions, the best of whom he held utterly unworthy of his intercourse¹—"to think that a fellow in a tattered cloak should talk of conveying the Great Carbuncle to a garret in Grub Street!² Have not I resolved within myself that the whole earth contains no fitter ornament for the great hall of my ancestral castle? There shall it flame for ages, making a noonday of midnight, glittering on the suits of armor, the banners, and escutcheons³ that hang around the wall, and keeping bright the memory of heroes. Wherefore have all other adventurers sought the prize in vain but that I might win it and make it a symbol of the glories of our lofty line?⁴ And never on the diadem of the White Mountains did

the Great Carbuncle hold a place half so honored as is reserved for it in the hall of the De Veres!"

"It is a noble thought," said the Cynic, with an obsequious sneer. "Yet, might I presume to say so, the gem would make a rare sepulchral lamp, and would display the glories of your Lordship's progenitors more truly in the ancestral vault than in the castle hall."

"Nay, forsooth," observed Matthew, the young rustic, who sat hand in hand with his bride, "the gentleman has bethought himself of a profitable use for this bright stone. Hannah here and I are seeking it for a like purpose."

"How, fellow?" exclaimed his Lordship in surprise. "What castle hall hast thou to hang it in?"

"No castle," replied Matthew, "but as neat a cottage as any within sight of the Crystal Hills. Ye must know, friends, that Hannah and I, being wedded the last week, have taken up the search of the Great Carbuncle because we shall need its light in the long winter evenings, and it will be such a pretty thing to show the neighbors when they visit us! It will shine through the house so that we may pick up a pin in any corner, and will set all the windows a-glowing as if there were a great fire of pine knots in the chimney. And then how pleasant, when we awake in the night, to be able to see one another's faces!"

There was a general smile among the adventurers at the simplicity of the young couple's project in regard to this wondrous and invaluable stone with which the greatest monarch on earth might have been proud to adorn his palace. Especially the man with spectacles, who had sneered at all the company in turn, now twisted his visage into such an expression of ill-natured mirth that Matthew asked

¹ *intercourse*: conversation.

² *Grub Street*: street in a poor district of London.

³ *escutcheons* (ēs-kūch'ūnz): shields with coats-of-arms.

⁴ *lofty line*: his line of aristocratic ancestors.

him, rather peevishly, what he himself meant to do with the Great Carbuncle.

"The Great Carbuncle!" answered the Cynic with ineffable scorn. "Why you blockhead, there is no such thing *in rerum natura*.¹ I have come three thousand miles, and am resolved to set my foot on every peak of these mountains and poke my head into every chasm for the sole purpose of demonstrating to the satisfaction of any man one whit less an ass than thyself that the Great Carbuncle is all a humbug."

Vain and foolish were the motives that had brought most of the adventurers to the Crystal Hills, but none so vain, so foolish, and so impious too, as that of the scoffer with the prodigious spectacles. He was one of those wretched and evil men whose yearnings are downward to the darkness instead of heavenward, and who, could they but extinguish the lights which God hath kindled for us, would count the midnight gloom their chiefest glory.

As the Cynic spoke, several of the party were startled by a gleam of red splendor that showed the huge shapes of the surrounding mountains and the rock-bestrewn bed of the turbulent river, with an illumination unlike that of their fire, on the trunks and black boughs of the forest trees. They listened for the roll of thunder, but heard nothing, and were glad that the tempest came not near them. The stars—those dial points² of heaven—now warned the adventurers to close their eyes on the blazing logs and open them in dreams to the glow of the Great Carbuncle.

The young married couple had taken their lodgings in the farthest corner of

the wigwam, and were separated from the rest of the party by a curtain of curiously woven twigs such as might have hung in deep festoons around the bridal bower³ of Eve. The modest little wife had wrought this piece of tapestry while the other guests were talking. She and her husband fell asleep with hands tenderly clasped, and awoke from visions of unearthly radiance to meet the more blessed light of one another's eyes. They awoke at the same instant and with one happy smile beaming over their two faces which grew brighter with their consciousness of the reality of life and love. But no sooner did she recollect where they were than the bride peered through the interstices⁴ of the leafy curtain and saw that the outer room of the hut was deserted.

"Up, dear Matthew!" cried she, in haste. "The strange folk are all gone. Up this very minute, or we shall lose the Great Carbuncle!"

In truth, so little did these poor young people deserve the mighty prize which had lured them thither that they had slept peacefully all night and till the summits of the hills were glittering with sunshine, while the other adventurers had tossed their limbs in feverish wakefulness or dreamed of climbing precipices, and set off to realize their dreams with the earliest peep of dawn. But Matthew and Hannah after their calm rest were as light as two young deer, and merely stopped to say their prayers and wash themselves in a cold pool of the Ammonoosuc, and then to taste a morsel of food ere they turned their faces to the mountain side. It was a sweet emblem of conjugal⁵ affection as they toiled up the difficult ascent,

¹ *in rerum natura* (in rē'rūm nā-tū'rā): in the nature of things.

² *dial points*: the author thinks of the stars as marking the hours on the face of a clock.

³ *bridal bower*: the home made of green, leafy branches to which Eve might have gone as a bride.

⁴ *interstices* (in-tēr'stī-sēz): spaces, chinks.

⁵ *conjugal*: between husband and wife.

gathering strength from the mutual aid which they afforded.

After several little accidents, such as a torn robe, a lost shoe, and the entanglement of Hannah's hair in a bough, they reached the upper verge¹ of the forest and were now to pursue a more adventurous course. The innumerable trunks and heavy foliage of the trees had hitherto shut in their thoughts, which now shrank affrighted from the region of wind and cloud and naked rocks and desolate sunshine that rose immeasurably above them. They gazed back at the obscure wilderness which they had traversed, and longed to be buried again in its depths rather than trust themselves to so vast and visible a solitude.

"Shall we go on?" said Matthew, throwing his arm round Hannah's waist both to protect her and to comfort his heart by drawing her close to it.

But the little bride, simple as she was, had a woman's love of jewels, and could not forego the hope of possessing the very brightest in the world, in spite of the perils with which it must be won.

"Let us climb a little higher," whispered she, yet tremulously, as she turned her face upward to the lonely sky.

"Come, then," said Matthew, mustering his manly courage and drawing her along with him; for she became timid again the moment that he grew bold.

And upward, accordingly, went the pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, now treading upon the tops and thickly interwoven branches of dwarf pines which by the growth of centuries, though mossy with age, had barely reached three feet in altitude. Next they came to masses and fragments of naked rock heaped confusedly to-

gether, like a cairn² reared by giants in memory of a giant chief. In this bleak realm of upper air nothing breathed, nothing grew; there was no life but what was concentrated³ in their two hearts; they had climbed so high that Nature herself seemed no longer to keep them company. She lingered beneath them within the verge of the forest trees, and sent a farewell glance after her children as they strayed where her own green footprints had never been. But soon they were to be hidden from her eye. Densely and dark the mists began to gather below, casting black spots of shadow on the vast landscape and sailing heavily to one center, as if the loftiest mountain peak had summoned a council of its kindred clouds.⁴ Finally the vapors welded themselves, as it were, into a mass, presenting the appearance of a pavement over which the wanderers might have trodden, but where they would vainly have sought an avenue of the blessed earth which they had lost. And the lovers yearned to behold that green earth again—more intensely, alas! than beneath a clouded sky they had ever desired a glimpse of heaven. They even felt it a relief to their desolation when the mists, creeping gradually up the mountain, concealed its lonely peak, and thus annihilated—at least, for them—the whole region of visible space. But they drew closer together with a fond and melancholy gaze, dreading lest the universal cloud should snatch them from each other's sight. Still, perhaps, they would have been resolute to climb as far and as high between earth and heaven as they could find foothold if Hannah's strength had not begun to fail, and with that her courage also. Her breath grew short.

² *cairn*: stones heaped up to mark a grave or burial place.

³ *concentrated*: centered within.

⁴ *kindred clouds*: clouds of like nature.

¹ *verge*: limit, edge.

She refused to burden her husband with her weight, but often tottered against his side, and recovered herself each time by a feebler effort. At last she sank down on one of the rocky steps of the acclivity.¹

"We are lost, dear Matthew," said she, mournfully; "we shall never find our way to the earth again. And oh, how happy we might have been in our cottage!"

"Dear heart, we will yet be happy there," answered Matthew. "Look! In this direction the sunshine penetrates the dismal mist; by its aid I can direct our course to the passage of the Notch. Let us go back, love, and dream no more of the Great Carbuncle."

"The sun cannot be yonder," said Hannah, with despondence. "By this time it must be noon; if there could ever be any sunshine here, it would come from above our heads."

"But look!" repeated Matthew, in a somewhat altered tone. "It is brightening every moment. If not sunshine, what can it be?"

Nor could the young bride any longer deny that a radiance was breaking through the mist and changing its dim hue to a dusky red, which continually grew more vivid, as if brilliant particles were interfused with the gloom. Now, also, the cloud began to roll away from the mountain, while, as it heavily withdrew, one object after another started out of its impenetrable obscurity² into sight with precisely the effect of a new creation before the indistinctness of the old chaos had been completely swallowed up. As the process went on they saw the gleaming of water close at their feet, and found themselves on the very border of a mountain lake, deep, bright, clear, and calmly beautiful,

spreading from brim to brim of a basin that had been scooped out of the solid rock. A ray of glory flashed across its surface. The pilgrims looked whence it should proceed, but closed their eyes, with a thrill of awful admiration, to exclude the fervid splendor³ that glowed from the brow of a cliff impending⁴ over the enchanted lake.

For the simple pair had now reached that lake of mystery, and had found the long-sought shrine of the Great Carbuncle.

They threw their arms around each other and trembled at their own success, for as the legends of this wondrous gem rushed thick upon their memory they felt themselves marked out by fate, and the consciousness was fearful. Often from childhood upward they had seen it shining like a distant star, and now that star was throwing its intensest luster on their hearts. They seemed changed to one another's eyes in the red brilliancy that flamed upon their cheeks, while it lent the same fire to the lake, the rocks, and sky, and to the mists which had rolled back before its power. But with their next glance they beheld an object that drew their attention even from the mighty stone. At the base of the cliff, directly beneath the Great Carbuncle, appeared the figure of a man with his arms extended in the act of climbing and his face turned upward as if to drink the full gush of splendor. But he stirred not, no more than if changed to marble.

"It is the Seeker," whispered Hannah, convulsively grasping her husband's arm. "Matthew, he is dead."

"The joy of success has killed him," replied Matthew, trembling violently. "Or perhaps the very light of the Great Carbuncle was death."

¹ *acclivity*: steep ascent.

² *impenetrable obscurity*: complete darkness.

³ *fervid splendor*: burning brightness.

⁴ *impending*: hanging.

"The Great Carbuncle!" cried a peevish voice behind them. "The Great Humbug! If you have found it, prithee¹ point it out to me."

They turned their heads, and there was the Cynic with his prodigious spectacles set carefully on his nose, staring now at the lake, now at the rocks, now at the distant masses of vapor, now right at the Great Carbuncle itself, yet seemingly as unconscious of its light as if all the scattered clouds were condensed about his person. Though its radiance actually threw the shadow of the unbeliever at his own feet as he turned his back upon the glorious jewel, he would not be convinced that there was the least glimmer there.

"Where is your Great Humbug?" he repeated. "I challenge you to make me see it."

"There!" said Matthew, incensed at such perverse blindness,² and turning the Cynic round toward the illuminated cliff. "Take off those abominable spectacles, and you cannot help seeing it."

Now these colored spectacles probably darkened the Cynic's sight, in at least as great a degree as the smoked glasses through which people gaze at an eclipse. With resolute bravado, however, he snatched them from his nose, and fix a bold stare full upon the ruddy blaze of the Great Carbuncle. But scarcely had he encountered it when, with a deep, shuddering groan, he dropped his head and pressed both hands across his miserable eyes. Thenceforth there was in very truth no light of the Great Carbuncle, nor any other light on earth, nor light of heaven itself, for the poor Cynic. So long accustomed to view all objects through a medium³ that deprived them

of every glimpse of brightness, a single flash of so glorious a phenomenon, striking upon his naked vision,⁴ had blinded him forever.

"Matthew," said Hannah, clinging to him, "let us go hence."

Matthew saw that she was faint, and kneeling down, supported her in his arms while he threw some of the thrillingly cold water of the enchanted lake upon her face and bosom. It revived her, but could not renovate⁵ her courage.

"Yes, dearest," cried Matthew, pressing her tremulous form to his breast, "we will go hence and return to our humble cottage. The blessed sunshine and the quiet moonlight shall come through our window. We will kindle the cheerful glow of our hearth at eventide and be happy in its light. But never again will we desire more light than all the world may share with us."

"No," said his bride, "for how could we live by day or sleep by night in this awful blaze of the Great Carbuncle?"

Out of the hollow of their hands⁶ they drank each a draft from the lake, which presented them its waters uncontaminated by an earthly lip. Then, lending their guidance to the blinded Cynic, who uttered not a word, and even stifled his groans in his own most wretched heart, they began to descend the mountain. Yet as they left the shore, till then untrodden, of the spirit's lake, they threw a farewell glance toward the cliff and beheld the vapors gathering in dense volumes, through which the gem burned duskiy.

As touching the other pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, the legend goes on to tell that the worshipful Master Ichabod Pignort soon gave up the

¹ *prithee*: an exclamation meaning "please," or "I pray thee."

² *perverse blindness*: unwillingness to see.

³ *medium*: substance.

⁴ *naked vision*: uncovered eyes.

⁵ *renovate*: renew.

⁶ *hollow of their hands*: the two hands held together made a bowl from which to drink.



"MATTHEW, LET US GO HENCE"

quest as a desperate speculation, and wisely resolved to betake himself again to his warehouse near the town dock in Boston. But as he passed through the Notch of the mountains, a war party of Indians captured our unlucky merchant and carried him to Montreal, there holding him in bondage till by the payment of a heavy ransom he had woefully subtracted from his hoard of pine-tree shillings. By his long absence, moreover, his affairs had become so disordered that for the rest of his life, instead of wallowing in silver,¹ he had seldom a sixpence-worth of copper.

Doctor Cacaphodel, the alchemist, returned to his laboratory with a prodigious fragment of granite, which he ground to powder, dissolved in acids, melted in the crucible, and burned with the blowpipe, and published the result of his experiments in one of the heaviest folios of the day. And for all these purposes the gem itself could not have answered better than the granite. The poet, by a somewhat similar mistake, made prize of a great piece of ice which he found in a sunless chasm of the mountains, and swore that it corresponded in all points with his idea of the Great Carbuncle. The critics say that, if his poetry lacked the splendor of the

¹ *wallowing in silver*: reference to statement on page 311 about pine-tree shillings.

gem, it retained all the coldness of the ice. The Lord de Vere went back to his ancestral hall, where he contented himself with a wax-lighted chandelier,¹ and filled in due course of time another coffin in the ancestral vault. As the funeral torches gleamed within that dark receptacle, there was no need of the Great Carbuncle to show the vanity of earthly pomp.

The Cynic, having cast aside his spectacles, wandered about the world a miserable object, and was punished with an agonizing desire of light for the willful blindness of his former life. The whole night long he would lift his splendor-blasted orbs² to the moon and stars; he turned his face eastward at sunrise as duly as a Persian idolater; he made a pilgrimage to Rome to witness the magnificent illumination of St. Peter's Church, and finally perished in the Great Fire of London,³ into the midst of which he had thrust himself with the desperate idea of catching one feeble ray from the blaze that was kindling earth and heaven.

Matthew and his bride spent many peaceful years and were fond of telling the legend of the Great Carbuncle. The tale, however, towards the close of their lengthened lives, did not meet with the full credence that had been accorded to it by those who remembered the ancient luster of the gem. For it is affirmed that from the hour when two mortals had shown themselves so simply wise as to reject a jewel which would have dimmed all earthly things its splendor waned. When other pilgrims reached the cliff, they found only an opaque stone with particles of mica⁴ glittering on its sur-

face. There is also a tradition that as the youthful pair departed the gem was loosened from the forehead of the cliff and fell into the enchanted lake, and that at noontide the Seeker's form may still be seen to bend over its quenchless⁵ gleam.

Some few believe that this inestimable stone is blazing as of old, and say that they have caught its radiance, like a flash of summer lightning, far down the valley of the Saco. And be it owned that many a mile from the Crystal Hills I saw a wondrous light around their summits, and was lured⁶ by the faith of poesy⁷ to be the latest pilgrim of the Great Carbuncle.

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. What did the author reveal about his own character in the story? What could you discover about his feelings, ideas, and ideals? Read the story of his life to find out how accurate you were in your conclusions.

2. Many of Hawthorne's writings have an atmosphere of mystery about them or are allegorical in nature. That is, they symbolize something that cannot easily be put directly into a story. What kind of story was the one you just read? Do you think the author was interested primarily in a symbolical situation? If so, what was the situation?

3. What is the plot of the story? What lesson is it intended to teach? How does the organization of the story differ from that of the usual story, if at all? Where is the climax?

4. Who are the leading characters in the story? Do you think there were ever any real people like them, or did the author purposely exaggerate their qualities? Notice that he chose characters to personify vices and virtues. Outline the plot of a story in which the same characters face a modern situation in life. Make the situation as real as you can.

⁵ *quenchless*: unquenchable.

⁶ *lured*: attracted.

⁷ *faith of poesy*: faith in the poetry or beauty of the idea.

¹ *wax-lighted chandelier*: chandeliers with wax candles were used in the more elaborate homes.

² *splendor-blasted orbs*: eyes which had been blinded with the bright light.

³ *Great Fire of London*: occurred in 1665 and destroyed more than 13,000 homes.

⁴ *mica*: mineral which reflects light.

MARK TWAIN'S LETTERS*

Letters often reveal the nature of a person better than almost any kind of writing, especially if they are not intended for publication. The following are letters of this kind. They were never meant to be read by anyone except the people to whom they were addressed.

To W. D. Howells, in Boston

HARTFORD, Jan. 18, '76

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—Thanks, and ever so many, for the good opinion of *Tom Sawyer*. Williams has made about 300 rattling pictures for it—some of them very dainty. Poor devil, what a genius he has and how he does murder it with rum. He takes a book of mine, and without suggestion from anybody builds no end of pictures just from his reading of it.

There was never a man in the world so grateful to another as I was to you day before yesterday, when I sat down (in still rather wretched health) to set myself to the dreary and hateful task of making final revision of *Tom Sawyer*, and discovered, upon opening the package of MS,¹ that your pencil marks were scattered all along. This was splendid, and swept away all labor. Instead of *reading* the MS, I simply hunted out the pencil marks and made the emendations which they suggested. I reduced the boy battle to a curt paragraph; I finally concluded to cut the Sunday school speech down to the first two sentences, leaving no suggestion of satire, since the book is to be for boys and girls; I tamed the various obscenities² until I judged that they no longer carried offense. So, at a single sitting I began and finished a revision which I had supposed would occupy 3 or 4

days and leave me mentally and physically fagged out at the end. I was careful not to inflict the MS upon you until I had thoroughly and painstakingly revised it. Therefore, the only faults left were those that would discover themselves³ to others, not me—and these you had pointed out.

There was one expression which perhaps you overlooked. When Huck is complaining to Tom of the rigorous system in vogue⁴ at the widow's, he says the servants harass him with all manner of compulsory decencies,⁵ and he winds up by saying: "and they comb me all to hell." (No exclamation point.) Long ago, when I read that to Mrs. Clemens, she made no comment; another time I created occasion to read that chapter to her aunt and her mother (both sensitive and loyal subjects of the kingdom of heaven, so to speak) and *they* let it pass. I was glad, for it was the most natural remark in the world for that boy to make (and he had been allowed few privileges of speech in the book); when I saw that you, too, had let it go without protest, I was glad, and afraid, too—afraid you hadn't observed it. Did you? And did you question the propriety of it? Since the book is now professedly and confessedly⁶ a boy's and girl's book, that darn word bothers me some, nights, but it never did until I had ceased to regard the volume as being for adults.

Don't bother to answer *now*, (for you've writing enough to do without allowing me to add to the burden,) but tell me when you see me again!

Which we do hope will be next Saturday or Sunday or Monday. Couldn't you come now and mull over

*From *Mark Twain's Letters*.

¹ MS: manuscript, or copy for the book.


² obscenities (ōb-sēn'ī-tīz): references which might be objectionable to some people.

³ discover themselves: reveal themselves.

⁴ in vogue (vōg): customary.

⁵ compulsory decencies: washing and combing his hair were included.




⁶ professedly and confessedly: intended and admitted to be.

Montreal,  day,



27, 1881

(The blank means that there is no remem-
ber there.)



A  kept me awake
 night till 3 or 4 o'  — so

 am lying a-  this morning

I would  give 



Yonder in the



although it is only snow.

There, — that's for the children
— was not sure that they could read
writing, especially Jean, who is strangely
ignorant in some things.

REBUS LETTER SENT BY MARK TWAIN TO HIS WIFE

"Dear Livy, A mouse kept me awake last night till 3 or 4 o'clock—so I am lying a-bed this morning. I would not give six pence to be out yonder in the storm although it is only snow."

the alterations which you are going to make in your MS, and make them after you go back? Wouldn't it assist the work if you dropped out of harness and routine for a day or two and have that sort of revivification which comes of a holiday—forgetfulness of the work-shop? I can always work after I've been to your house; and if you will come to mine, now, and hear the club toot their various horns¹ over the exasperating metaphysical² question which I mean to lay before them in the disguise of a literary extravaganza,³ it would just brace you up like a cordial.

(I feel sort of mean trying to persuade a man to put down a critical piece of work at a critical time, but yet I am honest in thinking it would not hurt the work nor impair your interest in it to come under the circumstances.) Mrs. Clemens says, "Maybe the Howellses could come *Monday* if they cannot come *Saturday*; ask them; it is worth trying." Well, how's that? Could you? It would be splendid if you could. Drop me a postal card—I should have a twinge of conscience if I forced you to write a letter, (I am honest about that)—and if you find you can't make out to come, tell me that you bodies will come the *next Saturday* if the thing is possible, and stay over *Sunday*.

Yrs ever
MARK

TO MRS. CLEMENS, IN HARTFORD
QUEBEC, Sunday, '81

Livy darling, I received a letter from Monsieur Frechette this morning, in which certain citizens of Montreal tendered me a public dinner next Thursday, and by Osgood's advice I

¹ *toot their various horns*: express their different opinions.

² *metaphysical* (mēt'-ā-fīz'ī-kāl): difficult to understand.

³ *extravaganza*: a theme exaggerated in style or sentiment.

accepted it. I would have accepted anyway, and very cheerfully but for the delay of two days—for I was purposing to go to Boston Tuesday and home Wednesday; whereas, now I go to Boston Friday and home Saturday. I have to go by Boston on account of business.

We drove about the steep hills and narrow, crooked streets of this old town during three hours, yesterday, in a sleigh, in a driving snow-storm. The people here don't mind snow; they were all out, plodding around on their affairs—especially the children, who were wallowing around everywhere, like snow images, and having a mighty good time. I wish I could describe the winter costume of the young girls, but I can't. It is grave and simple, but graceful and pretty—the top of it is a brimless fur cap. Maybe it is the costume that makes pretty girls seem so monotonously plenty here. It was a kind of relief to strike a homely face occasionally.

You descend into some of the streets by long, deep stairways; and in the strong moonlight, last night, these were very picturesque. I did wish you were here to see these things. You couldn't by any possibility sleep in these beds, though, or enjoy the food.

Good night, sweetheart, and give my respects to the cubs.

SAML.

PONDERING OVER THE LETTERS

1. The first of these informal letters by Mark Twain was written to a friend and contemporary writer. You noted, as you read, that Twain had just completed the manuscript for his famous book, *Tom Sawyer*. He had submitted the manuscript to W. D. Howells for criticism, but was too considerate to ask Howells to take time to write him a letter. What other admirable qualities do you find revealed in

the letter? What qualities do you find revealed in the letter to his wife?

2. A letter is as much a type of literature as is a poem or an essay. Not all letters, however, are literature. What kinds do you think can qualify?

3. What other authors have written famous letters? Read some of them to note their literary qualities.

4. What kind of letters do you write? If some of them were published, would you be pleased or would you be ashamed? Do you always write on interesting topics and are you careful about style and grammar? The ability to write a good letter is an important asset in life. Try always to write so well that you would be glad to see your letters in print.

THE COURTIN'*

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Many writers have written love stories about bashful young men. The following poem tells about a bashful farmer boy in the middle of the nineteenth century. Observe the dialect as you read.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still

Fur' z you can look or listen.
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.¹

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest,² bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.³

*From *The Biglow Papers*.

¹ *hender*: to hinder Zekle from coming to propose to Huldy.

² *pootiest*: prettiest.

³ *dresser*: a cupboard to hold dishes or cooking utensils.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks⁴ hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm⁵ thet gran'ther
Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'!

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come⁶ to look,
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A-1,
Clear grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer⁷ straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em,⁸ danced 'em, druv
'em,
Fust this one, and then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her⁹ his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez his'n in the choir;
My! when he made Old Hundred¹⁰ ring,
She *know'd* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

'Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
She seem'd to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

⁴ *crook-necks*: crooked-necked squashes.

⁵ *ole queen's-arm*: musket used in the Revolution.

⁶ *kingdom-come*: heaven.

⁷ *dror a furrer*: plow a furrow.

⁸ *squired 'em*: acted as an escort to social functions.

⁹ *long o' her*: because of her.

¹⁰ *Old Hundred*: a favorite of the old hymns.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper,¹—
 All ways to once her feelin's flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' lited on the mat²
 Some doubtfe o' the sekle,³
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him funder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wal' no . . . I come dasignin'!"—
 "To see my Ma? She's sprinklin'
 clo'es
 Agin tomorrer's i'nin'."⁴

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t'other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
 Says she, "Think likely,⁵ Mister!"
 Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' . . . Wal, he up an' kissed her.

When Ma bimeby⁶ upon 'em slips,
 Huldys sot pale ez ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Whose naturs never vary
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt
 glued
 Too tight for all expressin',
 Tell mother see how metters stood,
 And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,⁷
 An' all I know is they was cried⁸
 In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Lowell was always more interested in people and their reactions than he was in places and events. When he told a story in his poems, he usually told it for the sake of the characters. Read a few other poems which he wrote and note how generally this is true. How does he reveal his interest in human nature in this poem?

2. How would you classify the foregoing poem as to type of literature? Did Lowell always write poems of the same type?

3. What purpose did Lowell probably have in mind when he wrote the poem? Did you note any irony as you read? As a reader, what did you know about the girl's feelings which the young man did not at first know? Did you want to help him out at times?

4. Why do you suppose the poem was written in dialect? Was it supposed to help you think of the farmer boy as ignorant and unlearned? What would have been lost had the young man's thoughts been expressed in good English?

Have you ever heard anybody use English as bad as that in the poem? You may hear people make an occasional mistake in grammar or pronounce a word incorrectly, but you seldom, if ever, hear anybody make as many errors as you find in this poem. How can you account for the fact that people today use much better language than they did in earlier days? Why is a selection such as this, with all its mistakes, counted as good literature? Under what conditions are errors of such nature permissible in literature?

⁷ *Bay of Fundy*: inlet of Atlantic Ocean separating Nova Scotia from New Brunswick. It has swift tidal currents which in places sometimes rise over seventy feet.

⁸ *cried*: the engagement was announced.

¹ *scraper*: a bar of iron fastened to the step and used for cleaning the mud off the shoes.

² *lited on the mat*: loitered on the mat in front of the door.

³ *sekle* (sē'k'l): sequel, result.

⁴ *i'nin*: ironing.

⁵ *think likely*: think you should.

⁶ *bimeby*: by and by.

SERGEANT JIMMY BAGBY'S FEET*

By IRVIN S. COBB

Reunions were great times for the veterans of the War between the States. The old soldiers assembled in various places, met old comrades, held parades and banquets, and listened to stirring speeches. They seemed to feel young again as they marched along the streets between cheering crowds to the tune of music. Missing a celebration of this kind was a sad blow to Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, the hero of the following story. You will be amused at what kept him away.

Sergeant Jimmy Bagby sat on the front porch of the First Presbyterian parsonage with an arched framing of green vines above his head. His broad form reposed in a yet broader porch chair—his bare feet in a foot-tub of cold water.

The sergeant wore his reunion regalia, consisting, in the main, of an ancient fatigue jacket¹ with an absurdly high collar and an even more absurdly short and peaked tail. About his generous middle was girthed a venerable leather belt that snaffled² at the front with a broad buckle of age-darkened brass and supported an old cartridge box, which perched jauntily upon a fold of the wearer's plump hip like a birdbox on a crotch.³ Badges of resplendent new satin, striped in alternate bars of red and white, flowed down over his foreshortened⁴ bosom, partly obscuring the scraps of rotted and faded braid and the big round ball buttons of dulled brass, which adhered intermittently⁵ to the decayed

front of his uniform coat. Against a veranda post leaned the sergeant's rusted rifle, the same he had carried to the war and through the war and home again after the war, and now reserved for occasions of high state, such as the present one.

The sergeant's trousers were turned high up on his shanks; his shoes reposed side by side alongside him on the floor, each with a white yarn sock crammed into and overflowing it. They were new shoes, but excessively dusty and seamed with young wrinkles; and they bore that look of total disrepute which anything new in leather always bears after its first wearing. With his elbows on his thighs and his hands clasped loosely between his knees, Sergeant Bagby bent forward, looking first up the wide street and then down it. Looking this way he saw four old men, three of them dressed in grey and one in black, straggle limpingly across the road; and one of them carried at a droopy angle a flag upon which were white-scrolled letters to tell the world that here was Lyon's Battery, or what might be left of it. Looking that way he saw a group of ten or fifteen gray heads riding through a cross street upon bay horses; and at a glance he knew them for a detachment of Forrest's men, who always came mounted to reunions. Once they rode like centaurs;⁶ now, with one or two exceptions, they rode like sacks on racks. It depended on whether, with age, the rider had grown stout or stayed thin.

Having looked both ways, the sergeant addressed himself to a sight nearer home. He considered his feet. Viewed through sundry magnifying and misleading inches of water they seemed pinky white; but when, groan-

⁶ *centaurs* (sén'tôrz): members of a mythological race, with the head of a man and the body of a horse, who lived in the mountains of Thessaly.

*From *Old Judge Priest*.

¹ *fatigue jacket*: a working jacket worn by soldiers.

² *snaffled*: buckled or fastened.

³ *like . . . crotch*: like a bird house on a forked branch.

⁴ *foreshortened*: he was so fat that his bulging middle made his chest seem smaller.

⁵ *adhered intermittently*: held at intervals—some buttons were missing.

ing gently, he lifted one foot clear it showed an angry chafed red upon toe and heel, with large blistery patches running across the instep. With a plop he lowered it back into the laving depths.¹ Then, bending over sideways, he picked up one of his shoes, shaking the crumpled sock out of it and peering down its white-lined gullet² to read the maker's tag:

"Fall River, Mass.," the sergeant spelled out the stamped letters—"Reliance Shoe Company, Fall River, Mass."

He dropped the shoe and in tones of reluctant admiration addressed empty space: "Well, now, ain't them Yankees the persistent devils! Waitin' forty-odd years fur a chance to cripple me up! But they done it!"

Judge Priest turned in at the front gate and came up the yard walk. He was in white linens, severely and comfortably civilian in cut,³ but with a commandant's badge upon his lapel and a short, bobby, black ostrich feather in the brim of his hat. He advanced slowly, with a slight outward skew to his short, round legs.

"Aha!" he said understandingly. "Whut did I tell you, Jimmy Bagby, about tryin' to parade in new shoes? But no, you wouldn't listen—you would be one of these here young dudes!"

"Judge," pleaded the sergeant, "don't rub it in! I'm ruint for life with these here feet of mine."

Still at a somewhat stiff and straddle legged gait, the judge mounted the porch, and after a quick appraisal of all the chairs in sight eased his frame⁴ into one that had a cushioned seat. An involuntary moan escaped him. It was the sergeant's time to gloat.

¹ *laving depths*: bathing water.

² *gullet*: inside of the shoe.

³ *civilian in cut*: in the style of a citizen's clothes.

⁴ *eased his frame*: sat down slowly and carefully.

"I'm wearin' my blisters on my feet," he exulted, "and you're wearin' yours—elsewhere. That's whut you git at your age fur tryin' to ride a strange horse in a strange town."

"Jimmy," protested the judge, "age ain't got nothin' a'tall to do with it; but that certainly was a mighty hard-rackin'⁵ animal they conferred on me. I feel like I've been straddlin' a hip roof durin' an earthquake. How did you make out to git back here?"

"That last half mile or so I shore did think I was trampin' along on red-hot ploughshears.⁶ If there'd been one more mile to walk I reckon I'd 'a' been listed amongst the wounded and missin'. I jest did about manage to hobble in. And Mizz Grundy fetched me this here piggin⁷ of cold water out on the porch, so's I could favor my feet and watch the boys passin' at the same time."

Judge Priest undertook to cross one leg over the other but uncrossed it again with a wince of sudden concern on his pink face.

"How do you aim, then, to git to the big doin's this even'?" he asked, and shifted his position slightly.

"I ain't aimin' to git there," said Sergeant Bagby. "I aim to stay right here and take my ease. Besides, ef I don't git these feet of mine shrunk down some by milkin' time, I'm shore goin' to have to pull my pants off over my head this night."

"Well, now, ain't that too bad!" commiserated his friend and commander. "I wouldn't miss hearin' Gen' Gracey's speech fur a purty."

"Don't you worry about me," the sergeant was prompt to tell him. "You and Lew Lake and Hector Woodward and the other boys kin

⁵ *hard-rackin'*: hard-pacing.

⁶ *ploughshears*: plowshare, or the blade of the plow.

⁷ *piggin*: a small wooden tub.

represent Gideon K. Irons Camp without me fur oncet anyway. And say, listen, Judge," he added with malice aforethought,¹ "you'd better borrow a goosehair cushion, or a feather tick or something soft, to set on out yonder; plain pine benches are liable to make a purty hard roostin' place, even fur an old seasoned cavalryman."

Judge Priest's retort, if he had one in stock, remained unbroached, because just then their hostess bustled out to announce dinner was on the table. It was to be an early dinner and a hurried one, because, of course, everybody wanted to start early, to be sure of getting good seats for the speaking. The sergeant ate his right where he was, his feet in his tub, like a Foot-washing Baptist.²

There were servants aplenty within, but the younger Miss Grundy elected to serve him; a pretty girl, all in snowy white except for touches of red at her throat and her slender belted waist, and upon one wrist was a bracelet of black velvet with old soldiers' buttons strung thickly upon it. On a tray, daintily tricked out,³ she brought the sergeant fried chicken and corn pudding and butter beans, and the like, with corn pones hot-buttered in the kitchen; and finally a slice carved from the blushing red heart of the first home-grown watermelon of the season. Disdaining the false conventions of knife and fork, the sergeant bit into this, full face.

Upon the tub bottom his inflamed toes overlapped and waggled in a gentle ecstasy; and between bites, while black seeds trickled from the corners of his lips, he related to the younger Miss Grundy the beginning of his story of that memorable passage

¹ *malice aforethought*: intentional maliciousness.

² *a foot-washing Baptist*: foot washing was a ritual carried on by certain sects as a part of their worship.

³ *tricked out*: arranged.

of words upon a certain memorable occasion, between General John C. Breckinridge and General Simon Bolivar Buckner. The young lady had already heard this same beginning thrice, the sergeant having been a guest under the parental roof since noon of the day before, but, until interruption came, she listened with unabated interest and laughed at exactly the right places, whereupon the gratified narrator mentally catalogued her as about the smartest young lady, as well as the prettiest, he had met in a coon's age.

All good things must have an end, however—even a watermelon desert and the first part of a story by Sergeant Jimmy Bagby; and so a little later, rejecting all spoken and implied sympathy with a jaunty indifference that may have been slightly forced, the sergeant remained, like another Diogenes,⁴ in the company of his tub, while the rest of the household, including the gray-haired Reverend Doctor Grundy, his white-haired wife, Judge Priest, and the two Misses Grundy, departed in a livery-stable carryall⁵ for a given point half a mile up the street, where a certain large skating rink stretched its open doors hospitably, so disguised in bunting and flags it hardly knew itself by its grand yet transient title of Reunion Colosseum. Following this desertion, there was for a while in all directions a pleasurable bustle to keep the footfast watcher bright as to eye and stirred as to pulse.

"Why, shuckins, there ain't a chance fur me to git lonely," he bade himself—"not with all this excitement goin' on and these here hoofs of mine to keep me company!"

Crowds streamed by afoot, asaddle and awheel, all bound for a common

⁴ *Diogenes* (dī-ōj'ē-nēz): a cynical Greek philosopher who was said to have lived in a tub.

⁵ *carryall*: a buggy to which horses were hitched.

destination. Every house within sight gave up its separate group of dwellers and guests; for during reunion week everybody takes in somebody. Under the threshing feet the winnowed dust¹ mounted up in scrolls from the roadway, sifting down on the grass and powdering the chinaberry trees overhead. No less than eight brass bands passed within sight or hearing. And one of them played "Maryland, My Maryland"; and one of them played "The Bonnie Blue Flag"—but the other six played "Dixie," as was fitting.

A mounted staff in uniform clattered grandly by, escorting the commanding general of some division or other, and an open carriage came along, overflowing with a dainty freighting of state sponsors and maids-of-honor. As it rolled grandly past behind its four white horses, a saucy girl on the back seat saw an old man sitting alone on the Grundy porch, with his feet in a tub, and she blew a kiss at him off the tips of her fingers; and Sergeant Bagby, half risin', waved back most gallantly, and God-blessed her and called her Honey!

Soon, though, the crowds thinned away. Where multitudes had been, only an occasional straggler was to be seen. The harried and fretted dust² settled back. A locust in a tree began to exercise his talents in song, and against the green warp of the shrubbery on the lawn a little blue bobbin of an indigo bird went vividly back and forth. Lonesome? No, nothing like that; but the sergeant confessed to himself that possibly he was just a trifle drowsy. His head dropped forward on his badged chest, and as the cool wetness drew the fever out of his feet his toes, under water, curled up in comfort and content.

¹ *winnowed dust*: dust that had been blown into piles or rows.

² *harried and fretted dust*: dust that had been kicked about by the crowds and horses.

Asked about it afterward, Sergeant Bagby would have told you that he had no more than closed his eyelids for a wink or two. But the shadows had appreciably lengthened upon the grass before a voice, lifted in a hail, roused him up. Over the low hedge that separated the parsonage yard from the yard adjoining on the left a man was looking at him—a man somewhere near his own age, he judged in an instantaneous appraisal.

"Cumrud,"³ said this person, "howdy-do?"

"Which?" inquired Sergeant Bagby.

"I said, Cumrud, howdy?" repeated the other.

"No," said the sergeant; "my name is Bagby."

"I taken it fur granted that you was to home all alone," said the man beyond the hedge. "Be you?"

"At this time of speakin'," said the sergeant, "there's nobody at home exceptin' me and a crop of blisters. Better come over," he added hospitably.

"Well," said the stranger, as though he had been considering the advisability of such a move for quite a period of time, "I mout."⁴

With no further urging he wriggled through a gap in the hedge and stood at the foot of the steps, revealing himself as a small, wiry, rust-colored man. Anybody with an eye to see could tell that in his youth he must have been as redheaded as a pochard drake.⁵ Despite abundant streakings of gray in his hair he was still redheaded, with plentiful whiskers to match, and on his nose a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, and on his face and neck a close sowing of the biggest, intensest freckles Sergeant Bagby had ever beheld. They spangled his skin

³ *cumrud*: comrade.

⁴ *mout*: might.

⁵ *pochard drake*: a male duck having a red head.

as with red asterisks,¹ and the gnarled hand he extended in greeting as he mounted the porch looked as though in its time it had mixed at least one million bran mashes.²

Achieving a somewhat wobbly standing posture in his keeler,³ the sergeant welcomed him in due form.

"I don't live here myself," he explained, "but I reckon you might say I'm in full charge, seein' ez I crippled myself up this mornin' and had to stay behind this evenin'. Come in and take a cheer and rest yourself."

"Thanky!" said the freckly one. "I mout do that too." He did. His voice had a nasal smack to it which struck the sergeant as being alien. "I didn't ketch the name," he said. "Mine's Bloomfield—Christian name, Ezra H."

"Mine's Bagby," stated the sergeant—"late of King's Hell Hounds. You've probably heard of that command—purty nigh everybody in these parts has."

"Veteran myself," said Mr. Bloomfield briskly. "Served four years and two months. Enlisted at fust call for volunteers."

"Started in kind of early myself," said the sergeant, mechanically catching for the moment the other's quality of quick, clipped speech. "But say, look here, pardner," he added, resuming his own natural tone, "whut's the reason you ain't out yonder at that there Colosseum with all the other boys this evenin'?"

A whimsical squint brought the red eyelashes close together.

"Well," stated Mr. Bloomfield, rummaging with a deliberate hand in the remote inner fastnesses of his

whiskers, "I couldn't scursely say that I b'long out there." Then he halted, as if there was no more to be said.

"You told me you served all the way through, didn't you?" asked the sergeant puzzled.

"So I told you and so I did," said Mr. Bloomfield; "but I didn't tell you which side it was I happened to be a-servin' on. Twentieth Indiana Infantry—that's my regiment, and a good smart one it was too."

"Oh!" said Sergeant Bagby, slightly shocked by the suddenness of this enlightenment—"Oh! Well, set down anyway, Mr. Bloomfield. Excuse me—you're already settin', ain't you?"

For a fraction of a minute they contemplated each other, Sergeant Bagby being slightly flustered and Mr. Bloomfield to all appearances perfectly calm. The sergeant cleared his throat, but it was the visitor who spoke:

"I've got a fust-rate memory for faces, and the like; and when I fust seen you settin' here you had a kind of familiar cut to your jib⁴ someway. That's one reason why I hailed you. I wonder now if we didn't meet up with one another acrost the smoke back yonder in those former days? I'd take my oath I seen you somewheres."

"I shouldn't be surprised," answered Sergeant Bagby. "All durin' that war I was almost constantly somewheres."

"Fust Bull Run⁵—I wonder could it 'a' been there?" suggested Mr. Bloomfield.

"First Manassas,⁶ you mean," corrected the sergeant gently, but none-

⁴ *cut to your jib*: shape of your face.

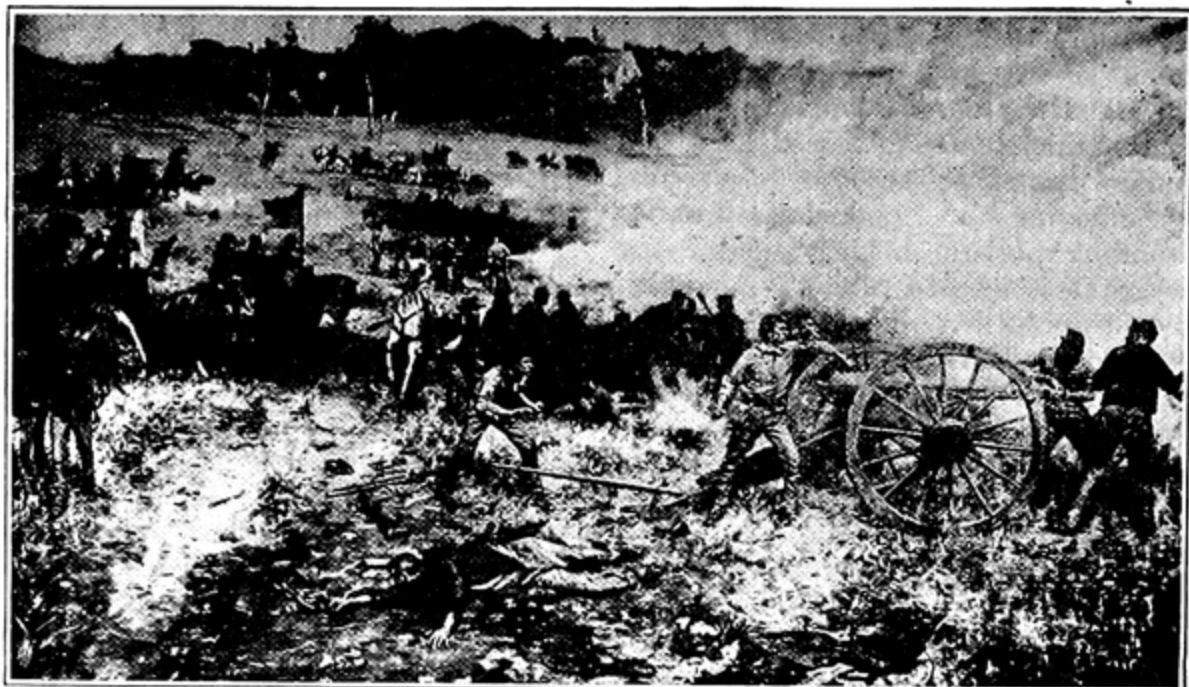
⁵ *Bull Run*: the first battle in the War between the States. This name, used by the northern soldiers, came from the name of a small stream. The southerners won the battle.

⁶ *Manassas* (*má-nás'ás*): same as Bull Run. This name was used by the southern soldiers.

¹ *asterisk* (*ás'tēr-ísk*): the figure of a star used in printing.

² *bran mashes*: feed prepared from bran for farm animals.

³ *keeler*: tub.



From a painting by Gilbert Gaul

Toledo Museum of Art

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS

the-less firmly. "Was you there or thereabout by any chance?" Mr. Bloomfield nodded. "Me too," said Sergeant Bagby—"on detached service.¹ Mebbe," he added it softly—"mebbe ef you'd turn round I'd know you by your back."

If the blow went home Mr. Bloomfield, like a Spartan² of the Hoosiers,³ hid his wounds. Outwardly he gave no sign.

"P'raps so," he assented mildly; then: "How 'bout Gettysburg?"⁴

The sergeant fell into the trap that was digged for him. The sergeant was proud of his services in the East.

"You bet your bottom dollar I was there!" he proclaimed—"all three days."

¹ *on detached service*: on special service away from his regiment.

² *Spartan*: one who can bear pain unflinchingly as did the Spartans.

³ *Hoosiers*: the inhabitants of Indiana, the Hoosier state.

⁴ *Gettysburg*: This battle marked the high point of the Confederacy. It was fought on northern soil, farther north than any other battle of the war. It was won by northern forces.

"Then p'raps you'd better turn round too," said Mr. Bloomfield in honeyed accents, "and mebbe it mout be I'd be able to reckernise you by the shape of your spinal colyum."

Up rose Sergeant Bagby, his face puckering in a grin and his hand outstretched. High up his back his coat peaked out behind like the tail of a hemallard.

"Pardner," he announced, "I'm right glad I didn't kill you when I had all them chances."

"Cumrud," replied Mr. Bloomfield, "on the whole and considerin' of everything, I don't regret now that I spared you."

If Sergeant Bagby had but worn a Confederate goatee, which he didn't, being smooth-shaved; and if he hadn't been standing midshin-deep in a foot-tub; and if only Mr. Bloomfield's left shirtsleeve, instead of being comfortably full of freckled arm, had been empty and pinned to the bosom of his waistcoat—they might have posed just as they stood then for the popular

picture entitled "North and South United" which you will find on the outer cover of the Memorial Day edition of every well-conducted Sunday newspaper in the land. But that is ever the way with real life—it so often departs from its traditional aspects.¹ After a bit the sergeant spoke.

"I was jest thinkin'," he said dreamily.

"So was I," assented Mr. Bloomfield. "I wonder now if it could be so that we both of us had our minds on the same pleasin' subject?"

"I was jest thinkin'," repeated the sergeant, "that merely because the Bloody Chasm is bridged over ain't no fittin' reason why it shouldn't be slightly irrigated frum time to time."

"My idee to a jot," agreed Mr. Bloomfield heartily. "Seems as if the dust of conflict has been a-floatin' round loose long enough to stand a little dampin' down."

"Ef only I was at home now," continued Sergeant Bagby, "I'd be able to put my hand on somethin' handy for moistenin' purposes; but, seein' as I'm a visitor here, I ain't in no position to extend the hospitalities suitable to the occasion."

"Sho, now! Don't let that fret you," soothed Mr. Bloomfield—"not with me livin' next door." He nimbly descended the steps, but halted at the bottom: "Cumrud, how do you take yours—straight or toddy?"²

"Sugar and water don't hurt none—in moderation," replied the sergeant. "But look here, pardner, this here is a preacher's front porch. We don't want to be puttin' any scandal on him."

"I'd already figured that out too," said the provident³ Mr. Bloomfield.

¹ *traditional aspects*: outlook or ideas which have been followed over a long period of time.

² *straight or toddy*: ways of serving liquor.

³ *provident*: the one who cautiously provides for future wants.

"I'll bring her over in a couple of chiny teacups."

The smile which, starting from the center, spread over the sergeant's face like ripples over a pond had not entirely faded away when in a miraculously short time Mr. Bloomfield returned, a precious votive offering⁴ poised accurately in either hand. "Bagby," he said, "that's somethin' extry prime in the line of York-state rye!"⁵

"Is it?" said the sergeant. "Well, I reckon the sugar comes from Newerleans and that oughter take the curse off. Bloomfield, here's lookin' toward you!"

"Same to you, Bagby!"

China clicked pleasantly on china as teacup bottom touched teacup brim, this sound being succeeded instantly by a series of soft sipping sounds. Sitting thus, his eyes beaming softly over the bulge of his upturned cup and his lips drawing in the last lingering drops of sirupy sweetness, the sergeant became aware of a man clumping noisily along the sidewalk—an old man in a collarless hickory shirt, with a mouse-gray coat dangling over one arm and mouse-gray trousers upheld by home-made braces.⁶ He was a tall, sparse, sinewy old man, slightly withered, yet erect, of a build to remind one of a blasted pine; his brow was very stormy and he talked to himself as he walked. His voice but not his words came to the sergeant in a rolling, thundery mutter.

"Hey, pardner," called Sergeant Bagby, holding his emptied cup breast-high. "Goin' somewheres or jest travelin' round?"

The passer-by halted and regarded him gloomily over the low palings of the Reverend Doctor Grundy's fence.

⁴ *votive offering*: an offering in fulfillment of a vow.

⁵ *rye*: rye whiskey.

⁶ *braces*: suspenders.

"Well," he made slow answer, "I don't know ez it's anybody's business; but, since you ast me, I ain't headin' fur no place in particular—I'm tryin' to walk a mad off."

"Come right on in here then," advised the sergeant, "we've got the cure fur that complaint." He glanced sideways toward his companion. "Bloomfield, this here love feast looks mighty like she might grow a little. Do you reckon you've got another one of them teacups over at your place, right where you could put hands on it easy?"

"That's a chore which won't be no trouble whatsoever," agreed Mr. Bloomfield; and he made as if to go on the errand, but stopped at the porch edge just inside the vines as the lone pedestrian, having opened the gate, came slowly toward them. The newcomer put his feet down hard on the bricks; slashes of angry color like red flares burned under the skin over his high and narrow cheekbones.

"Gabe Ezell—Cherokee Rifles," he said abruptly as he mounted the steps; "that's my name and my command."

"I'm Sergeant Bagby, of King's Hell Hounds, and monstrous glad to make your acquaintance," vouchsafed for his part the sergeant. "This gentleman here is my friend, Major Bloomfield. Take a cheer and set down, pardner, and rest your face and hands a spell. You look like you might be a little bit put out about something?"

The stranger uttered a grunt that might mean anything at all or nothing at all. He lowered himself into a chair and tugged at the collarless band of his shirt as though it choked him. The sergeant, pleasingly warmed to the core of his being, was not to be daunted. He put another question:

"Whut's the reason you ain't out to the speakin'? I'm sort of lamed

up myse'f—made the fatal mistake of tryin' to break in a pair of Dam-Yankee shoes on a couple of Southern-Rights feet. I'm purty well reconciled, I reckon; but my feet appear to be still unreconstructed, frum what I kin gather." Chuckling, he glanced downward at the stubborn members. "But there don't seem to be nothin' wrong with you—without it's your feelin's."

"I was figgerin' some on goin' out there," began the tall old man, "but I couldn't git there on time—I've been at the calaboose."¹ He finished the confession in a sort of defiant hurt.

"You don't say so!" said the sergeant wonderingly, and commiseratingly too; and from where he stood on the top step the newly brevetted² major evidenced his sympathy in a series of deprecatory clucks. The third man glared from one to the other of them.

"Oh, I ain't ashamed of it none," he went on stormily. "Ef I had it to do over agin, I'd do it agin the very same way. I may not be so young ez I was oncet, but anybody that insults the late Southern Confederacy to my face is breedin' trouble for hisse'f—I don't care ef he's as big as a mountain!"

From the depths of the foot-tub came small splashing sounds, and little wavelets rose over its sides and plopped upon the porch floor.

"I reckon sech a thing as that might pester me a little bit my own se'f," stated the sergeant softly. "Yes, suh; you might safely venture that under them circumstances I would become kind of irritated myse'f. Who done it?"

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Ezell, "and let you boys be the jedges of whether I done the right thing. After

¹ calaboose: a jail.

² brevetted: given a higher rank.

the parade was through with this mornin', me and some of the other boys from down my way was knockin' round. I got separated from the rest of 'em some way and down yond' on that main street—I'm a stranger in this town and I don't rightly recall its name, but it's the main street, whar all them stores is—well, anyway, down there I come past whar one of these here movin'-picture to-dos was located. It had a lot of war pictures stuck up out in front of it and a big sign that said on it: 'At the Cannon's Mouth!' So, not havin' nothin' else to do, I paid my ten cents to a young lady at the door and went on in. They gimme a seat right down in frontlike, and purty soon after that they started throwin' them pictures on a big white sheet—a screen, I think they calls it.

"Well, suhs, at the fust go-off it was purty good. I got consider'bly interested—I did so. There was a house come on the sheet that looked powerful like several places that I knows of down in Middle Georgia, whar I come frum; and there was several young ladies dressed up like they used to dress up back in the old days when we was all young fellows together. Right off, though, one of the young ladies—the purtiest one of the lot and the spryest-actin'—she fell in love with a Yankee officer. That jarred me up a little; yet, after all, it mout 'a' happened and, besides, he wasn't sech a bad young fellow—fur a Yankee. He saved the young lady's brother when the brother come home frum the army to see his sick baby and was about to be ketched fur a spy. Yes, suhs; I've got to admit that there Yankee behaved very decently in the matter.

"Well, purty soon after the lovin' part was over they come to the fightin' part, and a string band began to play war pieces. I must say I got right

smartly worked up 'long about there. Them fellows that was dressed up ez soldiers looked too tony and slick to be real natchel!—there didn't seem to be nary one of 'em wearin' a shirt that needed starchin', the way it was when we-all was out soldierin'—but ef you'd shet your eyes 'bout halfway you could mighty nigh imagine it was the real thing agin. A battery of our boys went into action on the aidge of a ploughed field, and you could see the smoke bustin' out of the muzzles of the pieces, and you could hear the pieces² go off, kerboom!—I don't know how they worked that part of it, but they did; and 'way over yond' in a piece of woods you could see the Yankees jest a-droppin'. I seem to recollect standin' up long about there and givin' a yell or two myself; but in a minute or so a whole lot more Yankees come chargin' out of the timber, and they begin to drive our boys back.

"That didn't seem right to me—that didn't seem no way to have it. I reckon, though, I might 'a' stood that, only in less'n no time a-tall our boys was throwin' way their guns and some of 'em was runnin' away, and some of 'em was throwin' up their hands and surrenderin'! And the Yankees was chargin' in amongst em, a-cuttin' and slashin' and shootin', and takin' prisoners right and left. It was a scandalous thing—and a lie besides! It couldn't never 'a' happened noway."

His voice, deep and grumbling before, became sharply edged with mounting emotion. Mr. Bloomfield looked away to avoid exposing a happy grin, new-born among his whiskers. It was Sergeant Bagby who spoke, the intention on his part being to soothe rather than to inflame.

¹ natchel: natural.

² pieces: cannon.

"Pardner," he said, "you've got to remember it wasn't nothin' but jest play-actin'—jest hired hands makin' believe that it was so."

"I don't care none ef it was," snapped Mr. Ezell. "And, besides, whut's that got to do with it—with the principle of the thing? It was deliberate insult flung right in the face of the the late Southern Confederacy—that and nothin' short of it. Well, I stood it jest as long as I natchelly could—and that wasn't very long, neither, lemme tell you, gentlemen."

"Then whut?" inquired Sergeant Bagby, bending forward in his seat.

"Then I up with my cheer and chunked it right through their dad-burned, lyin' sheet—that's whut I done.' I busted a big hole in her right whar there was a smart-alecky Yankee colonel sailin' acrost on a horse. I says: 'Here's a few reinforcements frum the free state of Georgia!' And I let him have it with the cheer, kerblim!" That there battle broke up right then and there. And that's how I come to go to the calaboose."

Mr. Bloomfield, now rigidly erect, and with no grin on his face, opened his lips to say something; but Sergeant Bagby beat him to do it.

"Pardner," he asked incredulously, "did they lock you up jest fur doin' that?"

"No," said the heated Mr. Ezell, "they didn't really lock me up a-tall. But the secont I throwed that cheer there was a lot of yellin' and scrabblin' round, and the lights went up, and the string band quit playin' its piece and here come a-runnin' an uppidy-lookin' man—he was the one that run the show, I take it—bleatin' out somethin' about me havin' broke up his show and him wantin' damages. He made the mistake of grabbin' holt of me and callin' me a name that I don't purpose

to have nobody usin' on me. He wanted damages. Well, right there he got 'em!"

He raised a bony fist, on which the knuckles were all barked and raw, and gazed at it fondly, as though these were most honorable scars.

"So then, after that, a couple of them other show people they drug him away frum whar he was layin' on the floor a-yellin'," he went on, "and a town policeman come in and taken me off to the calaboose in a hack, with a crowd followin' 'long behind. But when we got there the gentleman there was runnin' the place—he wore blue clothes and I jedge from his costume and deportment he must 'a' been the town marshall—he listened to whut we-all had to say, and he taken a look at that there showman's busted jaw and sort of grinned to hisse'f; then he said that, seein' as all us old soldiers had the freedom of the city for the time bein', he 'lowed he'd let the whole matter drop right whar it was, providin' I'd give him my solemn promise not to go projectin' round no more movin'-picture places endurin' of my stay in their midst. Well, ef they're all like the one I seen today, it's goin' to be powerful easy promise fur me to keep—I know that! But that's how I come to miss the doin's this evenin'—I missed my dinner too—and that's how I come to be walkin' way out here all by myse'f."

In the pause that followed, Mr. Bloomfield saw his chance. Mr. Bloomfield's voice had a crackling tone in it, like fire running through broom-sedge.¹

"Lookyhere, my friend!" he demanded crisply. "Ain't you been kind of flyin' in the face of history as well as the movin'-picture industry? Seems to me I recall that you pleg-taked Rebs got a blamed good lickin'

¹ broom-sedge: a kind of grass.

about ever' once in so often, or even more frequently than that. If my memory serves me right, it seems to me you did indeed!"

Mr. Ezell swung in his chair and the spots in his cheeks spread until his whole face burned a brick-dust red. Sergeant Jimmy Bagby threw himself into the breach. Figuratively speaking, he had both arms full of heartsease and rosemary.¹

"In regards to the major here"—he indicated Mr. Bloomfield with a gracious gesture of amity²—"I furgot to tell you that he taken a rather prominent part—on the other side."

As Mr. Ezell's choler³ rose his brows came down and lowered.

"Huh!" said Mr. Ezell with deadly slowness. "What's a Yankee doin' down here in this country?"

"Doing' fairly well," answered Mr. Bloomfield. "F'r instance, he's payin' taxes on that there house next door." He flirited his whiskered chin over his left shoulder. "F'r instance, also, he's running' the leadin' tannery and saddle-works of this city, employin' sixteen hands regular. Also, he was elected a justice of the peace a week ago last We'nesday by his fellow citizens, regardless of politics or religion—thanky for askin'!"

"Also," he went on, his freckles now standing out beautifully against a mounting pink background—"Also and furthermore, he remembers distinctly having been present on a number of occasions when he helped to lick you Seceshers⁴ good and proper. And if you think, my friend, that I'm goin' to abate one jot or tittle⁵ from that statement, you're barkin' up the wrong tree, I tell you!"

¹ heartsease and rosemary: flowers which suggest a reconciliation.

² amity: friendship.

³ choler (kō'lēr): anger.

⁴ Seceshers: secessionists.

⁵ abate one jot or tittle: give in on even one point.

Now behold in the rôle of peacemaker Sergeant Jimmy Bagby rising grandly erect to his full height, but keeping his feet in the foot-tub.

"Say, listen here, Major," he pleaded, "ef you kin kindly see your way clear to abatin' a few jots on behalf of Indiana, I'll bet you I kin induce Georgia to throw off every blamed tittle he's got in stock. And then ef Indiana kin dig up another of them delightful teacups of his'n, I believe I can guarantee that Kintucky and Georgia will join him in pourin' a small but nourishin' libation⁶ upon the altar of friendship, not to mention the thresholds of a reunited country. Ain't I got the right notion, boys? Of course I have! And then, as soon as we-all git settled down agin comfortable, I'm goin' to tell you two boys something mighty interestin' that come up oncet when I was on hand and heard the whole thing. Did I mention to you before that I belonged to King's Hell Hounds?"

Diplomacy surely lost an able advocate in the spring of 1865 when Sergeant Bagby laid down the sword to take up retail groceries. As soothing oil upon roiled⁷ waters his words fell; they fell even as sweet unguents⁸ upon raw wounds. And, besides, just then Mr. Ezell caught a whiff of a most delectable and appealing aroma as the sergeant, on concluding his remarks with a broad-armed gesture, swished his teacup directly under Mr. Ezell's nose.

Probably not more than ten or twelve minutes had pleasantly elapsed—it usually took the sergeant twenty to tell in all its wealth of detail the story of what General Breckinridge said to General Buckner, and what

⁶ libation: drink offering usually poured out on an altar as a sacrifice.

⁷ roiled: stirred up.

⁸ unguents (ün'gwěntz): healing ointments.

General Buckner said in reply to General Breckinridge, and he was nowhere near the delectable climax yet—when an interruption came. Into the ken of these three old men, seated in a row upon the parsonage porch, there came up the street a pair whose gait and general air of flurrimment and haste instantly caught and held their attention. Side by side sped a young woman and a young man—a girl and a boy rather, for she looked to be not more than eighteen or, say, nineteen, and he at the most not more than twenty-one or so. Here they came, getting nearer, half-running, panting hard, the girl with her hands to her breast, and both of them casting quick, darting glances backward over their shoulders as though fearing pursuit.

"Well," said Mr. Bloomfield, "all the excitement appears to be happenin' round here this afternoon. I wonder now what ails them two young people?" He squinted through his

glasses at the nearing couple. "Why, the gal is that pore little Sally Fannie Gibson that lives over here on the next street. Do tell now!"

He arose; so, a moment later, did his companions, for the youth had jerked Doctor Grundy's gate open and both of them were scudding up the walk toward them. Doubtless because of their agitation the approaching two seemed to notice nothing unusual in the fact that these three elderly men, rising at their coming, should each be holding in his right hand a large china teacup, and that one, the central figure of the three, and the largest of bulk, should be planted ankle-deep and better in a small green tub, rising from it at an interested angle, like some new kind of round potted plant.

"Oh! Oh!" gasped the girl; she clung to the lowermost post of the step-rail. "Where is Doctor Grundy, please? We must see Doctor Grundy right away—right this minute!"



From painting by Thulstrup

BATTERY IN ACTION

"We want him to marry us!" exclaimed the youth, blurting it out.

"We've got the license," the girl said. "Harvey's got it in his pocket."

"And here it is!" said the youth, producing the document and holding it outspread in a shaking hand. It appeared crumpled, but valid.

It was but proper that Sergeant Bagby, in his capacity as host *pro tem*,¹ should do the necessary explaining.

"Well now, young lady and young gentleman," he said, "I'm sorry to have to disappoint you—monstrous sorry—but, to tell you the truth, the Reverend Doctor Grundy ain't here; in fact, we ain't lookin' fur him back fur quite some time yit."

"He is reunionisin'² at the Pastime Skating Rink," volunteered Mr. Bloomfield. "You'll have to wait a while, Sally Fannie."

"Oh," cried the girl, "we can't wait—we just can't wait! We were counting on him. And now—Oh, what shall we do, Harvey?"

Shrinking up against the railing she wrung her hands. The sergeant observed that she was a pretty little thing—small and shabby, but undeniably pretty, even in her present state of fright. There were tears in her eyes. The boy was trembling.

"You'd both better come in and take a cheer and ca'm yourselves," said the sergeant. "Let's talk it over and see whut we-all kin do."

"I tell you we can't wait!" gulped the girl, beginning to sob in earnest. "My stepfather is liable to come any minute! I'm as 'fraid as death of him. He's found out about the license—he's looking for us now to stop us. Oh, Harvey! Harvey! And this was our only chance!" She turned to her sweetheart and he put both his arms round her protectingly.

"I know that stepfather of yours," put in Mr. Bloomfield, in a tone which indicated that he did not know much about him that was good or wholesome. "What's his main objection to you and this young fellow gittin' married? Ain't you both of age?"

"Yes, we are—both of us; but he don't want me to marry at all," burst from the girl. "He just wants me to stay at home and slave and slave and slave! And he don't like Harvey—he hates him! Harvey hasn't been living here long, and he pretends he don't know anything about Har-rr-r-vey."

She stretched the last word out in a pitiful, long-drawn quaver.

"He don't like Harvey, eh?" repeated Mr. Bloomfield. "Well, that's one thing in Harvey's favor anyway. Young man," he demanded briskly, "kin you support a wife?"

"Yes, sir," spoke up Harvey; "I can. I've got a good job and I'm making good pay—I'm in the engineering crew that came down from Chicago last month to survey the new short line over to Knoxville."

"Oh, what are we wasting all this time for?" broke in the desperate Sally Fannie. "Don't you-all know—didn't I tell you that he's right close behind us? And he'll kill Harvey! I know he will—and then I'll die too! Oh, don't be standing there talking! Tell us what to do, somebody—or show us where to hide!"

Mr. Bloomfield's dappled hand³ wagged his brindled⁴ whiskers agitatedly. Mr. Ezell tugged at his hickory neckband;⁵ very possible his thoughts were upon that similar situation of a Northern wooer and a Southern maid as depicted in the lately interrupted film drama entitled "At the Cannon's

¹ *dappled hand*: hand spotted with freckles.

² *brindled*: streaked with gray.

³ *hickory neckband*: the neckband of his hickory shirt, a coarse, heavy cotton shirt.

¹ *host pro tem*: host for the time.

² *reunionisin'*: attending the reunion.

Mouth." Like a tethered pachyderm¹ Sergeant Bagby swayed his form upon his stationary underpinning.²

"Little gal, I most certainly do wisht there was something I could do!" began Mr. Bloomfield, the spirit of romance all aglow within his elderly and doubtless freckled bosom.

"Well, there is, Major!" shouted the sergeant suddenly. "Shore as gun's iron, there's somethin' you kin do! Didn't you tell us boys you was a jestice of the peace?"

"Yes, I did!"

"Then marry 'em yourself!" It wasn't a request—it was a command, whoopingly, triumphantly given.

"Cumrud," said Mr. Bloomfield, "I hadn't thought of it—why, so I could!"

"Oh, could you?" Sally Fannie's head came up and her cry had hope in it now. "And would you do it—right quick?"

Unexpected stage fright overwhelmed Mr. Bloomfield.

"I've took the oath of office, tubby sure—but I ain't never performed no marriage ceremony—I don't even remember how it starts," he confessed.

"Think it up as you go 'long," advised Sergeant Bagby.

"Whutever you say is bindin' on all parties concerned—I know that much law." It was the first time since the runaways arrived that Mr. Ezell had broken silence, but his words had potency and pitch.

"But there has got to be witnesses—two witnesses," parried Mr. Bloomfield, still filled with the buck-ague qualms³ of the amateur.

"Whut's the matter with me and him fur witnesses?" cried Sergeant

Bagby, pointing toward Mr. Ezell. He wrestled a thin gold band off over a stubborn finger joint. "Here's even a weddin' ring!"

The boy, who had been peering down the silent street, with a tremulous hand cupped over his anxious eyes, gave a little gasp of despair and plucked at the girl's sleeve. She turned—and saw then what he had already seen.

"Oh, it's too late! It's too late!" she quavered, cowering down. "There he comes yonder!"

"'Tain't no sech of a thing!" snapped Sergeant Bagby, actively in command of the situation. "You two young ones come right up here on this porch and git behind me and take hands. Indiana, perceed with your ceremony! Georgia and Kintucky stand guard!" With big spread-eagle gestures he shepherded the elopers into the shelter of his own wide bulk.

A man with a red, passionate face and mean, squinty eyes, who ran along the nearer sidewalk, looking this way and that, saw indistinctly through the vines the pair he sought, and, clearing the low fence at a bound, he came tearing across the grassplot, his heels tearing deep gouges in the turf. His voice gurgled hoarsely in his throat as he tried to utter—all at once—commands and protests, threats and curses.

From somewhere behind Sergeant Bagby's broad back came the last feebly technical objection of the officiating functionary.⁴

"But, cumruds, somebody's got to give the bride away!"

"I give the bride away, dad-gum you!" blared Sergeant Bagby at the top of his vocal register. "King's Hell Hounds give the bride away!"

¹ *tethered pachyderm*: an elephant fastened to a chain by his foot.

² *stationary underpinning*: the tub which held his feet in one place.

³ *buck-ague qualms*: a dashing fellow suddenly shaken with fears or faint-heartedness.

⁴ *officiating functionary*: the one in charge of the ceremony.

Thus, over his shoulder, did Sergeant Bagby give the bride away; and then he faced front, with chest expanded and the light of battle in his eyes.

Vociferating,¹ blasphemous, furious, Sally Fannie's tyrant charged the steps and then recoiled at their foot. A lean, sinewy old man in a hickory shirt barred his way, and just beyond this barrier a stout old man with his feet in a foot-tub loomed both large and formidable. For the moment baffled, he gave voice to vain and profane foolishness.

"Stop them two!" he yelled, his rage making him almost inarticulate. "She ain't of age—and even ef she is I ain't agoin' to have this!"

"Say, ain't you got no politeness a'tall!" inquired Mr. Ezell, of Georgia. "Don't you see you're interruptin' the holy rites of matrimony—carryin' on thataway?"

"That's whut I aim to do, blame you!" howled the other, now sensing for the first time the full import of the situation. "I'll matrimony her, the little ——" He spat out the foulest word our language yields for fouler tongues to use. "That ain't all—I'll cut the heart out of the man that interferes!"

Driving his right hand into his right trousers pocket he cleared the three lower steps at a bound and teetered upon his toes on the very edge of the fourth one.

In the act of making his hand into a fist Mr. Ezell discovered he could not do so by reason of his fingers being twined in the handle of a large, extra-heavy ironstone-china teacup. So he did the next best thing—he threw the cup with all his might, which was considerable. At close range this missile took the enemy squarely in the chest and staggered him back. And as he staggered back, clutching to regain his

balance, Mr. Bloomfield, standing somewhat in the rear and improvising as fast as his tongue could say, uttered the fast-binding words:

"Therefore I pernounce you man and wife; and, whatever you do, don't never let nobody come betwixt you, asunderin' you apart!"

With a lightning-fast dab of his whiskers he kissed the bride—he had a flashing intuition that this was required by the ritual²—shoved the pair inside Doctor Grundy's front hall, slammed the door behind them, snatched up Sergeant Bagby's rusted rifle from where it leaned against Doctor Grundy's porch post, and sprang forward in a posture combining defense and offense. All in a second or two Mr. Bloomfield did this.

Even so, his armed services were no longer required; for Sergeant Jimmy Bagby stepped nimbly out of his tub, picked it up in both hands and turned it neatly yet crashingly upside down upon the head of the bride's step-parent—so that its contents, which had been cold and were still coolish, cascaded³ in swishing gallons down over his person, effectually chilling the last warlike impulse of his drenched and dripping bosom, and rendering him in one breath whipped, choked and tamed.

"With the compliments of the Southern Confederacy!" said Sergeant Bagby, so doing.

The shadows on the grass lay lank and attenuated⁴ when the folks came back from the Pastime Rink. Sergeant Bagby sat alone upon Doctor Grundy's porch. There were puddles of spilt water on porch and step and the walk below, and a green foot-tub, now empty, stood on its side against the railings. Sergeant Bagby was

¹ *ritual*: the code or form observed on a ceremonial occasion.

² *cascaded*: ran in rivulets.

³ *attenuated*: lengthened out.

⁴ *speciferating*: loudly shouting out.

drawing his white yarn socks on over his water bleached shanks.

"Well, suh, Jimmy," said Judge Priest as he came up under the vines, "you certainly missed it this evenin'. That was the best speech Gen'l Tige Gracey ever made in his whole life. It certainly was a wonder!"

"Whut was the subject, cumrud?" asked Sergeant Bagby.

"Fraternal Strife and Brotherly Love," replied the judge. "He jest natchelly dug up the hatchet and then he reburied her ag'in—reburied her miles deep under Cherokee roses and magnolia blossoms. But how's your feet? I reckon you've had a purty toler'ble lonesome time settin' here, ain't you?"

"I see—love and war! War and love," commented the sergeant softly.

Before answering further, he raised his head and glanced over the top of the intervening hedge toward the house next door. From its open door issued confused sounds of which he alone knew the secret—it was Georgia trying to teach Indiana the words and music of the song entitled "Old Virginny, Never Tire!"

"Oh, my feet are mighty nigh cured," said he; "and I ain't had such a terrible lonesome time as you might think fur, either—cumrud."

"That's the second time you've called me that," said Judge Priest suspiciously. "Whut does it mean?"

"Oh, that? That's a fureign word I picked up today." And Sergeant Bagby smiled gently. "It's a pet name the Yankees use when they mean pardner!"

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. The author of this story is a famous humorist. He writes so well, however, that his stories would be good even if they were not funny. Find out what you can about him as a man.

2. What qualities of a good short story did you find in the selection? What qualities indicated that the author was more interested in the character than he was in the events?

3. Did you observe any difference in the point of view and in the nature of the characters as you read? Such changes often are found in novels, but only very skillful writers attempt them in short stories, as space does not make it possible. How well do you think the author succeeded in the matter? Did you have any trouble following the story at any point? Did any part seem to be unfinished?

4. Have you ever had an experience similar to that in the story? The old men were cross, and two of them were almost ready to start a fight when an opportunity came to help someone. What effect did giving help have upon their feelings? Does doing good always have a similar effect?

ROOSEVELT ON ROOSEVELT

SPEECH AT DEDICATION OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL

By FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

Occasionally one man has such an outstanding personality that he dominates a whole period of history. People may love him or hate him, admire him or fight him, but they cannot be indifferent to him. Such a man was Theodore Roosevelt, who is portrayed in the following selection.

This memorial, the corner stone of which I laid, and in the dedication of which I am privileged to participate this afternoon, is typical of Theodore Roosevelt. It reflects the universality of his mind and of his interests. Its decorations—in place or in planning—tell part of the story of his life, his work and his play: they depict the construction of the Panama Canal in which he was the dominating spirit; the Treaty of Portsmouth, which ended the Russo-Japanese War; the

quest for scientific knowledge which carried him into the African jungle; symbolic figures of fauna and flora¹ to tell generations to come of his interest in nature and in conservation—all these bear witness to his intense vitality and to his varied contributions to our national culture. The Roosevelt Memorial Commission has been faithful in executing its trust.

The quotations on these walls, too, bring us their message out of the rich storehouse of his written words.

"Conservation means development as much as it does protection"—a text which ought to be emblazoned in every treatise on the care and perpetuation of our national resources.

Or this: "The nation behaves well if it treats the natural resources as assets which it must turn over to the next generation increased, and not impaired, in value."

From his writings in the realm of statecraft we find this: "A great democracy must be progressive or it will soon cease to be great or a democracy." It is his warning to us of this day and generation that eternal progress is still the price of liberty.

It is fitting that this memorial perpetuating the life and work of one who stirred such great interest in the field of natural history should itself be an adjunct² of the American Museum of Natural History. My friend, the late Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, so long the head of this noble institution for the increase and diffusion of scientific knowledge, and for many years a devoted colleague of him in whose honor we are gathered today, advocated this memorial soon after Theodore Roosevelt's death.

Each and every one of us feels sorry today that Professor Osborn could not have lived to take part in this, the

culmination of his great desire; we know that his spirit is with us.

This memorial of such noble architectural proportions is withal intimate and vital. Above all things it is useful. There was an intimate quality about Theodore Roosevelt which all of us who knew him recall at this hour. We think of him not as an abstract³ being dwelling apart on the heights but rather as a friendly soul pervading this very hall which we are dedicating in his memory.

Theodore Roosevelt possessed talents and abilities unusual even among leaders of men. Whatever he did, he did with all of his might.

With this spirit of vital activity, be it also remembered that he received the Nobel Peace Prize.⁴ In him was combined a passion for righteousness and that strong sense of justice which found expression in the "Square Deal." Race, creed,⁵ color were not determining factors with him. He took a man for what he was.

"A man who is good enough to shed his blood for his country," said he at Springfield, Illinois, on a fourth of July, "is good enough to be given a square meal afterwards. More than that no man is entitled to, and less than that no man shall have."

In his first Message to Congress he had written: "The most vital problem with which this country, and, for that matter, the whole civilized world, has to deal, is the problem which has for one side the betterment of social conditions, moral and physical, in large cities, and for another side the effort to deal with that tangle of far-reaching questions which we group together when we speak of 'labor.' "

³ *abstract*: set-apart.

⁴ *Nobel Peace Prize*: prize established by the will of A. B. Nobel for outstanding service in the interest of peace.

⁵ *creed*: any principles or set of opinions adhered to in science, politics, or religion.

¹ *fauna and flora*: animal and plant life.

² *adjunct*: addition.



Portrait by Joseph Rodolphe de Camp

Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This creed for social justice may be found in these quotations from later messages:

"In the vast and complicated mechanism of our modern civilized life, the dominant note is the note of industrialism; and the relations of capital and labor, and especially of organized capital and organized labor, to each other, and to the public at large, come second in importance only to the intimate questions of family life."

"The corporation¹ has come to stay, just as the trade union² has come to stay. Each can do and has done great good. Each should be favored as long as it does good, but each should be sharply checked where it acts against law and justice."

We still remember how those whom he denounced with righteous wrath winced under the stigma³ of such flashing epithets as "malefactors of great wealth,"⁴ "the wealthy criminal class," and the "lunatic fringe." He had a gift for pungent phrases and boiled down his whole political philosophy into such a homely and popular maxim as "speak softly but carry a big stick." No wonder that John Morley⁵ said in 1904: "The two things in America which seem to me most extraordinary are Niagara Falls and President Roosevelt."

With clearness of vision, of energy, of unflinching faith, he labored through his entire strenuous career to transform politics from a corrupt traffic⁶ to a public service. With a very passion for justice and equality before the law, he sought with voice and pen, with every resource at his command, to obtain for men everywhere their con-

stitutional guarantee of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

I have purposely emphasized the many-sidedness of his character. That extraordinary range of interests makes difficult the task of anyone who would adequately summarize his career and achievements. Varied as were his political activities, the scope of his literary interests was no less extended. His volumes on American history, on current problems, and on his own experiences as hunter and explorer captured the interest of the American people.

We know how he loved the great outdoors. He loved the life of the boundless plains which he had known as a rancher in the West. He found strength in the wilderness. He knew the birds and animals and trees and plants and flowers.

And so he worked and wrought and wrote. His familiarity with literature, with history and biography, was reflected alike in his private writings and in his public utterances. Who but he could have given Bunyan's "Man-with-the-Muckrake" an emphasis which he gave it thirty years ago so that the term "muckraker"⁷ passed into the language and is current with us to this day?

He enriched and enlarged and extended our cultural horizon. Out of the rich experiences he had known, his mind received a cast⁸ which later was reflected when he infused action and life and color into what before his time had been a somewhat dull and drab statecraft.

Everything about him was big, vital, national. He was able to see great problems in their true perspective because he looked at the Nation

¹ corporation: a legally organized company.

² trade union: an organization of workers.

³ stigma: brand.

⁴ malefactors (māl'ē-fāk'tērz) of great wealth: those who have become wealthy by dishonesty and unfair means.

⁵ John Morley: an English statesman and author.

⁶ corrupt traffic: dishonest practices.

⁷ muckraker: a person who tries to expose corrupt business or political practices, and sometimes makes unjust charges.

⁸ received a cast: developed a point of view; acquired vision and understanding.

as a whole. There was nothing narrow or local or sectional about him. It is not for me here today to speak of the final place which history will accord Theodore Roosevelt; but we know and the Nation knows and the world knows that Theodore Roosevelt was a great patriot and a great soul.

When he died, the secretary of his class at Harvard in sending to his classmates a notice of his passing, added this quotation from *Pilgrim's Progress*:

"After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the other, and had this for a token that the summons was true, 'That his pitcher was broken at the fountain.' When he understood it, he called for his friends and told them of it. Then he said, 'I am going to my Father's, and though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who now will be my rewarder.' "

PONDERING OVER THE SPEECH

1. The foregoing speech was delivered by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, a distinguished relative of Theodore. Seldom do two members of the same family become president of the United States. It was particularly fitting, therefore, that a second Roosevelt should dedicate a memorial to the first, even though he belonged to a different political party. Find out what you can about President Roosevelt's ability as a speaker.

2. The foregoing speech may be classified as a eulogy. What other speeches of a similar nature have you heard or read? On what occasions is a eulogy delivered?

3. How well does the speech serve its purpose? Did it make you feel that Theodore Roosevelt was a great man? Did it emphasize qualities such as you would expect to find in a man of his station in life? How did it reveal real statesmanship on the part of the president?

4. President Roosevelt is noted for his command of good language. Read the speech again and note its excellent literary style. Note the diction and character of the sentences. Is the speech well organized? Was it difficult to read?

PATTERNS

By AMY LOWELL

In the following poem, the author sees each person's life lived according to a certain pattern. A woman hopes to break away from her pattern, but loses the opportunity to do so.

I walk down the garden paths,
And all the daffodils
Are blowing, and the bright blue
squills.¹
I walk down the patterned² garden
paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown.
With my powdered hair and jeweled
fan,
I too am a rare
Pattern, as I wander down
The garden paths.

My dress is richly figured,
And the train
Makes a pink and silver stain
On the gravel, and the thrift³
Of the borders.
Just a plate of current fashion,
Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned
shoes.
Not a softness anywhere about me,
Only whale-bone and brocade.
And I sink on a seat in the shade
Of a lime tree. For my passion
Wars against the stiff brocade.

¹ squills: small blue flowers.

² patterned: the garden was laid out in a pattern, or design.

³ thrift: a plant.

The daffodils and squills
Flutter in the breeze
As they please.
And I weep;
For the lime tree is in blossom
And one small flower has dropped upon
my bosom.

And the plashing¹ of waterdrops
In the marble fountain
Comes down the garden paths.
The dripping never stops.
Underneath my stiffened gown
Is the softness of a woman bathing in
a marble basin,
A basin in the midst of hedges grown
So thick she cannot see her lover
hiding,
But she guesses he is near,
And the sliding of the water
Seems the stroking of a dear
Hand upon her.
What is Summer in a fine brocaded
gown!
I should like to see it lying in a heap
upon the ground,
All the pink and silver crumpled up
on the ground.

I would be the pink and silver as I ran
along the paths,
And he would stumble after,
Bewildered by my laughter.
I should see the sun flashing from his
sword hilt and the buckles on his
shoes.
I would choose
To lead him in a maze along the
patterned paths,
A bright and laughing maze for my
heavy-booted lover,
Till he caught me in the shade,
And the buttons of his waistcoat
bruised my body as he clasped me,
Aching, melting, unafraid.
With the shadows of the leaves and
the sundrops,
And the plopping of the waterdrops,
All about us in the open afternoon—
I am very like to swoon²
With the weight of this brocade,
For the sun sifts through the shade.

Underneath the fallen blossom
In my bosom
Is a letter I have hid.
It was brought to me this morning by
a rider from the Duke.
"Madam, we regret to inform you that
Lord Hartwell
Died in action Thursday se'nnight."³
As I read it in the white, morning
sunlight,
The letters squirmed like snakes.
"Any answer, Madam?" said my foot-
man.
"No," I told him.
"See that the messenger takes some
refreshment.
No, no answer."
And I walked into the garden,
Up and down the patterned paths,
In my stiff, correct brocade.
The blue and yellow flowers stood up
proudly in the sun,
Each one.
I stood upright too,
Held rigid to the pattern
By the stiffness of my gown.
Up and down I walked,
Up and down.

In a month he would have been my
husband.
In a month, here, underneath this
lime,
We would have broken the pattern:
He for me, and I for him,
He as Colonel, I as Lady,
On this shady seat.
He had a whim
That sunlight carried blessing.
And I answered, "It shall be as you
have said."
Now he is dead.

In Summer and in Winter I shall walk
Up and down
The patterned garden paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown.
The squills and daffodils
Will give place to pillared roses,⁴ and
to asters, and to snow.
I shall go

¹ *plashing*: splashing.

² *swoon*: faint.

³ *Thursday se'nnight*: a week ago Thursday.

⁴ *pillared roses*: roses grown around a pillar.

Up and down,
 In my gown,
 Gorgeously arrayed,
 Boned and stayed.
 And the softness of my body will be
 guarded from embrace
 By each button, hook, and lace.
 For the man who should loose me is
 dead,
 Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,
 In a pattern called a war.
 Christ! What are patterns for?

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Amy Lowell's grandfather was a cousin of James Russell Lowell. What do you suppose James Russell Lowell would have thought of her poetry? Why might he have wondered whether it was really poetry? How has the form of poetry changed since his day?

2. This poem belongs to a type known as imagist poetry. The rhythm is pleasing to the ear, but is not exact and measured as in most of the poems you have read. An imagist writer achieves the effect of poetry through the meaning of the words, rather than through the sound. He uses the words to create a series of pictures that are intended to stir the imagination and the emotion.

3. What pictures did you see as you read the poem? Did you feel the sadness of the woman in her brocaded gown, mourning for her lover who had been killed? Did you feel with her that she was hopelessly imprisoned in the pattern of a stiff garden, a stiff gown, and a stiff and formal etiquette?

4. Do you understand what the author meant by a pattern? What kind of pattern do you follow in living your life? Are there certain things you must do, certain things expected of you, and certain traditions you must follow? Why do not all people live according to the same patterns? Why is it a good thing that people have certain differences and therefore slightly different patterns of living? Write an essay in which you set forth your views as to the kind of pattern a person may safely follow without curbing his individuality.

THE NEIGHBORS*

By ZONA GALE

The following one-act play tells what happened one morning in a small-town neighborhood, before automobiles and moving pictures were as common as they are today.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

GRANDMA

MIS¹ DIANTHA ABEL

EZRA WILLIAMS

PETER

INEZ

MIS' ELMIRA MORAN

MIS' TROT

MIS' CARRY ELLSWORTH

SCENE: A kitchen. At the right an ironing-board, with full clothes-basket on the floor. At the back an open door, an open window with blooming plants on its outside sill, and a wide cupboard with a figured-calico curtain before it. At the left an exit into a shed. A wooden-bottomed rocker with high back and calico cushion, some wooden-bottomed, straight chairs, a table covered with a red cloth and arranged with four or five lamps, and at the corner farthest from the ironing-board, clothes-bars spread with a few freshly ironed pieces. By the window, left back, sits GRANDMA, who does not leave her chair throughout the play until its end. She is very old. She is in bright-colored calico, with ribbons on her black cap. She is cutting and winding white and black carpet rags, and a basket of the balls is beside her on the floor. MIS' DIANTHA ABEL is ironing at the board. She has on a blue-calico gown, a long gingham apron, spectacles, and a black hat

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¹ Mis' (mīs): a local pronunciation of Mrs.

trimmed with faded flowers and a dilapidated ostrich feather. She irons slowly, as anybody would iron, tests her flat-iron,¹ starts for the shed to renew it at the stove out there.

GRANDMA [*looking up*]. Seems to me Inez is a terrible long time gettin' that starch.

MIS' ABEL. I wish she'd hurry herself back. I ain't got enough starch to do the collars.

GRANDMA. I'll cold-starch 'em for you, if you want.

MIS' ABEL. No, Grandma, you jest set still and take care o' yourself. Don't you go botherin' about other folks's work.

GRANDMA. I'm terrible tired cutting up carpet rags. [*MIS' ABEL disappears in the shed. GRANDMA, sorting her rags, talks on, raising her voice to follow MIS' ABEL.*] 'Tain't as though they was goin' to be rugs. We got rag rugs all over the house now. So has everybody else we know. Everybody's floors is plastered with 'em. I been cuttin' rags ever since I came an' doin' nothing' [*MIS' ABEL returns with her fresh iron, testing it as she comes.*] but cuttin' rags. Seems like I'd ought to be able to make somethin' else with my fingers. Somethin' human. Where you goin', Dianthy?

MIS' ABEL. I'm a-goin' to get this ironin' out of the way, short off.² That is, I am if Inez ever gets back from Mis' Ellsworth's with that cup o' starch.

GRANDMA. What you got your hat on for?

MIS' ABEL. So's if anybody runs in they won't set henderin'³ me. They'll think I'm goin' off.

GRANDMA. I know. The neighbors do hender terrible. [*A pause.*] Sometimes, though, I think it must be

kind o' nice to have somethin' to be hendered at.

MIS' ABEL [*ironing—but not fast*]. I always say mornin's is wove and cut out for hard work. I don't want Mis' Moran or somebody comin' in an' settin' the whole forenoon. This ironin's got to be got out of the way this mornin', no matter what happens to who. [*Her iron sticks, and she rubs it vigorously on the carpet.*]

GRANDMA [*who has dropped her work and is reaching to pick dead leaves off the plants in the window*]. I don't seem to have no go in me no more. I don't know what's come over me. I ain't no more interested in them carpet rags than I am in the diphtery.

[*EZRA WILLIAMS appears at the open window. He is large and flushed and furious.*]

EZRA. Mis' Abel! Mis' Abel!

MIS' ABEL [*looks at him, then turns and goes on ironing*]. Well, Ezra, as a family, we ain't deaf.

EZRA. Is this you folks's wood out here?

MIS' ABEL [*over shoulder*]. Wood?

EZRA. I want to know if you folks ordered any cordwood?⁴

MIS' ABEL. No. We didn't order no wood.

EZRA. Well, they've brought you some. Only they've unpiled it in front of my door on the piece⁵ that's new-seeded⁶ and that I've tended like a baby.

MIS' ABEL. Ezra, you're that reasonable that I s'pose it's reasonin' that keeps you so calm. That wood never heard of us.

EZRA. You sure?

MIS' ABEL. Not as sure as you are about things. You don't often find folks as sure as that. But—sure.

⁴ cordwood: firewood, measured in units called cords.

⁵ piece: land.

⁶ new-seeded: in which seeds have just been planted.

¹ tests her flat-iron: wets her finger in her mouth, then touches the iron to see if it sizzles.

² short off: right away, or shortly.

³ henderin': hindering.

EZRA. Well, it's somebody's fool wood, an' I've got to go an' find the fool that ordered it up—[*He strides off, still talking.*] Whoever heard o' anybody gettin' cordwood in, anyhow, in the middle o' the summer?

[GRANDMA, who has stopped picking off dead leaves and has listened attentively during his stay, looks after him till he disappears; then she turns to MIS' ABEL.]

GRANDMA. What did he say?

MIS' ABEL. Did he talk too soft for you, Grandma?

GRANDMA. He was so mad I couldn't keep my mind on what he was saying.

MIS' ABEL. Oh, well, he was just talkin' to hear himself talk. About some cordwood.

GRANDMA. It don't seem as if anybody *could* be so interested in cordwood.

MIS' ABEL. They ain't nothin' in the world for Ezra but just Ezra. Nothin' in the world for him but just—him.

GRANDMA [*looking off*]. Don't you s'pose there is? It don't seem like they's enough to *anybody* to occupy 'em the whole time.

[Up to the open door comes PETER. He is tall, awkward, grave; long, uncovered wrists, heavy, falling hands; but he has an occasional shy smile.]

PETER [*on the porch*]. Good mornin', Mis' Abel.

MIS' ABEL. Oh, good morning, Peter. I just happen to be ironin' a flat-piece, so I don't have to put my mind on it. I'm goin' to do the collars next [*pointedly*], and they take thought. What's wanted?

PETER [*shuffling, turning his hat*]. Any groceries this morning, Mis' Abel?

MIS' ABEL. Groceries?

PETER [*nods and enters*]. I've started takin' orders for Ferguson.

MIS' ABEL. Well, I'm glad to hear that. When do you start?

PETER. Today.

MIS' ABEL. Does many order to the door?

PETER. I dunno. I've just started. I'm just startin'. Now.

MIS' ABEL [*rubbing her iron on the carpet*]. I ain't doin' no orderin' today. We've got to eat up what we've got. Unless you want to bring me fif' cents worth o' granulated sugar. You might do that. Get up there and get me that basket of odds an' ends on the top of the cupboard. Seems to me I see a piece o' beeswax¹ up there.

PETER [*finishes writing down the order for sugar and brings a chair from near GRANDMA'S chair*]. I thought I'd just stop in an' see. You don't think she—[*He stumbles over the chair he is carrying.*] she wouldn't want anything this morning, would she, Mis' Abel?

MIS' ABEL. Who's she? Who you talking about?

PETER. Why, Inez.

MIS' ABEL. I thought it was Incz. Why didn't you say so in the first place? I hate di-plomacy in man or beast.

PETER [*who has not quite reached the cupboard with the chair, sets it down and turns abruptly*]. Well, then, I'll say it now. Mis' Abel! Why don't she treat me right?

MIS' ABEL. Treat you right? [PETER, his momentary courage going, takes the chair on over to the cupboard, turns, nods mutely.] Why, I don't see how she can. Near as I can make out, you never open your head when you're with her.

PETER [*climbing on chair*]. It's funny about me, Mis' Abel. [From the chair.] Honest, I dunno what to do about me, sometimes.

¹ beeswax: The wax forming the partitions in a honeycomb. It is rubbed on the iron to make it smoother.

MIS' ABEL. Well, stop thinkin' about you so much.

PETER [*spreading out his hands*]. I do try to. But when I try to think how to stop myself thinking about myself, there's myself thinkin' about me.

MIS' ABEL. Think about somethin' else, then! Get me down that basket. You can stand and talk to me all day. I don't see why you can't talk to her.

PETER [*reaching for basket*]. I could talk all right enough. But my tongue won't. I could—but my tongue, it won't. [*Turns with the basket.*] Why, some girls I know I can jolly like the dickens. But Inez—when she comes along, Mis' Abel, I can't remember anything I know. [*Has taken down the basket and turns with it in his hands.*] History now—I know a real lot of history. And about birds and things. I'd like to talk with her about them. But last week, when I took her to the picnic, I couldn't think out any of 'em to say no more'n a hen.

[*He makes a large gesture with the basket at a perilous angle.*]

MIS' ABEL [*with a quick movement to catch the basket*]. Well, don't ask me to tell you how to court. Men that don't know history from a coach-and-four¹ can court successful. [*Hunting for beeswax in the basket.*] But you can't expect Inez to know whether she likes you or not if you sit like a block.² Say something—do something so's she'll know you're alive.

PETER [*despondently, as he climbs down*]. I know it. I ain't much. An' what little I am don't show through somehow. [*He drags the chair back to its place beside GRANDMA in MIS' ABEL'S assenting silence. Sets the chair down with a bang.*] Honest, Mis' Abel, I wouldn't care much what happened to me.

[*GRANDMA looks up at him, and drops a ball of carpet rags. PETER picks it up and it unrolls away from him toward the door. GRANDMA suddenly laughs out, an old woman's laugh, shrill, but not unkindly.*]

PETER [*miserably*]. I guess I am a joke.

GRANDMA. Joke nothin'. You're a human. You're a human an' you don't know it. I see a-many in my day.

MIS' ABEL [*waxing her iron*]. Well, a body needn't be a fool if they are human. My goodness, if Inez don't get here with that starch—

[*INEZ comes up on the porch. She is slight and very girlish. She wears a straight, dull-reddish gown. She is hatless and excited.*]

INEZ [*with marked and slightly ironical sweetness to PETER, who is almost at the door*]. So sorry to have missed you, Peter. Good-by, then. Mother! Guess!

MIS' ABEL [*ironing*]. Guess what? I'm too busy.

INEZ. Well, but listen. It's important. It's awful—

MIS' ABEL [*pausing, iron in hand, and looking over her shoulder*]. Well, out with it. What is it? What you making such a fuss about it for?

INEZ. It's Mis' Ellsworth's sister. She's died out West. And they're sending her little boy out here to Mis' Ellsworth.

MIS' ABEL [*setting down her iron*]. My land a living! Carry Ellsworth with a boy on top of everything else!

INEZ. I know it. She just heard last night. And she's home trying to think what to do.

MIS' ABEL. When's he going to get here?

INEZ. Tonight on the 7:58.

MIS' ABEL [*pushing her hair back and taking her hat with it*]. Ain't that just the end of everything?

¹ coach-and-four: a coach with four horses.

² like a block: without showing any life.

INEZ. And her with nobody to do a thing for her.

PETER [*who has dropped the ball again at sight of INEZ, has been making more and more of a tangle of the carpet rags ever since she entered*]. They couldn't anybody do anything, could they?

INEZ. Well, of course they could! There'll be things for everybody to do that knows her.

[PETER comes toward her, his tangle of carpet rags following him. He and INEZ talk apart, he awkward and mostly mute, she evidently mocking him as they try to disentangle the rags.]

MIS' ABEL [*has walked over toward GRANDMA and stands, one arm akimbo*]. Did you understand, Grandma? Carry Ellsworth's sister's boy is coming to live with her [*with disapproving emphasis*].

GRANDMA. Boy? A little boy?

MIS' ABEL. Yes, sir. Tonight. Comin' tonight on the 7:58.

GRANDMA [*placidly*]. Ain't that nice?

MIS' ABEL. Nice? And her all alone in the world?

GRANDMA. Yes. Him comin' and her all alone. She won't be alone no more. I wish't I was younger and could do for one.

MIS' ABEL. My land, I should think you've had enough to do for. I guess you never had no peace till you come into our family that you didn't begin by belongin' to.¹

GRANDMA [*bursting out*]. Peace! That's it. Now I've got peace. Peace an' carpet rags.

[*When they are not looking she gives a big white ball of carpet rags a vicious throw through the shed door.*]

MIS' ABEL [*harking back*]. Nice. You think it's nice. Why, Carry Ellsworth won't know what to do with a boy no more than nothing in this world. I dunno what she is goin' to do to dress him.

¹ didn't begin by belongin' to: joined by marriage.

INEZ [*turning with the properly wound ball*]. We'll have to think of somebody that'll have some cast-off clothes.

MIS' ABEL [*impatiently*]. Boys' duds makes awful good weather strips. Before we got the upstairs plastered I use' to wish I'd had a boy or two. It's goin' to be an awful nuisance, doin' for him. There's some of your pa's clothes she might use. I dunno's it'll need clothes first pop, though. But they's everything to think of—

[PETER starts forward, his face bright with what he means to try to say.]

PETER. Oh, Inez. . . . That is, oh, Mis' Abel. I'm a boy. I mean I was a boy. I mean I've got some trousers—and a coat—and another coat. Shall I get 'em?

MIS' ABEL. What do you mean—something to cut over?² Well, get 'em, of course. What you standing there for? Get 'em and bring 'em here. Inez, you run over an' ask Mis' Trot to come in for a minute. Mind you say a minute, or she'll set the whole forenoon.

PETER [*at the door*]. Are you comin' now, Inez? I—I go that way too.

INEZ [*airily*]. Oh, don't you wait for me, Peter. I've got some things to see to.

[Exit PETER, looking at her dumbly.]

INEZ. Mother, hasn't Peter got any lungs?

MIS' ABEL. Lungs?

INEZ. Or maybe it's brains. He looks nice enough—he looks real nice. But he acts as if he didn't have good sense when it comes to talkin'.

MIS' ABEL. Your pa was the same way.

INEZ [*indignantly*]. Father?

MIS' ABEL. Certainly. After we was married, whenever he begun actin' like he knew it all, an' like I wasn't nothin' but the fly-leaf o' things,³ I

² to cut over: cut down and make over.

³ fly-leaf o' things: a blank page.

used to remember how perfectly simple he did use' to act when I first knew him—when he was first makin' up. An' many's the time I've just laughed to myself, and gone and done like he told me to, sheer¹ through rememberin' how simple and scairt and green he did use to act.

INEZ [*softly*]. Father? *Father!*

MIS' ABEL. Him. Now run for Mis' Trot and don't be lettin' me let my spare-room pillow shams² dry. I guess I'll carry this one in here out o' the dirt.

[*Exit with sham.*]

GRANDMA. Daniel was like that too. He done things regular green-horn. I remember the day we was engaged, he almost made such a botch of it I didn't know what he meant. He busts out and says, "*Will you?*" an' I thought he meant would I go to the huskin' bee³ and I said, "Yes." When I see my mistake—well, I let it go at that. I see what hard work he was makin' of it.

INEZ. That was old Uncle Daniel, wasn't it? I remember him. He was awful old.

GRANDMA. Well, but I bet he was consider'ble more up to snuff⁴ than your young popinjays is now!

INEZ [*hastily*]. Oh, yes. Oh, I know—[*She retreats to the door and is met on the threshold by Mis' ELMIRA MORAN.*] Oh, good morning, Mis' Moran. Come in. Mother'll be back in a minute. Sit down. [*Exit.*]

MIS' MORAN [*stout, sixty, gets about with difficulty. She has a scarf wound many times about her head, but no shawl. Unwinds scarf deliberately and sinks in rocker as she speaks.*]. I dunno as I can. My leg is so bad I can hardly hobble.

¹ sheer: just.

² pillow shams: ornamental coverings laid over the bed pillows when they are not in use.

³ huskin' bee: an old-fashioned social which included a corn-husking contest for the men.

⁴ up to snuff: alert.

And my left shoulder don't get no better. Nor my head—it don't act right. I dunno but my time is come and my grave is diggin' around the next corner. I feel that way. I told Jake so. [*Enter Mis' ABEL.*]

MIS' ABEL. Good mornin', Mis' Moran. Ain't it just perfectly dreadful about—

MIS' MORAN. Dreadful! I dunno what I am goin' to do if it keeps up. I was just sayin', I said so to Jake only this mornin'. I says, "Jake," I says, "I'm gettin' so that I'm su'prised whenever I wake up alive. Whenever I do it," I says, "it's like every blessed mornin' of my life was a genuine resurrection for me. I feel it."

MIS' ABEL. What you talkin' about?

MIS' MORAN. If that ain't just like Jake's treatment of me. Right while I was talkin' to him this mornin', Jake asked me if I'd remembered to set the pancakes.⁵ Said he didn't hear me do it.

MIS' ABEL. Well, but land, land—what's that got to do—

MIS' MORAN. I'd been goin' to tell him about my back, but I hadn't the heart. I just laid and cried. Mis' Abel, my back's been behavin' so queer, I can hardly move it. Why, the last few days—

MIS' ABEL [*positively*]. Just you put your finger on the place, Elmira Moran, till I tell you the news. Carry Ellsworth's got a baby.

MIS' MORAN [*sits bolt upright suddenly and with ease*]. A what?

MIS' ABEL. It ain't here yet. It's due tonight.

MIS' MORAN [*rises, steps toward Mis' ABEL easily and eagerly*]. What under the sun do you mean, Dianthy Abel? Carry Ellsworth's goin' to have a baby—

⁵ set the pancakes: make the pancake batter the night before.

MIS' ABEL. Tonight. On the 7:58. Her sister's that died out West. At least the boy's alive and they're sending him to her.

MIS' MORAN [*limps slowly back to her chair*]. You'd ought not to give me them turns, Dianthy. The doctor says I mustn't forget for a single minut the condition I'm in. How old is he?

MIS' ABEL. Well, let me see—
[INEZ appears in doorway with MIS' TROT. MIS' TROT is little and "wiry" and active and alert. She comes in with a collar in one hand and a brooch in the other.]

INEZ. Here's Mis' Trot, Mother.

MIS' TROT. Well, did you ever hear anything like it, ever? Carry Ellsworth, of all the folks under the canopy!¹

MIS' ABEL. That's just exactly what I said.

INEZ [*going to table where lamps are ranged and beginning to clean them*]. How much does she get a month now?

MIS' TROT [*at the mirror over the shelf, putting on her collar, speaks with the brooch between her lips*]. Why, she only gets her eight dollars a month pension from her husband's leg.

MIS' ABEL. And then of course whatever she earns substitutin' clerkin', when clerks are sick.

MIS' MORAN. But barrin' Christmas week I don't believe that amounts to shucks² for pay.

MIS' TROT [*drawing up as a matter of course to help INEZ with the lamp chimneys*]. It struck me all of a heap. An' we'd just found a buffalo bug³ in the parlor carpet. Yes, sir. A buffalo bug. In my parlor. I tried to step on it—but you know how they are. No corpse⁴ to 'em

¹ under the canopy: under the sky.

² amounts to shucks: slang expression meaning amounts to nothing.

³ buffalo bug: a carpet beetle.

⁴ corpse: body.

whatever. I couldn't tell whether I hit it or not—and they always run like horses. I've come right off an' left him there, if he is there. I wouldn't of done such a thing, but, thinks I, what's Carry Ellsworth goin' to do? How old's this child?

MIS' ABEL. That's what we was figurin' when you come in. Now, Lucretia Ellsworth was married the year we moved out of the Kane house—no, that was Elmira, wasn't it? I guess Lucretia wasn't married till the next year. We was livin' in the Mitchell house.

MIS' MORAN. I thought you lived in the Mitchell house before you lived in the Kane? Wasn't you livin' in the Mitchell house when our barn burned?

MIS' TROT. N—o. [*That peculiar long-drawn "no," with a sound of d in the n.*] You wasn't. Why [*to MIS MORAN*], your barn never burned till the winter I was livin' alone. I remember wakin' up alone in the house and seein' the glare.

MIS ABEL. I know we was livin' in the Mitchell house when Lucretia was married because I remember runnin' acrost home for more spoons durin' the ceremony. I know I missed my cry⁵ altogether, 'count o' not gettin' back till the congratulations. I'd hid my spoons in the spare-room closet and I come over after 'em, all hurried and rattled an' dressed up and I could not remember where I'd put them. Let's see that was six—seven—eight—

MIS' MORAN. Oh, that wasn't more'n seven years ago this summer. Because we bought out the Sparks grocery most eight years ago, an' I remember sellin' Hackett Ellsworth the five pounds o' rice.

MIS' TROT. Why, Mis' Moran—it was all of eight years ago. You

⁵ missed my cry: it was customary to cry during the wedding ceremony.

forget how Time flies. I'd 'a' said nine, to be on the safe side.

MIS' ABEL. Yes, it must 'a' been eight years ago. I know it was the year Inez had her first ready-made suit. Yes, Carry's boy must be about six-seven years old. It don't seem possible.

INEZ. Carry? I thought you said Lucretia's wedding?

MIS' ABEL. Well, Carry was married right after. She hadn't meant to be so soon. But her father didn't want to put up the parlor stove so long's the two girls wasn't goin' to be home, so she was married in the fall to save the bother of a stove weddin'.

MIS' MORAN. Six-seven years old. Land, land! Just the hard age to take care of, when they begin to be smart. What is she goin' to do?

MIS' ABEL. Just his mere victuals¹ is an item.

MIS' TROT [sighing]. Yes, sir. Another mouth is another mouth excep' when it's a boy's mouth. Then it's a regular bureau drawer.

MIS' MORAN. This is goin' to be an awful pull for the poor thing. She wouldn't take money, though, I don't suppose, even if anybody had any to offer her?

INEZ. Oh—not money!

MIS' TROT. No—the last way to help anybody is to give 'em money.

MIS' MORAN. Well, of course Carry'll look to us all to advise her some.

MIS' TROT. Oh, I dunno but advice is next worse than money.

MIS' ABEL. Well, it's goin' to be a terrible lot of trouble, whatever way you look at it. I should say the thing she needs is a *job*. But while she's gettin' it she'd ought to have some clothes and some extry bedding and I dunno what all. And you

know what that means—attemptin' to get together truck like that.

MIS' TROT. I could 'a' done a little somethin' today if it hadn't been for that buffalo bug. But as it is I mustn't stay a minute longer. That animal'll be up into my lace curtains. How you goin' to go at gettin' the stuff together?

MIS' ABEL [ironing hard]. Well, I do hate to load it onto her in tied-up bundles at the back door. I dunno but we'd ought to go to the trouble of a pound party² or somethin' like that.

MIS' TROT [looking up with changing expression]. That would be kind of nice—wouldn't it?

MIS' ABEL. Carry didn't have much of any wedding presents. And she never had a baby. I dunno as I ever set foot in her house to any real occasion excep' a funeral. [Turns with her iron in her hand.] Supposin' we was to give her a kind of a shower?

MIS' MORAN. A what? A shower?

MIS' TROT. Like they have for babies?

INEZ. Oh, no! I know what Mother means. Like they have for brides.

MIS' ABEL [sets down her iron, turns and leans against the ironing-board. Puts pillow sham on chair-back]. I mean a shower—whether for bride, babe, or just anybody. It would be a lot of back-aching work, but we could make it real nice for her.

GRANDMA [who has worked on, without looking up, until MIS' ABEL has said "shower." Then she has listened]. So you could. Go on and do it. Seems to me you could make it so sort of sociable and friendly it wouldn't seem a bit nasty, like charity does.

MIS' TROT [looking away, with expression growing more rapt]. Be

¹ mere victuals: food only.

² pound party: a party to which each person brings a pound of food or groceries as a gift.



"SUPPOSIN' WE WAS TO GIVE HER A KIND OF A SHOWER"

kind of nice if you could have it the night the child gets here. But that's tonight. Of course you couldn't do that.

MIS' MORAN. Well, of course, I can't do a thing on account o' my back. But I should think if you could scrape the things together today so's to take 'em with you when you go, you could have it tonight all right.

MIS' TROT [*sitting upright—not suddenly, but still with her rapt manner, leaning forward with her hands across her knees*]. An' be there with 'em when she comes back from the depot with the boy!

MIS' MORAN. And you could have all the things she needs piled in the middle of the front-room floor and you be in there with the door shut

when she got there—[*edging forward on her chair*—clothes and groceries an' I dunno but some toys—

MIS' ABEL. Be an awful job, managin'. How'd we let ourselves into the house?

MIS' TROT [*really kindling*]. Easiest thing in the world. I could go in an' set with her awhile before she starts for the 7:58. I could take her in a cup o' jell. And then I could tell her I'd set there on the porch so's to have a look at him when she got back.

MIS' ABEL. And then you could let us all in. That's the ticket.¹ My land, look at me near settin' on my spare-room pillow sham.

MIS' TROT [*laying down last lamp chimney and going to the door to shake*
¹ the ticket: slang meaning a good idea.

the cloth. Speaks over shoulder, shaking cloth. Well, you do that and you can count on me to be over there when you come. You won't have much trouble gettin' the stuff. [*Giving the cloth to INEZ and turning toward the door.*] I've got to get back to that buffalo bug now, or it'll be layin' eggs in every pattern in my carpet.

[*INEZ carries lamps to their high shelf, puts away cloths.*]

MIS' ABEL. You come back here.

MIS' TROT [*looks at her in surprise*]. But—

MIS' ABEL. You can't be going home, not with all there'll be to see to.

MIS' TROT. I just can't do it. That buffalo bug—

MIS' ABEL. You forget that buffalo bug, Mis' Trot, an' tell us what to have for refreshments. Strawberries? Or a little canned fruit and loaf-cake?

MIS' TROT [*returning*]. Why, of course we've got to feed 'em. I never thought o' that. *Canned fruit.* I'd just as soon anybody'd set me down to oatmeal as canned fruit—*when* it's a party. Strawberries—well—No, for the land's sakes, if we're going to do it, let's us do it. Let's us have ice cream or nothin'—

MIS' MORAN. Be nice for the little boy, too.

MIS' ABEL. But, my land, it costs so to buy it—

MIS' TROT. Buy it? Who said anything about buying it? I'll freeze it. I can make it cheaper'n anybody in this town.

MIS' ABEL. Well, of course you can. That's what we'll do. You freeze it.

MIS' TROT [*excitedly*]. I can make it for fourteen cents a quart and freeze it myself, puttin' in our own cow and chickens.¹ Yes, I'll do it—buffalo

bug or no buffalo bug. A gallon'll be enough. We can all chip in—

[*Stamping up on the porch comes EZRA WILLIAMS. He is still more exasperated, and he comes in without greeting anyone and with his hat on his head.*]

EZRA. Well, I been to both you folks's houses, huntin' you up. An' I been down town lookin' for the men. Which one o' you ordered wood? Whoever it was can send your men folks straight out here and unpile it from in front of my door, a stick at a time.

MIS' ABEL. I've told him we didn't order no wood.

MIS' MORAN. Well, *we* didn't. We been cuttin' wood from the wood lot for years.

MIS' TROT. We don't burn none. We burn soft coal—what we have left over after we've sprinkled the house with it thorough, an' our clothes an' our hands an' our necks.

EZRA [*stands puzzled but still warlike*]. Well, it's somebody's fool wood. It must belong somewheres in the block. Just ask your men folks when they come home this noon. I bet you one of 'em—

MIS' ABEL. Let's tell him. Wait a minute, Ezra. We want—

EZRA. I can't wait. I've got my hands so full they sag.

INEZ. Oh, Mr. Williams! I know whose wood that is. It must be Mis' Ellsworth's. I heard her wonderin' this morning why it hadn't come.

EZRA. Well, of all the snide² swindles! I've got too much to do to unpile no cord of wood for no woman, widow or worse—

[*He is at the threshold when MIS' ABEL stops him.*]

MIS' ABEL [*clapping her hands and following him*]. Ezra! Ezra Williams Stop goin' on and listen hard. Carry

¹snide: tricky.

¹puttin' in our own cow and chickens: using our own milk and eggs.

Ellsworth's sister's boy is comin' on to her tonight to support.

EZRA [*at the door*]. Support? Well, I can't help that. I'm doin' some supportin' myself—working my wings off at it. And when it comes to an extry job for nothin'—

MIS' ABEL. Yes, but Carry Ellsworth ain't you. Here's a boy plumpin' down on her to feed and clothe and lug up¹ to man's estate.²

EZRA. Well, ain't that just like a woman! Always gettin' herself come down onto by a lot o' distant relatives to support.

MIS' ABEL. Well, it is goin' to make trouble for everybody, but we ought to—

MIS' MORAN. We thought it'd be real nice to do for her friendly, at a party—

MIS' TROT. And have 'em have refreshments—ice cream and cake. And have everybody bring things.

MIS' ABEL. Wait till I tell him. And all be there when she gets back from the depot—all waiting, in her house, to s'prise her. Couldn't you get hold of some men and see what they could get together? Us ladies'll see to some clothes, but—

MIS' MORAN. You scrape up some money, Ezra. Or some groceries—canned stuff, or like that—

MIS' TROT. And have 'em all sent to one place, hadn't we better?

MIS' ABEL. Have 'em all sent here. Then some of the men can come and tote 'em³ over when we see her go off to meet the 7:58.

EZRA [*who has stood shaking his head, edging away*]. Yah—pa'cel o' women.⁴ Ain't that just like 'em? Do you think I ain't got anything else to do? Ain't enough o' you women to tend

to the society end of this town and its relations? No—don't you expect no time out of me. I might send over some little thing—but I ain't a minute to spare today, I tell you.

[*He is out of the door with the last words*].

GRANDMA [*who has been looking up at him with fixed attention*]. Well, now, would you think anybody would be that much interested in cordwood?

MIS' ABEL. No, sir, you wouldn't.

MIS' MORAN. Well, ain't that just awful for him not to do one thing?

MIS' TROT. Him with nothin' but cordwood on his hands, mind you—and me with a buffalo bug!

MIS' ABEL. As near as I can see we've got to put this thing through ourselves. You take up-street, Mis' Trot, and Mis' Moran, you take down-street—and I'll take the business part. Everybody's always after them,⁵ so I think you really squirm more askin' though you do get it so easy. Inez, you might be lookin' up some of your old picture books for the boy, or somethin' to amuse him. Come on, ladies.

MIS' TROT, MIS' ABEL, MIS' MORAN [*all talking together as they go out, MIS' MORAN having forgotten her limp*]. Who'll I get to bake the cakes? Well, I'd get some good cake-makers, for mercy's sakes, and there's only about six in town. I know where I'm going for a cake. I'm going straight for Mis' Ezra Williams. [*Exeunt all three.*]

INEZ. I'll iron off a flat piece or two first.

[*She goes to the shed to change the iron.*]

GRANDMA [*peering out of the windows, through the plants*]. Dum 'em. They've gone off to do things. And I'm so old, so fool old. [*She smiles her hands together.*] Oh, God, can't you make us hurry? Can't you make us hurry? Get us to the time

¹ lug up: rear, or bring up.

² to man's estate: to a grown man.

³ tote 'em: carry them.

⁴ pa'cel o' women: crowd of women.

⁵ them: people in the business section of town.

when we won't have to dry up like a pippin¹ before we're ready to be took off? Our heads an' our hearts an' our legs an' our backs—oh, make 'em last busy, *busy*, right up to the time the hearse backs up to the door!

INEZ [*returns, picks up a piece from the basket, looks over at her*]. What's the matter, Grandma?

GRANDMA. Eh, nothin'. Only, I'm folks. That's all. I mean I was folks—me that was folks and now ain't.

[INEZ looks at her, puzzled, and stands rubbing the iron on a newspaper when PETER reappears in the doorway, the sugar under his arm, and in his hand a paper.]

PETER. Mis' Abel! I forgot to ask you just what things you need for that little boy—Oh, you here, Inez? I thought you was out. I thought—Here's your mother's sugar.

INEZ [*cooling her iron and not looking at him*]. I'm sorry Mother isn't in. She'll be back in a few minutes. Won't you come back then?

PETER. Inez! I've got lots of conversation in me.

[INEZ searches his face swiftly. Goes on with ironing.]

PETER [*with determination*]. I mean I don't say half the things I could say.

INEZ [*with a moment of understanding and sympathy, she leans on the board and looks at him*]. What about, Peter?

PETER. About—about—oh, things. I think of so many things, Inez, when I'm alone, that I'd like to tell you.

INEZ [*still the same*]. Why don't you tell me? What are they about?

PETER. Well, woods things, and about water rats—and gophers—and and—birds' nests!

INEZ [*still understanding and patient*]. Well, I like these things, too, you know, Peter. Tell me some now.

¹ pippin: a seedling apple.

PETER [*looking wild*]. Well—Birds' nests. They's—they's quite a few birds' nests in the trees this spring. . .

INEZ [*bursts into sudden uncontrollable laughter*]. In the trees! Oh, come now, Peter! Not birds' nests in the trees! Oh—Peter! You mustn't tell me things like that!

PETER [*struggling desperately*]. Well, orioles now. Orioles. I saw an oriole by Thatcher's barn. Its note was all wavy—

INEZ [*grave again*]. I know it. I've heard 'em. I love 'em.

PETER. And I thought—what was it I thought when I heard him call—

INEZ. What—Peter?

[Sets down her iron and, an elbow in her hand, the other hand over her mouth, she watches him quizzically and somewhat wistfully.]

PETER [*simply*]. It was something I liked to think. And I knew I thought how you'd like it too. Most folks don't hear 'em call. Lots of folks don't hear lot of things. But you do. And I do. Ain't that kind of nice—like them things was for you and me—[He catches at a corner of her apron, lifts it, and drops it, disconcerted.] Mebbe you dunno what I mean.

INEZ. Oh, Peter, Peter! [*Laughs with her eyes shut*]. Oh, Peter!

PETER [*turns away, looks up in another part of the room*]. I know it. I don't know why it is I can't talk to you, Inez. I think of things I want to say to you, but when I'm with you I don't seem able to think 'em over again. There's history now. I was readin' some history last night. There was so many things I wanted to tell you in it. I—I know you'd of thought so, too!

INEZ. Really. You think I would? Well, then, here I am. Try me!

PETER. I can't. I didn't plan it out this way—and you laughing.

INEZ. Oh, tell me—do. Was it about robbers—and princesses—and castles, Peter? Was it about knights and swords and roses—

PETER. Oh, it was better things. One was about Peter the Great, you know. Him. He was a—my, he was just a dandy!

INEZ [*now really at the end of her patience*]. Was that what you wished to tell me?

PETER [*miserably*]. No. But—

INEZ. Because if it was, I'm not in the least interested in Peter the Great! Not-in-the-least! [*She marches across the floor to the shed door to renew her iron, and on the threshold she turns, overcome again by the sorry figure he has cut.*] Peter, oh, Peter—

[*Laughs with her eyes shut; and goes into the shed. PETER sits where she has left him, and drops his head in his hands.*]

GRANDMA [*suddenly wheels in her chair*]. Young man! [*PETER lifts his head.*] Do you call that courtin'? [*PETER makes a helpless gesture.*] Because if I couldn't court no better than that I'd go and batch it¹ and be done with it. You court like a stick of wood.

PETER [*with a hopeless gesture*]. What'll I do?

GRANDMA. Do? Do what most everybody in the world has to do before they can fit their skins and skulls. Quit thinkin' about yourself. Dunce!

PETER. Well, but I—I—

[*INEZ comes back with the iron. GRANDMA subsides. PETER rises miserably.*]

PETER. I guess I'll have to be going.

INEZ. Oh, must you? Well, good-by, Peter.

PETER. I s'pose it's all done there is to do about the little chap—the one that's coming?

¹ batch it: set up a bachelor's establishment.

INEZ. Why, of course it isn't. Who did you think did it all?

PETER. Do—do you think I could be any use to 'em?

[*INEZ amazes him by dropping her flat-iron with a clatter on the ironing-stand and bursting into sobs.*]

PETER. Inez! What is it?

[*He leaps to her, for the first time unconscious of himself, and puts his arms about her. For just a moment she leans to him, then springs free and speaks angrily.*]

INEZ. It's nothing. It's nothing. I tell you. Go 'way, Peter. Please go 'way!

PETER [*stands still for a moment, then flings up his head and speaks in wonder*]. Inez! Inez! Do you care because I'm a fool?

INEZ. Go 'way, Peter. Please go 'way.

PETER. Well, I will go—now. But by the great horn spoon, Inez, I'll come back!

[*He rushes out. INEZ runs to GRANDMA, sinks beside her, buries her face in her gown.*]

INEZ. Grandma, Grandma! Why can't he be like other folks? Why can't he be like other folks?

GRANDMA [*with great tenderness*]. Hush—dearie. Hardly anybody ever is. Hardly anybody is.

[*Moment's pause.*]

[*The door opens, and MIS' ABEL enters sidewise, her arms piled with old clothes. She is calling to somebody over her shoulder.*]

MIS' ABEL. Well, supposin' they are too big? Send 'em along—send 'em along. I've cut over more of 'em than I ever made new ones. [*Closes the door behind her by pushing against it.*] My land, that's been a tug. Folks has kept a-givin' me things an' I've kep' sayin' I'd take 'em right along. [*Dropping things on the floor and keeping them together.*] I know



"GO 'WAY, PETER, PLEASE GO 'WAY"

'em. If folks had waited to send the stuff by somebody they'd 'a' took to lookin' it over again an' got to snippin' off the buttons and mebbe decide they was too good to give away at all. You needn't tell me. Folks is folks.

GRANDMA [patting INEZ's arms—INEZ has risen, and stands surreptitiously drying her eyes]. That's it—that's it. Folks is folks, no matter how different—or similar. They can't fool us. Folks is folks.

INEZ [turns and sees the garments which her mother is vaguely sorting]. Oh, Mother, how fine! Isn't that a pile? How fine!

[Examines the garments and after a moment goes to the shed with her flat-iron.]

MIS' ABEL. They's everything here. Enough to clothe Carry Ells-

worth's nephew till he's black in the face.

[Enter MIS' TROT, breathless.]

MIS' TROT. I've solicited the rest of the stuff for the ice cream and I've got four cakes promised. [Seeing the things on the floor.] What a lot of splendid truck!¹

MIS' ABEL. Well, I'm 'most dead luggin' it.²

[She is stooping, turning over the things.]

MIS' TROT [looking toward the door]. And ain't the air nice in the forenoon? It seems like breathin' somethin' else. Comin' along by the wood yard,³ something—I dunno whether it was the smell of the cedar shingles or the

¹ truck: articles.

² luggin' it: carrying it.

³ wood yard: place where cut wood is stacked.

way the fence looked so nice and shady — but — [*little laugh*] — I ain't never felt so much like when I was a girl since I was born one. If it hadn't been for the thoughts of that buffalo bug in the house, I declare I would 'most of enjoyed myself.

MIS' ABEL [*in falsetto*]. Did you? Why, I was just thinkin' that out in Main Street—that it seemed somethin' like quite a while ago. I thought it was the smell of the sage where somebody was fryin' pork, but mebbe it wasn't.

[*Enter MIS' MORAN. She is walking nearly erect and is hurrying.*]

MIS' MORAN. It's all right. I just see Carry Ellsworth goin' into the post office, and I turned in on purpose. I told her somebody's comin' over tonight and set while she went to the station, and be there when she comes back. She seemed to like the idee. Is this stuff all here?

MIS' ABEL. Yes, and more to come. Don't you think we'd best all be setting in there in the dark when she gets there with him, and all of us yell "Shower," shan't we? Just like they do?

MIS' TROT [*down on the floor beside the things*]. Poor little soul—it's him I'm a-thinkin' of. His mother dead and his home broke up and him dragged away from what folks he knows. *Look here!* Well, of course we're glad to have any of these things. [*Holds up a very ragged garment.*] How's this for a contribution? Nobody could patch that without they had a piece of cloth the size of the American flag—and not a button on it. I'll bet you Mis' Hemenway give this—didn't she now?

MIS' ABEL [*looking closely*]. Yes, sir, she did. If you'd packed as many missionary barrels¹ as I have you'd 'a'

known it was Mis' Hemenway's without lookin'. Mis' Hemenway is a splendid cake-maker, but she is near-sighted about gifts she gives the poor.

MIS' TROT [*goes on sorting*]. I got to thinkin', supposin' it had been my Jeddie, if I'd been took, and him traipsed off² to a strange state, and all. Ain't it real pitiful—well, now, would you think anybody'd give away a thing as good as that is?

[*She holds up a garment, and MIS' MORAN, who has been shaking her head over the other, takes it from her.*]

MIS' MORAN. No, I would not. Why, it looks like new from the store. They ain't a thread broke in it. And the buttons on. Who give this, Mis' Abel?

MIS' ABEL [*who is piling up some things from the lot on the table*]. I was wondering what he'd be like? Nice little thing, I guess maybe—Carry's so nice—[*Looks at the garment.*] Oh, that's Mis' Fitch—couldn't you tell? Her that always sends a thirteen-egg angels' food to the church suppers when a loaf o' pound cake would go down just as easy.

MIS' TROT. And her husband on thirty dollars a month. My good land, ain't folks the funniest things? [*They all shake heads and compress lips, and MIS' TROT goes "T-t-t-t."*]

GRANDMA. Ah—ain't you got used to that about folks yet, Mis' Trot? I want to know—I want to know. It don't hurt folks none to be funny, does it?

INEZ [*who is entering from the shed*]. Grandma, look. Here was one of your balls of carpet rags rolled way out there. Would you think it could?

GRANDMA [*peering at it*]. That's the very one I been lookin' for. I want it for the head.

² *traipsed off*: gone away.

¹ *missionary barrels*: barrels of clothing and necessities sent to missionaries.

INEZ. The head of *what*, Grandma?

GRANDMA. Never you mind. I got my own occupations. You ain't the only busy folks in the world, if you do act so cocky about it. I need some thing to do for as well as you.

INEZ [*who has been looking out the window*]. Mother, Mis' Ellsworth is coming.

MIS' ABEL. Mis' Ellsworth!

[*The women scurry around, but they are too late. MIS' ELLSWORTH enters. She is a slight, pretty woman in a light-blue gingham gown and wide straw hat. She is much agitated, and sinks in a chair by the door. She has a letter and a little parcel in her hand.*]

MIS' ABEL [*with the two other women, trying to hide the piles of garments*]. Why, Carry Ellsworth! You did give me a start. I'm—we've—we're—don't this look like carpet rags, though?

MIS' ELLSWORTH [*hardly hears*]. Oh, ladies. I've just got a letter—I've had another letter. 'Seems my little boy ain't comin' at all.

ALL [*save GRANDMA*]. Not comin'?

MIS' ELLSWORTH [*slowly*]. No. A sister of his pa's decided last minute she'd take him in. She's got five of her own, but she writes she dunno's one more'll make any difference.

MIS' ABEL [*sitting limply back in the clothes*]. Well, ain't that just the end of everything!

MIS' MORAN. Well, Carry—you can't help it, but be glad the little fellow ain't had all the way to come alone.

MIS' TROT. An' I ain't a doubt in the world he's got a better home than you could give him—anybody that can afford to have five children is rich enough to have six.

MIS' ABEL. And it *was* going to be awful hard on you to have him to do for.

MIS' ELLSWORTH. I know, I know. But it's goin' to be awful hard for me

not to have him to do for. Last night—when I began to plan—it come over me like it never done before what I'd missed in *not* being left with one. I was goin' to make him a bed on the lounge—I'd got it planned what clothes I could spare for the bed, and what I could make more of. I never got meals for a child—and I'd begun thinkin' what he could eat and what little things I could fix up for him. I was plannin' to keep chickens and to fix a sandpile in the backyard and a swing under the maple out in front—and I was thinkin' about his school and who'd be his teacher and what desk he'd have. I just see this little cap in the post-office store and I bought it for him. [*Unwraps a cap from a little package.*] I thought the feather'd look kind o' cute, stickin' up in front. And now here comes this—and it's all for nothin'—it's all for nothin'.

MIS' ABEL. But, Mis' Ellsworth, it *would* be hard for you. It would now!

MIS' ELLSWORTH. I'd like that kind o' hard.

MIS' TROT. And s'pose you'd of took down sick?

MIS' ELLSWORTH. Better *body*-sick than *heart*-sick.

MIS' MORAN. And s'pose you'd of died, Mis' Ellsworth?

MIS' ELLSWORTH. I'd of lived first now, anyway. And now I ain't. I never knew it—but I ain't.

MIS' ABEL. Oh, but Mis' Ellsworth. You've got your health and you're gettin' along economical to brood over¹ as it is.

MIS' ELLSWORTH. This would of kept me from broodin'.

[*INEZ goes softly, and mutely slips her arm about MIS' ELLSWORTH.*]

MIS' ABEL [*openly breaks down and wipes her eyes on the garment she is*

¹ you're gettin' along economical to brood over: you have to worry about living economically.

holding]. Oh, ladies! What's the use? We all know. I ain't had but one, but I know.

MIS' TROT. Yes. I've got seven an' sometimes I'm drove most to death with 'em—but I know.

MIS' MORAN. Well, I never had none—but I know.

GRANDMA. Eh, mine's dead—all dead. But I know.

INEZ. Oh, Mis' Ellsworth. An' I know, too.

[In a moment at the door appears PETER, his arms ludicrously full of clothes and parcels.]

PETER. Look, Inez, look-a-here. See all I got a holt of—for the little chap. *[He sees their mood and pauses, crestfallen.]*

INEZ *[goes to him swiftly]*. Peter! What a lot of things you got. Dear Peter!

[The door is pushed open by EZRA WILLIAMS. He has a small closely wrapped bundle under an arm, and he is carrying a little chair.]

EZRA *[handing bundle to MIS' ABEL]*. There's a few little things my wife just sent over. This here little chair—I made it myself for our little boy before he was hardly out o' long dresses. I done the whole thing—pegged it¹ myself, so'd he could throw it around and it wouldn't get broke. He—he never grew up enough to use it—it's been settin' around my work-room—kind of in the way. It ought to be doin' somebody some good.

MIS' ABEL. That's certainly good of you, Ezra.

EZRA. Say, you'd ought to see Mis' Ellsworth's wood, piled by her back door neat as a kitten's foot. She ain't to home—*[Sees for the first time that MIS' ELLSWORTH is there, over near GRANDMA.]* Good souls! Have I let the cat out of the bag?

MIS' ABEL. No, Ezra—no, no. I was tryin' to tell you. He ain't come. The little boy ain't comin' after all.

EZRA. He ain't comin'?

MIS' ELLSWORTH *[coming forward]*. No, Ezra. They ain't goin' to give him to me. Somebody else has took him.

EZRA. Well, ain't that a shame! *[Bristling.]* Who's got him? Want I should get him for you?

MIS' ELLSWORTH *[shaking her head]*. No—you can't, Ezra. But you don't know—you'll never know how I feel about what you've done a'ready—you and the ladies and Peter and Grandma—Would—you mind if we looked at the little clothes?

EZRA. No—why, look at 'em. They ain't much, I guess, for now-a-days. But his ma says she'd like you to have 'em. They was real good cloth in the beginnin'.

MIS' ELLSWORTH *[fingering the garments, turns quickly to the women]*. Ain't that what it is to have neighbors? Ain't it, though? Look at the bother you've been to—an' now I won't need 'em.

MIS' ABEL. Don't you think a thing about us. We was glad to do it. I was feelin' cross as a wolf with all I had to do when Inez come in with the news. *[She is taking off her hat as she speaks.]* And now I feel—I feel like folks. An' Mis' Moran's bad leg and her back and Mis' Trot's buffalo bug—I guess they both feel just the same about it.

GRANDMA. And me. So do I. I was just hatin' the sight o' my carpet rags. But look at what I stodged up² for the little chap.

[She holds up an absurd black doll with a white head.]

MIS' ELLSWORTH. Oh, Grandma!

GRANDMA. Don't you thank me. I liked doin' it. It was somethin'

¹ *pegged it*: wooden pegs were used instead of nails.

² *stodged up*: stuffed up.

for somebody. It was real human to do.

MISS ABEL. Well, we might as well pick 'em up.

INEZ [*turning to PETER, who stands apart*]. Peter, how dear of you to get all these things for him.

[*MIS' ABEL unwraps them, and they draw about her to look, all save PETER, who is standing a little apart. INEZ turns to him.*]

PETER. I didn't get 'em all for him. I got 'em part for you.

INEZ. Well—it was dear of you, anyway. What—what's that in your pocket, Peter?

PETER [*brings shyly from his pocket a little clown-on-a-stick*]. I saw it in the store. I didn't know but what he might like it. If he ain't a-comin', we might as well throw it away.

INEZ. No! Give it to me.

PETER [*still holding toy and looking down at it*]. Why, it's nothin' but a clown. Like me, I guess—

INEZ. Well, I want it all the same. Oh, Peter, Peter, what a dear you are when you forget yourself!

[*He looks at her breathlessly, then suddenly takes her in his arms—and as he does so, tosses the clown-on-a-stick into the little vacant chair.*]

PETER. Inez—Inez. Do you mean that? Oh, Inez, I tell you I'm forgettin' now. I'll never remember any more. [*He kisses her.*]

[*As they stand so, MIS' ABEL turns and sees them. The others follow her look, GRANDMA, too, and they all turn and look at each other, silent and smiling. And GRANDMA rises and comes slowly down to them—bent and peering and kindly, and holding by one arm the doll she has made. As she passes the little vacant chair, near which INEZ and PETER stand, she drops the doll over the chair's back in order to take their hands. She stands between and a little back of*

them, facing the audience. She looks up at them and tries to speak to each in turn, and gives it up with a little helpless gesture and a smile and a hand patting the shoulder of each. They are all gathered near the two, the little garments EZRA has brought still in the women's hands and MIS' ELLSWORTH still holding the cap with the feather.]

MIS' ABEL [*wiping her eyes swiftly*]. Strikes me the little chap is accountable for a whole heap he never even heard of.

GRANDMA. Eh—most folks always is.

PONDERING OVER THE PLAY

1. Zona Gale wrote many novels and short stories, as well as plays. All her writings were alike in one regard—she used very human characters. Nearly all of these characters were ordinary people, leading ordinary lives, and yet she built around them an abundance of drama and emotion. Did the characters seem real in the play you have just read? Were they extraordinarily good people? Could the same characters have been made to seem selfish and small-minded? If so, what would have been the result?

2. The selection which you just read is a one-act play, but most modern plays which are given on the stage consist of three acts. A one-act play differs from a three-act play not only in length and number of acts but in simplicity of plot. In the first place, too many characters and changes of scene in so short a space would be confusing. Then, too, the audience cannot be told much about the background of the characters or the action. How well did the author meet all these requirements? Which of them did she meet best? Which did she most nearly fail to meet? How many characters are there in the play? How many scenes are there?

3. A good play must be something more than a good story. The author is expected to have something to say, a general bit of philosophy to pass on to his audience. What message did you find expressed

in "The Neighbors"? How did Grandma's speeches express this philosophy? Did you always agree with it?

4. How did the play help to give you a better understanding of human nature? Which characters did you like best, and why? Choose one of them as a subject for a character sketch.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

By EDWIN MARKHAM

Perhaps the first poems ever written were composed for the purpose of praising great men. In Greece, and in other ancient countries, bards traveled about composing long poems in praise of the deeds of great heroes. People liked to hear the verses and, of course, the heroes who were still living enjoyed the praise. Most of the poems were written to be sung. Fewer poems praising heroes are written today than formerly. Now and then, however, a poet uses a hero as a subject. Following is one of the best-known eulogistic poems that has been written in modern times.

When the Norn Mother¹ saw the
Whirlwind Hour²
Greatening and darkening as it hurried
on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes³ and
came down
To make a man to meet the mortal
need.
She took the tried clay of the common
road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of
Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of
prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of
human tears;
Then mixt a laughter with the serious
stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to
light

¹ *Norn Mother*: A Scandinavian demi-goddess.

² *Whirlwind Hour*: coming strife between the states.

³ *Heaven of Heroes*: an old belief that there was a separate heaven for heroes.

That tender, tragic, ever-changing
face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic
Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal
vail.
Here was a man to hold against the
world,
A man to match the mountains and the
sea.

The color of the ground was in him,
the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental
things;⁴
The rectitude⁵ and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all
leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside
well;
The courage of the bird that dares the
sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes
the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all
scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their
way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;

The tolerance and equity⁶ of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking
flower
As to the great oak flaring to the
wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the
Matterhorn⁷
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung
from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new
world.
The strength of virgin forests braced
his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled
his soul,
His words were oaks in acorns; and his
thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the
granite truth.⁸

⁴ *elemental things*: simple, solid things.

⁵ *rectitude*: uprightness.

⁶ *equity*: fairness and honesty.

⁷ *Matterhorn*: a peak of the Alps between Switzerland and Italy.

⁸ *granite truth*: hard, bare truth.



Gutzon Borglum, sculptor

Courtesy Newark Museum Association, Newark, N. J.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
 One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
 To send the keen ax to the root of
 wrong,
 Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
 The eyes of conscience testing every
 stroke,
 To make his deed the measure of a
 man.
 He built the rail-pile as he built the
 State,
 Pouring his splendid strength through
 every blow;
 The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
 Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty
 heart;
 And when the judgment thunders
 split the house,
 Wrenching the rafters from their
 ancient rest,
 He held the ridgepole up, and spik't
 again
 The rafters of the Home. He held his
 place—
 Held the long purpose like a growing
 tree—
 Held on through blame and faltered
 not at praise.
 And when he fell in whirlwind, he went
 down
 As when a lordly cedar, green with
 boughs,
 Goes down with a great shout upon the
 hills,
 And leaves a lonesome place against
 the sky.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Perhaps Edwin Markham understood better than most poets the qualities which a pioneer boy needed for success. He himself was born in Oregon, in the days when the Northwest was still a wilderness. Like Lincoln, he loved books and appreciated them because they were hard to get. He bought his first books of poetry with money which he earned plowing for the neighbors. Did you find anything in the poem that reflects an early background of this sort?

2. How would you classify the poem as to type? Does it express emotion? Does it tell a story?

3. What purpose do you think the author had in writing the poem? What did he want to make you feel about Lincoln? Did he succeed? Did you find the words of the poem pleasing? Were they suited to the subject? What comparisons were made in the poem? Did they help to describe Lincoln's character as Markham saw it?

4. A leader cannot separate himself from his surroundings. He may to a certain extent grow out of his environment, but he is always a part of it. How did Markham express Lincoln's relation to his country?

THE MUCKER POSE*

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Just what does democracy mean? Does it mean that people should all try to be just the same? Does it mean that a person with superior ability or training should try to act exactly the same as a person of lower ability or training? Note the point of view in the following article.

This borrowed title¹ expresses better than any I have been able to devise for myself a problem which has recently been put to me by several of my American friends, men who on account of both their profession and positions are familiar with the more cultured portion of the American scene. The question which they put is one that I have been hesitatingly asking myself as I contrast that scene on successive returns from abroad with the one very obviously to be observed in this respect in France or England. "Why," they ask, "is it that a gentleman in America nowadays seems afraid to appear as such; that even university men try to appear uncultured; and that the pose of a gentleman and a

*From *Our Business Civilization*.

¹ *Mucker Pose*: the attitude of one who hides his culture and refinement by posing as being somewhat coarse and common.

scholar is that of the man in the street?" A few nights ago another friend of mine, a literary editor of some importance in New York, complained in the course of the evening's talk that the verbal criticism of many of the writers whom he knew had descended to the moronic classifications of "hot stuff," "bully," "rot," and so on. These writers, often meticulous¹ in the artistry² of their own work and thoroughly competent to criticize acutely and intelligently that of others, appeared afraid to do so lest they be considered as literary poseurs.³ The real pose in their cases was in talking like news-agents on a railroad train; but that appeared to them to be safe, whereas vague danger lurked in conversing as would any intelligent French or English critic.

The mucker-poseurs do not content themselves with talking like uneducated half-wits. They also emulate⁴ the language and manners of the bargee⁵ and the longshoreman,⁶ although where the profanity of the latter is apt to have at least the virtue of picturesqueness, the swearing of the mucker-poseur is apt to be merely coarse. A member of a most distinguished family and a young graduate of one of our best known Eastern universities was overheard the other day in his university club in New York describing his new position in the banking world. The nearest to analysis or description of his work that this young scion of American aristocracy with every social and educational advantage could reach was to tell his friends that it was "the God-damnedest most interesting job in the world." Among both men and

women of the supposedly cultivated classes such profanity is much on the increase. I know of a man who has recently declined to take foreign visitors to his club for luncheon or dinner any longer on account of the unfortunate impression which would be made upon them by the hard swearing of the American gentlemen, mucker-poseurs, at the surrounding tables. One of the finest scholars in the country, a man who once had distinguished manners, has become not only extremely profane but exceedingly addicted to smutty stories, both, apparently, in the effort to make himself considered a good mixer and as a bid for popularity. If one wishes to acquire an extensive and varied vocabulary of the most modern sort, one has merely to watch the young ladies of the mucker-poseur type playing tennis at Southampton or Newport.

Again, the mucker-poseur aims to act like the lowest of muckers when he—and frequently she—gets drunk. Drinking in this country has ceased to add any charm or grace to social life. On a sailing from New York on the "Aquitania" at midnight I counted twelve first-cabin women passengers brought on board, all so drunk that they could not get up the gangway without help. Many years ago, when I was a small boy of twelve, I attended "Field Day" at one of the most exclusive private boarding schools in the East. In the course of the day an address was made by an old graduate on the subject of alcohol. To the surprise and horror of the clerical head of the school, the good-natured but somewhat inebriated speaker said nothing to condemn drinking, but he threw out the comment, which is all I can now recall of his speech, that "when you boys do drink, remember always to get drunk like gentlemen." That is something which our present

¹ *meticulous*: careful of small details.

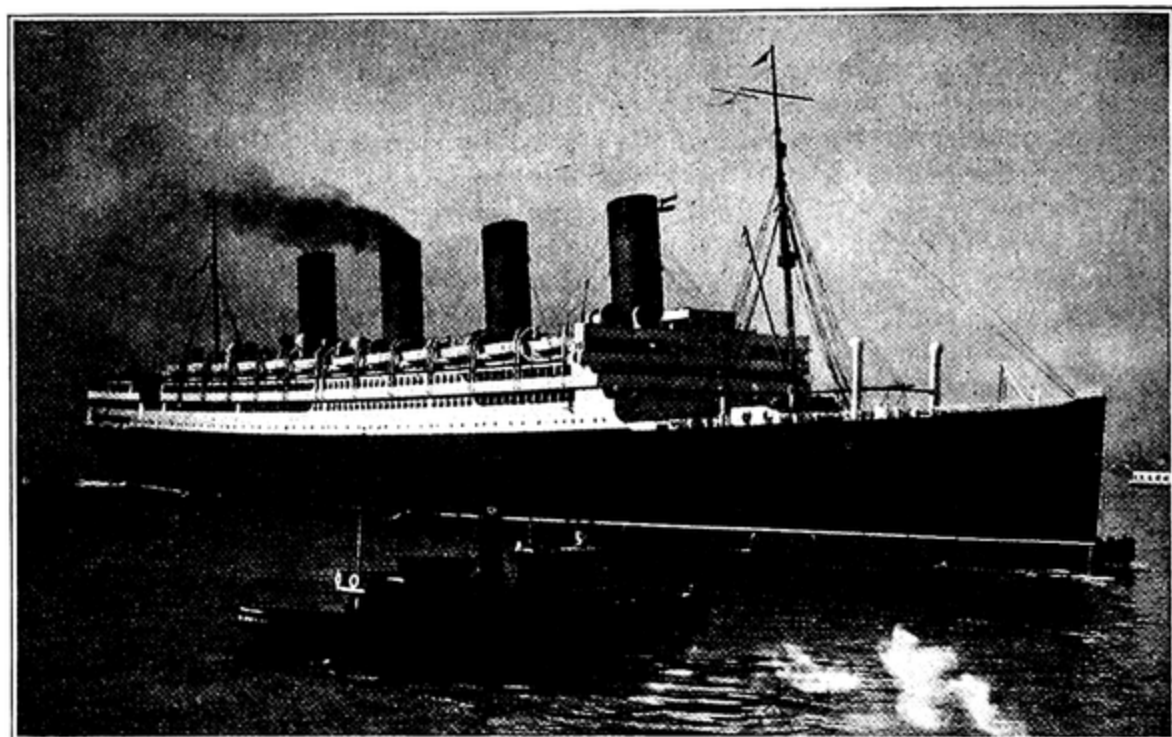
² *artistry*: artistic quality of workmanship.

³ *as literary poseurs* (pō-zŭrz'): as having assumed an insincere attitude toward literature.

⁴ *emulate*: strive to imitate.

⁵ *bargee*: one who manages a barge.

⁶ *longshoreman*: a laborer at the wharves.



SAILING FROM NEW YORK ON THE "AQUITANIA"

generation of drinkers have completely forgotten. They act in country clubs in a way which would have been considered a disgrace to the patrons and patronized in a disorderly house of a generation ago. It is a question not of a mere decline in manners but of consciously striven-for pose.

In the case of the young this is more understandable, just as it is more international. I am not here concerned, however, with (or at) the vagaries¹ of the younger and, in so many respects, admirable generation. I am concerned with their elders, men who have lived long enough to have developed personalities of their own, men who appreciate the value of cultivating both mind and manners. Why should they be afraid to appear as cultured gentlemen and assume as a protective coloration² the manners and level of thought of those beneath them?

¹ *vagaries* (vā-gār'iz): pranks or capers.

² *protective coloration*: here a covering to hide their real selves.

The question would be a futile one unless we believed that manners and culture possess genuine significance, a significance for society as a whole as well as for the individual. It is all too evident that a large proportion of the dwellers in our United States do not believe so, but there is a large minority which does. Not to do so argues a failure to think things through and ignorance of history and human nature. (This chapter deals with the contemporary attitude of many believers, and we can but glance briefly, before passing to them, at the non-believers.)

One of the most suggestive methods of modern study has been the comparative. By the use of none other, however, are the unwary and untrained so likely to come to logical grief over a *non sequitur*.³ The comparative study of habits and customs has revealed that both moral and social conventions have varied from age to age, from place to place, and

³ *non sequitur*: an illogical conclusion.

from race to race. Immediately the unwary and untrained jump to the conclusion that because there appear to be no eternal or universal standards of morals and manners there is, therefore, no value in a local, temporary, and but slowly changing one—a conclusion by no logical possibility to be drawn from the premises. The result of this particular and, at the moment, very popular *non sequitur* has been to cause in many persons a headlong jettisoning¹ of their whole cargo of morals, manners, and conventions, and the bringing about of a muckerly chaos² which arouses mirth or terror according to the temperament of the social observer.

It would seem as though no sane person with a knowledge of the past of his own species and any adequate insight into human nature could fail to believe in the absolute need of *some* standards, *some* established values, to save us from a derelict wallowing about in the welter of sensations, impulses, attractions, and repulsions which form so much of this strange dream we call life. The standards, the values, will undoubtedly alter from time to time and from place to place; but that does not invalidate³ the need of having some of them at any one given time and place. Even the now much scorned minor conventions have their effective influence upon conduct, remote or proximate. A story is told of an English gentleman who was sent out as governor of an island where the entire population save for his sole self was black and savage. He dressed for his solitary dinner every night as carefully as though he were about to take a taxi to the smartest residence in Park Lane.⁴ He did so not from habit but

from a knowledge of human nature. "If," he said, "I should drop this convention of civilized society, I should find myself some day having dropped one and another of the more important conventions, social and moral, and lower myself to the level of the blacks whom I govern. (Evening clothes are far more important here than they ever were in London.)"

As for the second point, lack of culture, it is most evident in the extreme slovenliness in America in the use of the English language. There is, of course, some slang which is not slovenly but which has been born in a flash of genuine insight; and the language is always being enriched by absorbing many such words from below, much as the English aristocracy is by marrying or admitting commoners. But this is not true of the vast mass of slang words and cheap and easy expressions which are intellectually slovenly⁵ and nothing else; and anyone habitually using them impairs the keenness of his mind as much as he would the strength of his body by lolling in a hammock all his life. There is no question but that slang, hackneyed phrases, and clichés⁶ worn smooth make for intellectual laziness, and if constantly used blur the sense of discrimination.

The very first step toward a cultivated mind is the development of the ability rationally to discriminate, to distinguish between varying values and qualities. It is not easy, and most of us Americans rarely achieve it in the cultural field. I have often been struck by the different replies one receives from an American and a Frenchman if you ask them what sort of person so-and-so is. The American will usually find himself helpless and

¹ *jettisoning*: throwing overboard.

² *muckerly chaos* (kā'ōs): a confusion of slang expressions, careless speech and attitudes.

³ *invalidate*: do away with.

⁴ *Park Lane*: a fashionable residential section.

⁵ *intellectually slovenly*: characterized by being mentally careless and lazy.

⁶ *clichés* (klē-shāz'): hackneyed and trite expressions.

toss off a mere "good scout," "a great guy," "a good egg," whereas the Frenchman, with a moment's reflection, will give you in half a dozen sentences a sharply etched sketch¹ of the man's distinctive characteristics, or what he believes to be such, and classify him accurately as to type. To describe anything accurately—book, picture, man or woman—so as to bring out its unique individual qualities, calls for mental exercise of no mean order. One has to train one's self to do it and keep in training; yet the ability to distinguish, if one of the first steps toward culture, is also, in its higher forms, one of its most perfect fruits. (If one dodges every call for discrimination, if one gets no farther in describing a book than "hot stuff," one loses the power after a while even if one ever possessed it.) Slovenly language corrodes the mind.

These few observations as to manners and culture are well enough understood by any cultivated person who has had social and intellectual training and who has thought things through. He knows that there are both values and dangers in life, that some things are more valuable than others, and that if he has achieved any such social and intellectual training he cannot lower himself to the general level again without risk. If manners and culture have no value, there is no question involved, but if they have—and we shall now assume that they have—the man who possesses them is above, in those respects at least, the vast mass of men who do not possess them. Why then should he pretend not to, and assume the manners and mental lazzaronism² of the crowd? It may be that there is

¹ *sharply etched sketch*: a characterization which is very distinct and definite.

² *mental lazzaronism* (lăz'ă-rôn-iz'm): lazy attitude toward intellectual and social training.

no answer to the question, but as I find those better qualified than myself asking it, it is worth pondering over, and I have come to think that there may be three fundamental influences at work in America which will help us to solve it. One is democracy as we have it, another is business, and the third is the extreme mobility³ of American life.

In civilization no man can live wholly to or for himself, and whoever would achieve power, influence, or success must cater to the tastes and whims of those who have the granting of these things in their hands. In a democracy, speaking broadly, those who have the power to grant are the whole people; and the minds and manners of the people as a whole are of necessity below those of the chosen few who have risen above the average level by gifts of nature or happy opportunity. Every social class everywhere has always had its own standards of morals, manners, and culture. When such classes are separated by wide social or economic chasms,⁴ the only influences they exert upon one another are apt to be negative. Each lives in a world of its own, supported by the only public opinion for which it cares, that of its own class. Each also tends to react against the manners or morals of the other. The aristocrats of an earlier day looked down upon the common people and were more than ever satisfied with their own codes. The common people, in turn, feeling themselves despised, bolstered up their egos by despising the manners and morals of the class which looked down upon them. Much of the Puritan movement in England and elsewhere has here its roots. By no possibility could an ordinary laborer

³ *mobility*: changeability.

⁴ *economic chasms*: gulfs or separations between people due to different financial status.

attain to the manners, social ease, or knowledge of the world of a duke. Ergo, the laborer, by unconscious mental processes well understood by modern psychology, asserted his own worth by denying worth to the qualities of the classes above him. He could not have the manners of a duke; therefore, those manners were undesirable anyway. He could not travel and he could not gain the most valuable sort of education, that of association with great or cultivated men; therefore, such things were of no importance. So long as the classes remain separated, as I said above, their influence upon one another is largely negative, but when class distinctions disappear in a democracy the mutual influences of members of those former classes or their vestiges in later generations become as complex in their action as the currents where tide and river meet.

The effects of democracy in America have been emphasized by three factors not present in any of the great democracies of Europe. In the first place, the Americans started almost wholly fresh. Here were no thousand-year-old institutions and forms of government and society to be reckoned with as impediments. America was a clean slate. The settlers did indeed bring with them habits, information, and memories gained in the Old World, but they brought them to a wilderness.

In the second place, America has been built up exclusively by the middle and lower classes, from which practically all of us have descended. Scarcely a man has ever come and settled here who did not belong to one or the other; and the most distinguished American families form no exceptions. Every class in history has had its good and bad attributes which have varied with class, country, and period. The English middle class,

upper and lower, from which the character of America, with some modifications, has essentially been built up, had admirable qualities, but it lacked some of those enjoyed by the aristocracy. For our purpose here we need mention only one. The genuine aristocrat insists upon being himself and is disdainful of public opinion. The middle class, on the other hand, has always been notoriously timid socially. It rests in terror not only of public but even of village opinion. If the religious refugees of New England be held an exception, it may be noted that the genuine ones were far fewer than used to be supposed, and that as a whole the New England immigration may be considered as part of the great economic exodus¹ from England which took thirty thousand Englishmen to Barbados and little St. Kitts while only twelve thousand were settling Massachusetts. Religious refugees have formed an infinitesimal² part of American immigration as compared with the economic ones.

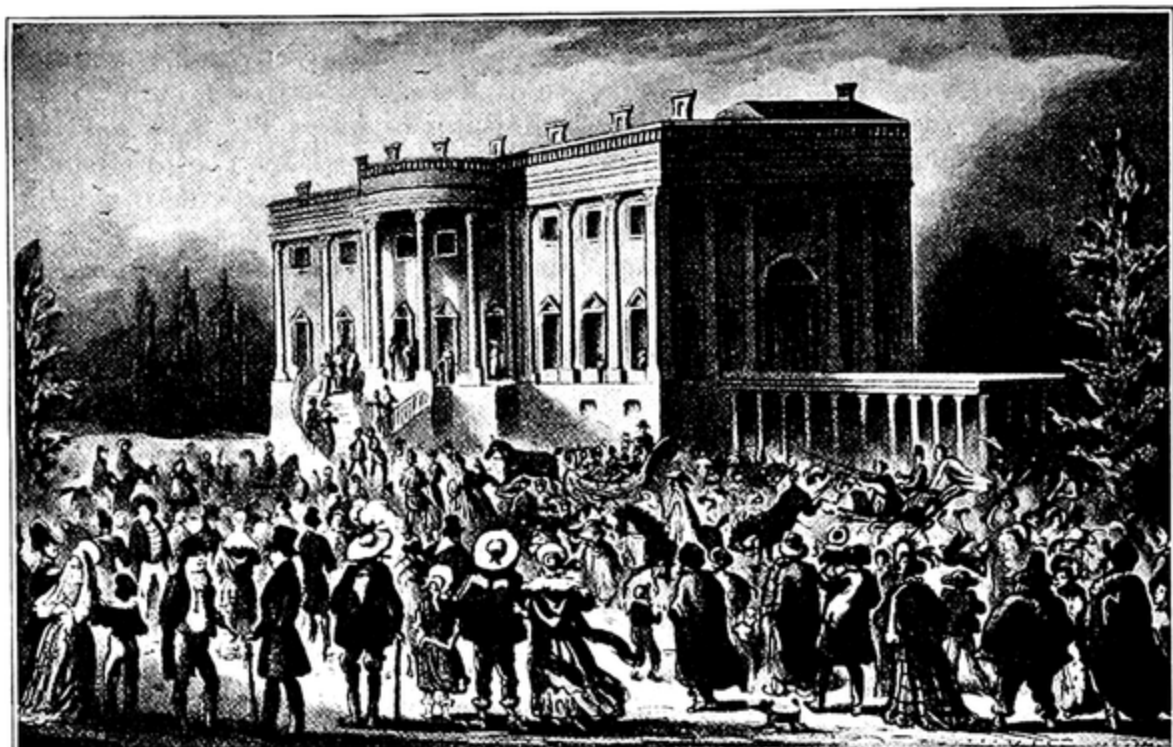
The third great influence upon American democracy has been the frontier, whose line was lapped by the waves of the Atlantic in 1640 and after retreating three thousand miles to the Pacific was declared officially closed only in 1890. In the hard, rough life of the frontier, manners and culture find no home. As Pastorius, the most learned man who came to America before 1700, said, "never have metaphysics or Aristotelian logic³ earned a loaf of bread." When one is busy killing Indians, clearing the forest, and trekking⁴ farther westward every decade, a strong arm, an axe, and a rifle

¹ *economic exodus*: departure because of the difficulty in making a living.

² *infinitesimal*: very small.

³ *Aristotelian logic*: the logic of Aristotle, a Greek philosopher.

⁴ *trekking*: traveling by wagon, especially by ox-drawn wagon.



From painting by Robert Cruikshank

LEVEE AT THE WHITE HOUSE IN ANDREW JACKSON'S TIME

are worth more than all the culture of all the ages. Not only has the frontiersman no leisure or opportunity to acquire manners and culture but, because of their apparent uselessness, and in true class spirit, he comes to despise them. They are effete,¹ effeminate, whereas he and his fellows are the "real men." The well-dressed, cultivated gentleman becomes the "dude," an object of derision, who, so far from exerting any ameliorating² social or intellectual influence, is heartily looked down upon; culture itself is relegated to idle women as something with which no real man would concern himself.

These are some of the special attributes of American democracy, and of any democracy in a new land, which it shows in addition to those it would show in any case merely as a democracy. In America it was slow in gathering into its hands the reins of

power. For many generations the English aristocratic tradition in part survived, and it may be recalled that we were a part of the British Empire for a longer period than we have been independent. In general, the "appeal to the people" throughout the colonial period and the years of the early republic was an appeal to "the best people" only. The first two presidents, Washington and Adams, were as little democratic in doctrine as they were by nature. Jefferson's doctrinal democracy was largely offset in practice by his being an aristocrat to his finger tips by nature, and it was not until Andrew Jackson that "the people" in the democratic sense came into their own. At his inaugural reception in the White House his followers climbed upon the silken chairs in their muddy boots to get a look at him, rushed the waiters to grab champagne, broke the glasses, and in the joy of victory gave a number of ladies bloody

¹ *effete* (ě-fět'): worn out.

² *ameliorating*: improving.

noses, and even the President himself had to be rescued from his admirers and hurried out through a back door. This historic episode may be taken to mark the turning-point in American manners. These people had made a President. Thereafter their tastes would form one of the national influences.

It is this new democracy, a hundred times richer and a shade less raw, which is in the saddle today. What has it done in the way of influencing manners and thought? Leaving all else aside, even at the risk of drawing a false picture, we shall consider only those points which may help to answer our first question. For one thing then, it has knocked the dignity of its elected officials into a cocked hat. Leaving out of the scene many of its chosen, such as the mayor of Chicago or its favorite, Bryan, it forces a man to play the mountebank¹ and, whatever the character of the man himself, to appear as one of "the people." Washington was a very human man, but he never forgot that he was a gentleman. He was adored by his soldiers, but he won their deep affection without ever for a moment losing the dignity of his character and manner. One has only to imagine what would have happened had a group of his men shouted, "Atta Boy, Georgie!" to realize the gulf between his day and ours. When John Quincy Adams was President, he declined to attend a county fair in Maryland, remarking privately that he did not intend that the President of the United States should be made a sideshow at a cattle fair. Today, the people insist that the President be a side-show; and Roosevelt, with amused understanding, in his cowboy suit and his Rough rider uniform, used

his "properties"² as does an actor. Even the supremely conventional Coolidge had to dress up in a ten-gallon hat and chaps, although utterly out of character, and looking so. Just as I write these lines, my attention is called to an announcement in large type in this morning's *New York Times* that it will publish next Sunday "photographs of Herbert Hoover in workaday clothes and a panorama of his ranch." So he, too, is cast for the comedy. Democracy cracks the whip, and even the most conservative of candidates and officials must dance. In the campaign of 1916 it is said that Hughes³ was politely asked to shave his beard to suit the people. He balked and consented only so far as to trim it. But then he lost the election.

The people want officials in their own image. Such men as Elihu Root, Joseph Choate, or John Hay are rarely elected, only appointed. To get anywhere in elective politics one must be a "good mixer," and to be a good mixer one must shed a good part of one's culture and a good part of one's manners. Dignity to a considerable degree must be discarded. One must conceal one's knowledge of English and learn the vernacular, except for "orations." Henry Adams, when he became a newspaper correspondent in Washington, said that he had to "learn to talk to Western congressmen and to hide his own antecedents." It is what every gentleman who desires to take part in elective public life on a large or small stage in the country today has to do to some extent except for happy accidents.

Our democracy has fostered education, at least to the extent of almost fabulously increasing the numbers of

¹ *properties*: stage equipment which makes the show more realistic.

² *Hughes*: Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court and in 1916 Republican candidate for president.

¹ *play the mountebank*: become a boastful and unscrupulous pretender.

the reading public. What has been, for the purpose of the present argument, the effect of that? There has been one effect, at least, germane to this discussion. It has greatly lowered the tone of our public press. Such newspaper men as I know agree with me that there has been a most marked decline even in the last twenty years, and they agree with me as to the cause. In the old days a newspaper was largely a personal organ,¹ and what appeared in it reflected for good or ill upon the editor, who was known by name to all its readers. In New York the *Sun* was Charles A. Dana. The *Tribune* was Horace Greeley. Today we know no editors, only owners. The newspaper of today aims only at circulation, and with every increase in circulation the quality has to be lowered. The case is well known of the purchaser a few years ago of what had been one of the country's most distinguished journals, who told his staff that thereafter they would have to "cut the highbrow" and write down to the level of the increased public he intended to go after. First the "yellow press,"² then the tabloids,³ taught the older newspapers what fortunes awaited those who would stoop to pick them up by catering to the masses. A newspaper depends on its advertising for its profits. Advertising quantity and rates depend on circulation. Increased circulation spells decreased quality. There is the vicious circle which has been drawn for us by the huge mob which has become literate but not educated.

The discovery of the possibilities of mass circulation has caused the advertisers to raise their demands. Some will not advertise at all in journals

with a circulation of less than half a million. Advertising is withdrawn from those journals which heroically venture to maintain their quality at the expense of not increasing their circulation. Financial ruin usually results. The people are evidently getting the kind of papers they want, but in doing so they are depriving the cultured class of the sort *they* want, and used to get before America became so "educated." We get foreign cables about the Prince of Wales dancing with Judy O'Grady, and the treatment of our domestic news is beneath contempt. The other night I examined what used to be one of the leading papers not only in New York but in the whole country and I found no headline on three consecutive pages which did not refer to scandal or to crime. It has been said that the new reading public has not interfered with the old, that there are simply vast numbers of new readers of a different type who are being supplied with what they want. That is not wholly true, and the competition of the new market has had a heavily detrimental influence on the older journals. Today if a man wishes to succeed in a journalistic career on the daily press he has to scrap even more of his qualities as a gentleman and a scholar than he has to in a career of politics.

The democratic spread of education has also had detrimental effects in other ways. The necessity of finding instruction for the enormous numbers who now go to school, high school, and college has caused a demand for teachers which has far outrun the supply of those qualified to teach. Great numbers of these teachers have even less social and cultural background than have their students. Under them the students may learn the facts of some given subject, but they gain nothing in breadth of culture

¹ *personal organ*: a paper which was used to express personal views.

² "yellow press": sensational news sheets.

³ *tabloids*: sheets which contained mostly scandal and pictures, with little news.

or even in manners. It is an old story that Charles Eliot Norton once began a lecture at Harvard by saying, "I suppose that none of you young men has ever seen a gentleman." The remark was hyperbolic,¹ as was intended, but it is only too likely today that many young men can go through some of our newer "institutions of learning" without seeing at least what used to be called a gentleman. In the professions, more particularly medicine and law, complaint is rampant that they are being swamped by young men who know only the facts of the profession (when they know those) and have no cultural, ethical,² or professional standards.³ A few such could be ignored. When they come, as they are coming now, in shoals,⁴ they lower the tone of the whole profession and, without standards themselves, force an unfair competition upon those who try to maintain them.

Perhaps the greatest pressure on the individual to force him to be wary of how he appears to others is in business, for the overwhelming mass of Americans are in the varied ranks of business of some sort or another. One who has reached the top and "made his pile" may, perhaps, do more or less as he pleases, subject only to milder forms of social pressure; but for those on the way the road is beset with pitfalls. Nearly every man wants to make himself popular with his employers, his fellow-workers, his office superiors, or his customers. These are made up of all sorts of men, but the sprinkling of gentlemen and scholars among them is so slight as to be almost negligible

¹ *hyperbolic* (hi'pēr-bōl'ik): exaggerated.

² *ethical standards*: accepted standards of right and wrong.

³ *professional standards*: standards accepted by a given profession.

⁴ *shoals*: crowds.



Painting by Sargent Courtesy John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

for the purpose of helping one's advancement. In America, to an extent known nowhere else, organization is used for every purpose. It is hardly too much to say that there can hardly be an American who is not a member of from one to a dozen organizations, ranging from Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, Red Men, Masons, Mechanics, the Grange, and dozens more, to Bar Associations, Bankers' Clubs, and social and country clubs innumerable. Some of the larger corporations, notably the banks and trust companies in New York, now have clubs made up entirely of members of their own staffs, with obvious intent. In many lines of business the effect produced by one's personality at the annual "convention" is of prime importance. For business reasons it is essential that men should be at

least moderately popular at all such organizations or meetings. On an unprecedented scale, tacitly understood but not openly acknowledged, there is competition for personal popularity. In many lines, such as stock brokerage¹ where the service is almost wholly personal, it is needful to "play with your customers," the necessity varying not with their social congeniality but with the size of the account. In salesmanship of all sorts the results of the "personal approach" are, of course, of the first importance.

In order to gain popularity with a very large proportion of business men, many of whom have today risen from nothing to riches since the War, one thing is fundamentally necessary. You must never appear to be superior even if you are. Not long ago one of the New York banks added a new vice-president. He was chosen not for his ability but for his hearty vulgarity, so that he could "make contacts" with the bank's new sort of customers! Too perfect an accent in English may be almost as dangerous in business as a false one in Latin used to be in the House of Lords. To display a knowledge or taste in art or literature not possessed by your "prospect" may be fatal. On the whole, it is safest to plump yourself down to his level at once, whatever that may be, to talk his talk, and only about what he talks. This pressure of the majority on one's personal tastes was amusingly exemplified to me one day when I was looking for a house to rent in a pleasant Jersey suburb. In the house shown me—as is the case in all the suburbs of New York I know—there was nothing to mark where my lawn might end and my neighbor's begin. All was as open to the public gaze as the street itself. I thought of delightful English or French gardens, surrounded by hedge

or wall, screened from the public, where one could putter absurdly over one's plants, read one's book, or have one's supper as much to one's self as in the house. In fact they are outdoor rooms, infinitely more attractive than the American "sun parlor." I knew well that no such attempt could be made here, but, nevertheless, I remarked to the "realtor"² that it would be pleasant to have a hedge and privacy but I supposed it could not be done on account of the neighbors. "I say no," he answered with pained surprise, "if you are going to be 'high hat' you won't last long here." Just so, and so many things in this country are "high hat" which in other lands simply make for sane and cultivated living that it is no wonder the business man whose car and cellarette,³ if not bread and butter, depend so often on his popularity, has to walk warily.

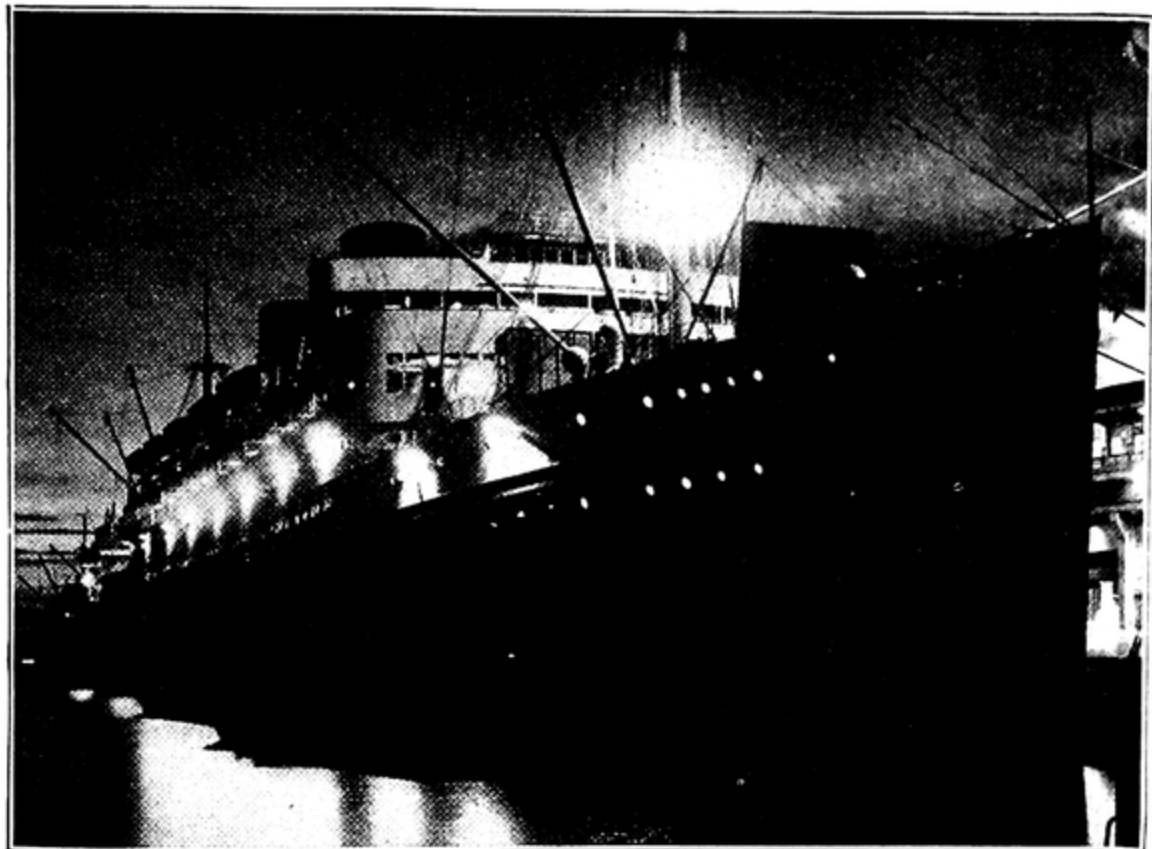
Just why having a garden wall, speaking one's native tongue correctly, or being able to discriminate in matters of art or literature should be the Gallic⁴ equivalent of "high hat" would puzzle a Frenchman, but so it often is in the land of the free. And no one knows his way about the land of the free better than the business man. The pressure may vary with his position and the kind of business he is in, but in general he will soon discover that in any business where personal contact is a factor the people with whom he deals and upon whose good will he has to lean will insist upon his not being too different from themselves. In Greenwich Village a man may wear a flowing tie and a Spanish hat, but it would be suicidal for a bond broker. One has to conform or one is lost. Our two most successful business men are perhaps John D. Rocke-

¹ "realtor": real estate agent.

² cellarette: small cabinet for liquors.

⁴ Gallic (găl'ik): French.

¹ stock brokerage: buying and selling stocks.



Courtesy Dollar Steamship Line

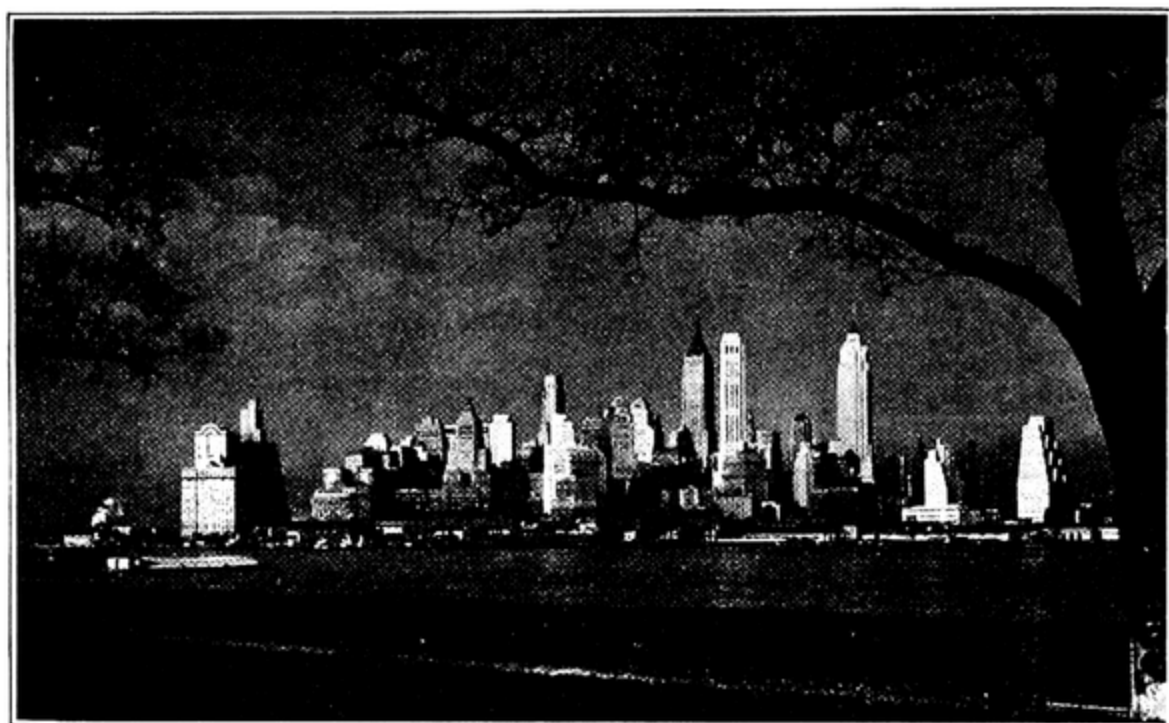
S. S. "PRESIDENT HOOVER" LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO FOR JAPAN

feller and Henry Ford. Rockefeller says it is a "religious duty" to make as much money as you can, and Ford has informed us that "history is bunk." The one standard of success in business—and perhaps its stark and easily grasped simplicity is what attracts many Americans—is the amount of money you make from it. There are no foolish nuances.¹ Most Americans are business men. Whatever ideals they may have had in college, and to a considerable extent whatever manners they may have inherited or acquired, they begin to shed, unless their niche is an unusually sheltered one, when the real nature of the excoriating² modern business competition dawns upon them. Little by little as they "learn the game" they conform to their customers or associates.

¹ *nuances* (nū-āns'ēz): shades of difference.

² *excoriating* (ēks-kōr'f-āt-īng): galling.

Another characteristic of American life is its extreme mobility. People move up and down in the social scale and round about the country like bubbles in a boiling kettle. Social life everywhere here is in a constant flux. I left Wall Street, where I was in business, and a certain suburb where I then lived, fifteen years ago. Today the personnel of "the Street" as I remember it is almost as completely changed as are the symbols on the ticker. In the suburb where I once knew everyone, at least by name, I know scarcely half a dozen households. People are forever making or losing money, arriving in new social sets, living in Pittsburgh or a mining camp one year and in Los Angeles or St. Paul the next. This has a marked effect on social independence. When a family has lived for many generations in the same place, or, as have many



NEW YORK'S SKY LINE

William Frange

country families in England, for centuries, they acquire a social position almost wholly independent of their individual members at a given time. Indeed, a member is almost an accident and may be as erratic and independent as he pleases. He still remains a so-and-so of so-and-so, known to all the countryside. An old hereditary title accomplishes the same result. Here and there in New England villages or in the South there are families who approximate this happy condition, but in the constant movement of the life of most Americans it is necessary for them to depend wholly upon the effect of their personalities and bank accounts. A man whose family has lived in the "big house" in a small Massachusetts town for a century or two is sufficiently "somebody" there almost to be independent; but should business require him to move to Kalamazoo he is nobody until he "shows them." The social reputation, immunity,¹ and freedom which

¹ *immunity*: freedom from criticism.

long residence in one place gives without effort or thought has to be built again from the ground up, and warily, when one moves to another town where they know not Joseph.² One joins the organizations in the new town, and, again, one conforms. To begin in a new place by being "different" is dangerous; to begin by being too superior, even if actually, unconsciously, and with no wish to appear so, may be fatal. Like myself, had I gone to that Jersey suburb and made a little privacy round my garden, the newcomer might be voted "high hat" and not "last long."

In assuming the "mucker pose" the gentleman and scholar does not, of course, descend as low as the "mucker"; but he does, in self-defense, for the sake of peace and quiet, for business success, and for the sake of not offending the motley³ crowd of all

² *know not Joseph*: See Exodus 1:8.

³ *motley*: mixed; having a wide variety of tastes and ideas.

sorts whom his neighbors are apt to be in the seething, changing society everywhere today, shed enough of his own personality not to offend the average. He avoids whatever others may think "high hat" in manners or culture as he would the plague. Like Henry Adams, he will find himself hiding his antecedents if they happen to be better than the neighbors'.

This possible answer to my friends' question does not necessarily indict democracy and American life. Both have brought new values into the world of other sorts. I am merely pointing to one of the possible losses. For it is a loss when a man deliberately uses worse manners than he knows how to use, when he tries to cover up his intellectual abilities, or when he tries to be average when he is above it. A business-democracy has accomplished a great task in leveling up the material condition¹ of its people. It may be asked, however, whether there is no danger of a leveling down of manners and culture.² Perhaps the new values gained offset the old ones in some danger of being lost, but it may, even in America, be left to one to question, to ponder, and to doubt. Is the mucker pose really forced on one? People adopt it, evidently, because they think it is the thing to do and essential to make them quickly popular. It does not always work, even in business. A dignified man of science was recently explaining to an applicant for a position some new research work he had been doing. The young Ph.D. was intensely interested. When the scientist concluded, he asked the flower of our highest university training what he thought of it. "Hot dog!" was the immediate and enthusi-

astic answer, which, in this case, promptly blasted the young man's career in *that* laboratory. It would not have done so generally, however, and we come back to business as conducted today, and the character and background of our business leaders as, perhaps, the main contributing cause of forcing the mucker pose.

We can prate as we like about the idealism of America, but it is only money success which really counts. Business life today is not the basis for a rational social life, but social life is manipulated as the basis for an irrational business one. One makes acquaintances and tries for popularity in order to get ahead downtown. To an unprecedented extent the people who have money in all lines of business are newcomers from far down in the social scale, men with no culture and no background, and often no manners. We may note our new class of multimillionaire landlords who have built fortunes out of shoestrings since the War. Two of our now greatest industries have been wholly evolved in the last two decades, and one certainly does not look for culture among the kings in the motor and moving-picture trades. The "people" who came into political power under Jackson made a huge grab at economic power under Grant, but it has been reserved for the present to "make the world safe for democracy." The old class which had inherited manners and culture as essential to an ordered life has abdicated mainly for mere lack of funds. In business for the last decade it has been for the most part the conservatives, who had much to lose, who have lost, and the reckless who have won.

Business may explain the mucker pose, but it may be asked whether those who adopt it are not traitors to

¹ *leveling up the material condition*: leveling living conditions by raising those below the average.

² *leveling down of manners and culture*: leveling manners and customs by lowering those above the average.

all that is best in the world and which has been so hardly built up. An impoverished aristocrat may sell his title in marriage for one generation to rehabilitate his house, but Americans who sell their culture and their breeding to truckle¹ to the unbred in business, who shed these things of the spirit for motor cars and all the rest of the things of the body, are taking refuge in a yet more ignominious² surrender. They may thus pick up some of the golden drippings³ from the muckers' tables, but they do not gain the respect of the muckers whom they imitate, and may yet awake to the fact that they have properly forfeited even their own.

PONDERING OVER THE ESSAY

1. The author of this article is a member of the famous Adams family, which probably has had more to do with the building of cultural values in America than any other family in the country. He has written several books of outstanding merit on American history, one of which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. Make a list of other members of the Adams family who have made distinctive contributions. What did each contribute?

2. The foregoing essay was written originally as a magazine article. Why is it classified as an essay rather than as history?

3. What was the point of view in the article? Were the ideas expressed clearly and were the conclusions logical? A good way to find out whether or not an article is well organized is to outline it. A poorly organized article cannot be outlined, while the headings and subheads in a well-organized article fall naturally into place. Try outlining the article you just read. It will help you in your own writing.

¹ truckle (trūk'l): to try to gain favor.

² ignominious (ig'nō-mīn'i-ūs): shameful.

³ golden drippings: chances to make money.

4. Are you afraid to be an individual? Do you allow your personality to develop, or do you always try to be one of the crowd? What does James Truslow Adams think are the advantages of the "mucker pose"? How does he think it is harmful? Do you agree with him?

A YOUNG SOLDIER'S FIRST BATTLE*

By STEPHEN CRANE

Many a young soldier has wondered how he would behave in his first battle. Then when the time comes, he finds that he behaves much in the same manner as the men around him behave. If they are brave, he is brave. If they run, he runs along with them. The following selection tells how closely a soldier follows the example of those about him in battle.

There were moments of waiting. The youth thought of the village street at home before the arrival of the circus parade on a day in the spring. He remembered how he had stood, a small, thrilling boy, prepared to follow the dingy lady upon the white horse, or the band in its faded chariot. He saw the yellow road, the lines of expectant people, and the sober houses. He particularly remembered an old fellow who used to sit upon a cracker box in front of the store and feign to despise⁴ such exhibitions. A thousand details of color and form surged in his mind. The fellow upon the cracker box appeared in middle prominence.

Some one cried, "Here they come!"

There was rustling and muttering among the men. They displayed a feverish desire to have every possible cartridge ready to their hands.⁵ The boxes were pulled around into various positions, and adjusted with great care.

*From *The Red Badge of Courage*.

⁴ feign to despise: pretend to dislike.

⁵ ready to their hands: ready to be seized.

It was as if seven hundred new bonnets were being tried on.

The tall soldier, having prepared his rifle, produced a red handkerchief of some kind. He was engaged in knitting it¹ about his throat with exquisite² attention to its position, when the cry was repeated up and down the line in a muffled roar of sound.

"Here they come! Here they come!" Gun locks clicked.

Across the smoke-infested fields came a brown swarm of running men who were giving shrill yells. They came on, stooping and swinging their rifles at all angles. A flag, tilted forward, sped near the front.

As he caught sight of them the youth was momentarily startled by a thought that perhaps his gun was not loaded. He stood trying to rally his faltering intellect so that he might recollect the moment when he had loaded, but he could not.

A hatless general pulled his dripping horse to a stand near the colonel of the 304th. He shook his fist in the other's face. "You've got to hold 'em back!"

In his agitation the colonel began to stammer. "A-all r-right, General, all right, by Gawd! We-we'll do our-we-we'll-d-d-do-our best, General." The general made a passionate gesture and galloped away. The colonel, perchance to relieve his feelings, began to scold like a wet parrot. The youth, turning swiftly to make sure that the rear was unmolested, saw the commander regarding his men in a highly resentful manner, as if he regretted above everything his association with them.

The man at the youth's elbow was mumbling, as if to himself: "Oh, we're in for it now! Oh, we're in for it now!"

¹ *knitting it*: tying it.

² *exquisite* (ěks'kwī-zĭt): extremely careful.

The captain of the company had been pacing excitedly to and fro in the rear. He coaxed in schoolmistress fashion, as to a congregation of boys with primers. His talk was an endless repetition. "Reserve your fire, boys—don't shoot till I tell you—save your fire—wait till they get close up—don't be fools—"

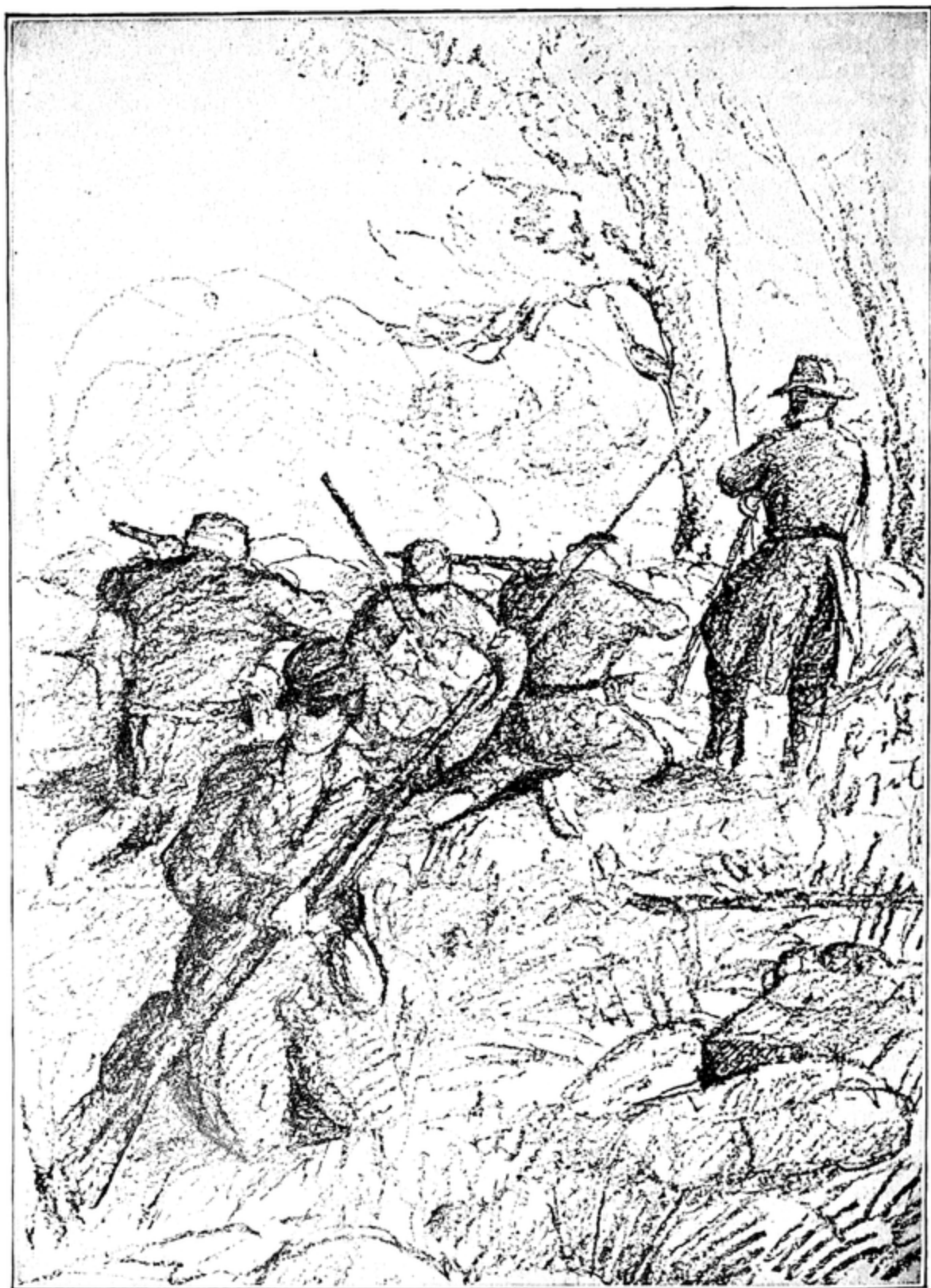
Perspiration streamed down the youth's face, which was soiled like that of a weeping urchin. He frequently, with a nervous movement, wiped his eyes with his coat sleeve. His mouth was still a little way open.

He got the one glance at the foe-swarming field in front of him, and instantly ceased to debate the question of his piece being loaded. Before he was to begin—before he had announced to himself that he was about to fight—he threw the obedient, wall-balanced rifle into position and fired a first wild shot. Directly he was working at his weapon like an automatic affair.

He suddenly lost concern for himself, and forgot to look at a menacing fate. He became not a man but a member. He felt that something of which he was a part—a regiment, an army, a cause, or a country—was in a crisis. He was welded into a common personality which was dominated by a single desire. For some moments he could flee no more than a little finger can commit a revolution from a hand.

If he had thought the regiment was about to be annihilated, perhaps he could have amputated³ himself from it. But its noise gave him assurance. The regiment was like a firework that, once ignited, proceeds superior to circumstances until its blazing vitality fades. It wheezed and banged with a mighty power. He pictured the ground before it as strewn with the discomfited.

³ *amputated*: cut away from.



THE FOE-SWARMING FIELD LAY BEFORE HIM

There was a consciousness always of the presence of his comrades about him. He felt the subtle battle brotherhood¹ more potent even than the cause for which they were fighting. It was a mysterious fraternity² born of the smoke and danger of death.

He was at a task. He was like a carpenter who has made many boxes, making still another box, only there was furious haste in his movements. He, in his thought, was careering off in other places, even as the carpenter who as he works whistles and thinks of his friend or his enemy, his home or a saloon. And these jolted dreams were never perfect to him afterward, but remained a mass of blurred shapes.

Presently he began to feel the effects of the war atmosphere—a blistering sweat, a sensation that his eyeballs were about to crack like hot stones. A burning roar filled his ears.

Following this came a red rage. He developed the acute exasperation of a pestered animal, a well-meaning cow worried by dogs. He had a mad feeling against his rifle, which could only be used against one life at a time. He wished to rush forward and strangle with his fingers. He craved a power that would enable him to make a world-sweeping gesture and brush all back. His impotency³ appeared to him, and made his rage into that of a driven beast.

Buried in the smoke of many rifles his anger was directed not so much against the men whom he knew were rushing toward him as against the swirling battle phantoms⁴ which were choking him, stuffing their smoke robes down his parched throat. He fought frantically for respite for his senses,

for air, as a babe being smothered attacks the deadly blankets.

There was a blare of heated rage mingled with a certain expression of intentness on all faces. Many of the men were making low-toned noises with their mouths, and these subdued cheers, snarls, imprecations, prayers, made a wild, barbaric song that went as an undercurrent of sound, strange and chantlike with the resounding chords of the war march. The man at the youth's elbow was babbling. In it there was something soft and tender like the monologue of a babe. The tall soldier was swearing in a loud voice. From his lips came a black procession of curious oaths. Of a sudden another broke out in a querulous way like a man who has mislaid his hat. "Well, why don't you support us? Why don't they send supports? Do they think—"

The youth in his battle sleep⁵ heard this as one who dozes hears.

There was a singular absence of heroic poses. The men bending and surging in their haste and rage were in every impossible attitude. The steel ramrods⁶ clanked and clanged with incessant din as the men pounded them furiously into the hot rifle barrels.⁷ The flaps of the cartridge boxes were all unfastened, and bobbed idiotically with each movement. The rifles, once loaded, were jerked to the shoulder and fired without apparent aim into the smoke or at one of the blurred and shifting forms which upon the field before the regiment had been growing larger and larger like puppets under a magician's hand.

The officers, at their intervals, rearward, neglected to stand in their picturesque attitudes. They were all

¹ *subtle* (sut'l) *battle brotherhood*: feeling of unity in the company.

² *fraternity*: brotherhood.

³ *impotency*: weakness.

⁴ *phantoms*: ghost-like figures, suggested by the smoke from the rifles.

⁵ *battle sleep*: the soldier was in a daze which seemed like a sleep.

⁶ *ramrods*: rods for driving home the load of a muzzle-loading rifle.

⁷ *hot rifle barrels*: hot from the firing.

to and fro, roaring directions and encouragements. The dimensions of their howls were extraordinary. They expended their lungs with prodigal wills. And often they nearly stood upon their heads in their anxiety to observe the enemy on the other side of the tumbling smoke.

The lieutenant of the youth's company had encountered a soldier who had fled screaming at the first volley of his comrades. Behind the lines these two were acting a little isolated scene. The man was blubbering and staring with sheep-like eyes at the lieutenant, who had seized him by the collar and was pommeling him. He drove him back into the ranks with many blows. The soldier went mechanically, dully, with his animal-like eyes upon the officer. Perhaps there was to him a divinity expressed in the voice of the other—stern, hard, with no reflection of fear in it. He tried to reload his gun, but his shaking hands prevented. The lieutenant was obliged to assist him.

The men dropped here and there like bundles. The captain of the youth's company had been killed in an early part of the action. His body lay stretched out in the position of a tired man resting, but upon his face there was an astonished and sorrowful look, as if he thought some friend had done him an ill turn. The babbling man was grazed by a shot that made the blood stream widely down his face. He clapped both hands to his head. "Oh!" he said, and ran. Another grunted suddenly as if he had been struck by a club in the stomach. He sat down and gazed ruefully. In his eyes there was mute, indefinite¹ reproach. Farther up the line a man, standing behind a tree, had had his knee joint splintered by a ball.²

¹ *mute, indefinite*: silent, vague.

² *ball*: rifle ball.

Immediately he had dropped his rifle and gripped the tree with both arms. And there he remained, clinging and crying for assistance that he might withdraw his hold upon the tree.

At last an exultant yell went along the quivering line. The firing dwindled from an uproar to a last vindictive popping.³ As the smoke slowly eddied away, the youth saw that the charge had been repulsed. The enemy were scattered into reluctant groups. He saw a man climb to the top of the fence, straddle the rail, and fire a parting shot. The waves had receded, leaving bits of dark *débris*⁴ upon the ground.

Some in the regiment began to whoop frenziedly. Many were silent. Apparently they were trying to contemplate themselves.

After the fever had left his veins, the youth thought that at last he was going to suffocate. He became aware of the foul atmosphere in which he had been struggling. He was grimy and dripping like a laborer in a foundry. He grasped his canteen and took a long swallow of the warmed water.

A sentence with variations went up and down the line. "Well, we've helt 'em back. We've helt 'em back; derned if we haven't." The men said it blissfully, leering at each other with dirty smiles.

The youth turned to look behind him and off to the right and off to the left. He experienced the joy of a man who at last finds leisure in which to look about him.

Under foot there were a few ghastly forms motionless. They lay twisted in fantastic contortions. Arms were bent and heads were turned in incredible ways. It seemed that the dead

³ *last vindictive popping*: a few final revengeful shots.

⁴ *débris* (dê-brê'): rubbish left by receding waves on the shore.

men must have fallen from some great height to get into such positions. They looked to be dumped out upon the ground from the sky.

From a position in the rear of the grove a battery¹ was throwing shells over it. The flash of the guns startled the youth, at first. He thought they were aimed directly at him. Through the trees he watched the black figures of the gunners as they worked swiftly and intently. Their labor seemed a complicated thing. He wondered how they could remember its formula in the midst of confusion.

The guns squatted in a row like savage chiefs. They argued with abrupt violence. It was a grim pow-wow. Their busy servants ran hither and thither.

A small procession of wounded men were going drearily toward the rear. It was a flow of blood from the torn body of the brigade.

To the right and to the left were the dark lines of other troops. Far in front he thought he could see lighter masses protruding in points from the forest. They were suggestive of unnumbered thousands.

Once he saw a tiny battery go dashing along the line of the horizon. The tiny riders were beating the tiny horses. From a sloping hill came the sound of cheerings and clashes. Smoke welled slowly through the leaves.

Batteries were speaking with thunderous oratorical effort.² Here and there were flags, the red in the stripes dominating. They splashed bits of warm color upon the dark lines of troops.

The youth felt the old thrill at the sight of the emblem. They were like beautiful birds strangely undaunted in a storm.

¹ *battery*: a number of cannon under the command of one officer to insure united action.

² *thunderous oratorical effort*: the guns seemed to boom out an oration.



THE ADVANCE

As he listened to the din from the hillside, to a deep pulsating thunder that came from afar to the left, and to the lesser clamors which came from many directions, it occurred to him that they were fighting, too, over there, and over there, and over there. Here-fore he had supposed that all the battle was directly under his nose.

As he gazed around him the youth felt a flash of astonishment at the blue, pure sky and the sun gleamings on the trees and fields. It was surprising that Nature had gone tranquilly on with her golden process in the midst of so much devilment.

The youth awakened slowly. He came gradually back to a position from which he could regard himself. For moments he had been scrutinizing his person in a dazed way as if he had never before seen himself. Then he picked up his cap from the ground. He wriggled in his jacket to make a more comfortable fit, and, kneeling,



THE GUNNERS WORKED SWIFTLY

relaxed his shoe. He thoughtfully mopped his reeking features.

So it was all over at last! The supreme trial¹ had been passed. The red, formidable difficulties of war had been vanquished.

He went into an ecstasy of self-satisfaction. He had the most delightful sensations of his life. Standing as if apart from himself, he viewed that last scene. He perceived that the man who had fought thus was magnificent.

He felt that he was a fine fellow. He saw himself even with those ideals which he had considered as far beyond him. He smiled in deep gratification.

Upon his fellows he beamed tenderness and good will. "Gee! ain't it hot, hey?" he said affably to a man who was polishing his streaming face with his coat sleeves.

"You bet!" said the other, grinning sociably. "I never seen sech dumb

¹ *supreme trial*: his participation in a battle.

hotness." He sprawled out luxuriously on the ground. "Gee, yes! An' I hope we don't have no more fightin' till a week from Monday.

There were some handshakings and deep speeches with men whose features were familiar, but with whom the youth now felt the bonds of tied hearts. He helped a cursing comrade to bind up a wound of the shin.

But, of a sudden, cries of amazement broke out along the ranks of the new regiment. "Here they come ag'in! Here they come ag'in!" The man who had sprawled upon the ground started up and said, "Gosh!"

The youth turned quick eyes upon the fields. He discerned forms begin to swell in masses out of a distant wood. He again saw the tilted flag speeding forward.

The shells, which had ceased to trouble the regiment for a time, came swirling again, and exploded in the grass or among the leaves of the trees. They looked to be strange war flowers bursting into fierce bloom.

The men groaned. The luster faded from their eyes. Their smudged countenances now expressed a profound dejection. They moved their stiffened bodies slowly, and watched in sullen mood the frantic approach of the enemy. The slaves toiling in the temple of this god began to feel rebellion at his harsh tasks.

They fretted and complained each to each. "Oh, say, this is too much of a good thing! Why can't somebody send us supports?"

"We ain't never goin' to stand this second banging. I didn't come here to fight the hull derved rebel army."

There was one who raised a doleful cry. "I wish Bill Smithers had trod on my hand, insteader me treddin' on his'n." The sore joints of the regiment creaked as it painfully floundered into position to repulse.

The youth stared. Surely, he thought, this impossible thing was not about to happen. He waited as if he expected the enemy to stop suddenly, apologize, and retire bowing. It was all a mistake.

But the firing began somewhere on the regimental line and ripped along in both directions. The level sheets of flame developed great clouds of smoke that tumbled and tossed in the mild wind near the ground for a moment, and then rolled through the ranks as through a gate. The clouds were tinged an earthlike yellow in the sun rays and in the shadow were a sorry blue. The flag was sometimes eaten and lost in this mass of vapor, but more often it projected, sun-touched, resplendent.

Into the youth's eyes there came a look that one can see in the orbs of a jaded horse. His neck was quivering with nervous weakness, and the muscles of his arms felt numb and bloodless. His hands, too, seemed large and awkward as if he was wearing invisible mittens. And there was great uncertainty about his knee joints.

The words that comrades had uttered previous to the firing began to recur to him. "Oh, say, this is too much of a good thing! What do they take us for—why don't they send supports? I didn't come here to fight the hull derved rebel army."

He began to exaggerate the endurance, the skill, and the valor of those who were coming. Himself reeling from exhaustion, he was astonished beyond measure at such persistency.¹ They must be machines of steel. It was very gloomy struggling against such affairs, wound up perhaps to fight until sundown.

He slowly lifted his rifle, and catching a glimpse of the thickspread field

he blazed at a cantering cluster.² He stopped then and began to peer as best he could through the smoke. He caught changing views of the ground covered with men who were all running like pursued imps and yelling.

To the youth it was an onslaught of redoubtable dragons. He became like the man who lost his legs at the approach of the red and green monster. He waited in a sort of a horrified, listening attitude. He seemed to shut his eyes and wait to be gobbled.

A man near him who up to this time had been working feverishly at his rifle suddenly stopped and ran with howls. A lad whose face had borne an expression of exalted courage, the majesty of him who dares give his life, was, at an instant, smitten abject. He blanched like one who has come to the edge of a cliff at midnight and is suddenly made aware. There was a revelation. He, too, threw down his gun and fled. There was no shame in his face. He ran like a rabbit.

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. Stephen Crane was a young writer of great promise in the late nineties. Most of his writings, like the selection you just read, are adventurous in nature. If possible, read some of his other writings to note how much action they contain.

2. The foregoing selection is taken from a novel. How does it resemble a short story? Is it complete in plot and does it have a climax?

3. Although Crane wrote stories of adventure, he was interested chiefly in the emotional reaction of his characters. What was the emotional reaction of the young soldier? Did you blame him because he was not very heroic?

4. People used to tell a story of two soldiers who behaved with equal valor in battle. One of them was not afraid. He had never felt fear in his life. The other

¹ *persistence*: determination to continue.

² *cantering cluster*: a group of running soldiers.

was desperately afraid, but fought shoulder to shoulder with his comrade all through the battle. Which of the two was the braver?

LIFE IN ZENITH*

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Now and then a character is created in literature who is typical of an entire group of people. His name becomes a household word used to convey a picture of the group. No further description is necessary. Such a character is George F. Babbitt, whom you will meet in the following selection.

To George F. Babbitt, as to most prosperous citizens of Zenith, his motor car was poetry and tragedy, love and heroism. The office was his pirate ship but the car his perilous excursion ashore.

Among the tremendous crises of each day none was more dramatic than starting the engine. It was slow on cold mornings; there was the long anxious whirr of the starter; and sometimes he had to drip ether into the cocks of the cylinders, which was so very interesting that at lunch he would chronicle¹ it drop by drop, and orally calculate how much each drop had cost him.

This morning he was darkly prepared to find something wrong, and he felt belittled when the mixture exploded sweet and strong, and the car didn't even brush the door-jamb, gouged and splintery with many bruising by fenders, as he backed out of the garage. He was confused. He shouted "Morning!" to Sam Doppelbrau with more cordiality than he had intended.

Babbitt's green and white Dutch Colonial house was one of three in that block in Chatham Road. To the left of it was the residence of Mr. Samuel Doppelbrau, secretary of an

excellent firm of bath-room-fixture jobbers. His was a comfortable house with no architectural manners² whatever; a large wooden box with a squat tower, a broad porch, and glossy paint yellow as a yolk. Babbitt disapproved of Mr. and Mrs. Doppelbrau as "Bohemian." From their house came midnight music and obscene laughter;³ there were neighborhood rumors of bootlegged whisky and fast motor rides. They furnished Babbitt with many happy evenings of discussion, during which he announced firmly, "I'm not straitlaced, and I don't mind seeing a fellow throw in a drink once in a while, but when it comes to deliberately trying to get away with a lot of hell-raising all the while like the Doppelbraus do, it's too rich for my blood!"

On the other side of Babbitt lived Howard Littlefield, Ph.D., in a strictly modern house whereof the lower part was dark red tapestry brick, with a leaded oriel,⁴ the upper part of pale stucco like spattered clay, and the roof red-tiled. Littlefield was the Great Scholar of the neighborhood; the authority on everything in the world except babies, cooking, and motors. He was a Bachelor of Arts of Blodgett College, and a Doctor of Philosophy in economics of Yale. He was the employment-manager and publicity-counsel of the Zenith Street Traction Company. He could, on ten hours' notice, appear before the board of aldermen or the state legislature and prove, absolutely, with figures in rows and with precedents from Poland and New Zealand, that the street-car company loved the Public and yearned over its employees; that all of its stock was

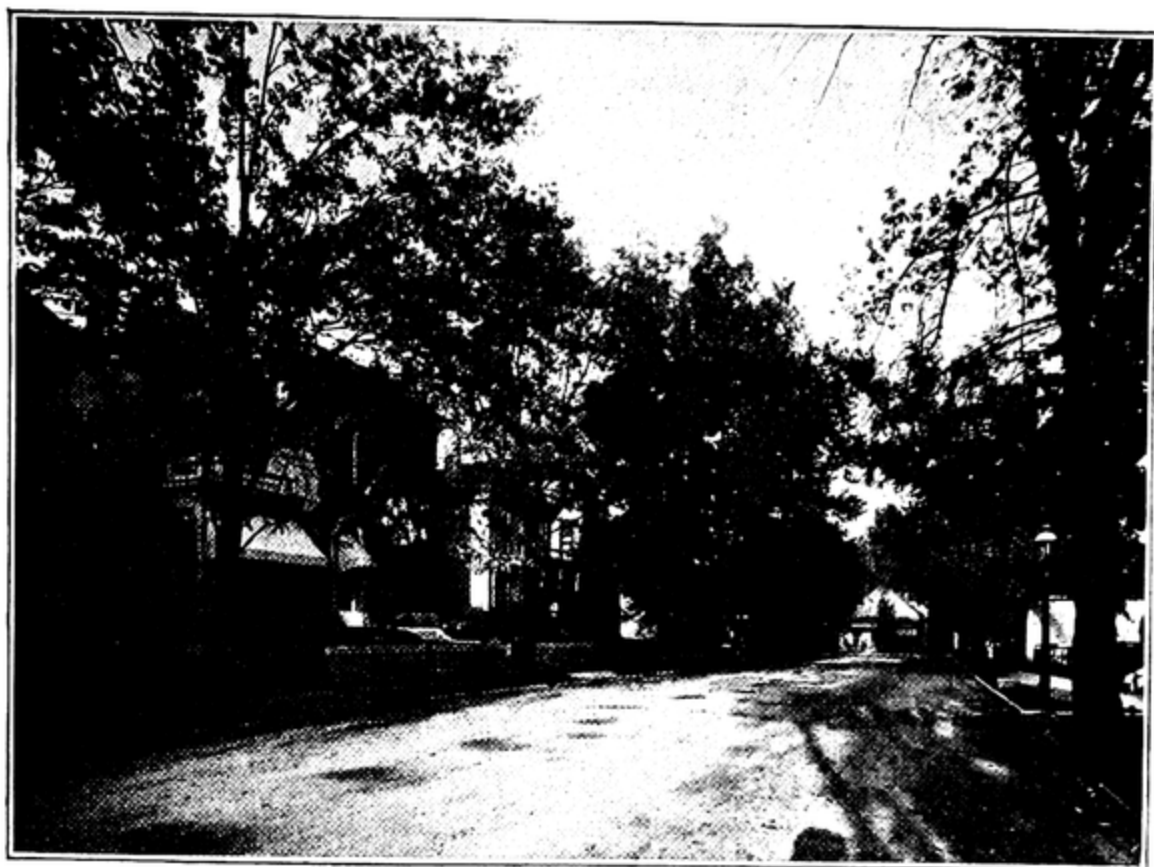
² no architectural manners: revealing no special planning by an architect.

³ obscene laughter: loud and noisy laughter.

⁴ oriel: large bay window projecting from the wall.

*From *Babbitt*

¹ chronicle: retell the story.



CHATHAM ROAD

owned by Widows and Orphans; and that whatever it desired to do would benefit property-owners by increasing rental values, and help the poor by lowering rents. All his acquaintances turned to Littlefield when they desired to know the date of the battle of Saragossa,¹ the definition of the word "sabotage,"² the future of the German mark, the translation of "hinc illae lachrimae,"³ or the number of products of coal tar. He awed Babbitt by confessing that he often sat up till midnight reading the figures and footnotes in Government reports, or skimming (with amusement at the author's mis-

takes) the latest volumes of chemistry, archaeology,⁴ and ichthyology.⁵

But Littlefield's great value was as a spiritual example. Despite his strange learnings he was as strict a Presbyterian and as firm a Republican as George F. Babbitt. He confirmed the business men in the faith. Where they knew only by passionate instinct that their system of industry and manners was perfect, Dr. Howard Littlefield proved it to them, out of history, economics, and the confessions of reformed radicals.

Babbitt had a good deal of honest pride in being the neighbor of such a savant,⁶ and in Ted's intimacy with Eunice Littlefield. At sixteen Eunice

¹ *Saragossa* (sär'-d-gös'-ä): a city in northeast Spain, scene of a number of battles and sieges, most famous of which is that in 1808 when the French besieged and captured the city after a desperate resistance.

² *sabotage* (sä-bō-tāzh'): deliberate damage done by dissatisfied workmen.

³ *hinc illae lachrimae*: hence those tears.

⁴ *archaeology* (är'-kē-ōl'-ō-jī): a scientific study of the material remains of the past, such as buildings, tools, and weapons.

⁵ *ichthyology* (ik'thī-ōl'-ō-jī): the scientific study of fishes.

⁶ *savant* (sä-vän'): man of learning.

was interested in no statistics save those regarding the ages and salaries of motion-picture stars, but—as Babbitt definitely put it—“she was her father’s daughter.”

The difference between a light man like Sam Doppelbrau and a really fine character like Littlefield was revealed in their appearances. Doppelbrau was disturbingly young for a man of forty-eight. He wore his derby on the back of his head, and his red face was wrinkled with meaningless laughter. But Littlefield was old for a man of forty-two. He was tall, broad, thick; his gold-rimmed spectacles were engulfed in the folds of his long face; his hair was a tossed mass of greasy blackness; he puffed and rumbled as he talked.

This morning he was in front of his house, inspecting the grass parking between the curb and the broad cement sidewalk. Babbitt stopped his car and leaned out to shout “Mornin’!” Littlefield lumbered over and stood with one foot up on the running-board.

“Fine morning,” said Babbitt, lighting—illegally early—his second cigar of the day.

“Yes, it’s a mighty fine morning,” said Littlefield.

“Spring coming along fast now.”

“Yes, it’s real spring now, all right,” said Littlefield.

“Still cold nights, though. Had to have a couple blankets on the sleeping-porch last night.”

“Yes, it wasn’t any too warm last night,” said Littlefield.

“But I don’t anticipate we’ll have any more real cold weather this late in the season.”

“No, but still there was snow at Tiflis, Montana, yesterday,” said the Scholar, “and you remember the blizzard they had out West three days ago—thirty inches of snow at Greeley,

Colorado—and two years ago we had a snow-squall right here in Zenith on the twenty-fifth of April.”

“Is that a fact! Say, old man, what do you think about the Republican candidate? Who’ll they nominate for president? Don’t you think it’s about time we had a real business administration?”¹

“In my opinion, what the country needs, first and foremost, is a good, sound, business-like conduct of its affairs. What we need is—a business administration!” said Littlefield.

“I’m glad to hear you say that! I certainly am glad to hear you say that! I didn’t know how you’d feel about it, with all your associations with colleges and so on, and I’m glad you feel that way. What the country needs—just at this present juncture—is neither a college president nor a lot of monkeying with foreign affairs, but a good—sound—economical—business administration, that will give us a chance to have something like a decent turnover.”

“Yes. It isn’t generally realized that even in China the schoolmen are giving way to more practical men, and of course you can see what that implies.”

“Is that a fact! Well, well!” breathed Babbitt, feeling much calmer, and much happier about the way things were going in the world. “Well it’s been nice to stop and parleyvoo² a second. Guess I’ll have to get down to the office now and sting a few clients. Well, so long, old man. See you to-night. So long.”

They had labored, these solid citizens.³ Twenty years before, the hill

¹ *business administration*: an administration run on business principles.

² *parleyvoo* (pär’li-vû’): slang for *talk*; from French *Parley-vous*, “Do you speak.”

³ *solid citizens*: citizens who were sure and dependable.

on which Floral Heights was spread, with its bright roofs and immaculate turf and amazing comfort, had been a wilderness of rank second-growth elms and oaks and maples. Along the precise streets were still a few wooded vacant lots, and the fragment of an old orchard. It was brilliant today; the apple boughs were lit with fresh leaves like torches of green fire. The first white of cherry blossoms flickered down a gully, and robins clamored.

Babbitt sniffed the earth, chuckled at the hysteric robins as he would have chuckled at kittens or at a comic movie. He was, to the eye, the perfect office-going executive—a well-fed man in a correct brown soft hat and frameless spectacles, smoking a large cigar, driving a good motor along a semi-suburban parkway. But in him was some genius of authentic love for his neighborhood, his city, his clan. The winter was over; the time was come for the building, the visible growth, which to him was glory. He lost his dawn depression;¹ he was cheerful when he stopped on Smith Street to leave the brown trousers, and to have the gasoline tank filled.

The familiarity of the rite² fortified him: the sight of the tall red iron gasoline-pump, the hollow-tile and terra-cotta garage, the window full of the most agreeable accessories—shiny casings, spark-plugs with immaculate porcelain jackets, tire-chains of gold and silver. He was flattered by the friendliness with which Sylvester Moon, dirtiest and most skilled of motor mechanics, came out to serve him. “Mornin’, Mr. Babbitt!” said Moon, and Babbitt felt himself a person of importance, one whose name even busy garagemen remembered—

not one of these cheap-sports flying around in flivvers. He admired the ingenuity of the automatic dial, clicking off gallon by gallon; admired the smartness of the sign: “A fill in time saves getting stuck—gas today 31 cents”; admired the rhythmic gurgle of the gasoline as it flowed into the tank, and the mechanical regularity with which Moon turned the handle.

“How much we takin’ today?” asked Moon, in a manner which combined the independence of the great specialist, the friendliness of a familiar gossip, and respect for a man of weight in the community, like George F. Babbitt.

“Fill ’er up.”

“Who you rootin’ for for Republican candidate, Mr. Babbitt?”

“It’s too early to make any predictions yet. After all, there’s still a good month and two weeks—no, three weeks—must be almost three weeks—well, there’s more than six weeks in all before the Republican convention, and I feel a fellow ought to keep an open mind and give all the candidates a show—look ’em all over and size ’em up, and then decide.”

“That’s a fact, Mr. Babbitt.”

“But I’ll tell you—and my stand on this is just the same as it was four years ago, and eight years ago, and it’ll be my stand four years from now—yes, and eight years from now! What I tell everybody, and it can’t be too generally understood, is that what we need first, last, and all the time is a good, sound business administration!”

“By golly, that’s right!”

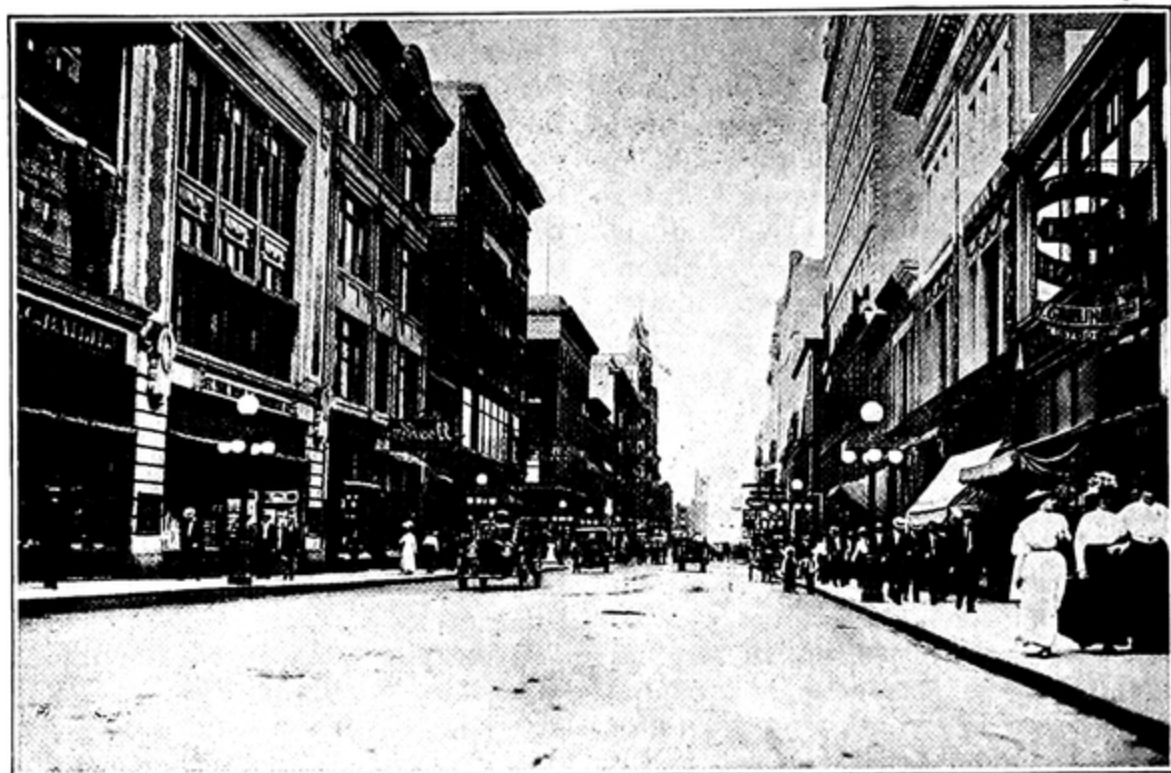
“How do those front tires look to you?”

“Fine! Fine! Wouldn’t be much work for garages if everybody looked after their car the way you do.”

“Well, I do try and have some sense about it.” Babbitt paid his bill, said adequately, “Oh, keep the change,”

¹ dawn depression: depressed feeling he had had upon arising.

² rite: ceremony; here filling the gas tank.



MAIN STREET

and drove off in an ecstasy of honest self-appreciation. It was with the manner of a Good Samaritan¹ that he shouted at a respectable-looking man who was waiting for a trolley car, "Have a lift?" As the man climbed in Babbitt condescended, "Going clear down-town? Whenever I see a fellow waiting for a trolley, I always make it a practice to give him a lift—unless, of course, he looks like a bum."

"Wish there were more folks that were so generous with their machines," said the victim of benevolence.

"Oh, no, 'tain't a question of generosity, hardly. Fact, I always feel—I was saying to my son just the other night!—it's a fellow's duty to share the good things of this world with his neighbors, and it gets my goat when a fellow gets stuck on himself and goes around tooting his horn merely because he's charitable."

¹ *Good Samaritan*: the biblical Good Samaritan who helped an injured man on the highway.

The victim seemed unable to find the right answer. Babbitt boomed on:

"Pretty punk service the Company is giving us on these car lines. Nonsense to only run the Portland Road cars once every seven minutes. Fellow gets mighty cold on a winter morning, waiting on a street corner with the wind nipping at his ankles."

"That's right. The Street Car Company don't care a damn what kind of a deal they give us. Something ought to happen to 'em."

Babbitt was alarmed. "But still, of course it won't do to just keep knocking the Traction Company and not realize the difficulties they're operating under, like these cranks that want municipal ownership.² The way these workmen hold up the Company for high wages is simply a crime, and of course the burden falls on you and me that have to pay a seven-cent fare! Fact, there's remark-

² *municipal ownership*: ownership by the city.

able service on all their lines—considering.”

“Well—” uneasily.

“Darn fine morning,” Babbitt explained. “Spring coming along fast.”

“Yes, it’s real spring now.”

The victim had no originality, no wit, and Babbitt fell into a great silence and devoted himself to the game of beating trolley cars to the corner: a spurt, a tail-chase, nervous speeding between the huge yellow side of the trolley and the jagged row of parked motors, shooting past just as the trolley stopped—a rare game and valiant.

And all the while he was conscious of the loveliness of Zenith. For weeks together he noticed nothing but clients and the vexing To Rent signs of rival brokers.¹ Today in mysterious malaise² he raged or rejoiced with equal nervous swiftness, and today the light of spring was so winsome that he lifted his head and saw.

He admired each district along his familiar route to the office: The bungalows and shrubs and winding irregular driveways of Floral Heights. The one-story shops on Smith Street, a glare of plate-glass and new yellow brick; groceries and laundries and drug-stores to supply the more immediate needs of East Side housewives. The market gardens in Dutch Hollow, their shanties patched with corrugated iron³ and stolen doors. Billboards with crimson goddesses nine feet tall advertising cinema films, pipe tobacco, and talcum powder. The old “mansions” along Ninth Street, S. E., like aged dandies in filthy linen; wooden castles turned into boarding-houses, with muddy walks and rusty hedges, jostled by fast-intruding garages, cheap

apartment houses, and fruit-stands conducted by bland, sleek Athenians. Across the belt of railroad-tracks, factories with high-perched water-tanks and tall stacks—factories producing condensed milk, paper boxes, lighting-fixtures, motor cars. Then the business center, the thickening, darting traffic, the crammed trolleys unloading, and high doorways of marble and polished granite.

It was big—and Babbitt respected bigness in anything; in mountains, jewels, muscles, wealth, or words. He was, for a spring-enchanted moment, the lyric and almost unselfish lover of Zenith. He thought of the outlying factory suburbs; of the Chaloosa River with its strangely eroded⁴ banks; of the orchard-dappled Tonawanda Hills to the North, and all the fat dairy land and big barns and comfortable herds. As he dropped his passenger he cried, “Gosh, I feel pretty good this morning!”

PONDERING OVER THE SELECTION

1. The author of the foregoing selection is a critic of American life. He has written a number of stories in which the central characters are people who are generally admired. With a rather bitter humor he shows up their weaknesses and failings. The characterizations are always so good that no one can fail to recognize them. Read another of his selections to note these qualities.

2. The foregoing selection may be considered a character sketch. Character may be revealed in several ways: (1) by direct statements about a person, (2) by conversation, and (3) by a person’s actions. Which methods were followed in the selection you just read?

3. What did the selection reveal about the character of Babbitt? What did he admire? What kind of amusements did he like? Was he a good judge of char-

¹ *brokers*: those who buy and sell real estate.

² *malaise* (mă-lăz’): discomfort or uneasiness.

³ *corrugated iron*: sheets of iron which are ribbed.

⁴ *eroded*: worn down by the action of water.

acter? Did he form his own opinions, or did he accept those of others? What did he think of himself? If you thought of all these points as you read, you have a complete picture of Babbitt's character even though the story was short. Few writers can make characters seem as real as does Lewis, and few in fact try.

4. In the foregoing selection Lewis describes the American business man who knows nothing outside of his business and believes there is nothing more worth knowing. He looks with scorn upon the arts and all learning that he does not consider practical. He accepts the standards and opinions of the business group to which he belongs and has no sympathy with any other point of view. Indeed, he does not even understand how there can be another point of view. Have you ever known anyone of this sort? Is it necessary to go into the field of business to find such people? In what other fields might they be found? What care are you exercising in your own life to make certain you do not become narrow in your point of view?

AUSPICE MARIA!*

By WILLA CATHER

The Southwest has a flavor and a color all its own. Its background is Spanish and its traditions go back unbroken to the Conquistadores—the cruel, courageous, credulous, and altogether glamorous old pirates who came from Spain four hundred years ago to seek their fortunes in the New World. They found less gold than they were looking for, but they found a land of golden sunshine and blue skies that was very much like their home country of Spain. Thus many of them remained, with their followers, and created a new civilization, a blend of Spanish and Indian seen nowhere else in the world. This unique culture is the background for the selection you will now read.

The construction of Father Vaillant's wagon took a month. It must be a wagon of very unusual design, capable

of carrying a great deal, yet light enough and narrow enough to wind through the mountain gorges beyond Pueblo—where there were no roads at all except the rocky ravines cut out by streams that flowed full in the spring but would be dry now in the autumn. While his wagon was building, Father Joseph was carefully selecting his stores, and the furnishings for a small chapel which he meant to construct of saplings or canvas immediately upon his arrival at Camp Denver. Moreover, there were his valises¹ full of medals, crosses, rosaries, colored pictures and religious pamphlets. For himself, he required no books but his breviary² and the ordinary³ of the Mass.

In the Bishop's courtyard he sorted and re-sorted his cargo, always finding a more necessary article for which a less necessary had to be discarded. Fructosa and Magdalena were frequently called upon to help him, and when a box was finally closed, Fructosa had it put away in the woodshed. She had noticed the Bishop's brows contract slightly when he came upon these trunks and chests in his hallway and dining-room. All the bedding and clothing was packed in great sacks of dressed calfskin,⁴ which Sabino procured from old Mexican settlers. These were already going out of fashion, but in the early days they were the poor man's trunk.

Bishop Latour also was very busy at this time, training a new priest from Clermont; riding about with him among the distant parishes and trying to give him an understanding of the people. As a Bishop, he could only approve Father Vaillant's eagerness to

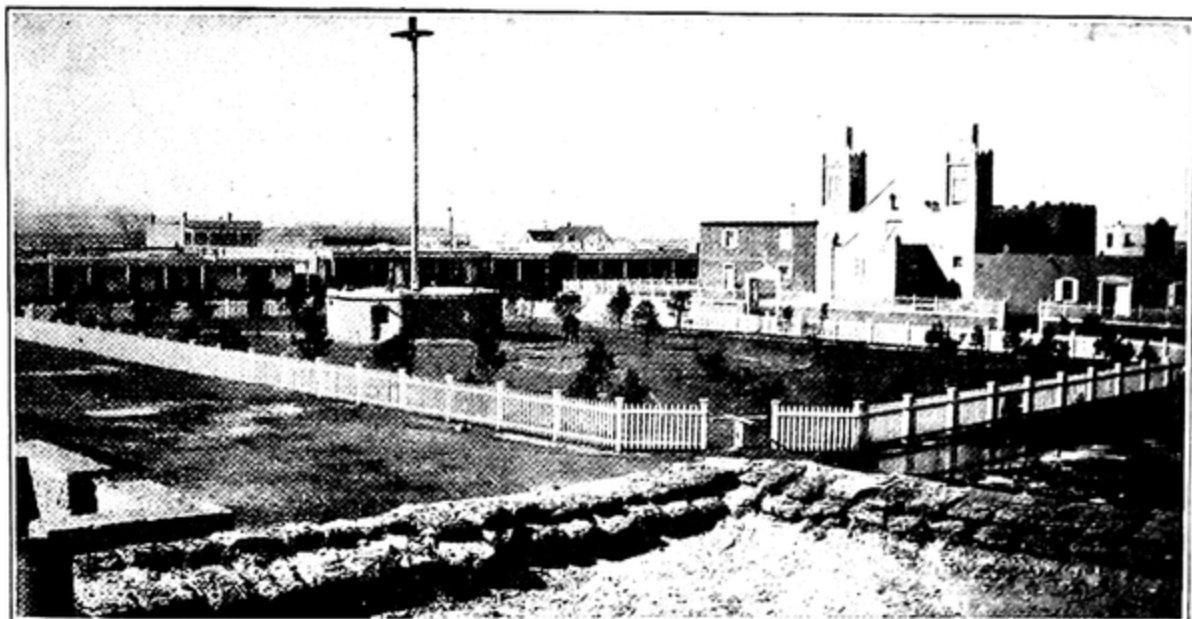
¹ valises (vá-lēs'ēz): suitcases.

² breviary (brē'vī-ēr-ī): book containing the daily prayers of a Catholic priest.

³ ordinary: a book containing the ritual for the mass.

⁴ dressed calfskin: strong bags could be made from calves' skins.

*From *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.



Detroit Photographic Company

CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, WHICH
HAVE BEEN IN EXISTENCE SINCE EARLY DAYS

be gone, and the enthusiasm with which he turned to hardships of a new kind. But as a man, he was a little hurt that his old comrade should leave him without one regret. He seemed to know, as if it had been revealed to him, that this was a final break; that their lives would part here, and that they would never work together again. The bustle of preparation in his own house was painful to him, and he was glad to be abroad among the parishes.¹

One day when the Bishop had just returned from Albuquerque,² Father Vaillant came in to luncheon in high spirits. He had been out for a drive in his new wagon, and declared that it was satisfactory at last. Sabino was ready, and he thought they would start the day after to-morrow. He diagrammed his route on the table-cloth, and went over the catalogue³ of his equipment. The Bishop was tired and scarcely touched his food, but Father Joseph ate generously, as he

was apt to do when fired⁴ by a new project.

After Fructosa had brought the coffee, he leaned back in his chair and turned to his friend with a beaming face. "I often think, Jean, how you were an unconscious agent⁵ in the hands of Providence when you recalled⁶ me from Tucson.⁷ I seemed to be doing the most important work of my life there, and you recalled me for no reason at all, apparently. You did not know why, and I did not know why. We were both acting in the dark. But Heaven knew what was happening at Cripple Creek, and moved us like chessmen on the board. When the call came, I was here to answer it—by a miracle, indeed."

Father Latour put down his silver coffee-cup. "Miracles are all very well, Joseph, but I see none here. I sent for you because I felt the need of your companionship. I used my authority as a Bishop to gratify my

¹ *parishes*: districts into which the church memberships were divided.

² *Albuquerque* (äl-bû-kûr'kî).

³ *catalogue*: detailed list.

⁴ *fired*: filled with enthusiasm.

⁵ *agent*: one who acts for another.

⁶ *recalled*: ordered to move.

⁷ *Tucson* (tōō-sōn').

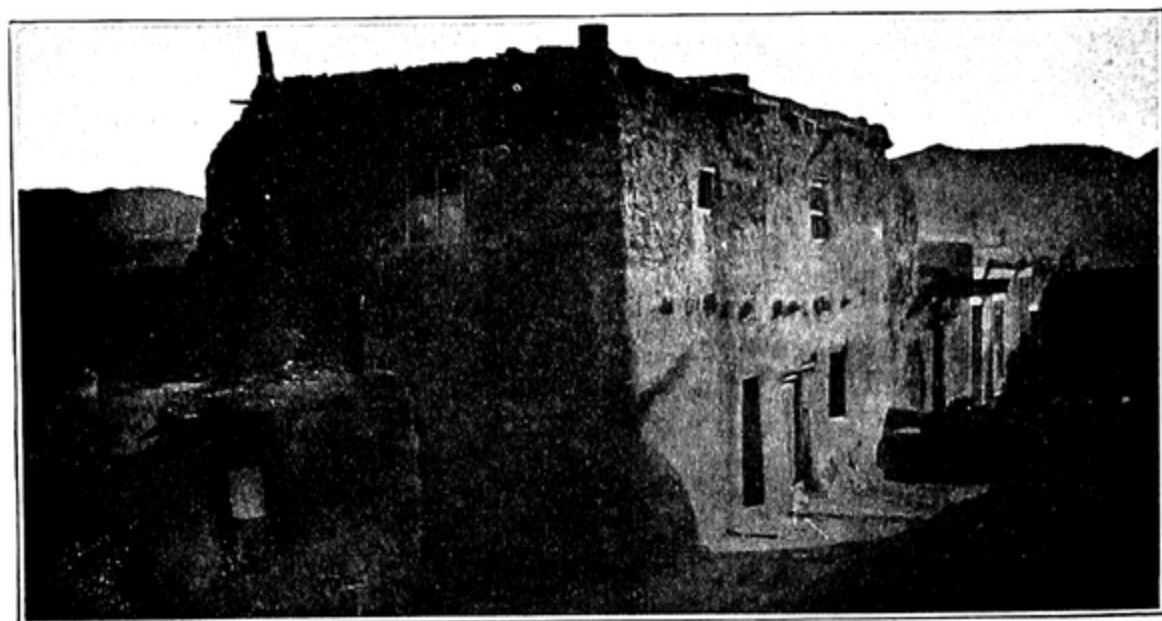
personal wish. That was selfish, if you will, but surely natural enough. We are countrymen, and are bound by early memories. And that two friends, having come together, should part and go their separate ways—that is natural, too. No, I don't think we need any miracle to explain all this."

Father Vaillant had been wholly absorbed in his preparations for saving souls in the gold camps—blind to everything else. Now it came over him in a flash, how the Bishop had held himself aloof from his activities; it was a very hard thing for Father Latour to let him go; the loneliness of his position had begun to weigh upon him.

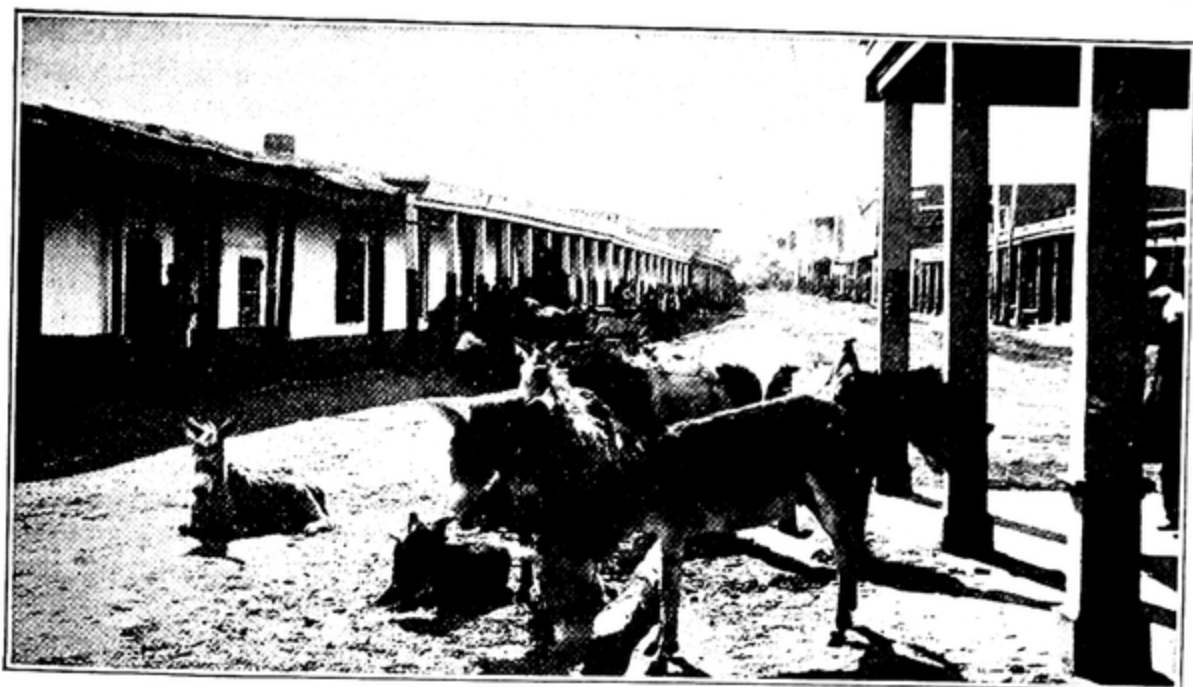
Yes, he reflected, as he went quietly to his own room, there was a great difference in their natures. Wherever he went, he soon made friends that took the place of country and family. But Jean, who was at ease in any society and always the flower of courtesy, could not form new ties. It had always been so. He was like that even as a boy; gracious to everyone, but known to a very few. To

man's wisdom it would have seemed that a priest with Father Latour's exceptional qualities would have been better placed in some part of the world where scholarship, a handsome person, and delicate perceptions all have their effect; and that a man of much rougher type would have served God well enough as the first Bishop of New Mexico. Doubtless Bishop Latour's successors would be men of a different fibre. But God had his reasons, Father Joseph devoutly believed. Perhaps it pleased Him to grace the beginning of a new era and a vast new diocese by a fine personality. And perhaps, after all, something would remain through the years to come; some ideal, or memory, or legend.

The next afternoon, his wagon loaded and standing ready in the courtyard, Father Vaillant was seated at the Bishop's desk, writing letters to France; a short one to Marius, a long one to his beloved Philomene, telling her of his plunge into the unknown and begging her prayers for his success in the world of gold-crazed men. He wrote rapidly and jerkily, moving his



OLDEST HOUSE IN SANTA FE



SAN FRANCISCO STREET, SANTA FE

lips as well as his fingers. When the Bishop entered the study, he rose and stood holding the written pages.

"I did not mean to interrupt you, Joseph, but do you intend to take Contento with you to Colorado?"

Father Joseph blinked. "Why, certainly. I had intended to ride him. However, if you have need for him—"

"Oh, no. Not at all. But if you take Contento, I will ask you to take Angelica as well. They have a great affection for each other; why separate them indefinitely? One could not explain to them. They have worked long together."

Father Vaillant made no reply. He stood looking intently at the pages of his letter. The Bishop saw a drop of water splash down upon the violet script and spread. He turned quickly and went through the arched doorway.

At sunrise next morning Father Vaillant set out, Sabino driving the wagon, his oldest boy riding Angelica, and Father Joseph himself riding Contento. They took the old road to the north-east, through the sharp red sand-

hills spotted with juniper, and the Bishop accompanied them as far as the loop where the road wound out on the top of one of those conical¹ hills, giving the departing traveler his last glimpse of Santa Fe. There Father Joseph drew rein² and looked back at the town lying rosy in the morning light, the mountain behind it, and the hills close about it like two encircling arms.

"Auspice, Maria!"³ he murmured as he turned his back on these familiar things.

The Bishop rode home to his solitude. He was forty-seven years old, and he had been a missionary in the New World for twenty years—ten of them in New Mexico. If he were a parish priest at home, there would be nephews coming to him for help in their Latin or a bit of pocket-money; nieces to run into his garden and bring their sewing and keep an eye on his housekeeping.

¹ conical: in the form of a cone.

² drew rein: pulled up the reins of the horses to stop them.

³ *Auspice, Maria!*: Thy blessings, Mary.

But when he entered his study, he seemed to come back to reality, to the sense of a Presence awaiting him. The curtain of the arched doorway had scarcely fallen behind him when that feeling of personal loneliness was gone, and a sense of loss was replaced by a sense of restoration. He sat down before his desk, deep in reflection. It was just this solitariness of love in which a priest's life could be like his Master's. It was not a solitude of atrophy,¹ of negation, but of perpetual flowering.² A life need not be cold, or devoid of grace in the worldly sense, if it were filled by Her who was all the graces; Virgin-daughter, Virgin-mother, girl of the people and Queen of Heaven: *le rêve suprême de la chair*.³ The nursery tale could not vie with Her in simplicity, the wisest theologians could not match Her in profundity.

Here in his own church in Santa Fe there was one of these nursery Virgins, a little wooden figure, very old and very dear to the people. De Vargas, when he recaptured the city for Spain two hundred years ago, had vowed a yearly procession in her honor, and it was still one of the most solemn events of the Christian year in Santa Fe. She was a little wooden figure, about three feet high, very stately in bearing, with a beautiful though rather severe Spanish face. She had a rich wardrobe; a chest full of robes and laces, and gold and silver diadems. The women loved to sew for her and the silversmiths to make her chains and brooches. Father Latour had delighted her wardrobe keepers when he told them he did not believe the Queen of England or the Empress of France had so many costumes. She was their doll and their queen, some-

thing to fondle and something to adore, as Mary's Son must have been to Her.

These poor Mexicans, he reflected, were not the first to pour out their love in this simple fashion. Raphael and Titian⁴ had made costumes for Her in their time, and the great masters had made music for Her, and the great architects had built cathedrals for Her. Long before Her years on earth, in the long twilight between the Fall and the Redemption,⁵ the pagan sculptors were always trying to achieve the image of a goddess who should yet be a woman.

Bishop Latour's premonition⁶ was right: Father Vaillant never returned to share his work in New Mexico. Come back he did, to visit his old friends, whenever his busy life permitted. But his destiny was fulfilled in the cold, steely Colorado Rockies, which he never loved as he did the blue mountains of the South. He came back to Santa Fe to recuperate from the illnesses and accidents which consistently punctuated⁷ his way; came with the Papal Emissary⁸ when Bishop Latour was made Archbishop; but his working life was spent among bleak mountains and comfortless mining camps, looking after lost sheep.

Creede, Durango, Silver City, Central City, over the Continental Divide into Utah,—his strange Episcopal carriage was known throughout that rugged granite world.⁹

It was a covered carriage, on springs, and long enough for him to lie down in at night,—Father Joseph was a very short man. At the back was a luggage box, which could be made into an altar

⁴ *Raphael and Titian*: two famous painters of religious pictures.

⁵ *Fall and the Redemption*: significant periods in religious history.

⁶ *premonition*: forewarning.

⁷ *punctuated*: marked.

⁸ *Papal Emissary*: agent of the Pope.

⁹ *rugged granite world*: the Rocky Mountain region.

¹ *atrophy*: wasting away.

² *perpetual flowering*: continually bringing forth new and good deeds.

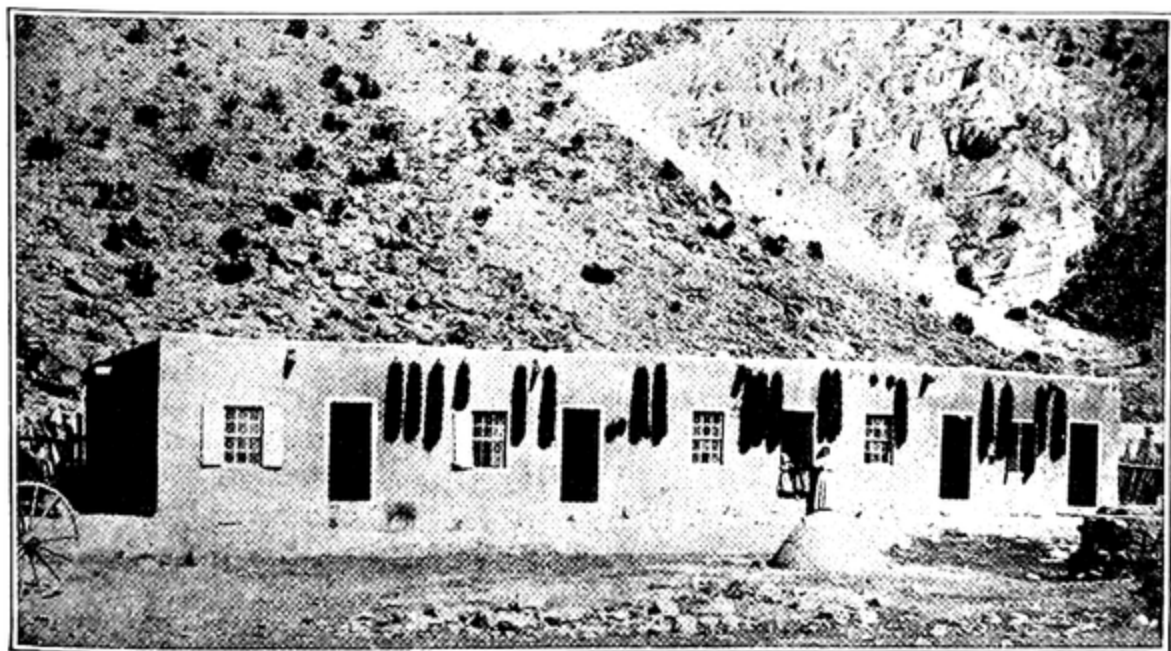
³ *le rêve suprême de la chair*: the highest aspiration of humanity.

when he celebrated Mass in the open, under a pine tree. He used to say that the mountain torrents were the first road builders, and that wherever they found a way, he could find one. He wore out driver after driver, and his coach was repaired so often and so extensively that long before he abandoned it there was none of the original structure left.

Broken tongues and singletrees, smashed wheels and splintered axles he considered trifling matters. Twice the old carriage itself slipped off the mountain road and rolled down the gorge, with the priest inside. From the first accident of this kind, Father Vaillant escaped with nothing worse than a sprain, and he wrote Bishop Latour that he attributed his preservation to the Archangel Raphael, whose office he had said with unusual fervor that morning. The second time he rolled down a ravine, near Central City, his thigh-bone was broken just below the joint. It knitted in time, but he was lamed for life, and could never ride horseback again.

Before this accident befell him, however, he had one long visit among his friends in Santa Fe and Albuquerque, a renewal of old ties that was like an Indian summer in his life. When he left Denver, he told his congregation there that he was going to the Mexicans to beg for money. The church in Denver was under a roof, but the windows had been boarded up for months because nobody would buy glass for them. In his Denver congregation there were men who owned mines and saw-mills and flourishing businesses, but they needed all their money to push these enterprises. Down among the Mexicans, who owned nothing but a mud house and a burro, he could always raise money. If they had anything at all, they gave.

He called this trip frankly a begging expedition, and he went in his carriage to bring back whatever he could gather. When he got as far as Taos, his Irish driver mutinied. Not another mile over these roads, he said. He knew his own territory, but here he



MUD HOUSE NEAR SANTA FE

refused to risk his neck and the Padre's. There was then no wagon road from Taos to Santa Fe. It was nearly a fortnight before Father Vaillant found a man who would undertake to get him through the mountains. At last an old driver, schooled on the wagon trains, volunteered; and with the help of ax and pick and shovel, he brought the Episcopal carriage safely to Santa Fe and into the Bishop's courtyard.

Once again among his own people, as he still called them, Father Joseph opened his campaign,¹ and the poor Mexicans began taking dollars out of their shirts and boots (favorite places for carrying money) to pay for windows in the Denver church. His petitions did not stop with windows—indeed, they only began there. He told the sympathetic women of Santa Fe and Albuquerque about all the stupid, unnecessary discomforts of his life in Denver, discomforts that amounted to improprieties. It was a part of the Wild West attitude to despise the decencies of life. He told them how glad he was to sleep in good Mexican beds once more. In Denver he lay on a mattress stuffed with straw; a French priest who was visiting him had pulled out a long stem of hay that stuck through the thin ticking, and called it an American feather. His dining-table was made of planks covered with oilcloth. He had no linen at all, neither sheets nor serviettes,² and he used his wornout shirts for face towels. The Mexican women could scarcely bear to hear of such things. Nobody in Colorado planted gardens, Father Vaillant related; nobody would stick a shovel into the earth for anything less than gold. There was no butter, no milk,

no eggs, no fruit. He lived on dough and cured hog meat.

Within a few weeks after his arrival, six feather-beds were sent to the Bishop's house for Father Vaillant; dozens of linen sheets, embroidered pillow-cases and table-cloths and napkins; strings of chili and boxes of beans and dried fruit. The little settlement of Chimayo sent a roll of their finest blankets.

As these gifts arrived, Father Joseph put them in the woodhouse, knowing well that the Bishop was always embarrassed by his readiness to receive presents. But one morning Father Latour had occasion to go into the woodhouse, and he saw for himself.

"Father Joseph," he remonstrated, "you will never be able to take all these things back to Denver. Why, you would need an ox-cart to carry them!"

"Very well," replied Father Joseph, "then God will send me an ox-cart."

And He did, with a driver to take the cart as far as Pueblo.

On the morning of his departure for home, when his carriage was ready, the cart covered with tarpaulins³ and the oxen yoked, Father Vaillant, who had been hurrying everyone since the first streak of light, suddenly became deliberate. He went into the Bishop's study and sat down, talking to him of unimportant matters, lingering as if there were something still undone.

"Well, we are getting older, Jean," he said abruptly, after a short silence.

The Bishop smiled. "Ah, yes. We are not young men any more. One of these departures will be the last."

Father Vaillant nodded. "Whenever God wills. I am ready." He rose and began to pace the floor, addressing his friend without looking at him. "But it has not been so bad,

¹ campaign: drive to raise money for his church work.

² serviettes: table napkins.

³ tarpaulins (tär-pô'lins): waterproof canvas coverings.

Jean? We have done the things we used to plan to do, long ago, when we were Seminarians,¹—at least some of them. To fulfill the dreams of one's youth; that is the best that can happen to man. No worldly success can take the place of that."

"Blanchet," said the Bishop rising, "you are a better man than I. You have been a great harvester of souls, without pride and without shame—and I am always a little cold—unpedant,² as you used to say. If hereafter we have stars in our crowns, yours will be a constellation. Give me your blessing."

He knelt, and Father Vaillant, having blessed him, knelt and was blessed in turn. They embraced each other for the past—for the future.

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. The author of the selection you just read is one of the greatest living writers. Most of her writings are novels with a historical background. If possible, read a

¹ *Seminarians* (sēm'i-nā'rī'ānz): members of the seminary or academy.

² *unpedant* (ün-pěd'ānt): making no display of knowledge or learning.

portion of one of her books and give a report to the class.

2. A short sketch like the foregoing cannot give many details about the characters, but it creates an atmosphere in which you share their ideas and emotions. Perhaps it is impossible, however, to share fully Father Joseph's feeling about his work. Why do you suppose the author gave him such a determined attitude?

3. Willa Cather has the peculiar ability of using words so that they have more than the usual meaning. Notice this sentence, for example: "There Father Joseph drew rein and looked back at the town lying rosy in the morning light, the mountain behind it, and the hills close about it like two encircling arms." Such words make it possible almost to see Santa Fe through Father Joseph's eyes and to feel some of his sadness at leaving home. Find other descriptive passages in the selection which are especially impressive. Describe the same scenes or people in your own words. Write a description of a place or person you know, trying to use Willa Cather's style.

4. Contrast Willa Cather's attitude toward her characters with that of Sinclair Lewis toward his. Think about someone you know or about a character in a book. What traits would Willa Cather emphasize in portraying him? What traits would Sinclair Lewis emphasize?

POSTVIEW OF THE UNIT

From your reading of the selections in this unit, you have found that authors have various ways of portraying human nature. Some selections, of course, are more direct and more complete in what they reveal than others. All literature, however, discloses human nature, if not of characters, of authors themselves. Following are some of the most effective means of portraying it.

First, an author may let you become acquainted with his characters in the same manner as you become acquainted with real people. You learn to know them by what they do and say. Perhaps the author places them in critical situations—the kind that serve as real tests of character. You watch how they react and come to understand them. In some cases, you may be able to guess in advance from what has already happened just how characters will react in situations that are new.

Second, an author may reveal human nature by giving a description of his characters. He may describe qualities, such as ideas, emotions, habits, beliefs,

and reactions to various situations. By giving a large number of details in connection with the characters, he brings their personalities to light. You have read many character sketches during your life. You found additional ones in this unit, such as "Sergeant Jimmy Bagby's Feet" and "The Neighbors."

Third, an author may reveal his own nature through his writings. Of course, he tries to portray the nature of his characters, but in so doing usually reveals something of his own nature. He reveals himself in the traits he emphasizes in his characters and in the way he makes the characters act. In some types of literature, on the other hand, the author frankly talks about himself. In this case he definitely lays his personality before you and analyzes it by telling you his emotions, ideas, and habits. Such is the method used in "The Author's Account of Himself." An autobiography such as this is the most direct method of portraying human nature in literature.

Fourth, an author may reveal his nature in such personal literature as letters. Here he may write about himself or he may write about other subjects. In either case, however, he reveals himself through his expression of feelings and ideas. Even the topics about which he writes disclose his most vital interests.

CHECKING YOUR EXPERIENCES

I. Following are a number of partial statements about human behavior accompanied by several possible explanations for the same. Copy each partial statement and make a complete sentence by using one or more of the explanations along with it.

1. Washington Irving loved to travel because of: (a) a curious nature; (b) a love for things that are strange and different; (c) a cultural background; (d) an unhappy home life.
2. The Cynic sought the Great Carbuncle: (a) to build up faith in himself; (b) to attract attention; (c) to satisfy his curiosity; (d) to overcome disappointment in love.
3. Theodore Roosevelt was noted for: (a) great physical vitality; (b) faith in his own ability; (c) a sense of justice; (d) a desire for power; (e) love of money and fame.
4. The urge to assume the "mucker pose" comes from: (a) a desire to be like other people; (b) a desire to show off; (c) a dislike for effort to become distinguished; (d) fear of being ridiculed; (e) lack of culture.
5. Lincoln, according to Markham, was a man: (a) driven by ambition to wield great power; (b) whose humble background enabled him to see virtues in life; (c) impelled by a noble purpose; (d) who could see excellent qualities in his opponents.
6. Mark Twain's letters reveal: (a) great business ability; (b) interest in world affairs; (c) a keen sense of humor; (d) an ability to write in an interesting style.

7. The author's description of life in Zenith: (a) is much overdrawn; (b) would apply to small American towns; (c) would apply to large cities; (d) shows an understanding of people.

II. Following is a list of partly completed sentences. Copy each and complete it by using a word or words in places of the xxxxxx's.

1. Washington Irving was a keen observer of xxxxxx.
2. Sergeant Jimmy Bagby enjoyed xxxxxx.
3. The business man of today is often xxxxxx.
4. Grandma's chief interest was in the xxxxxx.
5. Inez might be described as xxxxxx.
6. Littlefield was a xxxxxx character in his town.
7. In civilization no man can live to or for xxxxxx.
8. W. D. Howells considered *Tom Sawyer* xxxxxx.

III. The list at the left below includes the names of various characters you met in the unit. Copy each name and write after it the adjective from the list at the right which seems most fitting.

Peter	talkative
Father Vaillant	bashful
Babbitt	apparently uncultured
Grandma	sympathetic
young soldier	business man
Mis' Trot	patriotic
Mucker-poseurs	self-conscious
Roosevelt	courageous
Zekle	life of service

ENJOYING CREATIVE EXPERIENCES

1. Make a list of heroes whom you greatly admire. After the name of each, write a sentence to show which of his qualities attracts you most.
2. Read several news items in a newspaper and try to explain in each case why the people acted as they did.
3. Write a poem or essay to express your feeling on a certain matter. Be sure to express yourself so clearly that the reader will have no difficulty in determining the feeling you have in mind as you write. Read your production in class to see how well listeners can interpret it.
4. Think of a noted individual whom you know or about whom you have read and use him as the subject for a character sketch. Make the sketch complete by bringing in a goodly number of details.
5. Make a drawing to illustrate a character from one of the selections in the unit. Show the personality of the character as clearly as you can. If you prefer illustrate an incident from one of the selections.

ENJOYING FURTHER READING

The selections in this unit were intended to help you study human nature. Perhaps you had never fully understood how clearly human nature is revealed through literature. Before you consider the next unit, you may want to read other selections similar to those you have just read. If so, check the titles in the following list and choose those in which you are most interested.

Birds and Poets. By JOHN BURROUGHS.

Essays which, as the title indicates, deal largely with birds.

Buckaroo. By FJERIL HESS.

A novel about a young teacher who gets a job on a lonely Nevada ranch.

Claire Ambler. By BOOTH TARKINGTON.

The story of a girl who is loved by men, but who ignores their attentions and later falls in love.

Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

A biography which tells how Boone escaped from the Indians while they slept.

Day Is Done. By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A poem showing how to get comfort after daily toil by reading poetry.

Emigrants. By JOHAN BOJER.

A novel about a Norwegian farmhand of the Dakotas who elopes with an aristocrat's daughter.

Friendship Village. By ZONA GALE.

A delightful tale of life in a small Wisconsin village.

Lone Cowboy. By WILL JAMES.

An autobiography in which the author tells how he was brought up in the saddle and learned many things not taught in books, such as cow stealing and how it is punished.

Main Street. By SINCLAIR LEWIS.

A novel picturing the narrow-mindedness of a small town.

Miss Lulu Bett. By ZONA GALE.

A play giving a realistic story of an old maid who helps others and eventually finds happiness.

Spring Came on Forever. By BESS STREETER ALDRICH.

A delightful story of two pioneers, their children and grandchildren.

Tom and I on the Old Plantation. By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE.

A picture of life in the plantation days of the South.

Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers. By HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Comments upon life and literature taken from the author's own journal.



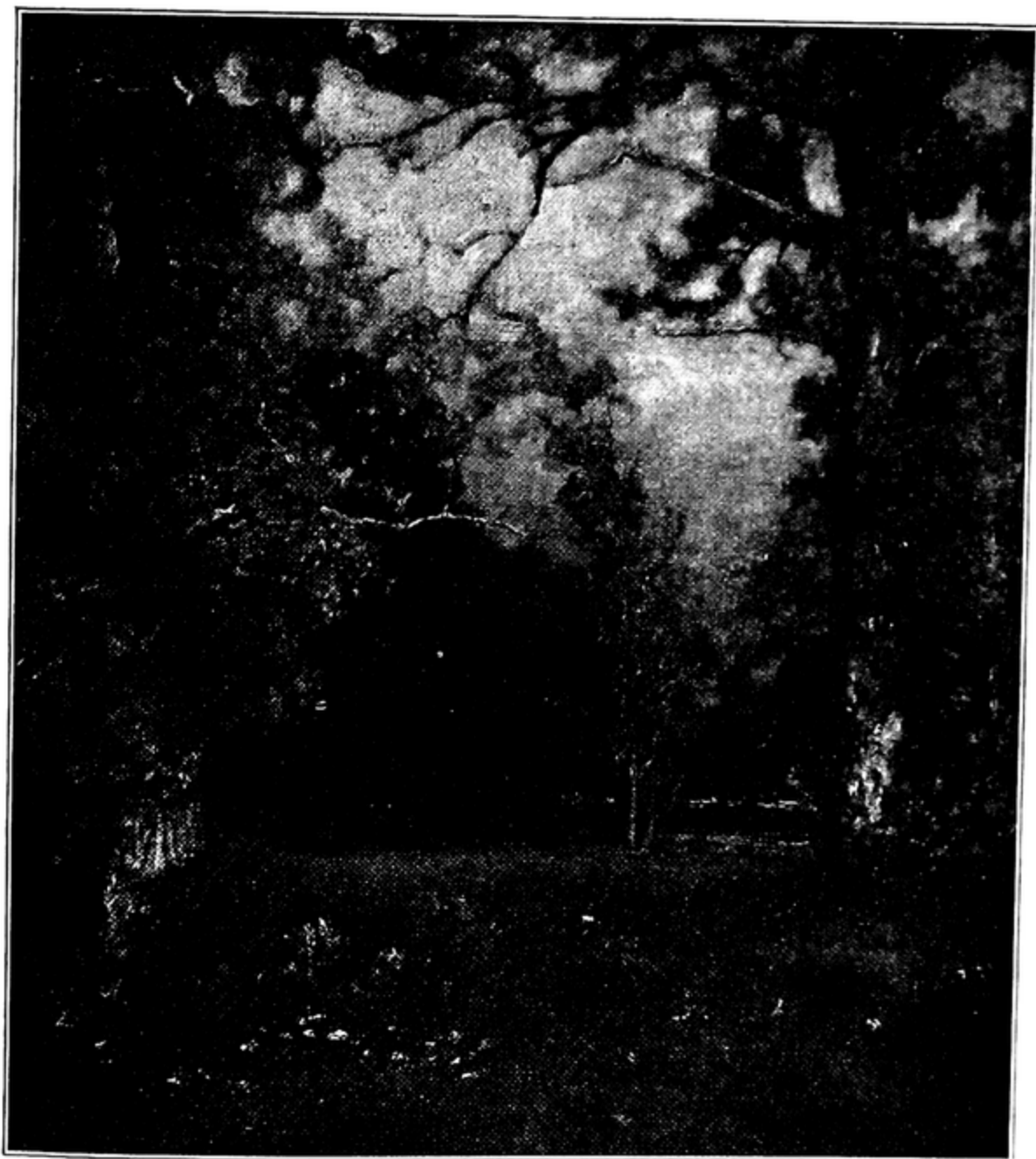
ENJOYING LYRIC EXPRESSION

Lyric poetry seems to be a natural expression of human feeling. No one knows how long ago lyric poetry began, but it is probably the oldest type of literature. Poems were composed long before people knew how to write. Their rhythm and simple appeal to the emotions made them easy to remember, and they were handed down from one person to another by word of mouth. The earliest poems were sung, the singing being accompanied by a stringed instrument called a lyre. It was thus that lyric poetry derived its name. Such poetry was meant to be sung to the music of a lyre. Nearly all songs are lyrics, and nearly all lyrics could be set to music.

Another quality of lyric poetry, as indicated above, is its expression of emotions. Deep feeling, when shown in speech or writing, is the very height of human expression. There comes a time in everyone's life when he wishes to give voice to his innermost feelings—sympathy, joy, sorrow, and love. People of similar emotions do not always express themselves in the same way. The joy of life, for instance, may be expressed by some in terms of action, such as playing a game. It may be expressed by others in the form of a poem. A broken stone wall may mean nothing to the average person, but in a poet it may arouse very deep feelings. A rainy day may be just another bad day to some, but to a poet it may be a source of kinship with God. The death of a friend may plunge some people into the depths of despair, but may inspire a poet to write a beautiful elegy.

Thus poets give utterance in song to their feelings for themselves, for others, and for the things that make up their lives. It is their means of disclosing their innermost feelings. You will be fortunate indeed if you can catch some of the spirit that has made this a singing world and can capture the bits of life that come from the heart. Lyric poetry offers you one of the best means of sharing with poets the feelings they have experienced.

As you read the selections in this unit you will catch something of the spirit of the poets who wrote them. You will feel the swing of the rhythm and sense the feelings and thoughts of the writers. In many instances you will realize that you have had some of the same feelings and thoughts yourself, and will appreciate the way they have touched upon your own experiences. You will enjoy reading the selections, therefore, not only because the form of poetry is pleasing to your senses, but also because many of the poems describe thoughts and feelings you have never been able to put into words.



Painting by George Inness

Courtesy of Art Institute of Chicago

"THY WOODS, THIS AUTUMN DAY"

GOD'S WORLD*

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Poets nearly always love nature. The author of the following poem describes the autumn woods in such a way that a reader cannot help sharing in her feelings.

*From *Renascence and Other Poems*.

O World, I cannot hold thee close
 enough!
 Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
 Thy mists that roll and rise!
 Thy woods, this autumn day, that
 ache and sag
 And all but cry with colour! That
 gaunt crag
 To crush! To lift the lean of that
 black bluff!

World, World, I cannot get thee close
 enough!
 Long have I known a glory in it all,
 But never knew I this;
 Here such a passion is 10
 As stretcheth me apart. Lord, I do
 fear
 Thou'st made the world too beautiful
 this year.
 My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
 No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird
 call.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of this poem grew up in Maine and has spent most of her life in New England. Find out what you can about the beauty of this part of the country in autumn. Do the woods and fields fairly burst into color?

2. What makes the poem a lyric? What emotion does it express? How does it express the author's feelings about nature?

3. One of the things for which the author is famous is the freshness and originality of her language. What unusual expressions, such as "God's World," do you find in the poem? Many poems contain long comparisons and figures of speech that carry the reader far away from the original idea. Is this true of "God's World" and other similar expressions?

4. What time of the year do you enjoy most? What time of the year do you think is most beautiful? Why do many people think autumn is sad? Did the author reveal a feeling of joy or of sadness in the poem you just read? Write a poem or an essay to tell just how you feel in autumn.

TRAVEL*

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Poets are always seeking adventures—sometimes real and sometimes only adventures of the imagination. They think there is always something better farther on. Like the author of the following poem, they cannot see a train without wishing they were going somewhere—anywhere. Perhaps this is why they become such an inspiration to more prosaic people.

*From *Second April*.

The railroad track is miles away,
 And the day is loud with voices
 speaking,
 Yet there isn't a train goes by all day
 But I hear its whistle shrieking.

All night there isn't a train goes by, 5
 Though the night is still for sleep
 and dreaming,
 But I see its cinders red on the sky,
 And hear its engine steaming.

My heart is warm with the friends I
 make, 10
 And better friends I'll not be know-
 ing,
 Yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take,
 No matter where it's going.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. This is another poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Does this poem reveal the same characteristics of the author as the one preceding? What kind of amusements would you expect her to like? If you had read only this poem, you might be surprised to know that she also enjoys nature. What relation do you see between a love of nature and desire to travel?

2. How would you classify the poem as to type? Does it express an emotion, or merely state facts? If you think the poem expresses emotion, explain what the emotion is.

3. You have read enough poetry by this time to see a difference between that written years ago and that written today. Older poetry usually has a much more elaborate style than that written today. Notice the simplicity of the foregoing poem. No words are twisted out of place to fit the form, no words or phrases that you might not hear in everyday speech are used. Which type of poetry do you like better? Why?

4. Did you ever lie in bed and listen to trains rushing past in the night? Have you ever wished you were on them? If you have, you know what the author felt when she wrote the poem you have just read. Write a few stanzas or an essay to explain just how you felt.

I'M NOBODY! WHO ARE YOU?*

By EMILY DICKINSON

People are often urged to work hard and "be somebody." The author of the following poem however, thinks there are compensations in being nobody.

I'm nobody! who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog,
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of this poem really thought of herself as nobody. Only one of her poems was published during her lifetime. She knew few people and had little contact with the world. How do these facts help to explain her feelings?

2. What type of poem is the above? Do you find any indication of emotion in the poem? Can a poem be a lyric if a poet feels emotion as he writes but does not express it directly in words?

3. To be real literature, a production must portray an emotion or experience that is common to almost everyone. Do you think everyone has been lonely at some time in his life, or felt small and unimportant? Tell about a time when you have felt unimportant.

4. Because of her lonely life, Emily Dickinson often tried to console herself in her writing. Sometimes she made little jokes about it, as she did in the poem you just read. Have you ever tried to console yourself when you longed for something you could not have? Have you told yourself it was not really worth much after all?

TO MAKE A PRAIRIE*

By EMILY DICKINSON

A poet can use his own dreams and imagination to make up for almost any

*From *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*.

lack. The following poem tells how little it takes for a poet to make a prairie.

To make a prairie it takes a clover
and one bee,—
One clover, and a bee,
And revery.
The revery alone will do
If bees are few.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. In the foregoing poem, the author again expresses her feelings about the experiences she has missed. Again she is half humorous, half sad.

2. What qualities make the poem a lyric? Is the emotion expressed directly, or is it implied? Is it an emotion of people in general, or of the author alone?

3. A poem should say just what needs to be said, and no more. The foregoing poem is very short. Does it express a complete thought?

4. What do *you* see in a clover and a bee? Do you see how the bee helps in pollination? Do you see the promise of honey? In other words, do you see just a flower and an insect, or do you see all that the bee and clover really mean in life?

I NEVER SAW A MOOR*

By EMILY DICKINSON

Faith is a firm conviction of something one has never seen. The following poem is a beautiful expression of faith.

I never saw a moor,¹
I never saw a sea;
Yet know I how the heather² looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. Most poets, of course, make use of their knowledge of the world as themes for

*From *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*.

¹ moor: open land.

² heather (hēth'ēr): small flowering shrubs.



"NO RICHER GIFT HAS AUTUMN POURED"

their poems. Emily Dickinson, however, is inclined to use her lack of knowledge instead. How has she used her lack of knowledge in this poem?

2. There can be no question of the lyric quality of this poem, but it has suggestions of other types as well. What other qualities did you note?

3. Would the poem have been as effective if it had been written in more elaborate language? How did its simplicity appeal to you as you read?

4. The author states in her poem that she has never seen heather or a great wave, but she knows they exist and knows how they look. In the same way she has never seen heaven, but she is confident of its existence. How can you account for her feeling?

THE CORN SONG

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Few people today know the joy of autumn on an old-time farm. Vegetables and fruit filled the cellar to overflowing. Hams and bacon hung in the smokehouse. The barns were full of hay, granaries were full of wheat and oats, and the cornercribs were fairly bursting with yellow corn. To the poet, when he wrote the following poem, the corn seemed best of all.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!¹

Let other lands, exulting, glean 5
The apple from the pine,²
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow, 10
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads³ of
flowers
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played. 16

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting
grain
The robber crows away. 20

All through the long, bright days of
June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

¹lavish horn: a cornucopia, symbol of plenty, usually represented as a large curved horn filled with fruit.

²apple from the pine: pineapple.

³meads: meadows or fields

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
 Its harvest-time has come, 26
 We pluck away the frosted leaves,
 And bear the treasure home.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Most of Whittier's poems were written about the simple joys of farm life. In the poem you just read, he wrote of corn as symbolic of the joyous autumn harvest. Mention some other themes which he used for his poems.

2. Does the poem express a personal emotion of the author, or does it express an emotion common to a group of people? How would you classify it as to type? Read it aloud and note whether you have a tendency to read in a singsong manner.

3. Did the language of the poem seem entirely in keeping with the simplicity of the theme? Notice the use of such phrases as "wintry hoard," "lavish horn." Compare the language with that of poems you read earlier in this unit. Fashions change in poetry as in everything else. At the time this poem was written, most poets felt that there was a special poetic vocabulary, different from the vocabulary of prose. Poetry was expected to be a little obscure, and the language was supposed to require interpretation.

4. Rewrite a stanza of the poem, substituting simpler words but retaining the rhythm.

TO AN INSECT

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Many people have listened to the song of the katydid and laughed at the sounds "Katy-did! Katy-did-did-did." The following poem is a humorous selection comparing katydids with a group of gossiping women at a tea party.

I love to hear thine earnest voice,
 Wherever thou art hid,
 Thou testy¹ little dogmatist,²
 Thou pretty Katydid!

¹ *testy*: irritable.

² *dogmatist*: one who has very positive opinions, usually on religious subjects.

Thou mindest me of gentlefolks,— 5
 Old gentlefolks are they,—
 Thou say'st an undisputed thing³
 In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
 I know it by the trill 10
 That quivers through thy piercing
 notes,
 So petulant⁴ and shrill;
 I think there is a knot of you
 Beneath the hollow tree,—
 A knot of spinster Katydids,— 15
 Do Katydids drink tea?

Oh, tell me where did Katy live,
 And what did Katy do?
 And was she very fair and young,
 And yet so wicked, too? 20
 Did Katy love a naughty man,
 Or kiss more cheeks than one?
 I warrant Katy did no more
 Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about 25
 My fuss with little Jane,
 And Ann, with whom I used to walk
 So often down the lane,
 And all that tore their locks of black,
 Or wet their eyes of blue,— 30
 Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
 What did poor Katy do?

Ah, no! the living oak shall crash,
 That stood for ages still, 34
 The rock shall rend its mossy base
 And thunder down the hill,
 Before the little Katydid
 Shall add one word to tell
 The mystic story of the maid 39
 Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race!
 And when the latest one
 Shall fold in death her feeble wings
 Beneath the autumn sun, 44
 Then shall she raise her fainting voice
 And lift her drooping lid,
 And then the child of future years
 Shall hear what Katy did.

³ *undisputed thing*: something the truth of which is unquestioned.

⁴ *petulant* (pēt'ū-lānt): peevish.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a serious writer, but he could seldom refrain from giving his poems a tinge of humor. Sometimes he wrote a whole poem in a humorous vein, hiding a bit of serious philosophy behind his humor. What serious thought did you find in the poem you just read?

2. This poem is an ode because it is addressed to the katydid, but it belongs to other types as well. Why can it also be called a lyric? What purpose do you think the author had in writing it?

3. An effect of humor is often achieved by an overstatement of facts. One method of overstatement is the use of language that is more dignified or serious than the subject warrants. How did the poet make use of this method in the foregoing poem?

4. Do you think only women gossip? The joke is really on the author, for the female katydid does not sing. Insect voices were not very well understood at the time the poem was written.

THE RHODORA

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The poet has a scale of values all his own. He is not so much concerned whether a thing is useful, so long as it is beautiful. This philosophy is stated in the following poem.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our
solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora¹ in the
woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp
nook,
To please the desert² and the sluggish
brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their
beauty gay;
Here might the redbird come his
plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens
his array.

¹ *Rhodora* (rô-dô'rá): a flowering shrub.

² *desert*: deserted.

Rhodora! if the sages³ ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and
sky,

Tell them, dear, that if eyes were
made for seeing,

Then Beauty is its own excuse for
being.

Why thou wert there, O rival of the
rose!

I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me
there brought you.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Emerson is commonly considered a poet of nature. He saw beauty in details that many people overlook. What did you find in the poem to illustrate this point?

2. What evidences did you find that the poem is a lyric? What evidence did you note that the poet had a little trouble getting the last line to say just what he wanted it to say?

3. One line in the poem is often quoted. It sums up the whole idea of the poem and expresses a beautiful thought. Which line do you think it is?

4. Rewrite the poem in the form of an essay.

EACH AND ALL

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

In the following poem, the poet explains that nothing is truly beautiful when it is removed from its setting. He explains, too, that all the world is so unified that any little act may have far-reaching effects.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-
cloaked clown,⁴
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland
farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to
charm;
The sexton,⁵ tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon

³ *sages*: wise men.

⁴ *red-cloaked clown*: a redbird.

⁵ *sexton*: caretaker of a church.

Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
 Whilst his files sweep round yon
 Alpine height;
 Nor knowest thou what argument
 Thy life to thy neighbor's creed¹ has
 lent. 10

All are needed by each one,
 Nothing is fair or good alone.
 I thought the sparrow's note from
 heaven,

Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
 I brought him home, in his nest, at
 even; 16

He sings the song, but it pleases not
 now,

For I did not bring home the river and
 sky;—

He sang to my ear,—they sang to my
 eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
 The bubbles of the latest wave 20
 Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
 And the bellowing of the savage sea
 Greeted their safe escape to me.

I wiped away the weeds and foam, 24
 I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
 But the poor, unsightly, noisome²
 things

Had left their beauty on the shore
 With the sun, and the sand, and the
 wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
 As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
 Nor knew her beauty's best attire 31
 Was woven still by the snow-white
 choir.

At last she came to his hermitage,³
 Like the bird from the woodlands to
 the cage;—

The gay enchantment was undone,
 A gentle wife, but fairy none. 36
 Then I said, "I covet truth;
 Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
 I leave it behind with the games of
 youth"—

As I spoke, beneath my feet 40
 The ground-pine curled its pretty
 wreath,

Running over the club-moss⁴ burrs;

¹ *creed*: beliefs.

² *noisome* (noi'sūm): disgusting.

³ *hermitage*: usually the retreat of a hermit, but
 here merely a home.

⁴ *club-moss*: small plants related to ferns.

I inhaled the violet's breath;
 Around me stood the oaks and firs;
 Pine-cones and acorns lay on the
 ground; 45

Over me soared the eternal sky,
 Full of light and of deity;
 Again I saw, again I heard,
 The rolling river, the morning bird;—
 Beauty through my senses stole; 50
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. Although Emerson was a poet of nature, he commonly used nature to illustrate his philosophy. How can you reconcile this method with his statement that "beauty is its own excuse for being"?

2. This poem is definitely didactic, that is, it teaches a lesson. What lesson does it teach? Does it express an emotion?

3. Would the poem have been better begun with line 11? Give reasons for your answer.

4. Do you agree with the author's statement in lines 11 and 12? Write an essay to explain your opinion.

TO A WATERFOWL

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

There is a solemn dignity and beauty about a waterfowl in flight that is shared by few other birds. The poet has drawn upon this stately bird to help him teach a lesson.

Whither, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last
 steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost
 thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's⁵ eye 5
 Might mark thy distant flight to do
 thee wrong,
 As, darkly limned⁶ upon the crimson
 sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

⁵ *fowler*: hunter.

⁶ *limned*: drawn, outlined.



Painting by George Inness

Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

"SOON SHALT THOU FIND A SUMMER HOME"

Seek'st thou the plashy brink 9
Of weedy lake, or marge¹ of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and
sink
On the chafèd ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless
coast,—
The desert² and illimitable³ air,— 15
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin
atmosphere;
Yet stoop⁴ not, weary, to the welcome
land, 19
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home,
and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds
shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest. 24

¹ *marge*: edge, poetic form of *margin*.² *desert*: empty.³ *illimitable* (il-lim'it-à-b'l): immeasurable.⁴ *stoop*: descend, when referring to a bird.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss⁵ of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on
my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast
given
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy
certain flight, 30
In the long way that I must tread
alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Bryant is another poet who took life very seriously. Like Emerson, he was sensitive to nature, but usually saw a deeper meaning in its visible beauty. What evidence of this tendency did you find in the poem you just read?

2. The poem, of course, is a lyric. Have you ever seen a crane or heron in flight? How does the rhythm of the poem suggest the flight of a bird? Read the poem aloud to get its rhythmic effect. Which lines seem especially beautiful?

⁵ *abyss* (à-bis'): depths.

Do the words that are used suit the emotion?

3. What purpose do you think the poet had in mind when he wrote the poem? How well did he accomplish the purpose?

4. What does the author mean by "the long way that I must tread alone"?

"O FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS"

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

In the following poem, the author described the beauties of nature as he saw them reflected in the wholesome beauty of a girl from the country.

O fairest of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a
child, 5
Were ever in the sylvan¹ wild;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks; 10
Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look 15
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace, that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there. 20

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. How did Bryant make use of nature in writing this poem? Did he have a serious purpose in mind as he wrote?

2. What lyric qualities did you note in the poem? Does it move along as easily and smoothly as "To a Waterfowl"?

3. Besides being a lyric, the poem may also be considered descriptive. What

¹ *sylvan*: forest.

does it tell about the girl? How did she look? Write a description of her in prose.

4. Check through the poem and note all the detailed references to nature you can find in the poem.

THANATOPSIS

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Many poets have written about death. In the following poem, the author shows how death makes a person a part of all nature.

To him who in the love of Nature
holds

Communion² with her visible forms,
she speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a
smile

And eloquence³ of beauty, and she
glides 5

Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals
away

Their sharpness ere he is aware.
When thoughts

Of the last bitter hour⁴ come like a
blight

Over thy spirit, and sad images 10
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and
pall,⁵

And breathless darkness, and the
narrow house⁶

Make thee to shudder and grow sick
at heart;—

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all
around— 15

Earth and her waters, and the depths
of air—

Comes a still voice—

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no
more

In all his course; nor yet in the cold
ground,

² *communion* (kō-mūn'yūn): communication.

³ *eloquence*: The author is still using the figure of Nature speaking.

⁴ *last bitter hour*: death.

⁵ *pall*: black cover thrown over a coffin.

⁶ *narrow house*: grave.

Where thy pale form was laid with
 many tears, ²⁰
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall
 exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished
 thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth
 again,
 And, lost each human trace,¹ surren-
 dering up ²⁴
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements,
 To be a brother to the insensible² rock
 And to the sluggish clod, which the
 rude swain³
 Turns with his share,⁴ and treads upon.
 The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce
 thy mold. ³⁰

Yet not to thine eternal resting-
 place
 Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst
 thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt
 lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world⁵—
 with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the wise,
 the good, ³⁵
 Fair forms, and hoary seers⁶ of ages
 past,
 All in one mighty sepulcher.⁷ The hills
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—
 the vales
 Stretching in pensive⁸ quietness be-
 tween; ³⁹
 The venerable⁹ woods—rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining¹⁰
 brooks

That make the meadows green; and,
 poured round all,
 Old Ocean's gray and melancholy
 waste,—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. The
 golden sun, ⁴⁵
 The planets, all the infinite host of
 heaven,¹¹
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death
 Through the still lapse of ages. All
 that tread
 The globe¹² are but a handful to the
 tribes
 That slumber¹³ in its bosom,—Take the
 wings ⁵⁰
 Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilder-
 ness,¹⁴
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon and hears no
 sound,¹⁵
 Save his own dashings—yet the dead
 are there;
 And millions in those solitudes, since
 first ⁵⁵
 The flight of years¹⁶ began, have laid
 them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign
 there alone.
 So shalt thou rest, and what if thou
 withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no
 friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that
 breathe ⁶⁰
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will
 laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood
 of care¹⁷
 Plod on, and each one as before will
 chase

¹ *human trace*: evidence of having been human.
 That is, the body breaks up into the chemical
 elements of which it was originally composed.

² *insensible*: unfeeling, inanimate.

³ *swain*: farmer, country man.

⁴ *share*: plowshare.

⁵ *patriarchs* (pā'trī-ārks) of the infant world: the
 "fathers of Israel" in the Old Testament,
 from whom the Hebrews were descended,
 especially Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

⁶ *hoary seers*: gray-haired wise men.

⁷ *all in one mighty sepulcher*: all buried in the
 earth, here pictured as one vast grave.

⁸ *pensive* (pēn'siv): thoughtful.

⁹ *venerable*: ancient.

¹⁰ *complaining*: noisy.

¹¹ *infinite host of heaven*: stars.

¹² *All that tread the globe*: everyone alive today.

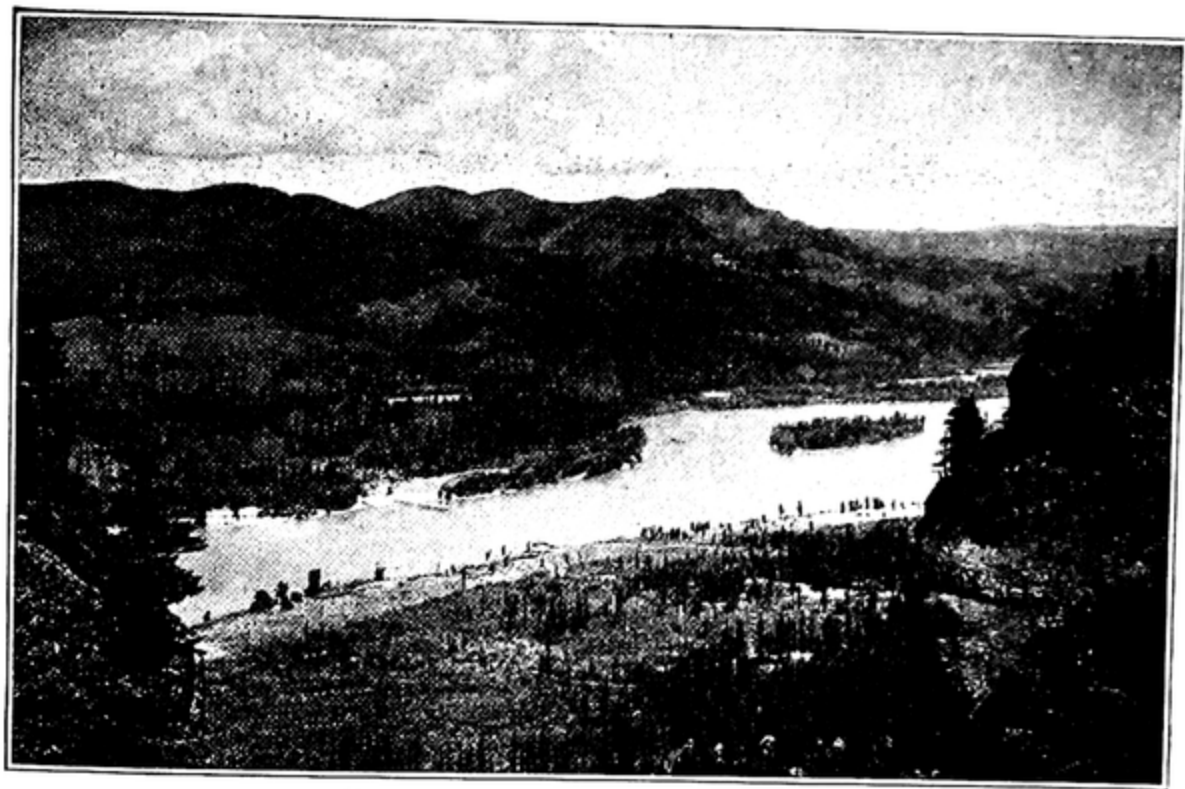
¹³ *tribes that slumber*: the dead. The dead, all
 who have lived in the past, are vastly greater
 in number than the living.

¹⁴ *Barcan wilderness*: desert in Barca, northern
 Africa.

¹⁵ *and hears no sound*: The poem was written
 before the land along the Oregon River was
 settled.

¹⁶ *flight of years*: time, measured in years.

¹⁷ *brood of care*: children of care; that is, those
 whose lives are filled with worry and trouble.



"WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON"

His favorite phantom;¹ yet all these
 shall leave 65
 Their mirth and their employments,
 and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the
 long train²
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he
 who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron
 and maid,
 The speechless babe³ and the gray-
 headed man— 70
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy
 side,
 By those who in their turn shall
 follow them.

So live, that when thy summons
 comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, which
 moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each
 shall take 75
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave⁴ at
 night,
 Scourged⁵ to his dungeon,⁶ but, sus-
 tained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
 grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his
 couch 80
 About him, and lies down to pleasant
 dreams.

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. The author was a very young man when he began to write the foregoing poem. The last nine lines were added much later in life. What difference in feeling do you note between the two parts of the poem?

2. This poem is a lyric, but it may also be considered an ode, even though it is not addressed to a person. What qualities of an ode did you note as you read?

⁴ *quarry-slave*: slave who was forced to cut stone in a quarry, before there was machinery to do the work. This was the lowest form of labor because of its severity.

⁵ *scourged*: whipped.

⁶ *dungeon* (dūn'jūn): prison; quarry slaves were chained at night in small, airless rooms.

¹ *phantom*: in this case, dream or desire.

² *long train*: succession, one after another.

³ *speechless babe*: baby who does not yet speak.

3. Probably no poem in the English language can equal "Thanatopsis" for its sustained, solemn grandeur. Did you find the language appropriate to the subject? Read the poem again to note its dignity.

4. Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" when he was only two or three years older than yourself. How does the poem, therefore, serve as a goal for young people in the writing of English?

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

By SIDNEY LANIER

The following poem was written merely to help the reader feel the same emotion as the poet when he looked upon a beautiful scene. Read the poem aloud to appreciate the music of its lines.

Glooms of the live-oaks,¹ beautiful-
braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that
myriad-cloven²
Clamber the forks of the multiform³
boughs—
Emerald twilights—
Virginal shy lights,⁵
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the
whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through
the green colonnades⁴
Of the dim, sweet woods, of the dear
dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-
beach within¹⁰
The wide sea-marshes⁵ of Glynn—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the
noonday fire⁶—
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone
desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with
wavering arras⁷ of leaves—

¹ live-oaks: a kind of oak that does not lose its leaves in the fall.

² myriad-cloven: broken up into countless branches.

³ multiform: many-branched.

⁴ colonnades: avenues of columns, in this case, of tree trunks.

⁵ sea-marshes: marshes near the sea are moist with salt water, and therefore support a different plant life and present a different appearance from other marshes.

⁶ noonday fire: bright sunlight of noon.

⁷ arras (är'ás): tapestry curtain.

Cells for the passionate pleasure of
prayer to the soul that grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of
saints through the wood,¹⁶
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill
with good—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven
shades of the vine,
While the riotous noonday sun of the
June-day long did shine,
Ye held me fast in your heart and I
held you fast in mine;²⁰
But now when the noon is no more,
and riot is rest,
And the sun is await at the ponderous
gate of the West,
And the slant, yellow beam down the
wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads
from a dream—
Aye, now, when my soul all day hath
drunken the soul of the oak,²⁵
And my heart is at ease from men, and
the wearisome sound of the stroke
Of the scythe⁸ of time and the trowel⁹
of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I
know that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly
great compass¹⁰ within,
That the length and the breadth and
the sweep of the marshes of Glynn
Will work me no fear like the fear they
have wrought me of yore³¹
When length was fatigue, and when
breadth was but bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and
dreary unnamable pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles
of the plain—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain¹¹ to face
The vast, sweet visage of space.³⁶
To the edge of the wood I am drawn,
I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs,
as a belt of the dawn,
For a mete¹² and a mark
To the forest-dark—⁴⁰

⁸ scythe (sith): symbol of time.

⁹ trowel: symbol of labor.

¹⁰ compass: extent.

¹¹ fain: eager.

¹² mete: measure.



THE MARSHES OF GLYNN—"BEAUTIFUL GLOOMS, SOFT DUSKS
IN THE NOONDAY FIRE"

Keystone View Co.

So,
Affable¹ live-oak, leaning low—
Thus—with your favor²—soft, with a
reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person,
Lord of the land!)
Bending your beauty aside, with a step
I stand 45
On the firm-packed sand,
Free
By a world of marsh that borders
a world of sea.

Sinuous³ southward and sinuous north-
ward the shimmering band

¹ *affable* (ăf'ă-b'l): friendly.

² *with your favor*: if you do not mind.

³ *sinuous* (sīn'ū-ūs): winding.

Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of
the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and
southward the beach lines linger
and curl 51
As a silver-wrought garment that clings
to and follows the firm, sweet
limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving
again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to
a dim, gray looping of light. 54
And what if behind me to westward
the wall of the woods stands high?
The world lies east; how ample,⁴ the
marsh and the sea and the sky!

⁴ *ample*: wide, expansive. The word carries
also some of its more usual meaning of
satisfying.

A league and a league of marsh-grass,¹
 waist-high, broad in the blade,
 Green, with all of a height, and unflecked
 with a light or a shade,
 Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
 To the terminal blue of the main.² 60
 Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and
 the terminal sea?
 Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
 From the weighing of fate and the sad
 discussion of sin,
 By the length and the breadth and the
 sweep of the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid³ and simple
 and nothing-withholding and free
 Ye publish yourselves to the sky and
 offer yourselves to the sea! 66
 Tolerant⁴ plains, that suffer⁵ the sea
 and the rains and the sun,
 Ye spread and span like the catholic
 man who hath mightily won
 God out of knowledge and good out of
 infinite pain
 And sight out of blindness and purity
 out of a stain. 70

As the marsh-hen⁶ secretly builds on
 the watery sod,
 Behold I will build me a nest on the
 greatness of God;
 I will fly in the greatness of God as the
 marsh-hen flies
 In the freedom that fills all the space
 'twixt the marsh and the skies;
 By so many roots as the marsh-grass
 sends in the sod 76
 I will heartily lay me a-hold on the
 greatness of God:
 Oh, like to the greatness of God is the
 greatness within
 The range of the marshes, the liberal
 marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh:
 lo, out of his plenty the sea

¹ *marsh-grass*: tall, coarse grass that stands erect and presents an almost even surface, light green in color.

² *main*: ocean.

³ *candid*: clear.

⁴ *tolerant* (töl'ēr-ānt): accepting whatever comes.

⁵ *suffer*: endure.

⁶ *marsh-hen*: several species of water birds are called by this name.

Pours fast; full soon the time of the
 flood-tide⁷ must be. 80

Look how the grace⁸ of the sea doth go
 About and about through the intricate
 channels⁹ that flow

Here and there,

Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the utter-
 most creeks and the low-lying
 lanes, 85

And the marsh is meshed with a
 million veins,
 That like as with rosy and silvery
 essences¹⁰ flow

In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
 Farewell, my lord Sun!

The creeks overflow; a thousand
 rivulets run

'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades
 of the marsh-grass stir; 90

Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that
 westward whirr;

Passeth, and all is still; and the cur-
 rents cease to run;

And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
 The tide is in his ecstasy. 95
 The tide is at his highest height;
 And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord¹¹
 will the waters of sleep
 Roll in on the souls of men, 99
 But who will reveal to our waking ken¹²
 The forms that swim and the shapes
 that creep

Under the waters of sleep?
 And I would I could know what
 swimmeth below when the tide
 comes in

On the length and the breadth of the
 marvelous marshes of Glynn.

⁷ *flood-tide*: high tide.

⁸ *grace*: graceful water.

⁹ *intricate* (in'trī-kāt) *channels*: interwoven channels, characteristic of salt marshes.

¹⁰ *essences* (ēs'ēn-sēz): perfumes.

¹¹ *Vast of the Lord*, etc.: In the last stanza the author is comparing sleep with the tide that rolls over the land. Strange thoughts and wishes that are suppressed by day come into one's dreams at night, just as strange creatures of the sea come in on the tide.

¹² *ken*: sight.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of the preceding poem looked upon words as music. He took as much interest in the sound and descriptive character of words as he did in the beauties of nature. Find phrases or words in the poem that sound especially musical.

2. Since the poem is musical, it is, of course, a lyric. What emotion, if any, does it express?

3. Do you think that verse must always have a message to be classed as poetry, or is beauty alone sufficient at times? On what basis would you classify the foregoing as poetry?

4. Write a few descriptive stanzas, using this poem as a pattern.

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

By SIDNEY LANIER

Trees have always played an important part in history and have been the theme of many stories and poems. Following is a poem associated with trees.

Into the woods¹ my Master went,
Clean² forspent,³ forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to
Him,
The little gray leaves⁴ were kind to
Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo
Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him
last:

'Twas on a tree⁵ they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

¹ woods: olive groves on the Mount of Olives.
See Luke 22:39-43.

² clean: completely.

³ forspent: worn out.

⁴ gray leaves: olive trees have small leaves of greenish gray.

⁵ tree: the cross.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Lanier's poetry was so graceful that certain critics of his time were scarcely willing to recognize it as poetry. How well do his writings meet the standard of good poetry today?

2. This poem is a ballad in form. Can it also be a lyric? Compare it with other ballads you have read.

3. How well did you find the words and rhythm suited to the feeling of the poem? Was the poem easy to read and understand?

4. Why do people like to go to the woods when they are tired, worried, or unhappy? Have you ever thought of trees as having personalities?

TO THE DANDELION

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Sometimes people miss the beauty of common things in the environment, because they see them so often. In the following poem the author praises a little flower that is usually considered only a nuisance.

Dear common flower, that grow'st
beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless
gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck and, full of
pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed
that they
An Eldorado⁶ in the grass have found.
Which not the rich earth's ample
round
May match in wealth,—thou art
more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-
blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the
Spanish prow⁷
Through the primeval⁸ hush of Indian
seas,

⁶ Eldorado (ĕl-dō-ră'dō): a mythical land filled with gold. Many of the Spanish explorers were in search of Eldorado.

⁷ Spanish prow: vessel of the Spaniards who looked for treasure in the Americas.

⁸ primeval (pri-mē'vāl): primitive, original; used of a region that has not been changed by man.



"DEAR COMMON FLOWER"

Nor wrinkled the lean brow
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
 'Tis the Spring's largess,¹ which she
 scatters now
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish²
 hand, 15
 Though most hearts never understand
 To take it at God's value, but pass
 by
 The offered wealth with unrewarded
 eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer
 clime; 20

The eyes thou givest me
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or
 time.

Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed
 bee³

Feels a more summer-like warm ravish-
 ment⁴

In the white lily's breezy tent,⁵ 25
 His fragrant Sybaris,⁶ than I, when
 first

From thy dark green the yellow
 circles burst.

¹ largess (lär'jēs): money or other gifts thrown indiscriminately to a crowd.

² lavish: generous.

³ golden-cuirassed (kwē-räst') bee: the bee's body looks as if it were covered with golden armor.

⁴ ravishment: delight.

⁵ lily's breezy tent: tent-shaped lily blossom.

⁶ Sybaris (sib'ā-rīs): an ancient Greek city Italy, noted for the luxury of its citizens.

Then think I of deep shadows on the
 grass,
 Of meadows where in sun the cattle
 graze,
 Where, as the breezes pass, 30
 The gleaming rushes lean a thousand
 ways,
 Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy
 mass,
 Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
 That from the distance sparkle through
 Some woodland gap, and of a sky
 above, 35
 Where one white cloud like a stray
 lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are
 linked with thee;
 The sight of thee calls back the robin's
 song,

Who, from the dark old tree
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day
 long, 40

And I, secure in childish piety,⁷
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he
 could bring

Fresh every day to my untainted
 ears,

When birds and flowers and I were
 happy peers.⁸ 45

⁷ piety (pī'ē-tī): religious faith.

⁸ peers: equals.

How like a prodigal¹ doth nature
seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so com-
mon art!

Thou teachest me to deem²
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty
gleam

Of heaven, and could some wondrous
secret show

Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting
wisdom look

On all these living pages of God's
book.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of this poem was a profes-
sor of modern languages at Harvard Uni-
versity. Did you notice any particular
evidence of his cultural background in the
poem? Point out some of the most
learned expressions.

2. The poem is commonly considered
an ode. What qualities cause it to be
classified in this manner?

3. Does the poem teach a lesson, or
does it merely help you share the joy of
the poet in the beauties of nature? Give
reasons for your opinion.

4. Do you have any pleasant memories
of dandelions? Have you ever made
dandelion wreaths? Have you made curls
from the stems? Have you blown the
down off the white balls of ripened seeds?

TO A CATY-DID

By PHILIP FRENEAU

It is interesting sometimes to compare
two poets' treatment of the same theme.
When you have read the following poem,
turn back and read again "To an Insect"
by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In a branch of willow hid
Sings the evening Caty-did:
From the lofty locust bough
Feeding on a drop of dew,
In her suit of green arrayed
Hear her singing in the shade
Caty-did, Caty-did, Caty-did!

¹ *prodigal* (prɒd'ɪ-gəl): spendthrift.

² *deem*: think.

While upon a leaf you tread,
Or repose³ your little head,
On your sheet of shadows laid,
All the day you nothing said:
Half the night your cheery tongue
Reveled out⁴ its little song,
Nothing else but Caty-did.

From your lodgings on the leaf
Did you utter joy or grief?—
Did you only mean to say,
I have had my summer's day,
And am passing, soon, away
To the grave of Caty-did:—
Poor, unhappy Caty-did!

But you would have uttered more
Had you known of nature's power—
From the world when you retreat,
And a leaf's your winding sheet,⁵
Long before your spirit fled,
Who can tell but nature said,
Live again, my Caty-did!
Live and chatter, Caty-did.

Tell me, what did Caty do?
Did she mean to trouble you?
Why was Caty not forbid
To trouble little Caty-did?
Wrong indeed at you to fling,
Hurting no one while you sing
Caty-did! Caty-did! Caty-did!

Why continue to complain?
Caty tells me, she again
Will not give you plague⁶ or pain:—
Caty says you may be hid,
Caty will not go to bed
While you sing us Caty-did.
Caty-did! Caty-did! Caty-did!

But while singing, you forgot
To tell us what did Caty not:
Caty did not think of cold,
Flocks retiring to the fold,
Winter, with his wrinkles old,
Winter, that yourself foretold
When you gave us Caty-did.

³ *repose*: rest.

⁴ *reveled out*: sang happily.

⁵ *winding sheet*: piece of cloth in which a corpse
was wrapped for burial. The custom of
burying the dead in ordinary clothes is
recent.

⁶ *plague*: annoyance.

Stay securely in your nest;
 Caty now will do her best,
 All she can to make you blest;
 But, you want no human aid— 54
 Nature, when she formed you, said,
 "Independent you are made,
 My dear little Caty-did:
 Soon yourself must disappear
 With the verdure¹ of the year,—"
 And to go, we know not where, 60
 With your song of Caty-did.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Philip Freneau was an earlier writer than the authors of most of the poems you have read. Did you notice any difference in style which would indicate that he wrote at an earlier date?

2. This poem, too, is considered an ode. Did Freneau succeed in giving as much dignity to the caty-did as Lowell did to the dandelion? How does the rhythm of the poem suggest the caty-did's song?

3. Insects are really interesting and amusing little creatures. Choose one with which you are acquainted and try writing an ode similar to the foregoing.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

By PHILIP FRENEAU

Many poets express the emotion of sadness when they look at nature, because its beauties are often so short-lived.

Fair flower, that dost so comely² grow,
 Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
 Untouched by honied blossoms blow,
 Unseen thy little branches greet:
 No roving foot shall crush thee
 here 6
 No busy hand provoke³ a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
 She bade thee shun the vulgar⁴ eye,
 And planted here the guardian shade,
 And sent soft waters murmuring by;
 Thus quietly thy summer goes,
 The days declining⁵ to repose. 12

¹ verdure (vûr'dûr): vegetation.

² comely: attractive.

³ provoke: bring forth, by picking the flower.

⁴ vulgar: common.

⁵ declining: sinking; not, in this case, refusing.

Smit with those charms, that must
 decay,
 I grieve to see your future doom;
 They died—nor were those flowers
 more gay, 15
 The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
 Unpitying frosts and Autumn's
 power
 Shall leave no vestige of this
 flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
 At first the little being came: 20
 If nothing once, you nothing lose,
 For when you die you are the same;
 The space between is but an hour,
 The frail duration of a flower.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Freneau, who died in 1832, was one of the first poets of nature. What later poets whom you have considered used nature as a theme?

2. How would you classify the foregoing poem? What emotion does it express? What thought is expressed in the poem? Where have you found the same thought expressed in other poems?

3. Write an essay on the wild honeysuckle, using Freneau's ideas.

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND

By PHILIP FRENEAU

Different tribes of Indians had different customs of burial. The following poem refers to a tribe that buried its dead in a sitting position.

In spite of all the learned have said,
 I still my old opinion keep;
 The posture that we give the dead⁶
 Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands;⁷—
 The Indian, when from life released,
 Again is seated with his friends, 7
 And shares again the joyous feast.

⁶ posture that we give the dead: position in which we (our own race), bury our dead. Different peoples have used many different methods of disposing of the dead.

⁷ ancients of these lands: ancient inhabitants.



Sculpture by James Earle Fraser

Courtesy of the artist

THE END OF THE TRAIL

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,¹
 And venison, for a journey dressed,²
 Bespeak the nature of the soul,
 Activity that knows no rest. 12

His bow for action ready bent,
 And arrows with a head of stone,
 Can only mean that life is spent,
 And not the old ideas gone. 16

¹ painted bowl: Indian pottery usually had designs painted on it.

² dressed: cooked, prepared. Food was buried with the Indians.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this
 way,
 No fraud upon the dead commit,—
 Observe the swelling turf, and say
 They do not lie, but here they sit. 20

Here still a lofty rock remains,
 On which the curious eye may trace
 (Now wasted half by wearing rains)
 The fancies³ of a ruder⁴ race.

³ fancies: pictures; products of the imagination.

⁴ ruder: less civilized.

Here still an aged elm aspires,¹ 25
 Beneath whose far-projecting shade
 (And which the shepherd still admires)
 The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen 29
 (Pale Shebah² with her braided hair)
 And many a barbarous form is seen
 To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening
 dew,
 In habit for the chase³ arrayed,
 The hunter still the deer pursues, 35
 The hunter and the deer, a shade!

And long shall timorous fancy see
 The painted chief, and pointed
 spear,
 And reason's self shall bow the knee
 To shadows⁴ and delusions here. 40

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. How does the foregoing poem show that Freneau was a lover of nature?

2. What qualities did you note in the poem to show that it is a lyric? What emotions does it express?

3. Could you discover any purpose in the poem except to express a poetic fancy of the author? Why do you suppose he chose such a peculiar theme?

4. The burial customs of a people usually tell a great deal about their beliefs. For example, the Egyptians embalmed their dead because they believed the soul would return to the body if it could be preserved. How did Freneau think the burial customs of the whites and Indians reflected their beliefs about a future life?

BIRCHES*

By ROBERT FROST

Unless you live in the northern part of the country, you may never have seen a birch tree. A birch is a slender, graceful tree—so slender that the weight of a boy will bend the whole tree.

*From *Collected Poems*.

¹ *aspires*: rises.

² *Shebah*: the Queen of Sheba, who came to visit Solomon.

³ *chase*: hunt.

⁴ *shadows*: ghosts.

When I see birches bend to left and
 right
 Across the lines of straighter darker
 trees,
 I like to think some boy's been
 swinging them.

But swinging doesn't bend them down
 to stay.

Ice-storms do that. Often you must
 have seen them 5
 Loaded with ice a sunny winter
 morning

After a rain. They click upon them-
 selves

As the breeze rises, and turn many-
 colored

As the stir cracks and crazes⁵ their
 enamel.

Soon the sun's warmth makes them
 shed crystal shells 10

Shattering and avalanching⁶ on the
 snow-crust—

Such heaps of broken glass to sweep
 away

You'd think the inner dome of heaven⁷
 had fallen.

They are dragged to the withered
 bracken⁸ by the load,

And they seem not to break; though
 once they are bowed 15

So low for long, they never right them-
 selves:

You may see their trunks arching in
 the woods

Years afterwards, trailing their leaves
 on the ground

Like girls on hands and knees that
 throw their hair

Before them over their heads to dry
 in the sun. 20

But I was going to say when Truth
 broke in

With all her matter-of-fact about the
 ice-storm

(Now am I free to be poetical?)

I should prefer to have some boy bend
 them

⁵ *crazes*: breaks into a complicated pattern.

⁶ *avalanching*: sliding down in heaps, like an avalanche.

⁷ *inner dome of heaven*: people have imagined that the sky is a glass dome.

⁸ *bracken*: a kind of fern. The trees are pulled down to the ground by the weight of ice.



Paul's Photos

"ONE COULD DO WORSE THAN BE A SWINGER OF BIRCHES"

As he went out and in to fetch the
cows—²⁵
Some boy too far from town to learn
baseball,
Whose only play was what he found
himself,
Summer or winter, and could play
alone.
One by one he subdued¹ his father's
trees
By riding them down over and over
again³⁰
Until he took the stiffness out of them,
And not one but hung limp, not one
was left
For him to conquer. He learned all
there was
To learn about not launching out too
soon
And so not carrying the tree away³⁵
Clear to the ground. He always kept
his poise²
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a
cup
Up to the brim, and even above the
brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with
a swish,⁴⁰
Kicking his way down through the air
to the ground.

So was I once myself a swinger of
birches.
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless
wood⁴⁵
Where your face burns and tickles with
cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it
open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin
over.⁵⁰
May no fate willfully misunderstand
me
And half grant what I wish and
snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place
for love:

¹ subdued: conquered.

² poise: balance.

I don't know where it's likely to go
better.⁵⁴
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-
white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear
no more
But dipped its top and set me down
again.
That would be good both going and
coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger
of birches.⁶⁰

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Most of the poems of Robert Frost show the influence of his boyhood in New England. What did you learn about his boyhood from the poem?

2. This poem is a lyric, but did you notice that there are no rhymes at the ends of the lines? A poem of this kind is said to be written in blank verse. What distinguishes it from prose?

3. As you read the poem, did you see clearly, first, the birches bending under the weight of ice, and then under the weight of a boy? Why was this a good subject for a poem? The poet expressed a wish to go back to enjoy the pleasures of childhood. Why do older people frequently have such a longing?

THE PASTURE*

By ROBERT FROST

A clear spring bubbling in a pasture, a new-born calf on uncertain legs—these are pictures of delight to any lover of nature.

I'm going out to clean the pasture
spring;

I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear,
I may):

I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's
so young,

It totters when she licks it with her
tongue.

I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

*From *Collected Poems*.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Frost was a farmer during part of his life. No doubt he went out to the pasture many times to clear the spring so that the cattle might drink, or to bring in a wobbly little calf. What other similar topics might he have used as subjects for poems?

2. The foregoing lyric is a simple statement of facts, and an invitation. What are the facts and what is the invitation?

3. How did the poet enable you to share in the enjoyment of his simple tasks? Would his language have been as effective if it had been more formal?

4. Write a short story or a few stanzas about a simple experience you have had similar to that of Frost.

NOTHING GOLD CAN STAY*

By ROBERT FROST

In the spring, when leaves first begin to unfold from buds, they are more yellow than green. Notice how the poet has used the change of color to illustrate a beautiful thought.

Nature's first green is gold,¹
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.²

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Many times Frost watched spring come over the New England hillsides and wondered why such beauty could not last forever. What philosophy of life did he derive from his wonder?

2. What qualities of a lyric did you note in the poem? Is emotion actually stated, or only implied?

*From *Collected Poems*.

¹ *Nature's first green is gold*: the newly opened leaves on the trees in spring are more yellow than green.

² *nothing gold can stay*: nothing can remain golden.

3. Did the tiny poem seem complete as you read? What, if anything, would you have added? Why did the author think of beauty and happiness as always fleeting?

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING*

By ROBERT FROST

When are woods most beautiful? Is it when they wear the pale gold of spring, the cool green of summer, the rich colors of fall, or is it when they stand in the stiff black and white of winter?

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer 5
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.³

He gives his harness bells⁴ a shake 10
To ask if there is some mistake,
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep, 15
And miles to go before I sleep.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Here again Frost turned to a theme from nature. How did he make you feel that he was really at home in the country?

2. The foregoing poem sounds like a narrative, but is really a lyric. Do you think the author was interested primarily in the story, or in the emotion he felt when he looked at the snow?

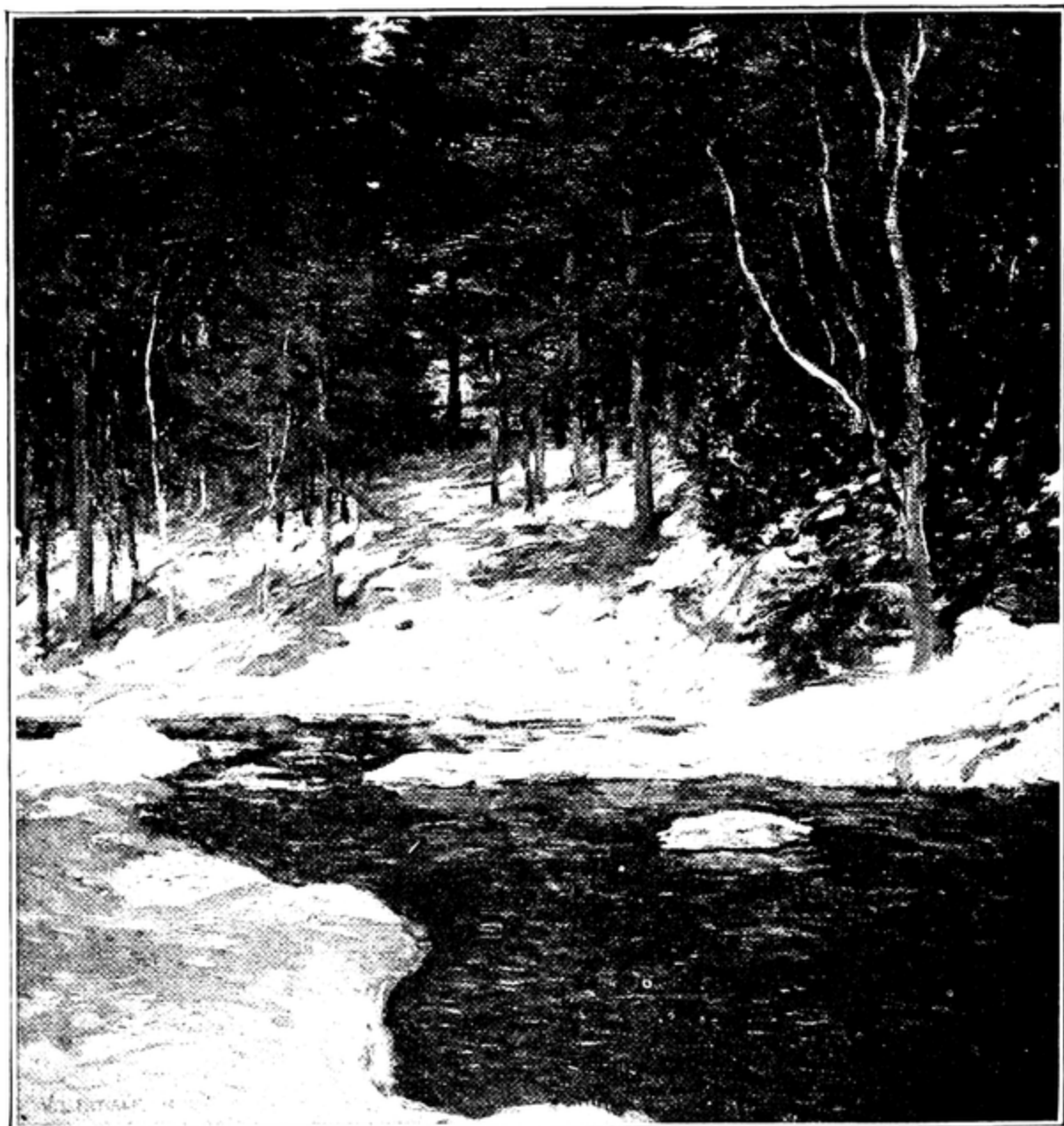
3. Notice the rhyme in the poem. Do you know of any other poem with a similar pattern?

4. Think of a scene you have observed in winter and try to describe it in verse.

*From *Collected Poems*.

³ *The darkest evening of the year*: this is December 21, the shortest day in the year.

⁴ *harness bells*: the author is riding in a sleigh.



Painting by Willard L. Metcalf

Courtesy Art Institute, of Chicago

WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

THE GRINDSTONE*

By ROBERT FROST

A grindstone, as you know, is a sandstone wheel mounted on a solid framework and used for sharpening tools. The wheel is turned by means of a crank fastened at the side. The tools to be sharpened are held against the wheel as it is turned. The following poem shows that turning the grindstone is not always an easy task.

*From *Collected Poems*.

Having a wheel and four legs of its own
Has never availed the cumbersome
grindstone
To get it anywhere that I can see.
These hands have helped it go, and
even race;
Not all the motion, though, they ever
lent,
Not all the miles it may have thought
it went,
Have got it one step from the starting
place.

It stands beside the same old apple tree.

The shadow of the apple tree is thin
Upon it now; its feet are fast in snow.
All other farm machinery's gone in, ¹¹
And some of it on no more legs and wheel

Than the grindstone can boast to stand or go.

(I'm thinking chiefly of the wheelbarrow.)

For months it hasn't known the taste of steel,¹ ¹⁵

Washed down with rusty water² in the tin.

But standing outdoors hungry, in the cold,

Except in towns at night, is not a sin.
And, anyway, its standing in the yard
Under a ruinous³ live apple tree ²⁰

Has nothing any more to do with me,
Except that I remember how of old
One summer day, all day I drove it hard,

And someone mounted on it rode it hard,

And he and I between us ground a blade. ²⁵

I gave it the preliminary spin,
And poured on water (tears it might have been);

And when it almost gayly jumped and flowed,

A Father-Time-like man got on and rode,

Armed with a scythe⁴ and spectacles that glowed. ³⁰

He turned on will-power to increase the load

And slow me down—and I abruptly slowed,

Like coming to a sudden railroad station.

I changed from hand to hand in desperation. ³⁴

I wondered what machine of ages gone

¹ *hasn't known the taste of steel*: has had no steel held against it for sharpening.

² *washed down with rusty water*: the stone grinds better when water is poured over it.

³ *ruinous*: old and broken.

⁴ *armed with a scythe*: Father Time is represented carrying a scythe.

This represented an improvement on.
For all I knew it may have sharpened spears

And arrowheads itself. Much use for years

Had gradually worn it an oblate Spheroid⁵ that kicked and struggled in the gait, ⁴⁰

Appearing to return me hate for hate;

(But I forgive it now as easily
As any other boyhood enemy
Whose pride has failed to get him anywhere).

I wondered who it was the man thought ground— ⁴⁵

The one who held the wheel back or the one

Who gave his life to keep it going round?

I wondered if he really thought it fair
For him to have the say when we were done.

Such were the bitter thoughts to which I turned. ⁵⁰

Not for myself was I so much concerned.

Oh no!—although, of course, I could have found

A better way to pass the afternoon
Than grinding discord out of a grindstone,

And beating insects at their gritty tune.⁶ ⁵⁵

Nor was I for the man so much concerned.

Once when the grindstone almost jumped its bearing

It looked as if he might be badly thrown

And wounded on his blade. So far from caring,

I laughed inside, and only cranked the faster, ⁶⁰

(It ran as if it wasn't greased but glued);

I'd welcome any moderate disaster
That might be calculated to postpone

⁵ *oblate spheroid*: a curved figure flattened on two sides; the stone was not a circle.

⁶ *beating insects at their gritty tune*: the hum of the grindstone sounds very much like the hum of certain insects.

What evidently nothing could conclude.¹
 The thing that made me more and more afraid⁶⁵
 Was that we'd ground it sharp and hadn't known,
 And now were only wasting precious blade.
 And when he raised it dripping once and tried
 The creepy edge² of it with wary touch,
 And viewed it over his glasses funny-eyed,⁷⁰
 Only disinterestedly to decide
 It needed a turn more, I could have cried
 Wasn't there danger of a turn too much?
 Mightn't we make it worse instead of better?
 I was for leaving something to the whetter.³⁷⁵
 What if it wasn't all it should be? I'd
 Be satisfied if he'd be satisfied.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Still again Frost turned to the country for a theme. Why do you suppose he was inspired to write a poem on a grindstone?

2. Does the poem tell a story? Did you notice anything more than a narrative as you read?

3. Have you ever turned a grindstone? If so, how much did you feel the weariness of the boy in the poem?

LYRIC OF ACTION

By PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

Like the fife and drum that lead armies into battle, poets inspire discouraged souls to face new struggles in life. What is the inspiring thought in the poem that you are about to read?

¹ conclude: end.

² creepy edge: it made the boy shudder to see the old man run his finger over the edge.

³ whetter: person who sharpens a tool in the field with a whetstone to give it a keener edge than the grindstone can.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
 O'er the past that is withered and dead:
 What though the heart's roses are
 ashes and dust?
 What though the heart's music be
 fled?
 Still shine the grand heavens o'er-
 head,⁵
 Whence the voice of an angel thrills
 clear on the soul,
 "Gird about thee thine armor, press
 on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
 Are a burden too heavy to bear,
 What hope can rebloom⁴ on the deso-
 late waste¹⁰
 Of a jealous and craven⁵ despair?
 Down, down with the fetters of fear!
 In the strength of thy valor and man-
 hood arise,
 With the faith that illumines⁶ and the
 will that defies.

"Too late!" through God's infinite
 world,¹⁵
 From His throne to life's nether-
 most⁷ fires,
 "Too late!" is a phantom that flies at
 the dawn
 Of the soul that repents and aspires,⁸
 If pure thou hast made thy desires,
 There's no height the strong wings of
 immortals⁹ may gain²⁰
 Which in striving to reach thou shalt
 strive for in vain.

Then, up to the contest with fate,
 Unbound by the past which is dead!
 What though the heart's roses are
 ashes and dust?
 What though the heart's music be
 fled?²⁵
 Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
 And sublime as the seraph who rules
 in the sun
 Beams the promise of joy when the
 conflict is won!

⁴ rebloom (rê-blōm'): blossom again.

⁵ craven: cowardly.

⁶ illumines: illuminates.

⁷ nethermost: lowest.

⁸ aspires: wishes to grow greater.

⁹ immortals: great heroes.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of this poem had been a soldier, and was well aware of the life music gives to weary feet. How did this experience help him in writing the preceding poem?

2. The poem is a lyric and clearly didactic, with a lesson to teach. What is the lesson?

3. How do the sound and rhythm of the poem help to make it inspiring? Has it any of the qualities of martial music?

COMPOSED IN AUTUMN

By PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

The feeling of the following poem is one that is commonly experienced in autumn. Why do you suppose so many more poems are written about autumn and spring than about summer and winter?

With these dead leaves stripped from a
withered tree,
And slowly fluttering round us, gentle
friend,
Some faithless soul¹ a sad presage²
might blend;
To me they bring a happier augury;³
Lives that shall bloom in genial⁴ sun-
shine free,
Nursed by the spell Love's dew and
breezes send,
And when a kindly Fate shall speak the
end,
Down dropping in Time's autumn
silently;
All hopes fulfilled, all passions duly
blessed,
Life's cup of gladness⁵ drained, except
the lees,⁶
No more to fear or long for, but the
rest
Which crowns existence with its dream-
less ease;
Thus when our days are ripe, oh! let us
fall
Into that perfect Peace which waits for
all!

¹ *faithless soul*: without faith.

² *presage* (prēs'ij): prediction of the future.

³ *augury* (ô'gû-rî): same as presage.

⁴ *genial*: kindly.

⁵ *cup of gladness*: happiness, compared to wine.

⁶ *lees*: sediment in the bottom of the cup.



Detail of a painting by Corot.
AUTUMN

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Like many other poets, Hayne often wrote poems on nature. How does this poem compare with other poems you have read on autumn?

2. What is the type of the poem? Is the emotion expressed or implied?

3. Compare the rhythm and style of the poem with the one preceding. Does the difference in sound suit the difference in thought? Compare the emotion in this poem with that of other poems on autumn which you have read.

GREAT POETS AND SMALL

By PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

Many people have been inspired by the courage and cheerfulness of birds and various other animals. Animals always go on their way, happily doing the best they can, even though other animals may do the same thing very much better.

Shall I not falter on melodious wing,¹
 In that my notes are weak and may not
 rise
 To those world-wide entrancing har-
 monies,
 Which the great poets to the ages sing?
 Shall my thought's humble heaven no
 longer ring⁵
 With pleasant lays, because the em-
 pyreal² height
 Stretches beyond it, lifting to the sight
 The anointed³ pinion⁴ of song's radiant
 king?
 Ah! a false thought! the thrush her
 fitful flight
 Ventures in vernal⁵ dawns; a happy
 note¹⁰
 Trills from the russet linnet's gentle
 throat,
 Though far above the eagle soars in
 might,
 And the glad skylark—an ethereal⁶
 mote—
 Sings in high realms that mock our
 straining sight.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Here is another poem which Hayne drew from nature. What does it tell you about his opinion of himself as a poet?

2. Is the poem a lyric? Does it express an emotion, describe nature, or teach a lesson?

3. Did you find the poem easy to read? Were you always sure what every sentence meant the first time you read it? Would the poem have been more effective if the style had been simpler?

4. The poet had a message that he considered worth while. Suppose you were called upon to express the same message. What type of literature would you use? Would you consider poetry as good as any other?

¹ shall I not falter on melodious wing: shall I not sing, even though it be lamely.

² empyreal (ēm-pīr'q-āl): of the highest heaven.

³ anointed: made royal. Anointing with oil was a part of coronation ceremonies.

⁴ pinion: wing.

⁵ vernal (vūr'nāl): pertaining to spring.

⁶ ethereal (ē-thē'rē-āl): heavenly, spirit-like.

ASPECTS OF THE PINES

By PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

What other poems have you read about trees? To many writers pines seem very depressing, suggesting solemn thoughts. To others, they suggest peace.

Tall, somber, grim, against the morn-
 ing sky
 They rise, scarce touched by melan-
 choly airs,⁷
 Which stir the fadeless foliage dream-
 fully,
 As if from realms of mystical de-
 spairs.

Tall, somber, grim, they stand with
 dusky gleams⁵
 Brightening to gold within the wood-
 land's core,
 Beneath the gracious noontide's tran-
 quil beams—
 But the weird winds of morning
 sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,⁸
 Broods round and o'er them in the
 wind's surcease,¹⁰
 And on each tinted copse⁹ and shimmering dell
 Rests the mute rapture of deep-
 hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes—the solemn joy
 and might
 Borne from the west when cloudless
 day declines—
 Low, flute-like breezes sweep the waves
 of light,¹⁵
 And lifting dark green tresses of the
 pines,

Till every lock is luminous—gently
 float,
 Fraught with hale¹⁰ odors up the
 heavens afar,
 To faint when twilight on her virginal
 throat
 Wears for a gem the tremulous ves-
 per star.¹¹

⁷ melancholy airs: breezes that seem sad.

⁸ ineffable (in-ēf'a-bŭl): indescribable.

⁹ copse: thicket.

¹⁰ hale: healthful.

¹¹ vesper star: evening star.



"TALL, SOMBER, GRIM THEY RISE"

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Hayne actually lived for many years in a pine forest in Georgia. He was poor, in both money and health, and had a hard time supporting his family. How may these conditions have affected his attitude toward pines?

2. This poem expresses a mood rather than an emotion. It is a lyric, but the author probably meant it to be chiefly descriptive. What feeling does it show?

3. Did you see clear pictures of the pines as you read? If so, describe what you saw.

4. Have you ever spent any time in a pine woods? How did the trees affect you? Did you have any feeling of sadness such as Hayne had when he wrote the foregoing poem?

FOUR LITTLE FOXES*

By LEW SARETT

Little animals have an appeal that is almost universal. In the following poem the author writes about four little foxes which he found in the woods.

Speak gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound;

For in my windy valley, yesterday I found

New-born foxes squirming on the ground. . .

Speak gently.

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow;

Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,

The four little foxes saw their mother go. . .

Walk softly.

Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;

When I covered them with boughs to shelter them from harm,

The thin blue foxes suckled at my arm. . . .

Go lightly.

*From *Slow Smoke*.

Step softly, March, with your rampant hurricane;

Nuzzling one another, and whimpering with pain,

The new little foxes are shivering in the rain. . .

15

Step softly.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of the preceding poem has spent much of his life in the woods. How could you tell that he is intimately acquainted with his subject?

2. To what type of literature does the poem belong? What emotion does it express?

3. What purpose do you think the poet had in mind when he wrote the poem? How did he express the feeling that spring is a gentle and kindly season of the year?

4. Do you think foxes should be allowed to live unharmed in parts of the country where they can do little damage? What steps would you take to insure their safety?

AFTERWHILES*

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Most people make promises to themselves about the things they are going to do later on—when they are not so busy, when they have more money, when there is better weather. The author of the following poem shows how often they never get around to doing things at all.

Where are they—the afterwhiles—
Luring us the lengthening miles¹

Of our lives? Where is the dawn

With the dew across the lawn

Stroked with eager feet the far

5

Way the hills and valleys are?

Where the sun that smites the frown

Of the eastward-gazer down?²

Where the rifted wreaths of mist

O'er us, tinged with amethyst,

10

Round the mountain's steep defiles?

Where are all the afterwhiles?

*From *Afterwhiles*.

¹ *Luring us the lengthening miles*: drawing us onward by the hope that we shall have time for enjoyment after a while.

² *smiles . . . down*: the morning sun is so cheerful that no one who looks at it can frown.

Afterwhile—and we will go
 Thither, yon, and to and fro—
 From the stifling city streets
 To the country's cool retreats—
 From the riot to the rest
 Where hearts beat the placidest;
 Afterwhile, and we will fall
 Under breezy trees, and loll
 In the shade, with thirsty sight
 Drinking deep the blue delight
 Of the skies that will beguile
 Us as children—afterwhile.

Afterwhile—and one intends
 To be gentler to his friends—
 To walk with them, in the hush
 Of still evenings, o'er the plush¹
 Of home-leading fields, and stand
 Long at parting, hand in hand:
 One, in time, will joy to take
 New resolves for someone's sake,
 And wear then the look that lies
 Clear and pure in other eyes—
 He will soothe and reconcile
 His own conscience—afterwhile.

Afterwhile—we have in view
 A far scene to journey to,—
 Where the old home is, and where
 The old mother waits us there,
 Peering, as the time grows late,
 Down the old path to the gate.—
 How we'll click the latch that locks
 In the pinks and hollyhocks,
 And leap up the path once more
 Where she waits us at the door!—
 How we'll greet the dear old smile,
 And the warm tears—afterwhile!

Ah, the endless afterwhiles!—
 Leagues on leagues, and miles on miles,
 In the distance far withdrawn,
 Stretching on, and on, and on,
 Till the fancy is footsore
 And faints in the dust before
 The last milestone's² granite face,
 Hacked with: Here Beginneth Space.
 O far glimmering worlds and wings,
 Mystic smiles and beckonings,
 Lead us through the shadowy aisles,
 Out into the afterwhiles.

¹ *plush*: thick grass, like plush.

² *milestone*: a stone set up to mark distance on a road.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of this poem wrote mostly about ordinary people and everyday things. His poetry has become very popular, because people enjoy reading about others like themselves and about experiences like their own. Find out some of the titles of his poems and some of the common experiences he has portrayed.

2. To what type of literature does the poem belong? What pattern of rhyme is used?

3. Did you find the poem easy to read? Did the words fit the quiet sadness of the poem? What parts of the poem seemed a little hard to understand?

4. Have you ever dreamed of things you were going to do after while? Why do most dreams turn out like the afterwhiles of the poet?

THE BELLS

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

As you read the following poem, notice how the sound follows the thought of the stanzas. The author tried in each stanza to imitate the rhythm of the bell he was describing.

I

Hear the sledges³ with the bells,
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment⁴ their
 melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars, that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline⁵ delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic⁶ rime,
 To the tintinnabulation⁷ that so musi-
 cally wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of
 the bells.

³ *sledges*: sleds.

⁴ *world of merriment*: sleigh-ride parties were once a very popular amusement in the country.

⁵ *crystalline* (*kris'tā-lin*): clear, sparkling.

⁶ *Runic* (*rōon'ik*): Runic writing was used by the old Scandinavians. It cannot now be read with any certainty.

⁷ *tintinnabulation* (*tin'tī-nāb-ū-lā'shūn*): tinkling.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells! 15
 What a world of happiness their har-
 mony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,¹
 And all in tune, 20
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while
 she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,²
 What a gush of euphony³ volumi-
 nously⁴ wells! 25
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the Future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing 30
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of
 the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum⁵ bells, 35
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror now their tur-
 bulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their af-
 fright! 39
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy
 of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf
 and frantic fire, 44
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells! 50
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!

¹ molten-golden notes: notes like liquid gold.² cells: hollows inside the bells.³ euphony (ū'fō-nī): harmony.⁴ voluminously (vō-lū'mī-nūs-ll): in large volume.⁵ alarum (ā-lār'ūm): alarm.

How they clang, and clash, and
 roar!
 What a horror they outpour 54
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!⁶
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells, 60
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and
 swells,—
 By the sinking or the swelling in the
 anger of the bells,
 Of the bells, 65
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of
 the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells,
 Iron bells! 70
 What a world of solemn thought their
 monody⁷ compels!
 In the silence of the night
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their
 tone!
 For every sound that floats 75
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people,
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone, 80
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling
 In that muffled monotone,⁸
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are ghouls:⁹ 87
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls
 A paean¹⁰ from the bells;

⁶ palpitating air: air vibrating with sound waves.⁷ monody (mōn'ō-dī): a solemn ode sung in Greek tragedy.⁸ monotone (mōn'ō-tōn): sound that continues on a single note.⁹ ghouls (gōōlz): ghosts who were supposed to be the actual bodies of the dead.¹⁰ paean (pē'dn): song of joy.



Photo by Gabriel Moulin

THE BELL AT SAN CARLOS MISSION, CALIFORNIA

And his merry bosom swells
 With the paean of the bells,
 And he dances, and he yells:
 Keeping time, time, time, 95
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the paean of the bells,
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme, 100
 To the throbbing of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells, 105
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells:
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells— 111
 To the moaning and the groaning of
 the bells.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Edgar Allan Poe was a master of musical language. To him the sound of a word was fully as important as its meaning. Notice, for example, the sound of the adjective that occurs in the second line of each stanza—silver, golden, brazen, iron. Does each of these adjectives suggest

the sound of the bell the poet is describing in a stanza?

2. This poem is a beautiful lyric and should be read purely for its music. Notice how each stanza expresses a different emotion, suggested by the bell it describes or imitates.

3. What purpose do you think Poe had in mind when he wrote the poem? Have you ever read a poem of a similar nature?

4. What other kinds of bells might Poe have mentioned? Perhaps you would like to write a stanza to imitate the rhythm and meaning of another kind of bell.

ANNABEL LEE

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

As you read the following poem, compare its sound with that of the poem you just read by the same author. Here again the sound of the words expresses a great deal of the feeling in the poem.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you
may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no
other thought
Than to love and be loved by me. 5

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was
more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee; 10
With a love that the wingèd seraphs
of heaven
Coveted¹ her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea, 14
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea. 20
The angels, not half so happy in
heaven,
Went envying her and me;

¹ *coveted* (kūv'ēt-ēd): envied.

Yes! that was the reason (as all men
know,

In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud
by night, 25
Chilling and killing my Annabel
Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far
than the love

Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven
above, 30

Nor the demons² down under the sea,
Can ever dissever³ my soul from the
soul

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without
bringing me dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee; 35
And the stars never rise, but I feel the
bright eyes

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide,⁴ I lie down
by the side

Of my darling—my darling—my life
and my bride, 39

In her sepulcher⁵ there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Poe married a girl who was very young. She died after they had been married but a very few years. How does the poem reveal his sorrow over her death?

2. This poem is narrative in form, but it is also a lyric, with great unity of feeling. Find parts that express great emotion.

3. Did you notice, as you read, that the poem contains only purely harmonious sounds and not a single awkward statement? What does this tell you about Poe's skill in writing?

4. Do not try to analyze the poem. Some of the lines have no specific meaning. Read the poem, therefore, only for the beauty of its music and the depth of feeling it expresses.

² *demons*: evil spirits.

³ *dissever* (dis-sēv'ēr): separate.

⁴ *night-tide*: night-time. *Tide* is an old word for time.

⁵ *sepulcher* (sēp'ul-kēr): place of burial.



From a drawing by Berket Foster, 1857

"I WAS A CHILD AND SHE WAS A CHILD
IN THIS KINGDOM BY THE SEA"

Poe believed that words in themselves suggested feelings and emotions, partly by their meaning, but even more by their sound. For example, the various sounds of *o*, *i*, and *a* suggest a feeling of melancholy. Notice how often these sounds occur in the poem you have just read. Combinations of sounds that are naturally

pronounced slowly have the same effect. When you say the words "kingdom by the sea," you have to say them slowly. This may have been one reason why Poe chose a seaside setting for his poem. Go through the poem very carefully and make a list of all the words which you think he included largely for their sound alone.

THE BUILDERS

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The following poem compares all life to the construction of a great building and urges everyone to do his best.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rime.¹

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest. 5

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays 10
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees, 15
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,²
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere. 20

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may
dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete, 25
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base; 30
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain, 35
And one boundless reach of sky.

¹ rime: another spelling of rhyme.

² elder days of Art: art of earlier times.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The foregoing is one of the best-known poems in all literature written in praise of work. Longfellow was at his best when he had a lesson to teach. What lesson did you find in this poem?

2. The poem is a lyric, but also an allegory. In other words, it teaches a lesson by comparing one thing with another, detail by detail. Explain the comparisons in your own words.

3. Did you find the poem easy to read? Were the lines pleasing in sound? Did the sound of the words harmonize with the theme?

4. What does the use of verse add to the poem? Would the allegory have seemed as convincing in prose? Explain why a beautiful thought is usually more impressive when it is expressed in verse rather than in prose.

THE RAINY DAY

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

A rainy day is often depressing, especially in the fall. Note what the poet has to say about a rainy day in the following poem. Is the poem depressing in spirit?

The day is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering³ wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary. 5

My life is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering
past, 9
But the hopes of youth fall thick in
the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;

Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall, 14
Some days must be dark and dreary.

³ mouldering: crumbling.



"SOME DAYS MUST BE DARK AND DREARY"

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Longfellow's writings are not so popular as they were a number of years ago. He was very skillful in handling words, but his ideas sometimes lack freshness and originality. Doubtless, however, his style was especially good for the subjects upon which he wrote. What obvious value is there in stating a truth in language that is beautiful and easy to remember?

2. This poem is easy to classify as to type. What type is it? Does the language fit the thought which is expressed?

3. Relate an experience you have had on a rainy day similar to that described in the poem.

A PSALM OF LIFE

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The following poem is probably quoted more often than any other poem in the English language. As you read it, look for statements that may be considered gems of thought.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG
MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,¹
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest! 5
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"²
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, 10
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

Art is long,³ and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and
brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave. 16

¹ numbers: verses.

² "Dust thou art, to dust returnest": You are made of materials found in the earth, and must return to earth; part of the funeral service.

³ Art is long: it takes a long time to succeed.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac¹ of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife! 19

Trust no Future, how'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act,—act in the living Present!
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime, 25
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main, 29
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait. 35

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Both of the poems from Longfellow seem a little sad, even though they are intended to be inspiring. What does this tell you about Longfellow himself?

2. The foregoing poem is both lyric and didactic. What lesson does it teach?

3. Why do you suppose the poem appeals to the emotions of so many people and is so often committed to memory? If you try to learn parts of it, you will find that it is very easy to remember. Find out if you can, just why this is so.

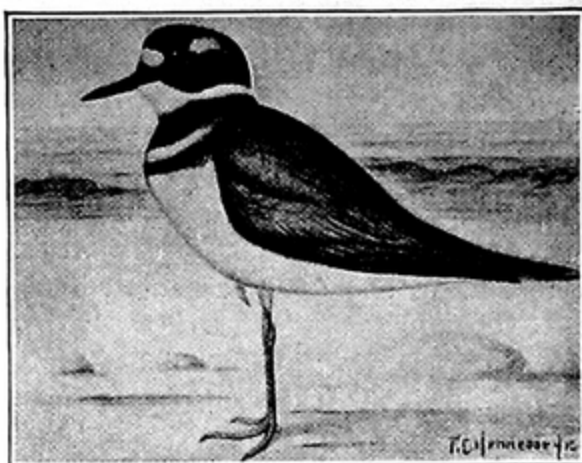
4. Take the ideas of the poem and express them in prose. In other words, write an essay embodying the ideas. Do the ideas fit an essay as well as a poem?

KILLDEE

By JOHN BANISTER TABB

The killdee is a bird, more commonly called the killdeer. It comes out just at twilight to hunt for insects, which it catches in the air. Its oft-repeated cry

¹ *bivouac* (bīv'ōō-āk): military camp.



THE KILLDEE

sounds almost exactly like the title of the poem. Perhaps you have heard its call.

Killdee! Killdee! far o'er the lea
 At twilight comes the cry.
 Killdee! a marsh-mate answereth
 Across the shallow sky.

Killdee! Killdee! thrills over me
 A rhapsody² of light, 6
 As star to star gives utterance
 Between the day and night.

Killdee! Killdee! O Memory,
 The twin birds, Joy and Pain,
 Like shadows parted by the sun,
 At twilight meet again. 12

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of the poem you have just read was a priest, and is usually known as Father Tabb. How can you tell from the poem that he loved nature?

2. How would you classify the poem as to type? When you read it, did you feel the same emotion as the author intended?

3. Of course, you noticed that the poem has real beauty. Did the beauty of the clear, peaceful twilight come from the sound of the words, the rhythm, the meaning, or a happy combination of all three?

4. Explain the analogy in the poem. How can joy and pain be said to answer each other?

² *rhapsody* (răp'sō-dī): a musical composition filled with intense feeling. It is often applied to anything expressing joyous emotion.

SONG OF THE MODERNS*

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Nothing is ever gained without some loss. For instance, a certain price has been paid for progress. As you read the following poem, notice what the author thinks we have sacrificed in modern life.

We more than others have the perfect right
To see the cities like the flambeaux¹
along the night.

We more than others have the right so
cast away
Though like a withered leaf, since it
has served its day;

Since for this transient joy, which not
for long can burn⁵
Within our hearts, we gave up in
return

Ten thousand years of holy magic
power
Drawn from the darkness to transcend²
death's hour.

For every witch that died an electric
lamp shall flare,
For every wizard drowned, the clear
blue air¹⁰

Shall roar with jazz-bands into listen-
ing ears;
For every alchemist³ who spent in vain
his years

Seeking the stone of truth,⁴ a motor-
horn
Shall scare the sheep that wander
among the corn.

And there shall be no more the spirits
of the deep,¹⁵
Nor holy satyrs slumbering upon the
steep,

*From *The Black Rock*.

¹ *flambeaux* (flām'bōz): torches.

² *transcend* (trān-sēnd'): rise above.

³ *alchemist* (āl'kē-mīst): a man who mixed various substances hoping to produce gold or the philosopher's stone.

⁴ *stone of truth*: philosopher's stone, which was supposed to give wisdom to its possessor.

Nor angels at a manger or a cross.
Life shall go on, to ugly gain or loss;

Yet vaster and more tragic, till at last
This present too shall make part of the
past:—²⁰

Till all the joy and tragedy that man
knows
Today, become stiff gravestones in
long rows:

Till none dare look on the mountains
ranked afar,
And think "These are the cast-off
leavings of some star."

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of this poem was one of the first to break away from old conventional forms of verse. What features of modern verse did you find in the poem?

2. Does the poem fall easily into a definite type? What emotion is implied? Is this an emotion of the poet himself, or is it a universal feeling?

3. Perhaps you found the poem rather difficult to understand. What parts seemed the hardest? What might the poet have done to make the poem less difficult?

LITTLE BOY BLUE

By EUGENE FIELD

People today are much less sentimental than they were years ago. Once, for instance, they frequently shut up the room of someone who died and kept it for years just as he left it.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with
rust,

And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was
new,⁵

And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little
Boy Blue

Kissed them and put them there.
"Now, don't you go till I come," he
said,

"And don't you make any noise!"
 So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,¹ 11
 He dreamt of the pretty toys;
 And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
 Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
 Oh! the years are many, the years are
 long, 15
 But the little toy friends are true!

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they
 stand,
 Each in the same old place—
 Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
 The smile of a little face; 20
 And they wonder, as waiting the long
 years through
 In the dust of that little chair,
 What has become of our Little Boy
 Blue,
 Since he kissed them and put them
 there.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of the foregoing poem is sometimes called the poet of childhood. This is because he wrote many poems for children or used children as characters in many of his writings. Find out what some of his other poems are.

2. This poem is really a song. It has been set to music, and you have no doubt heard it over the radio. What emotion does it express? Is the emotion stated in words, or is it implied in the description?

3. Write the story of the poem in prose, introducing all the feeling you can.

TEARS*

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

The following poem, like one early in the unit, deals with the idea of change. Nothing lasts very long, not even sorrow.

When I consider Life and its few
 years—
 A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
 A call to battle, and the battle done
 Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
 A rose choked in the grass; an hour of
 fears; 5

*From *A Wayside Lute*.

¹ *trundle-bed*: a low bed for a child. It could be slipped under a larger bed during the day.

The gusts that past a darkening shore
 do beat;
 The burst of music down an unlistening
 street—
 I wonder at the idleness of tears.
 Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
 Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of
 the sheep, 10
 By every cup of sorrow that you had,
 Loose me from tears, and make me see
 aright
 How each hath back what once he
 stayed to weep:
 Homer his sight,² David his little lad!

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Nearly all of this author's poems are simple and easy to read. For this reason they are generally quite popular. What did you find in the foregoing poem that you especially liked?

2. How would you classify the poem as to type? Does it express an emotion as well as a thought? Is the style easy and natural?

3. What analogies does the author use to express the briefness of life? What ones would you have used had you been writing the poem?

LET THE PAST DIE*

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

The following poem shows a great contrast in feeling with other poems you have read in the unit. Read carefully to note what the difference really is.

You tell me (you in life and books well
 read):
 "Let your Past die³ with all its grief and
 riot."
 Let the Past die!—The past is never
 dead!
 Not at high noon! Not in the starry
 quiet!
 My Past is gesturing in this limp you
 pity, 5
 And whitens in this scar against the
 blast,

² *sight*: Homer is supposed to have been blind.

*From *A Son of Earth*.

³ *Let your Past die*: forget the past and let it go completely out of your mind.



Painting by Paul Dougherty

Courtesy U. S. National Museum

"BOUNDARIES OF GRANITE AND SPRAY"

And not a tree, a book, a song, a city,
But has today its meaning from my
Past.

There is, good friends, scant wisdom in
this "letting."

I am my Past so long as I am I; 10
And in a brave reshaping, not for-
getting,

Is my one hope and action not to die;
The Past that might have killed me if
it could

I sternly mold to art and hardihood.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. This poem tells you a great deal about the author, if you read between the lines. What do you think it tells?

2. To what literary type does the poem belong? What emotion does it express? Is the emotion personal?

3. What meaning did you get from the line "I am my past so long as I am I"? Did the author mean the statement to be hopeful or did he mean it to be one of despair?

CONTINENT'S END*

By ROBINSON JEFFERS

Have you ever stood on a point of land and looked out upon the ocean? There is something romantic about the farthest point of land on a continent. The poet who wrote the following selection fancies all that lies behind it and all that lies ahead.

At the equinox¹ when the earth was veiled in a late rain, wreathed with poppies, waiting spring,
The ocean swelled for a far storm and beat its boundary, the ground-swell² shook the beds of granite.

I, gazing at the boundaries of granite and spray, the established sea-marks, felt behind me

*From *Tamar and Other Poems*.

¹ *equinox* (ē'kwī-nōx): the time of year when the noonday sun is straight overhead at the equator and the days and nights are equal in length; here March 21.

² *ground-swell*: a broad, deep wave originating far away.

Mountain and plain, the immense
breadth of the continent, before me
the mass and doubled stretch of
water.

I said, You yoke¹ the Aleutian seal-
rocks with the lava and coral
sowings that flower south,⁵
Over your flood the life that sought
the sunrise² faces ours that has fol-
lowed the evening star.³

The long migrations meet across you⁴
and it is nothing to you, you have
forgotten us, Mother.
You were much younger when we
crawled out of the womb and lay in
the sun's eye on the sideline.

It was long and long ago; we have
grown proud since then and you
have grown bitter; life retains
Your mobile,⁵ soft, unquiet strength;
and envies hardness, the insolent⁶
quietness of stone. 10

The tides are in our veins, we shall
mirror the stars, life is your child,
but there is in me
Older and harder than life and more
imperial, the eye that watched
before there was an ocean;

That watched you fill your beds out of
the condensation of thin vapor⁷ and
watched you change them,
That saw you soft and violent wear
your boundaries down, eat rock,
shift places with the continents.

Mother, though my song's measure is
like your surf-beat's ancient rhythm,
I never learned it of you. 15
Before there was any water there were
tides of fire,⁸ both our tones flow
from the older fountain.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of the foregoing poem looks to nature for many of his themes. How does he reveal in the poem you just read that he is a lover of nature?

2. This poem is free verse. That is, the rhythm is a matter of feeling, rather than of measured form. The poetry lies in the style and ideas.

3. What feeling did you get as you read the poem? Did you feel the long stretch of the past, with changes in both the nature of life and conditions on the earth? What purpose do you think the author had in writing the poem?

4. The author has used much material from modern science in the poem. Do you think it is possible to make scientific knowledge romantic? If so, how?

PORTRAIT OF A BOY*

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

To children dreams are often more real than reality itself. The boy in the following poem had a dream of pirates that was even more real than a whipping which he had just received.

After the whipping he crawled into
bed,
Accepting the harsh fact with no great
weeping.
How funny uncle's hat had looked
striped red!
He chuckled silently. The moon came,
sweeping
A black, frayed rag of tattered cloud
before 5
In scorning; very pure and pale she
seemed,

*From *Ballads and Poems*.

⁸tides of fire: when the earth was hot, melted rock.

¹ yoke: join.

² life that sought the sunrise: descendants of people who traveled to the east and peopled Asia when population first spread over the earth from its supposed original center.

³ that has followed the evening star: migrated westward to people Europe and America.

⁴ migrations meet across you: the author is speaking of the Pacific, with the peoples who migrated to the east on one side, and those who migrated to the west on the other.

⁵ mobile (mō'bīl): freely moving.

⁶ insolent (in'sō-lēnt): proud, haughty.

⁷ condensation of thin vapor: all the water on the earth is supposed to have existed in the beginning as clouds and to have fallen as rain, filling the hollows and forming the oceans.

Flooding his bed with radiance. On
the floor
Fat motes¹ danced. He sobbed; closed
his eyes and dreamed.
Warm sand flowed around him. Blurts
of crimson light
Splashed the white grains like blood.
Past the cave's mouth 10
Shone with a large, fierce splendor,
wildly bright,
The crooked constellations of the
South;
Here the Cross² swung; and there,
affronting Mars,
The Centaur³ stormed aside a froth of
stars.
Within, great casks like wattled alder-
men⁴ 15
Sighed of enormous feasts, and cloth of
gold
Glowed on the walls like hot desire.
Again,
Beside webbed purples⁵ from some
galleon's⁶ hold,
A black chest bore the skull and bones
in white
Above a scrawled "Gunpowder!" By
the flames, 20
Decked out in crimson, gemmed with
syenite,⁷
Hailing their fellows with outrageous
names,
The pirates sat and dined. Their eyes
were moons.
"Doubloons!" they said. The words
crashed gold. "Doubloons!"

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of the foregoing selection has written poetry since he was a young man. He has also written a number of novels. Find out what you can about the themes which he uses as subjects.

¹ *Fat motes*: specks of dust.

² *Cross*: Southern Cross, a constellation seen in the tropics and the Southern Hemisphere.

³ *Centaur* (sên'tôr): another constellation.

⁴ *wattled aldermen*: aldermen so fat their cheeks hang down like a cock's wattles.

⁵ *webbed purples*: woven purples, purple fabrics.

⁶ *galleon* (gäl'yün): a high ship, such as the treasure-hunting pirates sailed.

⁷ *syenite* (sî'ē-nit): a crystalline rock. The author probably liked the sound of the word, for syenite is not really a gem.

2. This poem is really a character study. It tells a great deal more about the boy than it actually says in words. Explain how this is brought about.

3. Write a character study of the boy in prose, making your production as complete as you can without departing from the facts implied in the poem.

THE BALLAD OF WILLIAM SYCAMORE*

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

The following poem is another character study by the same author. This time he has written about a pioneer woodsman. Try to discover the woodsman's character as you read.

My father he was a mountaineer,
His fist was a knotty hammer;
He was quick on his feet as a running
deer,
And he spoke with a Yankee
stammer.

My mother she was merry and brave
And so she came to labor,⁸ 6
With a tall green fir for her doctor
grave,
And a stream for her comforting
neighbor.

And some are wrapped in the linen fine,
And some like a godling's scion;⁹ 10
But I was cradled on twigs of pine
In the skin of a mountain lion.

And some remember a white, starched
lap
And a ewer¹⁰ with silver handles;
But I remember a coonskin cap 15
And the smell of bayberry candles!¹¹

The cabin logs with the bark still
rough,
And my mother who laughed at
trifles,
And the tall, lank visitors, brown as
snuff,
With their long, straight squirrel-
rifles.¹² 20

*From *Ballads and Poems*.

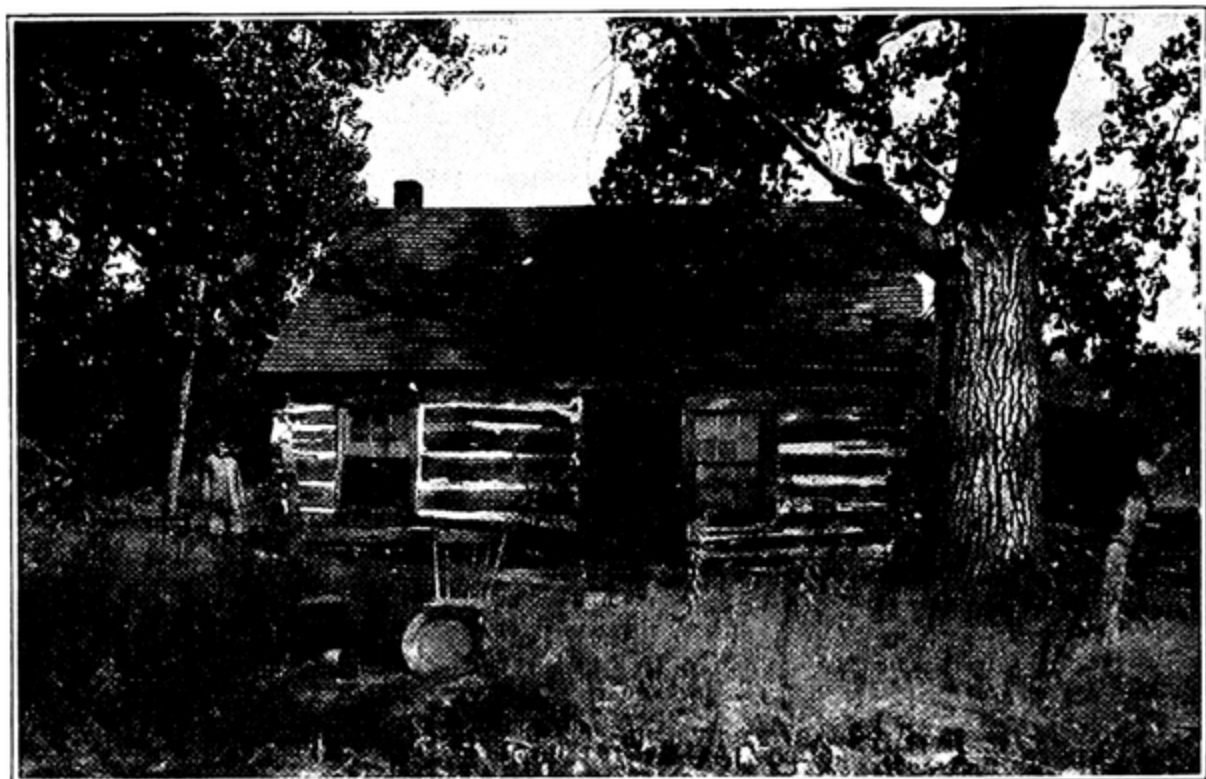
⁸ *labor*: birth of a child.

⁹ *scion* (sî'ün): descendant.

¹⁰ *ewer* (ü'ēr): basin.

¹¹ *bayberry* (bā'bēr-i) *candles*: candles made of bayberries which gave off a fragrant odor.

¹² *squirrel-rifles*: the long rifles of the pioneers, with which they did straight shooting.



"THE CABIN LOGS WITH THE BARK STILL ROUGH"

I can hear them dance, like a foggy song,
Through the deepest one of my
slumbers,
The fiddle squeaking the boots along
And my father calling the numbers.¹

The quick feet shaking the puncheon-
floor,² 25
And the fiddle squeaking and squeal-
ing,
Till the dried herbs³ rattled above the
door
And the dust went up to the ceiling.

There are children lucky from dawn
till dusk,
But never a child so lucky! 30
For I cut my teeth on "Money Musk"⁴
In the Bloody Ground⁵ of Kentucky!

¹ calling the numbers: announcing the steps in an old-time dance.

² puncheon- (pūn'chūn) floor: floor made of logs split in half and laid on the ground flat side up.

³ dried herbs: herbs for medicine hung from the rafters to dry.

⁴ Money Musk: an old dance tune.

⁵ Bloody Ground: One meaning given for the Indian name "Kentucky" is "Dark and Bloody Ground." Whether this was the real meaning or not, the many battles with the Indians made it very appropriate.

When I grew tall as the Indian Corn,
My father had little to lend me,
But he gave me his great old powder-
horn 35
And his woodsman's skill to befriend
me.

With a leather shirt to cover my back,
And a redskin nose to unravel
Each forest sign, I carried my pack
As far as a scout could travel. 40

Till I lost my boyhood and found my
wife,
A girl like a Salem clipper!⁶
A woman straight as a hunting-knife
With eyes as bright as the Dipper!⁷

We cleared our camp where the buffalo
feed, 45
Unheard-of streams were our flag-
ons,⁸
And I sowed my sons like the apple-
seed
On the trail of the Western wagons.

⁶ Salem clipper: a clipper ship from Salem.

⁷ Dipper: a group of stars.

⁸ flagons: drinking cups.

They were right, tight boys, never
sulky slow,
A fruitful, a goodly muster! 50
The eldest died at the Alamo.¹
The youngest fell with Custer.²

The letter that told it burned my hand.
Yet we smiled and said, "So be it!"
But I could not live when they fenced
the land, 55
For it broke my heart to see it.

I saddled a red, unbroken colt
And rode him into the day there,
And he threw me down like a thunder-
bolt
And rolled on me as I lay there. 60

The hunter's whistle hummed in my
ear
As the city-men tried to move me,
And I died in my boots like a pioneer
With the whole wide sky above me.
Now I lie in the heart of the fat, black
soil 65

Like the seed of a prairie-thistle;
It has washed my bones with honey
and oil
And picked them clean as a whistle.

And my youth returns, like the rains of
Spring,

And my sons, like the wild geese
flying, 70
And I lie and hear the meadow-lark
sing

And have much content in my
dying.

Go play with the towns you have built
of blocks,

The towns where you would have
bound me!

I sleep in my earth like a tired fox, 75
And my buffalo have found me.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of the foregoing poem has often used historical material as themes. He puts himself in the place of a

¹ *Alamo* (ál'-á-mō): a building in San Antonio, Texas. In the war for Texas independence, a group of Texans defending the building were killed to the last man.

² *Custer*: a general killed with all his men in a battle with Indians.



"I SADDLED A RED, UNBROKEN COLT"

character of the past and expresses emotions as if they were really his own. How effective do you consider this practice in writing?

2. This poem is commonly classified as a ballad. What qualities of a ballad did you note as you read? Did the author follow the old ballad form? How did he make the poem sound like a song?

3. A ballad is not very hard to imitate. Perhaps you would like to try to write a short ballad of your own. Be sure that it tells a story and that it has rhythm.

THE FISHER'S BOY

By HENRY DAVID THOREAU

In the following poem the writer expresses the idea that more can be learned about the ocean from the shore than from the deep water itself. It is true, of course, that most of the life of the ocean is found along the shore—a thought that is very important to the poet.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
 As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
 My tardy¹ steps its waves sometimes
 o'erreach,
 Sometimes I stay to let them over-
 flow.

My sole employment 'tis, and scrupu-
 lous² care,
 To place my gains beyond the reach
 of tides,—
 Each smoother pebble, and each shell
 more rare,
 Which Ocean kindly to my hand
 confides.³

I have but few companions on the
 shore;
 They scorn the strand⁴ who sail upon
 the sea;
 Yet oft I think the ocean they've
 sailed o'er
 Is deeper known upon the strand to
 me.

The middle sea contains no crimson
 dulse,⁵
 Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to
 view;
 Along the shore my hand is on its
 pulse,
 And I converse⁶ with many a ship-
 wrecked crew.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of the foregoing poem was one of the leading naturalists in the country. How is his love of nature revealed in the poem?

2. How would you classify the poem as to type? Note that it expresses an idea rather than an emotion. Feeling, however, is implied. What is the feeling?

3. Have you ever visited the seashore? If so, what did you see that is especially interesting? Write a few stanzas to put your memories into words.

¹ *tardy*: slow.

² *scrupulous* (skrōō'pū-lūs): exact.

³ *confides*: entrusts.

⁴ *strand*: beach.

⁵ *dulse* (dūls): seaweed.

⁶ *converse* (kōn-vūrs'): talk.

GLOUCESTER MOORS*

By WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

Everything about Gloucester seems related to the sea. It has long been one of the country's chief fishing ports, and most of its people look to the sea for a living.

A mile behind is Gloucester town
 Where the fishing fleets put in,
 A mile ahead the land dips down
 And the woods and farms begin.
 Here, where the moors stretch free
 In the high blue afternoon,
 Are the marching sun and talking sea,
 And the racing winds that wheel and
 flee
 On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground⁷ is purple blue,
 Blue is the quaker-maid,⁸
 The wild geranium holds its dew
 Long in the boulder's shade.
 Wax-red hangs the cup
 From the huckleberry boughs,
 In barberry bells the grey moths sup,
 Or where the choke-cherry⁹ lifts high up
 Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
 Beach-peas blossom late.
 By copse and cliff the swallows rove
 Each calling to his mate.
 Seaward the sea-gulls go,
 And the land-birds all are here:
 That green-gold flash was a vireo,¹⁰
 And yonder flame where the marsh-
 flags grow
 Was a scarlet tanager.¹¹

This earth is not the steadfast place
 We landmen build upon;
 From deep to deep she varies pace,
 And while she comes is gone.
 Beneath my feet I feel
 Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
 With velvet plunge and soft upreel
 She swings and steadies to her keel
 Like a gallant, gallant ship.

*From *Poems*.

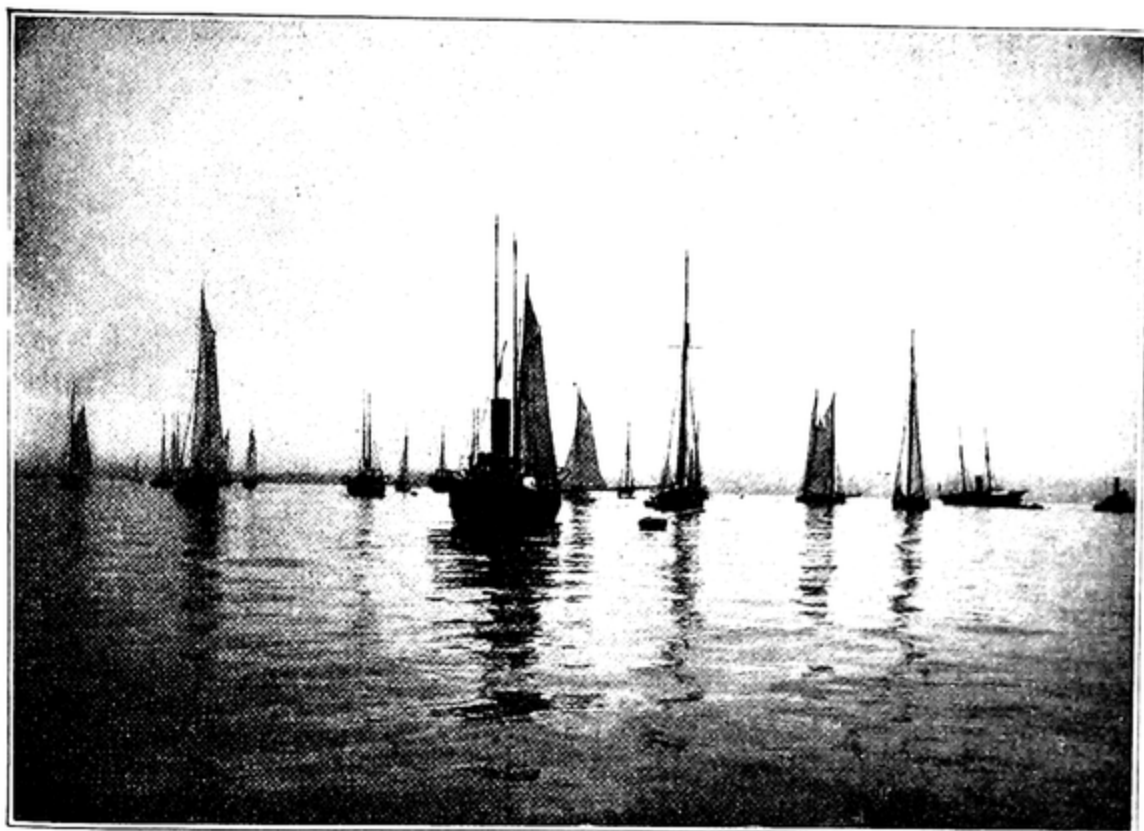
⁷ *jill-o'er-the-ground*: ground ivy.

⁸ *quaker-maid*: a plant with delicate pale blue flowers.

⁹ *choke-cherry*: wild cherry.

¹⁰ *vireo* (vir'ī-ō): a greenish-yellow bird.

¹¹ *tanager* (tān'ā-jēr): a bright scarlet bird.



BOATS IN THE BAY

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnace¹ frail
Where her phosphor wake² churns
bright. 40

Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and
veer,

But on, but on does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew. 45

God, dear God! Does she know her
port,
Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her
sport

To brazen³ and chance it out?
I watched when her captains passed:
She were better captainless. 51

¹ pinnace (pīn'ās): small boat towed or carried by a large boat.

² phosphor (fōs'fēr) wake: glowing phosphorescent strip sometimes left behind a ship at night. The light is caused by microscopic plants that glow like fireflies.

³ brazen: bluff, in its slang sense.

Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some
aghast,⁴
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch⁵ I leaned and
caught 55

Sounds from the noisome⁶ hold.—
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught⁷
And cries too sad to be told.

Then I strove to go down and see; 59
But they said, "Thou are not of us!"
I turned to those on the deck with me
And cried, "Give help!" But they
said, "Let be:

Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid, 65
The alder-clump where the brook
comes through
Breeds cresses in its shade.

⁴ aghast (ā-gāst'): horrified.

⁵ battened hatch: closed cover over the opening from the deck to the hold.

⁶ noisome: disgusting, evil-smelling.

⁷ distraught (dīs-trōt'): completely upset.

To be out of the moiling¹ street
 With its swelter² and its sin!
 Who has given to me this sweet, 70
 And given my brother dust to eat?
 And when will his wage come in?³

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
 Yellow and white and brown, 74
 Boats and boats from the fishing banks⁴
 Come home to Gloucester town.
 There is cash to purse and spend,
 There are wives to be embraced,
 Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
 And hearts to take and keep to the
 end,— 80
 O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
 What harbor town for thee?
 What shapes, when the arriving tolls,⁵
 Shall crowd the banks to see? 85
 Shall all the happy shipmates then
 Stand singing brotherly?
 Or shall a haggard ruthless few
 Warp her over⁶ and bring her to,
 While the many broken souls of men
 Fester down in the slaver's pen, 91
 And nothing to say or do.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. While the scene of this poem is New England, the author was not really a New England poet. He traveled widely and used the whole world as a setting for his poems. How does the poem you just read show that he loved to travel?

2. Is the poem a lyric? Note that it expresses no emotion except that contained in the beautiful description.

3. What purpose do you suppose the author had in mind as he wrote? Was it merely to paint a clear picture of land by the sea?

4. Do people sometimes react more readily to conditions that are new than to those with which they are familiar? Give examples to support your answer.

¹ moiling: toiling.

² swelter: confusion.

³ when will his wage come in: when will he be repaid for the unhappiness of his life.

⁴ fishing banks: shoals where fishing is carried on.

⁵ arriving tolls: a bell is rung to tell that the boats are coming in.

⁶ warp her over: pull her up against the wharf.

A HINDRANCE*

By JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

Small children are somewhat alike, whatever their race and color. They all have a tendency to get into things, as does the child in the following poem.

You need n' do nothin' but roll in de dirt.
 I'll give you yo' eatin' en give you yo' shirt.
 I don't speck⁷ yo' he'p when I's hoein' our farm.
 You kin do wut you please, if you'll quit doin' harm.
 Why'n't you sleep in de shade at de eend er de row? 5
 I'd as well go on home en hang up my hoe,
 If you's gwine a scramble en crawl on de groun'
 En roll on de cotton en mash it all down.
 Stay whar I putt you! Don't foller my trail!
 You mus' 'pen' on dis crap fer yo' winter shirt-tail. 10
 If it's me dat mus' feed you en give you yo' clothes,
 You mus' stay whar I tells you en play wid yo' toes.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of the preceding poem was a poet of the South. He expressed the feelings of various classes of people. Often, too, he wrote in dialect. How does the poem you just read show his interest in human nature?

2. What literary type is the poem? Does it have rhythm and express emotion?

3. Did you have a feeling of sympathy for the little child and his mother as you read the poem? Hoeing cotton is hard work, even when there is no child to look after. Did the mother really think the child was a nuisance?

4. Write a story about cotton picking in the South. Tell just how you think the work is done.

*From *Lyrics from Cotton Land*.

⁷ speck: expect.

A FEW DAYS OFF*

By JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

The following poem expresses a whole philosophy of life. It is in direct contradiction to the idea that work is the chief objective in life.

I ain't gwine a work till my dyin' day;
 'F I ever lays up enough,
 I's gwine a go off a while en stay;
 I'll be takin' a few days off.
 'Ca'se de jimson weeds¹ don't bloom
 but once, 5
 En when dey's shed dey's shed;
 En when you's dead, 'tain't jis' a few
 mont's,
 But you's gwine be a long time dead.

I knowed a' ol' man died powerful
 rich—
 Two mules an lan' en a cow. 10
 I jis' soon die fum fallin' in a ditch,
 Fer he went to 's grave fum 's plow.
 He never had nothin' 't was good to
 eat
 Ner no piller upon his bed;
 He never took time to dance wid his
 feet, 15
 But he's gwine a take a long time
 dead.

I knowed a' ol' ooman wut scrubbed
 en hoed,
 En never didn' go nowhar,
 En when she died de people knowed
 Dat she had supp'n' hid 'bout dar. 20
 She mought 'a' dressed up en 'a' done
 supp'n' wrong
 En had 'er a coht-case ple'd'.
 But she didn' have time to live veh
 long;
 She's gwine have a plenty dead.

So I says, if I manage to save enough 25
 Fum de wages I gits dis yur,
 I is right den takin' a few days off
 At one thing en an'er.
 'Ca'se while I is got my mouf en eyes
 En a little wheel in my head, 30
 I's gwine a live fas', fer when I dies
 I'll sho be a long time dead.

*From *Lyrics from Cotton Land*.¹ *jimson weeds*: large, coarse plants that have white flowers and a prickly seed-pod.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. This is another poem which shows McNeill's interest in people. Notice, too, that it is written in dialect. Would you judge from the poem that McNeill was a close student of real life conditions?

2. What type is the poem? Does it express an emotion? Is it in any sense a character study?

3. The old Negro in the poem advances the idea that life is wasted if you can't take a few days off now and then to enjoy it. Do you agree with his philosophy?

NAMING THE ANIMALS*

By JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

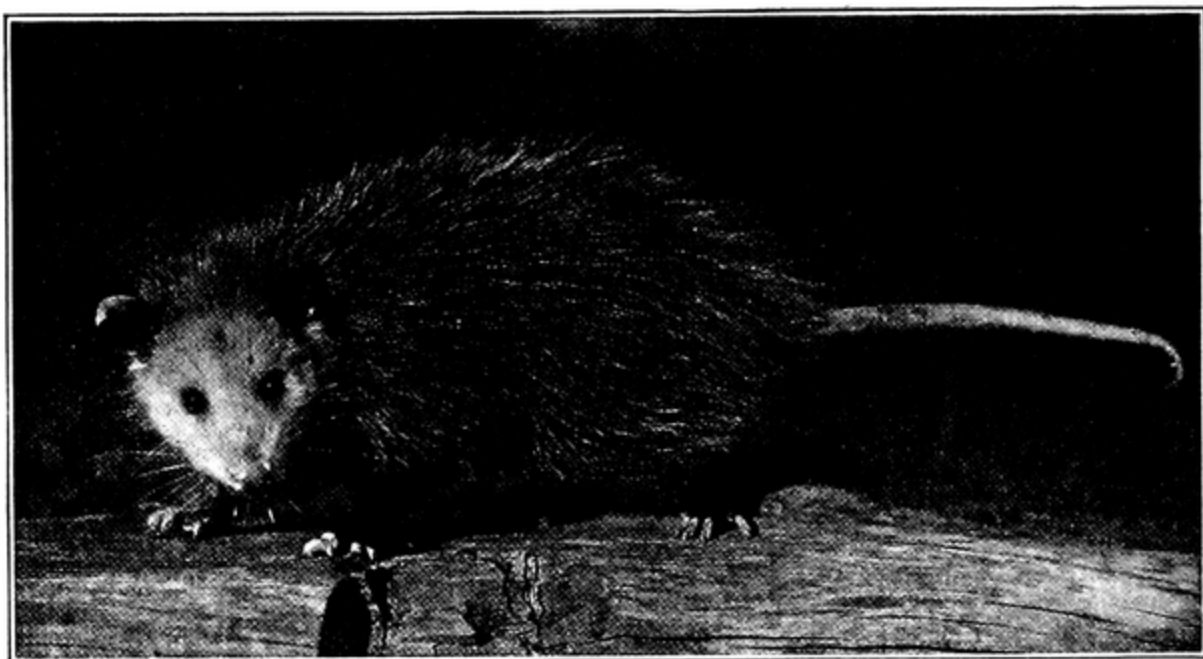
According to Genesis, the first book in the Bible, Adam gave names to all the animals. It evidently had not occurred to the Negro in the following poem that he could not have used modern English names.

When Adam wus namin' de beasties en
 birds,
 De insexes,² fishes, en snakes,
 Dey come along pas' him in droves en
 in herds,
 En it took turble³ thinkin' to think up
 dem words—
 Mules, elephants, yethworms, en
 drakes.⁴ 5

How you reckon he come to say luzzud,⁵
 en fox,
 En tarpin',⁶ en buzzud, en bee,
 En hoss, en bull-sparrow, en cuck-
 roach, en ox,
 En 'possums, en coons, en chickens,
 en hawks,
 En tiger, en catbird, en flea? 10

He didn' have time den to study en
 spit;
 He had to keep 'long wid de game.

*From *Lyrics from Cotton Land*.² *insexes*: insects.³ *turbles*: terrible.⁴ *drakes*: male ducks.⁵ *luzzurd*: lizard.⁶ *tarpin*: terrapin, land turtle.



Century Photos

"YOU CAN'T THINK ER NOTHIN' BUT 'POSSUM"

He had to putt up wid de bes' he could
git.

Wutuver wus passin' he had to name it
Right dar in its tracks wid a name.

Jis' mule don't mean nothin', ner jack-
daw ner mink 16

Ner moccasin,¹ rabbit, ner dog;
En him en Miss Eve didn't have time
to think,
En dey didn' have time den to eat er
to drink

Er even set down on a log. 20

But dey done purty well. You try it
en see.

It's hahd to name even a blossom.
Yit wut could you call a bee but a bee?
'N' if you sees a 'possum way up in
a tree,

You can't think er nothin' but
'possum. 25

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Here again the poet is a student of character. How does the poem show also that he had a sense of humor? How does it show that he had understanding and sympathy?

¹ moccasin: poisonous snake living in the South.

2. What is the literary type of the poem? What emotion, if any, is expressed?

3. Did you notice that in all his poems the author let his characters speak for themselves? What do you think of this plan of revealing human nature?

4. Have you ever tried to name a pet animal? If so, you will perhaps share in some measure the Negro's wonder at how the animals received their names.

THE JANITOR'S BOY*

By NATHALIA CRANE

Children are not snobbish. A janitor's boy may be admired as much as a rich man's son. While still a child the author of the following poem wrote about the red-haired son of a janitor whom she greatly admired.

Oh, I'm in love with the janitor's boy,
And the janitor's boy loves me;
He's going to hunt for a desert isle
In our geography.

A desert isle with spicy trees 5
Somewhere near Sheepshead Bay;
A right nice place, just fit for two,
Where we can live away.

*From *The Janitor's Boy and Other Poems*.

Oh, I'm in love with the janitor's boy,
 He's busy as can be;
 And down in the cellar he's making
 a raft
 Out of an old settee.

He'll carry me off, I know that he will,
 For his hair is exceedingly red;
 And the only thing that occurs to me
 Is to dutifully shiver in bed.

The day that we sail, I shall leave this
 brief note,
 For my parents I hate to annoy:
 "I have flown away to an isle in the
 bay
 With the janitor's red-haired boy."

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. What does the foregoing poem reveal about the author? Is she a good student of real human qualities?

2. What is the type of the poem? What feelings does it express?

3. How does the poem express the naïve ideas of childhood, without actually stating them? What does it tell about the characteristics of the janitor's boy? Why did the little girl like him?

4. Think of someone whom you admired early in life who had less opportunity to share in the pleasures of life. Write a character speech about him, bringing out all the qualities you admired.

VENDOR'S SONG*

By ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

The thought of the following poem is based on a nursery rhyme. Do you know the rhyme?

My songs to sell, good sir!
 I pray you buy.
 Here's one will win a lady's tears,
 Here's one will make her gay,
 Here's one will charm your true love
 true!
 Forever and a day;
 Good sir, I pray you buy!

Oh, no, he will not buy.

*From *Verse*.

¹ *charm your true love true*: will keep the one you truly love true to you.



SHEEPSHEAD BAY

My songs to sell, sweet maid!
 I pray you buy.
 This one will teach you Lilith's² lore,
 And this what Helen³ knew,
 And this will keep your gold hair gold,
 And this your blue eyes blue;
 Sweet maid, I pray you buy!

Oh, no, she will not buy.

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
 I never would cry my songs to sell.
 I never would cry my songs to sell.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of the foregoing poem thinks that poets have something to sell. Do you think that this is true? If so, what do they sell?

2. What is the type of the poem? What emotion, if any, does it express?

3. Could you read the poem with ease? Did it seem to have some of the simplicity of a nursery rhyme? What purpose do you think the author had in mind when she wrote the poem?

4. Have you ever thought seriously about what you have to sell in the world?

² *Lilith* (Lil'ith): in Hebrew tradition, a demon in the form of a woman.

³ *Helen*: Helen of Troy.

⁴ *tell*: count.

BARTER*

By SARA TEASDALE

The author of the following poem thinks that an hour of real beauty is worth a whole lifetime of monotony.

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,¹
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up 5
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain, 9
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,²
And for a breath of ecstasy 17
Give all you have been or could be.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of the foregoing selection, Sara Teasdale, is noted for her ability to express emotion. How is this ability reflected in the foregoing poem?

2. What qualities of a lyric did you note as you read the poem? Did you share in the emotions of the author?

3. Do you agree with the author that beauty is worth almost any price? Just what did she mean by beauty?

I FEEL ME NEAR TO SOME HIGH THING*

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

In the following poem another poet expresses dissatisfaction with the conditions of life and wishes for greater beauty than he can find upon the earth.

*From *Love Songs*.

¹ *blue waves whitened on a cliff*: waves breaking in white foam against a cliff.

² *count many a year of strife well lost*: one hour of complete happiness makes up for many years of trouble.

*From *A Son of Earth*.

I feel me near to some High Thing
That earth awaits from me,
But cannot find in all my journeying
What it may be.

I get no hint from hall or street, 5
From forest, hill, or plain,
Save now a sudden quickening of my
feet,
Now some wild pain.

I only feel it should be done,
As something great and true, 10
And that my hands could build it in
the sun,
If I but knew.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of this poem, like Sara Teasdale, is noted for his ability to express emotion. Find out what you can about the nature of his poetry.

2. What is the type of the poem? What emotion does it express? Have you ever said that something was just on the tip of your tongue? Have you felt that you were just on the threshold of a great idea that you could not quite grasp? If you have, you will be able to understand the author's emotion as he wrote.

3. Did you experience any difficulty reading the poem? If so, how can you explain the cause?

AMERICA FOR ME

By HENRY VAN DYKE

Love of a homeland may be expressed in various ways. Sometimes, as in the following poem, it is expressed as a simple joy in returning home after a long absence.

'Tis fine to see the Old World,³ and
travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities
of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles⁴ and
the statues of the kings,
But now I think I've had enough of
antiquated⁵ things.

³ *Old World*: Europe and Asia.

⁴ *crumbly castles*: ruins of castles.

⁵ *antiquated*: old, out-of-date.

*So it's home again, and home again,
America for me!*⁵
*My heart is turning home again, and
there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom be-
yond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and
the flag is full of stars.*

Oh, London is a man's town, there's
power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with
flowers in her hair;¹⁰
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and
it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is
no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green
battalions drilled;¹
I like the gardens of Versailles² with
flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear,
and ramble for a day¹⁵
In the friendly western woodland
where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet
something seems to lack;
The Past is too much with her, and
the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make
the Future free—
We love our land for what she is and
what she is to be.²⁰

*Oh, it's home again, and home again,
America for me!*
*I want a ship that's westward bound
to plough the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough
beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and
the flag is full of stars.*

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of the foregoing poem spent many years abroad as an ambassador for his country. Find out what you can about some of the details of his life.

¹ in green battalions drilled: German forests are carefully tended, and in many cases the trees stand in rows, like soldiers.

² gardens of Versailles (vēr-sāy'): grounds of a magnificent palace built for Louis XIV of France.

2. What is the literary type of the poem? What emotion does it express?

3. The poem, as you doubtless noted, is intensely patriotic. What comparisons were used to show the difference between our country and others? What special characteristics of America did the poem mention?

4. You probably have never lived in a foreign country, but, of course, you appreciate your own country. Write a few verses of a patriotic nature.

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!*

By WALT WHITMAN

Americans will never cease to be thrilled by pioneers, or cease to admire their strength and hardihood. The following poem is one of the best-known pieces of literature celebrating pioneer virtues.

Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons
ready,
Have you your pistols? Have you
your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,⁵
We must march, my darlings, we must
bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the
rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of
manly pride and friendship,¹⁰
Plain I see you Western youths, see you
tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson,
wearied over there beyond the
seas?
We take up the task eternal,³ and the
burden and the lesson,¹⁵
Pioneers! O pioneers!

*From *Leaves of Grass*.

³ task eternal: the task of spreading into unsettled parts of the earth, clearing land, breaking new soil. The task is not really eternal, and it is almost finished now.



PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

All the past we leave behind,
 We debouch¹ upon a newer mightier
 world, varied world,
 Fresh and strong the world we seize,
 world of labor and the march,
 Pioneers! O pioneers! 20

¹ *debouch* (dê-bōōsh'): emerge.

We detachments steady throw-
 ing,
 Down the edges, through the passes, up
 the mountains steep,
 Conquering, holding, daring, venturing
 as we go the unknown ways,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling, 25
 We the rivers stemming, vexing we
 and piercing deep the mines
 within,
 We the surface broad surveying, we
 the virgin soil¹ upheaving,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
 From the peaks gigantic, from the
 great sierras and the high pla-
 teaus, 30
 From the mine and from the gully,
 from the hunting trail we come,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkan-
 sas,²
 Central inland race are we, from
 Missouri, with the continental
 blood intervein'd,
 All the hands of comrades clasping, all
 the Southern, all the Northern,
 Pioneers! O pioneers! 36

O resistless restless race!
 O beloved race in all! O my breast
 aches with tender love for all!
 O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt
 with love for all,
 Pioneers! O pioneers! 40

Raise the mighty mother mis-
 tress,
 Waving high the delicate mistress,
 over all the starry mistress, (bend
 your heads all),
 Raise the fang'd and warlike mistress,
 stern, impassive, weapon'd mis-
 tress,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

See my children, resolute chil-
 dren, 45
 By those swarms upon our rear we
 must never yield or falter,
 Ages back in ghostly millions frowning
 there behind us urging,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

virgin soil: soil that has never been cultivated.

² *Arkansas* (Ar-kān'sās): this pronunciation is
 necessary for the rhythm. It was frequently
 heard in the poet's own day.

On and on the compact ranks,
 With accessions³ ever waiting, with the
 places of the dead quickly fill'd,
 Through the battle, through defeat,
 moving yet and never stopping,
 Pioneers! O pioneers! 53

O to die advancing on!
 Are there some of us to droop and die?
 Has the hour come?
 There upon the march we fittest die,
 soon and sure the gap is fill'd,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the pulses of the world,
 Falling in they beat for us, with the
 Western Movement beat, 60
 Holding single or together, steady
 moving to the front, all for us,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Life's involv'd and varied pag-
 eants,
 All the forms and shows, all the work-
 men at their work,
 All the seamen and the landsmen, all
 the masters with their slaves, 65
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the hapless silent lovers,
 All the prisoners in the prisons, all the
 righteous and the wicked,
 All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the
 living, all the dying,
 Pioneers! O pioneers! 70

I too with my soul and body.
 We, a curious trio, picking, wandering
 on our way,
 Through these shores amid the shad-
 ows, with the apparitions pressing.
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Lo, the darting bowling orb!⁴
 Lo, the brother orbs around, all the
 clustering suns and planets, 76
 All the dazzling days, all the mystic
 nights with dreams,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

These are of us, they are with us,
 All for primal needed⁵ work, while the
 followers there in embryo wait
 behind, 80

³ *accessions*: additions.

⁴ *orb*: globe.

⁵ *primal* (pri'māl) *needed*: first needed.



Sculpture erected at Ponca, Oklahoma

Courtesy of the sculptor, Bryant Baker

PIONEER WOMAN

We today's procession heading, we the
route for travel clearing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you daughters of the West!
O you young and elder daughters! O
you mothers and you wives!
Never must you be divided, in our
ranks you move united, 85
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Minstrels latent¹ on the prairies!
(Shrouded² bards of other lands, you
may rest, you have done your
work)
Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon
you rise and tramp amid us,
Pioneers! O pioneers! 90

Not for delectations³ sweet,
Not the cushion and the slipper, not
the peaceful and the studious,
Not the riches, safe and palling,⁴ not
for us the tame enjoyment,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
Do the corpulent⁵ sleepers sleep? Have
they lock'd and bolted doors? 96
Still be ours the diet hard, and the
blanket on the ground,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Has the night descended?
Was the road of late so toilsome? Did
we stop discouraged nodding on
our way? 100
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your
tracks to pause oblivious,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,⁶
Far, far off the daybreak call—hark!
how loud and clear I hear it wind,
Swift! to the head of the army!—
swift! spring to your places, 105
Pioneers! O pioneers!

¹latent (lā'tēnt): undeveloped, but capable of development.

²shrouded: dead.

³delectations: pleasures.

⁴palling (pōl'ing): growing tiresome.

⁵corpulent (kōr'pū-lēnt): fat.

⁶sound of trumpet: a trumpet call in poetry always symbolizes a call to battle.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of the foregoing poem was one of the first to break away from traditional forms of verse. How does he show his originality in the poem?

2. How would you classify the poem as to type? Is it clear-cut, or does it seem to belong to several types?

3. Did the poem seem clear? Do you think the author fully accomplished his purpose?

4. There is no pioneering today, of course, of the kind carried on by the early settlers. There are other kinds of pioneering, however, of a very interesting character. Tell about some of the modern kinds of pioneering.

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING*

By WALT WHITMAN

Perhaps the first music was created as people adapted words to the rhythm of the blows of workers pounding grain. In the following poem the author hears a song in the labor of every worker.

I hear America singing, the varied
carols I hear,

Those of mechanics, each one singing
his as it should be, blithe and
strong.

The carpenter singing his, as he meas-
ures his plank or beam,

The mason⁷ singing his, as he makes
ready for work, or leaves off work, 4

The boatman singing what belongs to
him in the boat, the deckhand
singing on the steamboat deck.

The shoemaker singing as he sits on
his bench, the hatter singing as
he stands,

The woodcutter's song, the plough-
boy's, on his way in the morning,
or at noon intermission, or at
sundown,

The delicious singing of the mother,
or of the young wife at work, or
of the girl sewing or washing,

Each singing what belongs to him or
her and to none else,

*From *Leaves of Grass*.

⁷mason: man who lays brick or building stones.

The day that belongs to the day—at
 night, the party of young fellows,
 robust, friendly, 10
 Singing, with open mouths their strong,
 melodious songs.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of this poem was one of the earliest poets to think of work and industry as worthy subjects for poetry. Find out, if possible, what conditions in his life gave him this attitude.

2. Why may the poem be classed as a lyric? What emotion does it imply?

3. What various workers did Whitman mention in his poem? Which do you think are happiest in their work? Why? What other poems have you read on work during the year? What is the general theme of the poems?

MUSIC I HEARD*

By CONRAD AIKEN

The following poem tells how the common things of everyday life bring back memories. Note what the common things are and what memories they arouse.

Music I heard with you was more than
 music,

And bread I broke with you was
 more than bread;

Now that I am without you, all is
 desolate;

All that was once so beautiful is dead.

Your hands once touched this table
 and this silver, 5

And I have seen your fingers hold
 this glass.

These things do not remember you,
 beloved—

And yet your touch upon them will
 not pass.

For it was in my heart you moved
 among them,

And blessed them with your hands
 and with your eyes; 10

And in my heart they will remember
 always—

They knew you once, O beautiful
 and wise.

*From *Selected Poems*.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of the foregoing poem has written both poetry and prose. What does the poem reveal about his sensitiveness to common things?

2. The poem, as you can see, is a lyric. It expresses both love and sorrow. What other poem have you read in the unit with a very similar theme? Compare the two poems. Which one is more musical? Which one seems more natural and sincere? Sometimes writings show that they are the result of hard work and careful planning and thus lose somewhat in their emotional appeal. Does this apply to either of these poems?

3. Make a list of common things which help you call up memories. Indicate in each case whether the memories are pleasant or sad.

GENTLE NAME*

By SELMA ROBINSON

Names of people often seem especially suited to their owners. This poem describes the kind of person for whom the name "Mary" seems especially fitted.

Mary is a gentle name
 Like the sound of silver bells,
 Like a blue and quiet flame,
 Like country brooks and ferny smells;
 A friendly, wistful name and airy—
 Mary.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of this selection has written many poems of interest to both children and adults. How does her style indicate that she is well qualified to write literature of this nature?

2. What is the type of the poem? What emotions, if any, does it express. How do the sounds of words help to express her meaning?

3. People usually like the names of people they like and dislike the names of those they dislike. Make a list of your favorite names and try to tell in each case why you like them better than others.

*From *City Child*.

POSTVIEW OF THE UNIT

In some ways, lyric poetry represents the highest type of human expression because authors must give attention to both words and rhythm. In other words, it must be polished and musical. Lyric poetry makes up a large block of the literature of the world. Some authors have written little else, while others have divided their productions between lyric poetry and various other forms of literature. The unit which you just read is made up largely of pure lyrics, but some of the poems have only certain lyrical qualities. Let us see what the qualities of real lyrics are.

First, you found that some of the poems were especially stirring in nature. For example, the poem "America for Me" made a strong appeal to your sense of patriotism. You felt a similar appeal in the poem "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" Other poems made strong appeals to other feelings or emotions. In fact, they appealed in some manner to most of the emotions you have ever experienced in life.

Second, you found that many poems were pleasing because of their rhythm. Rhythm is an essential quality of lyric poetry. Many poems, too, had rhyme as well as rhythm. Some, such as "Bells" and "Annabel Lee," depended largely upon the sound of their words for their effect.

Third, you found that many poems stimulated your imagination. They gave certain information or supplied beautiful descriptions, but you found it necessary to supply the details of the picture from your own experience. For example, think how much you depended upon your imagination as you read such poems as "God's World," "The Wild Honey-suckle," and "Portrait of a Boy."

Fourth, you found that some of the poems invited quiet meditation. They led you to ponder over certain aspects of your environment or of life itself. Poems which had this effect are "To an Insect" and "To a Caty-Did." Others of a slightly different nature are "The Rainy Day" and "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening."

Fifth, you found a number of poems which appealed to your reason more than to your emotions. You continued to ponder over them long after you had read them. Perhaps part of the effect came from their diction and the extreme care with which the ideas were expressed. Among the poems that appealed to your reason were "The Builders," "Thanatopsis," and "Psalm of Life."

CHECKING YOUR EXPERIENCES

- I. One of the greatest joys that comes from the study of lyric poetry is the thought that you, in many situations in life, may use the very words which the poet used to express what you would like to say. What selection contains each of the following, and who is the author?

1. "Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base."

2. "Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!"
3. ". . . sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."
4. "Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent."
5. "He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."
6. "Music I heard with you was more than music,
And bread I broke with you was more than bread."
7. "Oh, it's home again, and home again,
America for me!"
8. "I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if a chart were given."
9. "Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

II. At the left below is a list of titles of poems which you have read in the unit. Copy each title and write after it the name of the reason or emotion from the list at the right to which it makes the greatest appeal.

Four Little Foxes	sorrow
The Builders	joy in nature
Gentle Name	fanciful idea
Each and All	sharing an idea
America for Me	pleasing sound of words
Bells	rhythm of words
Thanatopsis	love of country
God's World	undying love
The Janitor's Boy	sympathy
Little Boy Blue	faith in God
Annabel Lee	love of nature
I Never Saw a Moor	philosophy of life

III. Some poems express emotions that cannot easily be named in a few words. Others may be classified more definitely under one of the headings listed below. Copy the following headings and write under each the names of as many titles of poems in the unit as properly belong.

1. Love of nature
2. Love of musical language
3. Religious faith
4. Patriotism
5. Sorrow
6. Memory of experiences in childhood
7. Courage

ENJOYING CREATIVE EXPERIENCES

1. Choose a subject suitable for a poem. If possible, it should be something about which you have a strong feeling. Then use one of the poems in the unit as a pattern and write a few verses of your own. Do not imitate the thought of the poem, but use the same rhythm. Be sure to choose a rhythm that suits the subject you have chosen. Your teacher will be glad to tell you whether you are making a good start.

2. Find two or more poems in the unit that are based on the same general idea. Write an essay comparing the poems and showing how the two authors differ in their treatment.

3. If you have a knowledge of music, try setting one of the poems to music. Even if you do not know how to write music, you may be able to find an old tune that fits a poem fairly well.

4. Arrange a program made up largely of lyric poetry. Read or recite the poems so well that the listeners will be sure to enjoy them. Try to avoid exaggerating the rhythm or any of the expressions. In other words, do not say the words in a sing-song manner but let your voice follow the natural rhythm of the words.

5. Poems have often given artists inspiration for pictures. If you like to paint or draw, make an illustration for one of the poems in the unit. Following are some suggested titles:

- a. "Part of a moon was falling down the West"
- b. "Its harvest time has come"
- c. "Her feet within a trap"
- d. "The painted chief, and pointed spear"
- e. "The little toy soldier"
- f. "A black chest bore the skull and bones in white"
- g. "The wood-cutter's song"
- h. "The Fisher's Boy"
- i. "The Pasture"
- j. "The Birches"

ENJOYING FURTHER READING

In reading poetry it is usually necessary to refer to a collection of poems because few poems are long enough to be published alone. The collections usually contain the poems of a single author or are grouped according to the period in which they were produced, or according to types and kinds of emotions expressed. Following are a few suggested collections and titles to which you may wish to turn for further reading before you leave the unit.

Ballads of Old New York. By ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

Ballads giving the history of New York at the time of Peter Stuyvesant.

Carolina Chansons. By DU BOSE HEYWARD and HERVEY ALLEN.

Songs that have originated in the Carolinas.

Chartless. By EMILY DICKINSON.

A poem expressing belief in infinite power and goodness.

Congo and Other Poems. By VACHEL LINDSAY.

A volume of poems by a modern poet noted for his "tom-tom" rhythms and expression of primitive feelings.

Duty and Forbearance. By RALPH W. EMERSON.

Two poems that appeal to the moral sentiments indicated in the title.

Further Poems. By EMILY DICKINSON.

A collection of poems showing the intense feelings the author can express in a few words.

Good Morning, America. By CARL SANDBURG.

Poems by a modern writer who is interested in commonplace, ordinary phases of modern life.

John Brown's Body. By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

A historical poem with strong lyrical qualities.

Magic Casements. By G. S. CARHART and P. A. MCGHEE.

A collection of famous poems filled with romance and adventure.

Midsummer in the South. By PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

A lyric poem giving a delightful picture of the South.

Modern American Poetry. By LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

A collection of modern poems which appeal to the sentiments of both young and old.

Modern American Poets. By CONRAD AIKEN.

Another collection of poems by leading American poets beginning with Emily Dickinson.

Poems Selected for Young People. By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

A collection of poems written by an author especially interested in young people.

Sword of Lee. By ABRAHAM JOSEPH RYAN.

A poem exalting the character of Robert E. Lee as a soldier.

UNIT SEVEN



THE HUMOROUS SIDE
OF LIFE

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE

A hearty laugh is good for the soul. It gives flavor to life much as seasoning gives flavor to food. A sense of humor is a quality all should possess. It helps to lighten many problems and to keep back many a tear. The person who can smile in the face of adversity usually has the courage to carry on. To him the world looks hopeful and bright. To the unfortunate who cannot smile, life may look very dark indeed.

As you know, humor is an element of human nature. It is one of the qualities that helps to make a person what he is. If he lacks it, he does not have as well-rounded a personality as one who possesses it. There are certain situations in life which he cannot face. He cannot mingle as easily with others as a person who can laugh or who can smile. He lacks a quality which would tide him over many difficulties in life.

Humor in literature is a highly imaginative expression based on ludicrous situations in life. In the hands of a speaker or writer, it is a very powerful weapon. Even in conversation it serves to add color and interest. Not all people, however, know how to use humor wisely. They do not understand what real humor is. One characteristic is that it must not be offensive. It should not be directed at an individual but at people in general or at situations in which people find themselves. In other words, you should laugh at the predicaments of characters rather than at the characters themselves.

Humorous selections may belong to almost any type of literature. They may be novels, short stories, plays, essays, or poems. In other words, an author may put humor into his writings regardless of their type. In the case of novels, short stories, and plays the climax of humor usually comes near the end. The author develops his plot carefully, working in various humorous incidents, and finally leading up to a ludicrous situation which comes as a surprise but serves as a happy ending. Again, he may develop humor by play on words, by the use of a dialect, by exaggeration, by making fun of something that people take seriously, or by any number of other devices.

This unit is made up of selections to help you see the humorous side of life. As you read these selections, enjoy yourself to the fullest extent. Think, however, how humor benefits the various characters in the unit—how it helps them to meet various situations in life. Think, too, how the authors must appreciate humor to write selections of this kind. They have looked upon it as one of the natural elements of human character. For this reason, humorous selections may be considered good literature as well as those based upon any other quality of human nature.



"THEN I SET DOWN TO A DESK"

HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES

By RING LARDNER

Have you ever wished you could write short stories as good as some you have read? The following selection probably won't give you much real help, but it will give you a good laugh.

A glimpse at the advertising columns of our leading magazines shows that, whatever else this country may be shy of, there is certainly no lack of correspondence schools that learn you the art of short story writing. The most notorious of these schools makes the boast that one of their pupils cleaned up \$5000.00 and no hundreds dollars writing short stories according

to the system learnt in their course, though it don't say if that amount was cleaned up in one year or fifty.

However, for some reason or another when you skin¹ through the pages of high class periodicals, you don't very often find them cluttered up with stories that was written by boys or gals who had win their phi beta skeleton keys² at this or that story-writing college. In fact, the most of the successful authors of the short fiction of today never went to no kind of college, or if they did, they studied piano tuning or the barber trade.

¹ skin: he means skim.

² phi (fī) beta (bā'tā) skeleton keys: he has confused Phi Beta Kappa keys, badges of the highest scholastic honor, with skeleton keys, used by burglars.

They could of got just as far in what I call the literary game if they had of stayed home those four years and helped mother carry out the empty bottles.

The answer is that you can't find no school in operation up to date, whether it be a general institution of learning or a school that specializes in story writing, which can make a great author out of a born druggist.

But a little group of our deeper thinkers has suggested that maybe boys and gals who wants to take up writing as their life work would be benefited if some person like I was to give them a few hints in regards to the technic of the short story, how to go about planning it and writing it, when and where to plant the love interest and climax, and finally how to market the finished product without leaving no bad taste in the mouth.

Well, then, it seems to me like the best method to use in giving out these hints is to try and describe my own personal procedure from the time I get inspired till the time the manuscript is loaded on to the trucks.

The first thing I generally always do is try and get hold of a catchy title, like for instance, "Basil Hargrave's Vermifuge,"¹ or "Fun at the Incinerating Plant."² Then I set down to a desk or flat table of any kind and lay out 3 or 4 sheets of paper with as many different colored pencils and look at them cock-eyed a few moments before making a selection.

How to begin—or, as we professionals would say, "how to commence"—is the next question. It must be admitted that the method of approach (*l'approchement*)³ differs even among

first class fictionists. For example, Blasco Ibañez⁴ usually starts his stories with a Spanish word, Jack Dempsey with an "I," and Charlie Peterson with a couple of simple declarative sentences about his leading character, such as "Hazel Gooftree has just gone mah jong. She felt faint."

Personally it has been my observation that the reading public prefers short dialogue to any other kind of writing and I always aim to open my tale with two or three lines of conversation between characters—or, as I call them, my puppets—who are to play important rôles. I have often found that something one of these characters says, words I have perhaps unconsciously put into his or her mouth, directs my plot into channels deeper than I had planned and changes, for the better, the entire sense of my story.

To illustrate this, let us pretend that I have laid out a plot as follows: Two girls, Dorothy Abbott and Edith Quaver, are spending the heated term at a famous resort. The Prince of Wales visits the resort, but leaves on the next train. A day or two later, a Mexican reaches the place and looks for accommodations, but is unable to find a room without a bath. The two girls meet him at the public filling station and ask him for a contribution to their autograph album. To their amazement, he utters a terrible oath, spits in their general direction and hurries out of town. It is not until years later that two girls learn he is a notorious forger and realize how lucky they were after all.

Let us pretend that the above is the original plot. Then let us begin the writing with haphazard dialogue and see whither it leads:

¹ *vermifuge* (vûr'mî-fûj): preparation for killing worms.

² *incinerating plant*: a place where garbage is burned.

³ *l'approchement* (là-prôsh-mân'): French for approach.

⁴ *Blasco* (bläs'kô) *Ibañez* (ê-bân'yêth): Vicente Blasco Ibañez, a Spanish author.

"Where was you?" asked Edith Quaver.

"To the taxidermist's,"¹ replied Dorothy Abbott.

The two girls were spending the heated term at a famous watering trough. They had just been bathing and were now engaged in sorting dental floss.

"I am getting sick and tired of this place," went on Miss Quaver.

"It is mutual," said Miss Abbott, shying a cucumber at a passing paper-hanger.

There was a rap at their door and the maid's voice announced that company was awaiting them downstairs. The two girls went down and entered the music room. Garnett Whaledriver was at the piano and the girls tiptoed to the lounge.

The big Nordic,² oblivious of their presence, allowed his fingers to form weird, fantastic minors before they strayed unconsciously into the first tones of Chopin's 121st Fugue for the Bass Drum.

From this beginning, a skilled writer could go most anywheres, but it would be my tendency to drop these three characters and take up the life of a mule in the Grand Canyon. The mule watches the trains come in from the east, he watches the trains come in from the west, and keeps wondering who is going to ride him. But he never finds out.

The love interest and climax would come when a man and a lady, both strangers, got to talking together on the train going back east.

"Well," said Mrs. Croot, for it was she, "what did you think of the Canyon?"

"Some cave," replied her escort.

¹ *taxidermist* (tăks't-děrm'ist): a person who skins and stuffs animals.

² *Nordic* (nôr'dik): member of the blond, blue-eyed race of northern Europe.

"What a funny way to put it!" replied Mrs. Croot. "And now play me something."

Without a word, Warren took his place on the piano bench and at first allowed his fingers to form weird, fantastic chords on the black keys. Suddenly and with no seeming intention, he was in the midst of the second movement of Chopin's Twelfth Sonata for Flute and Cuspidor. Mrs. Croot felt faint.

That will give young writers an idea of how an apparently trivial thing such as a line of dialogue will upset an entire plot and lead an author far from the path he had pointed for himself. It will also serve as a model for beginners to follow in regards to style and technic. I will not insult my readers by going on with the story to its obvious conclusion. That simple task they can do for themselves, and it will be good practice.

So much for the planning and writing. Now for the marketing of the completed work. A good many young writers make the mistake of enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, big enough for the manuscript to come back in. This is too much of a temptation to the editor.

Personally I have found it a good scheme to not even sign my name to the story, and when I have got it sealed up in its envelope and stamped and addressed, I take it to some town where I don't live and mail it from there. The editor has no idea who wrote the story, so how can he send it back?

In conclusion let me warn my pupils never to write their stories—or, as we professionals call them, "yarns"—on used paper. And never to write them on a post-card. And never to send them by telegraph (Morse code).

PONDERING OVER THE SELECTION

1. Ring Lardner, the author of the foregoing story, had a literary style all his own. He relied on the misuse of language for his humor. How does atrocious grammar add to the humor of the selection you just read?

2. Did you find the selection entirely humorous, or were certain parts serious? What real truths were established?

3. Write a humorous story of your own in which you rely upon misuse of language for the humor.

CASEY AT THE BAT

By ERNEST L. THAYER

Casey was a baseball player—the pride of the Mudville team. The boys were having a hard game with the odds against them when Casey came to bat.

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play.
So, when Cooney died¹ at first, and Burrows did the same,
A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With that hope that springs eternal within the human breast,
For they thought, "If only Casey could get a whack at that,"
They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was a puddin', and the latter was a fake,
So on that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a "single,"² to the wonderment of all,

¹ died: was out.

² let drive a "single": got to first base.

And the much-despised Blakey "tore the cover off the ball."³

And when the dust had lifted and they saw what had occurred,
There was Blakey safe at second, and Flynn a-huggin' third.

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It rumbled in the mountain-tops, it rattled in the dell;
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face.
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

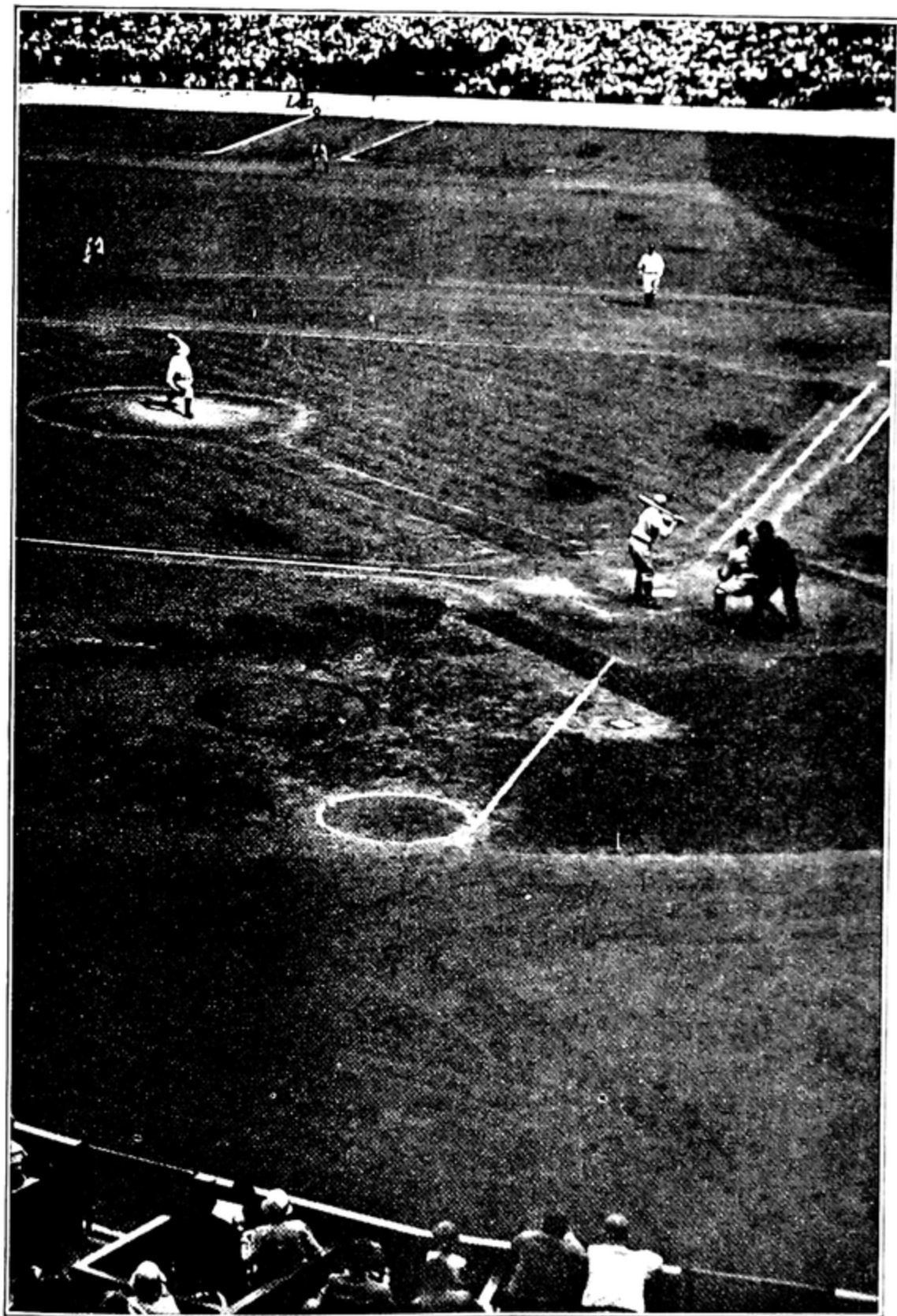
Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling⁴ through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That ain't my style," said Casey.
"Strike one!" the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and distant shore;
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand.
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised a hand.

³ "tore the cover off the ball": sent the ball far afield.

⁴ hurtling: whirling.



"AND NOW THE PITCHER HOLDS THE BALL"

Ewing Galloway

With a smile of Christian charity
 great Casey's visage shone;
 He stilled the rising tumult; he bade
 the game go on;
 He signaled to the pitcher, once more
 the spheroid flew;
 But Casey still ignored it, and the
 umpire said: "Strike two!"

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thou-
 sands, and echo answered,
 "Fraud!"

But one scornful look from Casey, and
 the audience was awed;
 They saw his face grow stern and cold,
 they saw his muscles strain,
 And they knew that Casey wouldn't
 let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip,
 his teeth are clenched in hate,
 He pounds with cruel violence his bat
 upon the plate;
 And now the pitcher holds the ball,
 and now he lets it go,
 And now the air is shattered by the
 force of Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land
 the sun is shining bright;
 The band is playing somewhere, and
 somewhere hearts are light;
 And somewhere men are laughing, and
 somewhere children shout,
 But there is no joy in Mudville—
 mighty Casey has struck out.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. From your reading of this poem what did you learn about the author, Ernest Thayer? Did you conclude that he knew baseball and was especially interested in it?

2. How would you classify the poem? Would it be a good poem to recite in public? Which parts do you like best and why?

3. Write the story of a baseball game which you found especially interesting. Perhaps you would like to write the story in verse.

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG

By MARK TWAIN

The following humorous tale was probably written merely to make people laugh. It is supposed to have been told to the author by a long-winded story-teller named Simon Wheeler. You will doubtless enjoy the droll manner in which the story is told.

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous¹ old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, *Leonidas W. Smiley*, as requested to do, and I hereunto append² the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W. Smiley* is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous³ *Jim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence⁴ of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design,⁵ it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W. Smiley*—*Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*—a young minister of the Gospel, who

¹ garrulous (gă'r'ū-lūs): talkative, long-winded.

² append: attach.

³ infamous: disgraceful, rascally.

⁴ reminiscence (rēm-i-nis'ēns): personal recollection.

⁵ design: purpose.

he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I'd feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous¹ narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable² narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was any thing ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*.³ To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way with no interruptions.

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim Smiley*, in the winter of '49—or may be it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume⁴ wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiousest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could



From the edition of 1875

"SIMON WHEELER BLOCKADED ME"

get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Any way what suited the other man would suit him—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying⁵ for a chance; there couldn't be no solitary thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush, or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter⁶ about here, and so he was too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres.

¹ *monotonous*: tiresome, boring.

² *interminable*: endless.

³ *finesse* (fl-nēs'): strategy; winning by indirect methods.

⁴ *flume*: a trough for conveying logs down a mountain side.

⁵ *laying*: waiting.

⁶ *exhorter* (ěks-hôr'tēr): an old-time preacher.

he would bet you how long it would take him to get to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *any* thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than



From the edition of 1875

"AND SCATTERING HER LEGS AROUND
LIMBER"

that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting¹ and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.²

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him, he was a different dog; his underjaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge,³ if it was a year. Smiley always come out

¹ cavorting: prancing.

² cipher it down: figure it out.

³ throwed up the sponge: slang used by boxers to mean gave up, surrendered.

winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had been in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog than hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he didn't have no talent. It always makes me feel real sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-terriers,¹ and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air

¹ rat-terriers: small dogs used for hunting rats, now often called black-and-tans.

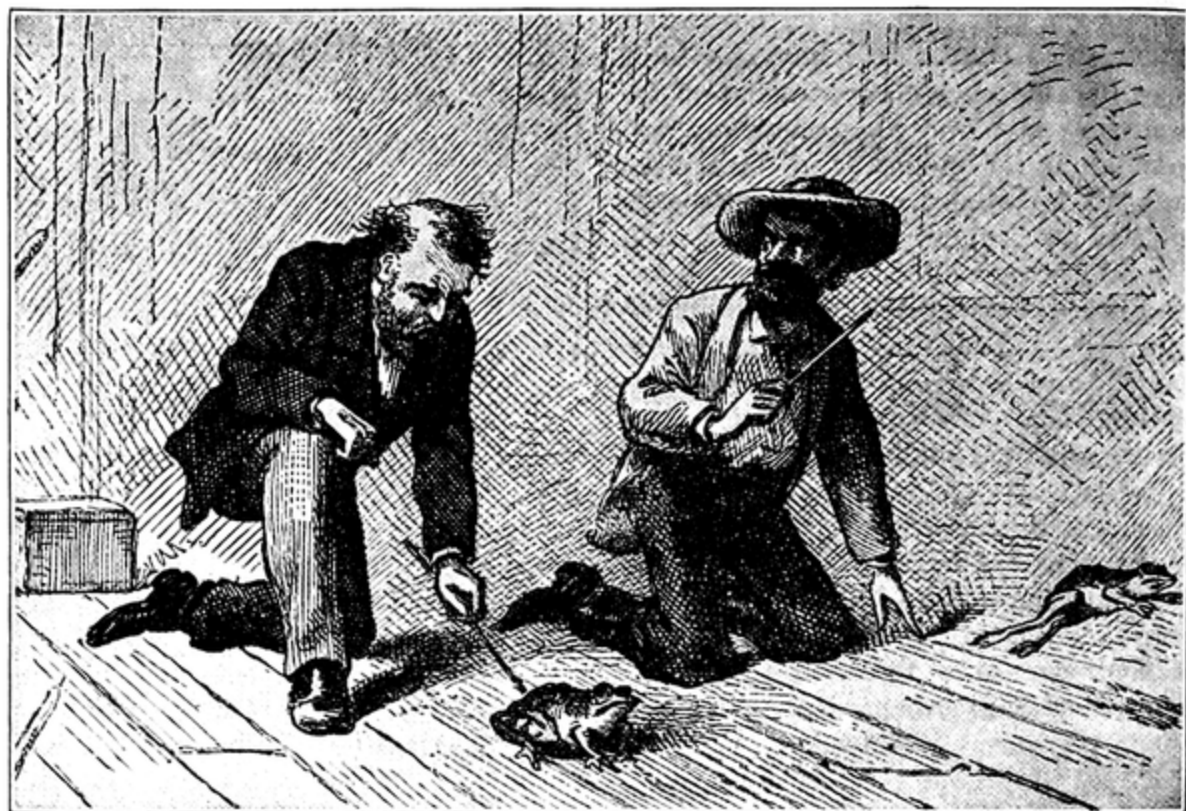


From the edition of 1875

"DAN'L WEBSTER WAS THE NAME
OF THE FROG"

like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most any thing—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red.² Smiley was monstrous proud of that frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had

² red: cent because copper is reddish.



From the edition of 1875

"THE NEW FROG HOPPED OFF, BUT DAN'L COULDN'T BUDGE"

traveled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, may be, but it an't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras¹ County."

¹ Calaveras (kāl-d-vā'rās): in California.

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"May be you don't," Smiley says. "May be you understand frogs, and may be you don't understand 'em; may be you've had experience, and may be you an't only a amateur, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman,¹ but it wan't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there an't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful

¹ like a Frenchman: Frenchmen are supposed to shrug their shoulders frequently.



"HE BELCHED OUT A HANDFUL OF SHOT"

of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but never ketched him. And—"

Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted. And turning to me as he moved away, he said, "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I an't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim Smiley* would be likely to afford me much information concerning the *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he button-holed me and recommended:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and—"

"Oh, hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.



CATCHING BULLHEADS

Century Photos

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. Many of Mark Twain's stories have local color. That is, they make use of events of a certain time and place. For instance, many of his writings center about life on the Mississippi River. How do such settings add to the interest of the stories? What was the setting of the story you just read?

2. Could any part of the story have been true? If so, what parts? Did Twain possibly know someone who was like Simon Wheeler or someone like Jim Smiley?

3. Mark Twain is considered one of the greatest humorists of the nineteenth century. How strongly were you impressed by the humor in the story you just read? How did the humor appear? Did it come from ridiculous exaggerations, colorful words and phrases, or the nature of the characters? Was it of the kind that makes you grin or the kind that makes you laugh loudly?

4. Have you ever heard a story-teller like Simon? Did you find him amusing or monotonous or both? Imagine situations in which a person such as Simon would be at home, and write another story such as he might tell to the group. Make the story as amusing as you can without making it ridiculous.

A FISH STORY*

By DON MARQUIS

Many people tell fish stories, but they usually expect their hearers to believe them. The author of the following story apparently had no such expectation. He seems to have set out to tell a more exaggerated story than anyone could believe.

Several friends and literary advisers have taken the trouble to intimate that they do not believe what we have said concerning the fish known as the bullhead; namely, that he can live out of water for several hours. This only shows how little some people know about bullheads. We might have told a story of a particular bull-

*From *Prefaces*.

head far more incredible, and equally true, but that we are aware of this general lack of exact information concerning bullheads and did not care to have our statements questioned.

This particular bullhead we caught and tamed when we were about twelve years old, and named him Mr. Hoskins. . . . Mr. Hoskins dwelt in an old wash boiler under a maple tree. And it was beneath this maple tree that we used to feed all our other animals every morning—a black dog, a crow, a black and orange cat, a brown dog called Gustavus Adolphus¹ after the Terrible Swede of that name, and an owl known (for we had been reading Dumas²) as the Duchess de Montpensier.³ At that time, and in that place, the village butcher would give one a whole basketful of scraps and bones for a dime; the dogs, the cat, the crow, and the Duchess would range themselves, solemnly expectant, in a row under the maple tree and catch the bits of meat we tossed to them in their mouths or beaks.

Mr. Hoskins, the bullhead, would come to the surface of the water and peer with one eye over the rim of the boiler, watching these proceedings closely. At first he watched them grouchily, we thought. A bullhead, however, is somewhat handicapped in the expression of the lighter and gayer emotions; his face is so constructed that even if he feels otherwise than gloomy and ill-humored he cannot show it. But as the spring wore into summer it seemed to us that Mr. Hoskins was getting friendlier, somehow. One day we tossed him a piece of meat and he snapped at it. After that we ranged the other beasts in a circle around the wash boiler, and if

¹ *Gustavus Adolphus* (gūs-tā'vūs ā-dōl'fūs): a king of Sweden.

² *Dumas* (dū-mā'): a French author.

³ *Montpensier* (mōN-pāN-syā'): the Duchess was a real person.

Gustavus Adolphus or the Duchess de Montpensier missed a piece of meat it fell to Mr. Hoskins. In ten days Mr. Hoskins could catch as well as any of them.

One morning we were alarmed to see that Mr. Hoskins' boiler had been overturned during the night, no doubt by some thirsty cow. He seemed dead when we picked him up and we dug a hole in the ground and threw him into it. But before we had him covered a sudden summer rain came up and we sought shelter. It was a drenching rain; when it was over, a couple of hours later, we returned to Mr. Hoskins to find the hole filled with water and him flopping around in it.

We put him back in his boiler. And then we began to experiment with Mr. Hoskins. Every morning we took him from his boiler and kept him from the water ten minutes or so longer than the day preceding. By September he was able to go from seven o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening entirely out of water without suffering any apparent ill effects. . . .

When the chilly weather came in November, we moved his wash boiler into the house and set it behind the kitchen range, as we did not care to run the risk of having him frozen. But with the cold weather his need for water grew less and less; he began to manifest something like pride in his ability to do without it; it was in January that he began to experience, or at least to affect, a repugnance toward being in water at all. Then we substituted for the boiler a box full of sawdust.

At seven o'clock on the morning of St. Valentine's Day, 1890, we went into the kitchen and found that Mr. Hoskins had leaped from the floor to the hearth of the kitchen range,

and had succeeded in working himself in among the warm ashes. He had felt cold during the night. After that we always put him to bed with a hot water bottle, and we remember well his cries of peevishness and discomfort on the night when the stopper came out of the bottle and the water drenched him.

We linger over these last days of February, hesitating to go on, because they were the last days in Mr. Hoskins' life. It was on February 28 that he went out of doors for the first time that year. Someone had left the cistern uncovered and he fell in. We heard his cries. We put a ladder down and plucked him from the black water. But it was too late. If he had only remembered how to swim, if we had only had the presence of mind to fling down a plank to him he might have kept himself afloat until we reached him with the ladder. But it was too late. We worked over him for a long time, but it was no use. It is silly perhaps to feel so badly over a little animal like that, but from that day to this we have never eaten a bullhead.

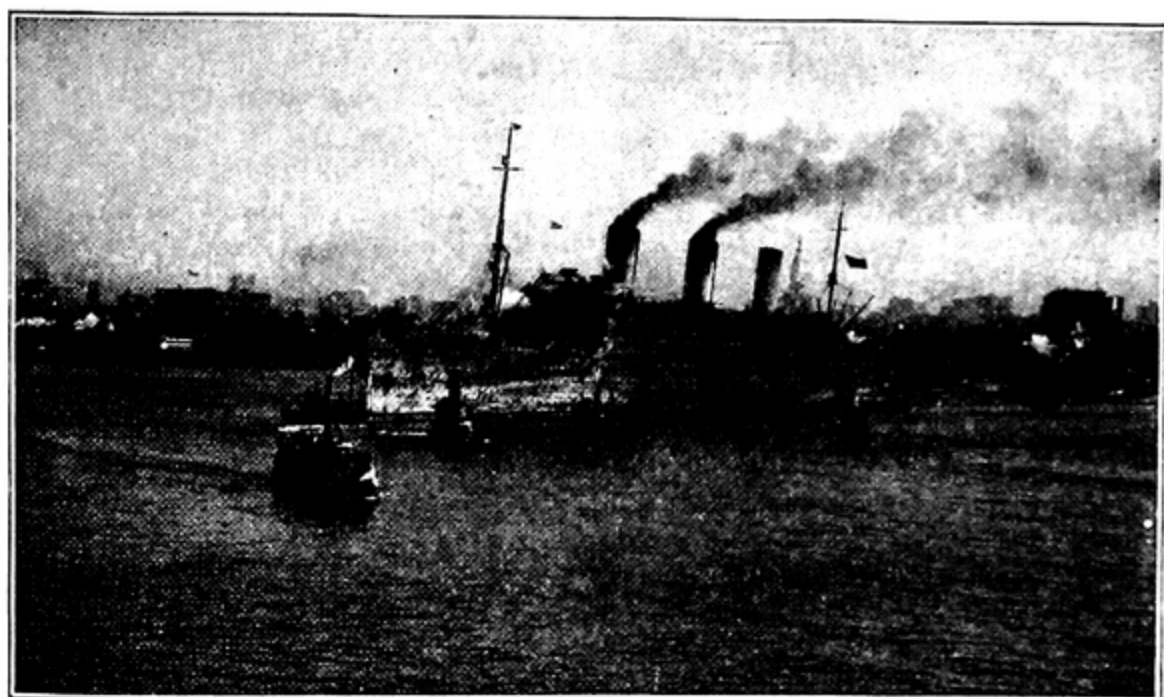
PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. Don Marquis, whose full name is Donald Robert Perry Marquis, writes both poetry and prose for magazines and other publications. What did you see in the foregoing selection to indicate that his stories have a popular appeal?

2. The selection is both a story and an essay and may be classified as a story-essay. Show how it has qualities of both types of literature.

3. Describe the type of humor in the selection. Did it seem witty, subtle, fun-loving, or boisterous?

4. Have you ever heard anyone tell a good fish story? Many people spoil the effect of their stories by using *I* too many times. Try writing a fish story in Don Marquis' style and note how much more convincing it seems.



THE STEAMSHIP "LEVIATHAN" LEAVING FOR EUROPE

WILL ROGERS WRITES TO THE PRESIDENT*

By WILL ROGERS

April 30, 1926

Will Rogers, as a man, as an actor, as a humorist, and as a writer, was one of the most loved persons within recent times. His letters reveal much of his witty personality and charm. They show his keen observations on life and his unusual ability to explain serious things in such humorous manner that they will long be remembered. Moreover, they express a form of homely philosophy which everybody accepts and thinks very much worth while. You will thoroughly enjoy the following letters which Rogers wrote to the late President Coolidge.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT: Well, I guess you were getting kinder uneasy not hearing from me the last day or so. Well, after swearing I was American and getting Passports back from Kellogg in Washington, I said to myself, "I am all set, now bring on

your Europe." Then everybody all at once commenced asking me, "Did you get your Vesays?"¹ I said no I never ate them, and didn't care to take any along. Finally I just had to tell one friend that I didnt know whether I had them or not until I knew what they were.

Come to find out, a Vesay is nothing but getting your Passport signed by the Consul of the Nation where you want to go. But somebody in Europe called it a Vesay. I guess maby in their lingo² it means signed, so naturally all Americans must speak of it as a Vesay. You could no more get an American that had ever been to Europe to say, "Did you get your Passport O. K.ed by the Consul?" than you could persuade him to jump out of the window. Oh, no, that is the one word he has learned in Europe and you certainly are not going to deprive him of the pleasure of speaking to you in a

¹ vesay (vē'zāz): meaning visas. A vesa is an endorsement on a passport by the proper officials.

² lingo: language.

*From *Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to his President*.

foreign tongue. He will go out of his way 10 times in his conversation just to get to say Vesay.

I would like to have you take that up, Mr. President, with some department in Washington and pass a law to have every American shot that don't speak to you as long as possible in our own language. It's bad enough to pay \$10.00 for the Vesay without having your own people try out the word on you. You see, you pay \$10.00 to get out of here; then you pay another \$10.00 to get into the next place. I went to England's Consul and they Vesayed me out of 10 merry old iron men.

You see, the thing is a kind of a skin game. You pay the \$10.00 over here. You don't know whether the Country you have paid the \$10.00 to is worth that much to you or not. There is an awful lot of Countries that if they would let you wait till the boat pulled up there, and then you looked at them, you would decide right away, "This Joint ain't worth \$10.00 to land in. Drive me on somewhere else."

Well, after England had got \$10.00 of their debt money from me, I was what I thought all set, when someone said, "You are going to France, ain't you? Well, you might want to land in Cherbourg¹ first, so go get your French Vesays."

By that time I was speaking the American Tourist language as good as they were. I knew what "Vesay" meant. So I went to the other end of New York to get an O. K. by the French. The Taxi bill was \$4.80. That right there is a problem. It takes a pretty good country to be worth \$4.80 nowadays.

Well, I will say one thing for the French—they didn't monkey around. You handed them the \$10.00 before

you did the Passport. They didn't seem to be particularly interested whether you got in their Country or not, but they sho did have an eye peeled for the 10 Bucks.

No wonder so many nations are dividing up into little ones over there. Just think! They would Vesay you out of at least two thousand² just to see all the Balkans. Some of those Nations, if they can get 10 visiting guests, can pay off their National Debt. I am supposed to get Germany's and Italy's and Spain's Vesays, but they are not going to get my 10 till I have to give it up. I am hoping that through the foreign rate of exchange I may be able to get a slight reduction on seeing some of them.

Being not what is proclaimed as a 100 per cent American, I went over on an American Boat. The 100 per centers all go on English or French, such as Hotel Men and Rotary Associations. It was to sail at 11:30 at night the last day of April. Oh, there was an awful lot of Jewish people on the boat. It looked like an old-time Follies audience. But there wasn't a single Vesay for Palestine. I was the only one on the boat going there.

The Steamship officials said there was an extra-big sailing list. At twelve o'clock on May 1st, just 30 minutes after we sailed, the summer rates go into effect, and it costs you at least a third more. I being your Representative, I thought it would look bad not to take advantage of anything in the Economy line. Because it is only by our personal example that we can get people to follow our simple mode of living.

Oh, yes, I like to³ forgot—the boat was the "Leviathan," the biggest and

¹ *Cherbourg* (shĕr-bōōr'): a seaport in north-western France.

² *two thousand*: this is somewhat exaggerated.

There are only six countries in the Balkans.

³ *like to*: almost.

finest boat afloat. Manned by a real American crew. Every head officer is an American, without dialect. In 1914 I had been on this same boat on its first trip back across when it was the "Vaterland" and all the German officials had come over and back on it. And to show the difference as to how it was handled then and now, we backed out of the Hoboken docks at noon, in broad daylight, and went right on across the Hudson River and come pretty near knocking down the whole of Manhattan Isle; then sunk a tug on the way out. Well, this time we pulled out at midnight, and you wouldnt know the thing was moving. Everybody received Flowers and Fruit and Candy. We are just steaming down the bay. If you sent anything, it hasent been sent to my stateroom yet. But there is a lot of Bundles and baskets up there yet that havent been delivered, and I will give you the benefit of the doubt till I find out otherwise. I will send this back by the Pilot. Hope it reaches you in time to offset the Cabinet meeting.

Yours devotedly,

COL. WILLIAM ROGERS

P.S. Have you done anything for the Farmers yet?

Radiogram

SOMEWHERE IN THE
MIDDLE OF ENGLAND'S OCEAN

Date—What's time to a guy in
the middle of an ocean.

My Dear President: Will you kindly find out for me through our intelligence Department who is the fellow that said a big Boat didnt rock? Hold him till I return.

Yours feeble but still devotedly,

WILLROG.

That's the code name for WILL ROGERS.

ROME, ITALY, June 5, '26.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: Calvin,¹ I wish you could see Rome. It's the oldest uncivilized Town in the world. New York is just as uncivilized, but it's not as old as Rome. Rome has been held by every Nation in the World at one time or another for no reason at all. Between you and I, I think some of them give it up without much of a struggle.

Rome has more Churches and less preaching in them than any City in the World. Everybody wants to see where Saint Peter was buried, but nobody wants to try to live like him.

There is 493 Guidebooks sold to every Testament. They would rather take Baedeker's² word than Moses'.

The headliners in Roman History is Julius Caesar, Mark Antony and Nero. Then Mussolini come along and made Bush Leaguers out of all of them.

Rome was built on seven hills. Every prominent Roman had a little hill all his own. History records, and local gossip has added to history, that coming home after a hard and exciting night at the baths, there has been Romans that didnt find the right hill. That's what made Roman history interesting. There is only six of these hills left today. Some Roman went out of the back window so fast one night that he took the hill with him. That's the inside story. But of course present History says that the Barbarians took not only all the assembled Romans but the hill as well with them.

I tried to find out who the Barbarians were. From the best that I could learn, Barbarians were a race of people that stole from you. If you stole from

¹ Calvin: Calvin Coolidge was the president at this time.

² Baedeker (bă'dē-kēr): a German publisher who began a series of guide books that have been translated into many languages. The name is now considered almost a synonym for guide book.

the barbarians, you were indexed in your History as a Christian.

Now of these six hills left, the Pope has one, Volpi¹—the man that settled the Italian Debt—has one, Garibaldi² grabbed off one for his personal statue. A filling station and Spagetti joint has one, Mussolini copped the highest one for the duce³ himself, and the last and lowest one the King has. You wouldnt hardly call it a hill; its more of a mound.

Rome wasent built in a day. It's not a Miami Beach by any means. All Tourist agencies advise you to spend at least 10 days seeing it. The Hotels advise you to take four months.

You see, Cal, that is why I am trying to find out all I can for you. I think people in our position have to look to our historical as well as Political Knowledge. So while as everyone admits you are excellently equipped politically—I don't know of a man better fortified—a little historical knowledge would do you no harm. You see, up around Boston you have seen Plymouth Rock and Boston Common and the old graveyard going up the hill toward the Capitol. But those things mean nothing to a real historian. You have seen the spot where Paul Revere come riding down hollering, "The Dam has broke!" But they had guys in Rome that invented Dams. You see, to a Roman, events like those would be classed as topical⁴ today.

Well, after I finished with Mussolini I decided to take up Rome. Of course Mussolini naturally come first, for he "made Rome what it is today; I hope he's satisfied." You see, chances are up there in Vermont you studied a little history. But you can't get

much out of history in Vermont. You can't get much out of Vermont anyway. There is an awful lot of difference between reading something, and actually seeing it, for you can never tell till you see it, just how big a liar History is.

In other words, Rome is really not what it's cracked up to be. History was no more right in reporting the happenings of Rome than it has been in some of the Cities we have heard of. Now everybody goes to Rome on account of its old historical record. Now you know and I know it ain't History that you are out to study. You are out to make History. What you want to plan is, some day some Guy will be studying you instead of you studying him. Any Yap can read what somebody else has done; but can he get out and do something himself, that anybody would read about, even if they didnt have anything else to read?

Now what I wanted to do was to cover Rome from a human-interest point of view. In other words, I wanted to see something that was alive. I am, I bet you, the only one that ever visited the city that didnt run myself ragged dragging from one old Church to another, and from one old Oil Painting to the next. In the first place, I don't care anything about Oil Paintings. Ever since I struck a dry hole near the old home ranch in Rogers County, Oklahoma, I have hated oil, in the raw, and all its subsidiaries.⁵ You can even color it up, and it don't mean anything to me. I don't want to see a lot of old Pictures. If I wanted to see old Pictures I would get D. W. Griffith to revive the Birth of a Nation.⁶ That's the best old Picture there is. I wouldnt mind seeing

¹ Volpi (völ'pē): Italian minister of finance.

² Garibaldi (Garibaldi: gā-rē-bäl'dē), an Italian patriot who helped to unify Italy.

³ duce (dōō'chē): leader, a title by which Mussolini is often called.

⁴ topical: connected with the news of the day.

⁵ subsidiaries: humorous for subsidiaries; here means by-products.

⁶ Birth of a Nation: the first great spectacular moving picture.

the Four Horsemen¹ again. But this thinking that everything was good just because it was old is the Apple sauce.² They only produced a few great men, so why should every picture they painted be great?

Say, Charles Dana Gibson and Herbert Johnson can assemble 'em good enough for me. They may never hang in the Louvre,³ but they sho do dangle from the front page of many an old News stand. So I am not going to kid myself and I am not going to kid you either, Cal. I know your and my tastes are about alike, and when I was looking at things I was a-thinking all the time of you, and wondering if you wouldnt size the thing up just about along my lines.

Of course, every once in a while something comes up in Washington they think is more or less of an Artistic nature and naturally, as head of the Government, you have to go there or appear before them and mayby say a few words pertaining partly to the subject at hand. Well, you get one of the secretaries there to dig you up the night before a few names and dates and so-called achievements along the line that this convention or Society is working on, and you get away with it.

But that's one beautiful thing about our association, you and I—we don't kid each other. We know about 9-10ths of the stuff going on under the guise of Art is the Banana Oil.⁴ When you ain't nothing else, you are an Artist. It's the one thing you can claim to be and nobody can prove you ain't. No matter how you built anything and how you painted anything, if it accidentally through lack of wars or rain happened to live a few hundreds of years, why it's Art now.

¹ *Four Horsemen*: a moving picture produced shortly after the World War.

² *Apple sauce*: slang term expressing disbelief.

³ *Louvre* (lōvvr): an art museum in Paris.

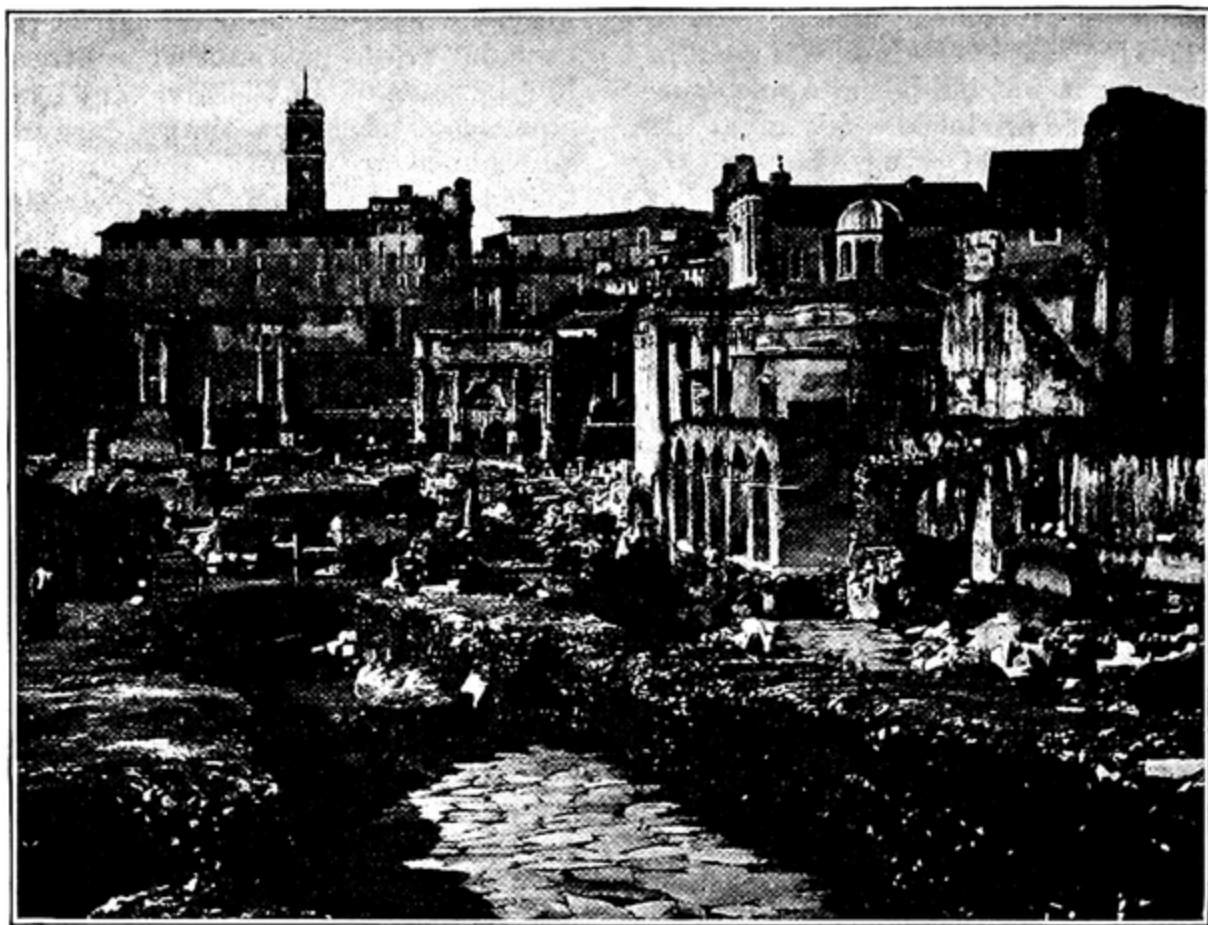
⁴ *Banana Oil*: slang, same as apple sauce.

Maybe when the Guy painted it at the time he never got another contract. Maybe some of the Pictures they have now was at that time thrown away in an old cellar because they wasnt thought good enough to show, and they laid there all these years and somebody dug 'em out and now they are the Old Masters. I know how it is with you, you have had a hundred Movies brought to the White House to be shown to you, and I bet you never been in the Smithsonian Institution⁵ since you first went there as Vice President, when you didnt have anything else to do. So when I tell you about Rome I just want you to picture it as it is, not as it is in the guidebooks, but as an ordinary hard-boiled American like you and I would see it.

Now we call Rome the seat of Culture, but somebody stole the chair. Today it has no more culture than Minneapolis or Long Beach, California. They live there in Rome amongst what used to be called Culture, but that don't mean a thing. Men in Washington you know yourself, Calvin, live where Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton lived, but as far as the good it does them, they just as well have the Capitol down at Claremore, Oklahoma—and, by the way, I doubt if Claremore would take it; there is a Town that has never had a setback. So, you see, Association has nothing to do with culture.

I know Englishmen that have had the same well-bred Butler all their lives and they are just as rude as they ever were. Why, do you know, one of the most cultured men I ever saw come from Texas, and where he learned it the Lord only knows. It's just one of those freaks of Nature like a Rose among Prickly Pears.

⁵ *Smithsonian Institution*: an institution in Washington, D. C., devoted to research.



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THE FORUM AT ROME

Then another thing you got to take into consideration. If a town had any culture and Tourists commenced hitting it, Your culture is gone. Tourists will rub it out of any town. Now you take the Tourists. There is one of the hardest working businesses that you could possibly adopt—the business of trying to see something. They will leave a nice comfortable home with all conveniences, and they will get them a ticket to Europe and from then on they stop being a human; they just turn sheep.

The Guide is the sheep herder, and about the same fellow the regular sheep herder is on a ranch. You ask him anything outside his regular routine and you are going to spoil his pleasure for the day, besides not finding out the answer yourself.

After a bunch of Tourists have been out a couple of weeks and get broke in good, the guide don't have to do much; they know about when to bunch up and start listening. They kinder pull in together like a covey¹ of quail and form a sort of a half circle while the Guide tells them what he has read in their guide books. They listen and mark it off and move on over to another picture. They come dragging into the hotel at night, and you would think they had walked here from America. If you asked them to do that hard a day's work in their own towns, they would think you was cuckoo.²

Then they must dress for dinner. They couldnt possibly go down in the

¹ covey (kū'vī): flock.

² cuckoo: insane.

dining room without the little Organ-die on. Even the men put on Monkey Suits¹ that at home you couldnt get him into one with an elephant hook. Why anybody can't act the same away from home and enjoy just as much freedom as they do there is more than I will ever know.

But I want to tell you they are taking this sight-seeing serious. It's no pleasure; it's a business. You speak to one of them after he has been a-touring all day, and start to tell him something, he will start looking up on the wall for some old Frescoes² or a stained-glass window. You can tell a Tourist after a long tour; they have held a Guide-book in one hand so long they have learned to do everything else with the other hand. Everyone of them when they get home from Rome can tell you where Caesar and Nero were born, and not a one of them can tell you, Calvin, where you or Borah or Dawes first saw the political light. They have seen the Borgazzi³ Galleries and the Louvre, but they think the Smithsonian Institution is a Clinic and the Field Museum is a branch of the great Department Store.

They saw the place where Nero tuned up his old bass viol just before the third alarm was turned in⁴—they say that, but they never heard Albert Spalding play either with or without the accompaniment of a fire. Then they get up early in the morning to start out to see more old Churches. Now a Church is all right, and they are the greatest things we have in our lives, but not for a steady diet. They figure the earlier they can get you out, the more Churches you can see that

day. If you are not interested in old Churches, you can stop off and see Rome between trains.

Then they go in great for old ruins. Now I know you have lived up around those old farmhouses in New England long enough to feel about ruins just about like I do. A ruin don't just exactly spellbind me; I don't care how long it has been in the process of ruination. I kept trying to get 'em to show me something that hadent started to rue yet.

They got a lot of things they call Forums. They are where the Senators used to meet and debate—on disarmament, I suppose. They say there was some bloody mob scenes and fights in there. Well, that's one thing they got us licked on. Calling each other a liar and heaving an inkstand is about the extent of our Senatorial gladiators' warlike accomplishments.

I didnt know before I got there, and they told me all this—that Rome had Senators. Now I know why it declined. There is quite an argument there over the exact spot of Caesar's Death. Some say that Caesar was not slain in the senate; they seem to think that he had gone over to a Senatorial Investigation meeting at some Committee room, and that that is where Brutus gigged⁵ him. The moral of the whole thing seems to be to stay away from investigations.

They showed where Mark Antony delivered his oration, which, as it wasent written till 500 years after he was supposed to say it, there was some chance there of misinterpretation. I have heard some of our Public men's speeches garbled⁶ in next morning's paper.

Then they speak of a Cicero. I don't know exactly what he did. His name sounds kinder like he was a

¹ *Monkey Suits*: evening clothes.

² *Fresco*: *fresco*, a picture painted directly on a wall.

³ *Borgazzi* (bör-gädz'zä).

⁴ *third alarm was turned in*: this refers to the tradition that Nero fiddled while Rome burned.

⁵ *gigged* (gígd): stabbed.

⁶ *garbled*: mixed, misquoted.

window dresser. Then there was the intellectual tracks of Vergil. I guess you had a crack at him while you was up at Amherst. Vergil must have been quite a fellow, but he didn't know enough to put his stuff in English like Shakespeare did, so you don't hear much of him any more, only in high school and roasting-ear Colleges,¹ where he is studied more and remembered less than any single person. I bet you yourself right now, Mr. President, don't know over three of Vergil's words. *E Pluribus Unum*² will just about let you out. I never even got to him in school, and I remember that much. Ask Vare when he gets in there to quote you something from Vergil.

There is quite a few of those old Forums besides the Senate one. Evidently they were afflicted with a House of Representatives, a Supreme Court, and a Foreign Relations Committee. 'Course it's just a lot of old broken-down Marble now. Most of the old pieces are big enough so the Tourists can't carry them away; that's the only reason they are there. A lot of them are being torn down to put in modern plumbing.

That's one thing the Tourists have done anyway—they have improved Europe's plumbing. Rome had more Art and less bath-tubs than any city outside of Moscow. Romans were great to bathe collectively, but individually they were pretty dirty. Funny thing about Roman baths. You see Pictures of them but you never saw a Picture with anyone in the water. They were great people to drape themselves around on marble slabs. But I don't think they had water in the pools.

You remember the picture they always have where one old Roman, or

some of those foreigners, got sore and come out and was standing between two big pillars³ and was pushing them apart. Well, that was an old Senator got sore during a Filibuster,⁴ and he just went out and he puffed and he puffed and he blowed the house in. Boy, they had Senators in them days. Little John Sargent would have been a Page boy⁵ among that gang. They used to throw these pillars at each other during debate.

Rome has what they call a river. It's the Tiber, and of all the overrated things! You would think a River that is good enough to get into History for all these years would have something to back it up, wouldn't you? Old-time History don't say a word about the Arkansaw or the South Canadian or Grand River or the Verdigris, and here this Tiber couldn't be a tributary to one of those. Besides, the Tiber don't flow; it just oozes along. Nobody was ever drowned in it; but lots of old Settlers have bogged down in it and lost their lives. You can walk across it anywhere if you don't mind getting muddy. You can't fish in it. The mud is so thick in the water that the Fish can't see the bait, and when they do see it, it's so muddy they won't eat it.

They used to have a wall around the City, but the people got to climbing over it so much they just sorter neglected it and let it run down. It got so the wall wouldn't keep the people from getting out. They would climb over and go off to some other place. You can't keep people in a place with a wall. If they don't like

¹ *standing between two big pillars*: the picture to which he refers really represents Samson.

² *filibuster* (fīl'ī-būs-tēr): an attempt to prevent a bill from coming up in Congress at the last minute by talking steadily until the session closes.

³ *page boy*: messenger boy.

¹ *roasting-ear colleges*: country colleges.

² *E Pluribus Unum* (ē plōō'ri-būs ū'nūm): "one out of many," Latin quotation used on coins.

a town they will leave it. Look at Sing Sing. They got a better wall than Rome even thought they had, and still very few stay in there. That wall system is a failure and always was. Walls are all right to put your back to if somebody is fighting you; it keeps you from backing any further away from them, and sometimes makes you fight when if it wasent for the wall you would keep backing. One thing I will say for Rome—they have kept up the gates of the old wall. They have let all the rest of the wall fall down, but the Gates are kept in very good repair. 'Course you can walk around them and get in without coming through the gate, but I guess they never thought of anybody doing that.

The whole of Rome seems to have been built, painted, and decorated by one man; that was Michelangelo.¹ If you took everything out of Rome that was supposed to have been done by Michelangelo, Rome would be as bare of Art as Los Angeles.

He was a picture Painter, Sculptor, a House painter, both inside and out—for in those days they painted the ceilings. He was an Architect, a Landscape Gardener, Interior Decorator, and I wouldnt doubt if he didnt strum a mean Guitar. It's hard to tell you what all that fellow was. We have over home today no single person that compares with him, not even in California. He was a Stanford White in drawing up all the local Blue Prints of his day. He was the Charley Russel of the old paintbrush; but he had Charley beat, for Charley never has had to resort to painting the inside of roofs of buildings. Charley will set down and paint, but he won't lay down on his back.

Then Michel used to do what they called Mosaics. That's a kind of a colored Cross-Word Puzzle. He had never done any of this and they asked him one time if he would do some of it. It seems the local Mosaicker was on a strike for more wages and easier designs, so they give Angelo a handful of these little blocks—this was in his off time while he wasent working on St. Peters and St. Paul and the 48 other Churches he was painting and Sculpturing, besides a few odds and ends about town where he would pick up odd jobs.

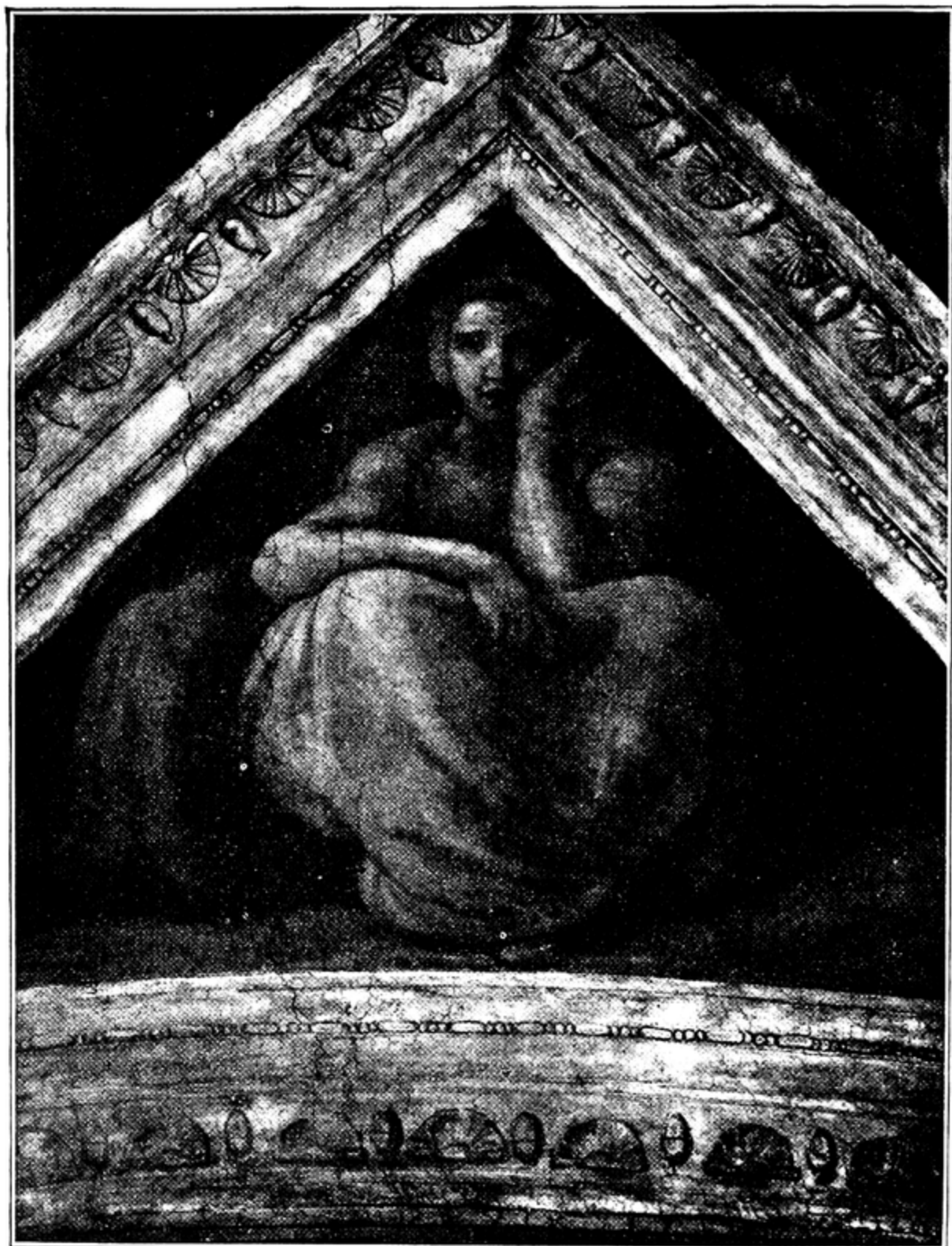
Well, he took these little cubes and squares up there and he worked every one of them; every word he got right without a Dictionary or a Scenario, and he got the prize the next day in the paper for working out the best Mosaic puzzle of his time, and he wasent even playing. You know, an awful lot of his finest work, like the Dome in St. Peters, he had to lay on his back away up there on a scaffold, and on account of having so much work ahead of him, he would lay up there and he put those things in during his sleep. Well, he certainly got even with everybody for it all. For you have to lay down on your back to look up at it.

Now there is one thing that they are going to have a little trouble cramming down me. How could they lay on their back and make that mosaic stick up there? It would be like trying to play checkers upside down. What's going to hold 'em up there?

'Course you kinder got to let that go under the heading of Miracles, for Miracles was supposed to happen around that time. There hasent been many lately unless the Democrats are fortunate enough to scare up one.

This Michelangelo was just about the whole thing in Rome in those days. He was sorter the Senator Borah of Rome. You see, an Artist in those

¹ *Michelangelo* (mê-kêl-ân'jâ-lô): an Italian artist who lived in the sixteenth century.



In The Vatican

A FRESCO BY MICHELANGELO

days was the whole thing. People's minds run to Art and Wild Animals. A man of commerce or trade or business—he didn't mean much; he didn't have any more chance than Farmers relief; he was just a minority Stockholder. They would just tolerate him up to the time they needed some Lion bait,¹ and then his name was liable to drop out of the Directory. Henry Ford or Judge Gary or Charley Schwab, or either Young or Old John D.—any of those men of Commerce they wouldn't have meant a thing in Roman days. If Ford couldn't have proved that one of those things come under the heading of Art, he would have had no more social Status than a motorman. They would have just used any and all of the above named gentry as grooms for the lions to keep 'em slicked up till Sunday. They would have had as much chance getting into the 400 of Rome as a Democrat has eating breakfast with you, Mr. President.

Art and religion ruled the day, and as none of our present-day financiers are familiar or in any way connected with either Art or religion or any of their allied industries, it looks like our Multimillionaries would have been just sitting in the bleachers socially.

But everything travels in cycles. Art took a tumble and was replaced by Low profit and quick turnover. Art not only was relegated to the rear, but it just naturally passed out with no mourners. It didn't appear again until what is known as the Bud Fisher and Rube Goldberg period. Ziegfeld took Michelangelo's statues, took some of the fat off of them with a diet of lamb chops and pineapple, and he and a Confederate named Ben Ali Hagen brought the statues to life, only with better figures, and the only marble

about them was just from the ears north.

But even to this day, if a Picture or a piece of Statuary is losing interest and they can't get anybody to look at it any more, why, the remark is secretly whispered around that it was really done by Angelo on one of his days off. Then the Tourists commence reaching for their Guidebooks.

Not to have the Angelo brand on your Sculptured hitching rack was to be a Plebian² among the Romans.

Henry Ford has always received the credit for what we call Mass Production. But I want to tell you that if Michelangelo even turned out all the Statues that they say he did—that's even if he didn't paint at all—why, he was the originator of Mass Production, and not Uncle Henry.

There was another fellow about that time too. You know things kinder run in bunches, or rather imitations. So naturally Angelo would have imitators. When the shareholders in a Church couldn't get Angelo to paint or sculp for 'em, why, they went out and got a fellow named Rafael.³ He was the first one that ever billed himself "Just as good."

Well, between him and Angelo they just about painted Rome red. They confined their Paintings mostly to Bible Characters, which was a very smart thing to do, as nobody knew just how these Characters should look; and in painting one you could always make him look any way you wanted him too, and if someone criticized it, you would always have the Alibi, "Well, that's my interpretation of the Character."

I want to tell you right now it's the modern painter that has the tough job. He has to make 'em look enough like

¹ *lion bait*: people were sometimes punished by being thrown to the lions.

² *Plebian*: *plebeian* (plē-bē'ydn), one of the common people of Rome.

³ *Rafael* (rāf'ā-ēl): Italian painter, about 1500.

the Millionaire's wife that the visitors can recognize her, and still make her look like she thinks she looks. When you can do that, then that's art. Why, those old Characters they painted they could paint with or without Whiskers, one-eyed, bald-headed or long-haired, any way they wanted: they didn't have to make 'em look like anything. Just turn out a Picture—that was all they had to do.

These two Boys that I speak of were doing practically everything in Rome in those days; if you didn't give them a retaining fee,¹ you wasn't having any Art done. Oh, of course maybe there was a little Bootleg Art going on around in some of the side streets somewhere, but nothing highpowered. In fact Art was a closed Corporation. If some outsider come in with what he thought was a painting, why, about the best he could do with it would be to get it on some Magazine cover or a front piece for the next Program for the Chariot race.

Along about the period² of these Painters and Mud Dobbers³ come another sort of an Artistic breed called the Gladiators. A fellow was a Gladiator as long as he remained alive—that's what made him glad. Saturday night was always a rather ticklish time in the life of a Gladiator, for that is when they generally announced the entries for the Bulldogging⁴ contest with the Lions the following day. If you defeated your Lion,⁵ you were allowed to be Glad for another week.

These Romans loved blood. What money is to an American, blood was to

a Roman. A Roman was never so happy as when he saw somebody bleeding. That was his sense of humor, just like ours is. If we see a fellow slip and fall and maybe break his leg, why, that's a yell to us; or his hat blow off and he can't get it. Well, that's the way the Romans were. Where we like to see you lose your hat, they loved to see you leave a right arm and a left leg in the possession of a Tiger and then try to make the fence unaided.

The Emperor set in his box, and a lot of Ladies set in another great big Box, and during the festivities they would announce with their thumbs whether the man was to go on to his death or let him live. The women had the first guess, but the Emperor he had the veto power; he passed on the things as final. You see, they used their thumbs for something besides buttoning up their clothes. If they held their thumbs down, you passed out Poco Pronto;⁶ but if they held them up, why you left your phone and address where you could be reached the following Sunday afternoon. There was no Dempsey stuff of four years between combats, no dickering over terms. The gate receipts went to the Emperor and you went to the cemetery.

'Course this old Colosseum is a great old building. They have stole enough off of it to build everything else in Rome. Poor Mussolini come in so late in history that there wasn't anything left for him at all. Everything in Rome was stolen from somebody at some time. It's just a question of who's got it last.

That's why I say there is nothing new there; we got everything over home, only bigger and better. Take Vesuvius, for instance: I know that it buried a City, but that means nothing

* *poco pronto* (pō'kō prōn'tō): immediately.

¹ *retaining fee*: a fee paid a lawyer at the time he is hired, to indicate good faith.

² *along about the period*: Of course it was not really about the same period.

³ *mud dobbers*: mud-daubers, or wasps, that make nests of clay; here means the sculptors, who made models in clay.

⁴ *bulldogging*: wrestling with a steer in a rodeo.

⁵ *defeated your lion*: Gladiators sometimes fought lions instead of other gladiators.



THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME

to me or to you. I have in the past year seen lots of buried Cities over home. Overadvertising has buried more Cities than Vesuvius could bury if she run over every day. Political Parties have buried more platforms the day after election, both the winners and losers, than Vesuvius will ever hear of. Vesuvius destroys by spontaneous combustion—that is, heat and friction within itself. Now you mean to tell me it can improve on the Democrats for spontaneous combustion? A buried city is the last thing I want to see. I want something that's a-living.

Now there is a forum there called Stargens, or something like that, and it's down in the ground with a high wall around it, and a lot of old Marble columns broken off and standing and laying around. Well, they have a habit of taking all the old stray cats¹ and the neighbors feed them. It has

¹ cats: the cats have been removed from the forum and given a new home, but people still bring them food.

now become known as the Forum of the Cats. Now to me that was a real place. Here was something alive. I used to walk down there to see what the old kitties were doing, and at night I went two or three times. You could see an old tomcat setting up on top of a Roman column where maybe Mark Antony had delivered one of his monologues. This old Tabby would be squatting up there, howling for no reason at all, just like a typical politician, and just as much sense to it too. Now that was great to me to see those Cats. I don't want to convey any disrespect to those who have passed beyond, but I would rather see one live Cat than a dozen dead Romans.

No, sir, Calvin, you are standing guard over not only the best little patch of ground in all the various Hemispheres but we got it on 'em even when it comes to things to see, if we could just make these Locoed² Tourists

² Locoed (lō'kōd): insane.

believe it. Why, say, if the Mississippi ever flowed through, for instance, Switzerland, why, there wouldnt be enough dry ground left to yodle in. Their little rivers, if they ever saw it, would flow right into a rain barrel and stay there.

Why, if they had Niagara Falls they would have had 85 wars over it at various times to see who would be allowed to charge admission to see it. If they get to monkeying with us we will lose 'em in the Mammoth Cave. They rave over Venice; there's nothing there but water. Why, Louisiana has more water in their cellars than the whole Adriatic Sea. And the Grand Canyon—well, I just don't want to hurt their feelings talking about it. No, Sir, Europe has nothing to recommend it but its old age, and the Petrified forest in Arizona makes a Sucker out of it for old age. Why, that forest was there and doing business before Nero took his first Violin lesson.

You take the Guides and the Grapes out of Europe and she is just a Sahara.

It's great for you to see, if somebody is paying for it, or paying you to do it. But just as a pure educational proposition or pastime, it ain't there,
yours devotedly,

WILL.

PONDERING OVER THE LETTERS

1. Could a person who had never seen Will Rogers form a picture of him from the foregoing letters? He was popular with people in all walks of life. What do you think made him so likable?

2. What purpose did Rogers have in mind when he wrote the letters? Were they intended for President Coolidge alone?

3. How were you affected by the use of slang and misspelling of words? Did Rogers purposely write in this manner? Would the letters have been so impressive had he used correct language? Is his style part of his humor?

4. Rogers could write about people without offending them because he always made them laugh even though he expressed some truth. Look through the letters again and write down some of the truths he had in mind as he wrote, even though he made ridiculous statements. Did you find any philosophy in his letters? He was often referred to during his life as a "homely" philosopher—one who gave practical advice about everyday living.

FAT WIFE

Author Unknown

You have probably seen fat women, but have you ever seen one who covered an acre of ground? You will read about her in the following poem. Imagine how she looked as she walked down the street with her husband who was so thin that the barber wore glasses to shave him.

A thin little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife, God bless her!
She looked like a drum and he looked
like a fife,
And it took all his money to dress
her,

God bless her!
To dress her!
God bless her!
To dress her!

To wrap up her body and warm up her
toes,
Fat toes, fat toes, God keep her!
For bonnets and bows and silken
clothes,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep
her,

God keep her!
To sleep her!
God keep her!
To sleep her!

She grew like a target, he grew like a
sword,
A sword, a sword, God spare her!
She took all the bed and she took all
the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her,
God spare her!
To bear her!
God spare her!
To bear her!

She spread like a turtle, he shrank like
a pike,¹

A pike, a pike, God save him!
And nobody ever beheld the like,
For they had to wear glasses to shave
him,

God save him!
To shave him!
God save him!
To shave him!

She fattened away till she burst one
day,

Exploded, blew up, God take her!
And all the people that saw it say
She covered over an acre!

God take her!
An acre!
God take her!
An acre!

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The foregoing poem is said to be anonymous. That is, it was written by an unknown author. Do you think it was composed by one person, or may it have been composed by a group?

2. What qualities of a ballad did you note in the poem? Can the poem be sung? What emotion does it express? How do the short lines add to the effectiveness of the poem?

3. What is the nature of the humor in the poem? What other poems or stories can you name in which the humor depends chiefly upon exaggeration?

SEEIN' THINGS

By EUGENE FIELD

If you have ever been afraid in the dark, you will sympathize with the boy in the following poem. He is not a coward, but knows what it means to be "seein' things at night."

I ain't afraid uv snakes or toads, or
bugs or worms or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I
think are awful nice!
I'm pretty brave I guess; an' yet I
hate to go to bed,

¹ pike: a very long, thin fish.



"SOMETIMES THEY ARE AS BLACK AS INK"

For, when I'm tucked up warm an'
snug an' when my prayers are
said,
Mother tells me "Happy Dreams!" an'
takes away the light,
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein'
things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, some-
times they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the
middle uv the floor;
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down,
sometimes they're walkin' round
So softly and so creepylike they never
make a sound!
Sometimes they are as black as ink,
an' other times they're white—
But the color ain't no difference when
you see things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had
just moved on our street,
An' father sent me up to bed without
a bite to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things
standin' in a row,
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin'
at me—so!
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time
I never slep' a mite—
It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see
things at night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be
skeered to death!
Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an'
hold my breath;
An' I am, oh! so sorry I'm a naughty
boy, an' then
I promise to be better an' I say my
prayers again!
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way
to make it right
When a feller has been wicked an'
sees things at night!

An' so when other naughty boys
would coax me into sin,
I try to skwush¹ the Tempter's voice
'at urges me within;
An' when they's pie for supper, or
cakes 'at's big an' nice,
I want to—but I do not pass my plate
f'r them things twice!
No, ruther let Starvation wipe me
slowly out o' sight
Than I should keep a-livin' on an'
seein' things at night!

skwush: squash, crush.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. Eugene Field often has been called the Poet Laureate of Childhood. What kind of personality must he have had to be given such an interesting title? Find out what you can about the general nature of his poetry.

2. How would you classify the poem as to type? What emotions does it express? Are they emotions which are common among people, or do they belong to the poet alone?

3. The poem, as you noted, is written in dialect—the dialect of children. Name other dialects which have been found represented in literature. Why is the poem interesting to grown-ups as well as to children?

4. Can you remember anything in your childhood which frightened you? Why are children afraid of so many more things than grown people? You might like to write a poem, essay, or story about your own childish fears.

POSTVIEW OF THE UNIT

Most people enjoy a good laugh. Humor such as you found in this unit has always been immensely popular in the world. Do you know, however, why this is true? Do you know why you like humor yourself? There is but one answer—because it adds flavor to life. Perhaps as you read the selections in the unit you tried to discover the various devices authors used to appeal to the sense of humor. Usually, of course, an author uses a number of devices in the same selection to bring about the desired results. There are many devices, but some are much more commonly used than others. Let us see what some of the more common ones are.

First, some authors build up ridiculous situations to make people laugh. For instance, Ring Lardner built up odd characters, placed them in situations that would embarrass most people, and showed how they blundered their way through, never realizing their awkward situations. Sometimes the characters are people who make ridiculous boasts and then surprise the reader by actually carrying out their boasts. Turning the tables in this manner makes the situation doubly humorous.

Sometimes, of course, only a part of a story is humorous. Again, as in the stories of Mark Twain, the whole plot is humorous. He commonly built up his plots around odd but extremely interesting characters of the Middle West. Many humorous incidents occurred, all moving forward to a climax near the end which was extremely ridiculous. Thayer used much the same plan in

writing his poem "Casey at the Bat." He surprises the reader at the end by causing the hero to fail at a crucial moment in the game—at a time when a hit would have meant a victory. This method of producing humor is perhaps the most frequently used.

Second, some authors use satire to produce humor. They use a common trait or activity and make fun of it by showing how ridiculous it is. Usually they do not make fun directly, but exaggerate the trait or activity so much that nobody can mistake the purpose. This is the method used by Don Marquis in "A Fish Story" and Will Rogers in his "Letters to the President."

Third, some authors appeal to the sense of humor by relating experiences exactly as they take place to show how foolish people sometimes behave. This device produces a quiet humor which causes the reader to smile or chuckle rather than laugh aloud. Of course, authors are always careful to choose incidents common to a great many people to avoid an unpleasant offense. No one person, then, can think that he is the subject of ridicule.

Fourth, some authors depend largely upon their style for their humorous effects. They rely upon the choice of words, slang, dialect, and little peculiarities of expression to accomplish their purpose. Some authors go so far in this direction that it is possible to identify their writing without seeing their names attached to their writings. Such is the case with the writings of Ring Lardner or Will Rogers.

CHECKING YOUR EXPERIENCES

I. Copy each of the following sentences and complete it by using one of the words or phrases in parentheses.

1. The President to whom Will Rogers wrote his letters was (Wilson, Roosevelt, Coolidge).
2. Ring Lardner gives (foolish, excellent, indifferent) advice to young writers.
3. The outlook for the Mudville nine that day was (brilliant, poor, an even chance).
4. The radiogram sent by Will Rogers suggested (trouble on board, homesickness, seasickness).
5. Casey was (overconfident, indifferent, egotistical) when at the bat.
6. The little boy saw things at night when (he had been bad, he had over-eaten, he was ill, he wanted to stay up).
7. The celebrated frog could no longer jump because (he was ill, he was lost, he was the victim of a trick).
8. Mr. Hoskins lived in various places, such as (in a wash boiler, in a box of sawdust, on the hearth, in the cistern).
9. The humor of "The Jumping Frog" is due to (humorous characters, humorous plot, humor in the way things are said).
10. The Fat Wife appeals to (your sense of humor, your intellect, your sympathy).

II. The list below indicates various devices which may be used to appeal to the sense of humor. Copy the name of each device and write below the name of each author in the unit who made use of it in writing the selections you just read. You will find, of course, that some authors made use of several devices in the same selection.

1. exaggeration
2. unexpected ending
3. pompous language devoted to an unimportant subject
4. understatement
5. slang and bad grammar
6. successful tricks played by one character by another
7. making fun of something that many people take seriously
8. apparent stupidity on the part of the writer
9. ridiculous situation
10. "play" on words

III. Following are quotations taken from various selections in the unit. Copy each one and write after it the name of the selection in which it appears.

1. "What's time to a guy in the middle of an ocean?"
2. "So on that stricken multitude the death-like silence sat."
3. "No, rather let starvation wipe me slowly out of sight."
4. "A sword, a sword, God spare her!"
5. "He seemed dead when we picked him up and we dug a hole in the ground and threw him into it."
6. "I let him go on in his own way, with no interruptions."
7. "Now we call Rome the seat of Culture, but somebody stole the chair."
8. "Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light."
9. "A good many writers make the mistake of enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope."
10. "If he had only remembered how to swim, if we had only had the presence of mind to fling down a plank to him, he might have kept himself afloat until we reached him with the ladder."
11. "Some of those Nations, if they can get 10 visiting guests, can pay off their National Debt."
12. "And the last and lowest one the King has. You wouldn't hardly call it a hill, it's more a mound."

ENJOYING CREATIVE EXPERIENCES

1. Prepare a paper on "How to Study," using the same humorous vein that Lardner used in "How to Write Short Stories." Read the paper in class to discover how well you have accomplished your purpose.

2. Make a collection of humorous stories. Find some that are rather long and others that are merely short anecdotes such as you find in magazines. You will discover that the same stories often appear in many different forms.

3. If you have access to a file of old magazines running back a number of years, read all the jokes and funny stories they contain to find out whether there has been any change in the kind of humor people enjoy. Have authors changed their devices within the period considered?

4. If you like cartoons, look for old cartoons in magazines and compare them with cartoons that are drawn today. Perhaps you would like to draw a cartoon based upon one of the selections in the unit.

5. Listen to humorous programs on the radio to see whether you can discover the types of humor that are used.

6. Write a humorous production either in prose or verse, applying some of the devices used by authors of selections you read in the unit.

ENJOYING FURTHER READING

The selections in the following list are similar to those you have just finished reading. Each has been chosen because of its humorous nature. Examine the list carefully and choose the titles which appeal to you most. If you find a particularly good selection, tell your classmates about it so that they may enjoy reading it too.

Comforts of Home. By RALPH BUGENGREN.

The story of a family that had lived in an apartment for years, and did not know what to do in a house.

Fatal Success. By HENRY VAN DYKE.

The story of a fisherman.

Good and Bad Spelling. By BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

A letter in which Franklin displays humor about the problem of learning to spell.

Helen's Babies. By JOHN HABBERTON.

The story of a boy who thinks that babies are scamps, until they thrust into his arms the girl he loves.

Innocents Abroad. By MARK TWAIN.

A humorous account of the author's own experiences while traveling in Europe.

It Must Be Your Tonsils. By KENNETH L. ROBERTS.

A humorous essay on operations.

Nebuchadnezzar. By IRWIN RUSSELL.

A Negro dialect poem of sheer fun.

Potiphar Papers. By GEORGE W. CURTIS.

Essays which make fun of the failures of society.

Sleeping Outdoors. By FREDERICK L. ALLEN.

A story-essay about the discomforts of sleeping outdoors.

Spellin' Bee. By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Monolog in rhythm about an old-fashioned spelling bee.

Syntax for Cynics. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

An essay which abounds in humorous definitions.

The Stout Gentleman. By WASHINGTON IRVING.

A humorous story of England during the stage-coach days.

This Awful Age. By C. C. CLEMENTS and F. RYERSON.

The story of a high-school girl who is very mischievous.

Uncle Remus and His Friends. By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Humorous tales about Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit.

Unnatural Naturalist. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Humorous essay on the effect of spring.

White House Gang. By EARLE LOOKER.

A novel of satire directed at the government.



NIGHT

APPEALING
TO
REASON AND EMOTION

APPEALING TO REASON AND EMOTION

Have you ever noticed how differently newspapers handle their news? Some give certain stories glaring headlines, while others pay very little attention to them. All depends on the appeal they wish to make to their readers. Different newspapers, of course, have different groups of readers, with different feelings and interests. Each newspaper prints the kind of news that will make the greatest appeal to its own group of readers. Likewise speakers and writers of literature seek to make some kind of appeal. Sometimes they seek to influence beliefs by explaining ideas or presenting facts. In such cases, they try to convince their hearers or readers by appealing to reason through the logic of their arguments or the accuracy of their statements. In other cases, they attempt to persuade their listeners or readers by appealing to their emotions. Instead of depending upon the logic of their statements, they attempt to arouse certain feelings, such as patriotism and sympathy.

Usually speakers and writers appeal to the emotions more than they do to the reason. This is because it is very difficult to arouse people to action by an appeal to reason alone. The average man is not vitally concerned with problems of importance until they begin to affect his own interests in life. He may, however, be swayed to action on the same problems by an appeal to his emotions. Most speakers and writers seek to influence both the thoughts and the feelings. In other words, there is scarcely a literary production in which there is not some appeal to both reason and emotion, although the appeal to one or the other far outstrips the other.

Children are usually ruled by their emotions much more than are adults. As they grow older, reason begins to play a larger part in their lives. They begin to think of the consequences of their actions and realize that they cannot always do as they please without interfering with the rights of others. No one, however, reaches the point where he is ruled by reason alone, nor would he wish to be ruled in this manner. Emotion is necessary to give a balance to his nature.

This unit is made up of selections intended to make a strong appeal to your reason or emotion, or both reason and emotion. It includes selections of various type of literature; speeches, plays, essays, stories, and poems. They present facts with such earnestness of purpose or touch upon some feeling so intimately that they move the reader to develop certain attitudes or follow certain courses of action. Note the type of appeal in each selection and how the author brings it about.

THE ARREST OF CAPTAIN WHARTON*

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

This is a story of romance at the time of the Revolutionary War. Major Dunwoodie of the American army was in love with the beautiful sister of a captain in the British army, by the name of Wharton. Therefore he was forced to choose between duty and love. Can you imagine a situation more trying? He did not hesitate, and even placed Captain Wharton under arrest.

The ladies of the Wharton family had collected about a window, deeply interested in the scene.

Sarah viewed the approach of her countrymen with a smile of contemptuous indifference; for she even undervalued the personal appearance of men whom she thought arrayed in the unholy cause of rebellion. Miss Peyton looked on the gallant show with an exulting pride, which arose in the reflection that the warriors before her were the chosen troops of her native colony; while Frances gazed with a singleness of interest that absorbed all other considerations.

The two parties had not yet joined before her quick eye distinguished one horseman in particular from those around him. To her it appeared that even the steed of this youthful soldier seemed to be conscious that he sustained the weight of no common man: his hoofs but lightly touched the earth, and his airy tread was the curbed motion of a blooded charger.

The dragoon¹ sat in the saddle with a firmness and ease that showed him master of himself and horse—his figure uniting the just proportions of strength and activity, being tall, round, and muscular. To this officer Lawton made his report, and, side by side,

they rode into the field opposite the cottage.

The heart of Frances beat with a pulsation nearly stifling as he paused for a moment and took a survey of the building, with an eye whose dark and sparkling glance could be seen, notwithstanding the distance. Her color changed, and for an instant, as she saw the youth throw himself from the saddle, she was compelled to seek relief for her trembling limbs in a chair.

The officer gave a few hasty orders to his second in command, walked rapidly onto the lawn, and approached the cottage. Frances rose from her seat and vanished from the apartment. The dragoon ascended the steps of the piazza² and had barely time to touch the outer door when it opened to his admission.

The youth of Frances, when she left the city, had prevented her sacrificing, in conformity to the customs of that day, all her native beauties on the altar of fashion. Her hair, which was of a golden richness of color, was left, untortured, to fall in the natural ringlets of infancy, and it shaded a face which was glowing with the united charms of health, youth, and artlessness; her eyes spoke volumes, but her tongue was silent; her hands were interlocked before her, and, aided by her taper form, bending forward in an attitude of expectation, gave a loveliness and an interest to her appearance that for a moment chained her lover in adoring silence to the spot.

Frances silently led the way into a vacant parlor, opposite to the one in which the family were assembled, and turning to the soldier frankly, placing both her hands in his own, exclaimed:

"Ah, Dunwoodie! how happy, on many accounts, I am to see you! I

*From *The Spy*.¹ dragoon (dră-gōon): mounted soldier.² piazza (pí-áz'á): porch.

have brought you in here to prepare you to meet an unexpected friend in the opposite room."

"To whatever cause it may be owing," cried the youth, pressing her hands to his lips, "I, too, am happy in being able to see you alone. Frances, the probation you have decreed is cruel; war and distance may shortly separate us forever."

"We must submit to the necessity which governs us. But it is not love speeches I would hear now: I have other and more important matter for your attention."

"What can be of more importance than to make you mine by a tie that will be indissoluble! Frances, you are cold to me—me—from whose mind days of service and nights of alarm have never been able to banish your image for a single moment."

"Dear Dunwoodie," said Frances, softening nearly to tears, and again extending her hand to him, as the richness of her color gradually returned, "you know my sentiments—this war once ended, and you may take that hand forever—but I can never consent to tie myself to you by any closer union than already exists, so long as you are arrayed in arms against my only brother. Even now that brother is awaiting your decision to restore him to liberty, or to conduct him to a probable death."

"Your brother!" cried Dunwoodie, starting and turning pale; "your brother! explain yourself—what dreadful meaning is concealed in your words?"

"Has not Captain Lawton told you of the arrest of Henry by himself this very morning?" continued Frances, in a voice barely audible, and fixing on her lover a look of the deepest concern.

"He told me of arresting a captain of the 60th in disguise, but without

mentioning where or whom," replied the major in a similar tone; and dropping his head between his hands, he endeavored to conceal his feelings from his companion.

"Dunwoodie! Dunwoodie!" exclaimed Frances, losing all her former confidence in the most fearful apprehensions, "what means this agitation?" As the major slowly raised his face, in which was pictured the most expressive concern, she continued, "Surely, surely, you will not betray your friend—my brother—your brother—to an ignominious death."

"Frances!" exclaimed the young man in agony, "what can I do?"

"Do!" she repeated, gazing at him wildly; "would Major Dunwoodie yield his friend to his enemies—would he yield the brother of his betrothed wife?"

"Oh, speak not so unkindly to me, dearest Miss Wharton—my own Frances, I would this moment die for you—for Henry—but I cannot forget my duty—cannot forfeit my honor; you yourself would be the first to despise me if I did."

"Peyton Dunwoodie!" said Frances, solemnly, and with a face of ashy paleness, "you have told me—you have sworn—that you love me—"

"I do," interrupted the soldier, with fervor; but motioning for silence, she continued in a voice that trembled with her fears:

"Do you think I can throw myself into the arms of a man whose hands are stained with the blood of my only brother!"

"Frances, you wring my very heart"; then, pausing to struggle with his feelings, he endeavored to force a smile as he added, "but, after all, we may be torturing ourselves with unnecessary fears, and Henry, when I know the circumstances, may be nothing more



"FRANCES SILENTLY LED THE WAY INTO A VACANT PARLOR"

than a prisoner of war; in which case, I can liberate him on parole."¹

There is no more delusive passion than hope, and it seems to be the happy privilege of youth to cull all the pleasures that can be gathered from its indulgence. It is when we are most worthy of confidence ourselves that we are least apt to distrust others; and what we think ought to be, we are prone to think will be.

The half-formed expectations of the young soldier were communicated to the desponding sister, more by the eye than the voice, and the blood rushed again to her cheek as she cried:

"Oh, there can be no just grounds to doubt it. I know—I knew—Dunwoodie, you would never desert us in our greatest need!" The violence of her feelings prevailed, and the agitated girl found relief in a flood of tears.

The office of consoling those we love is one of the dearest prerogatives of affection; and Major Dunwoodie, although but little encouraged by his own momentary suggestion of relief, could not undeceive the lovely girl, who leaned on his shoulder, as he wiped the traces of her feeling from her face, with a trembling, but reviving confidence in the safety of her brother and the protection of her lover.

Frances, having sufficiently recovered her recollection to command herself, now eagerly led the way to the opposite room, to communicate to her family the pleasing intelligence which she already conceived so certain.

Dunwoodie followed her reluctantly, and with forebodings of the result; but a few moments brought him into the presence of her relatives, and he summoned all his resolution to meet the trial with firmness.

The salutations of the young men were cordial and frank, and, on the

part of Henry Wharton, as collected as if nothing had occurred to disturb his self-possession.

The abhorrence of being, in any manner, auxiliary² to the arrest of his friend; the danger to the life of Captain Wharton; and the heart-breaking declarations of Frances had, however, created an uneasiness in the bosom of Major Dunwoodie, which all his efforts could not conceal. His reception by the rest of the family was kind and sincere, both from old regard and a remembrance of former obligations, heightened by the anticipations they could not fail to read in the expressive eyes of the blushing girl by his side. After exchanging greetings with every member of the family, Major Dunwoodie beckoned to the sentinel,³ whom the wary prudence of Captain Lawton had left in charge of the prisoner, to leave the room. Turning to Captain Wharton, he inquired mildly:

"Tell me, Henry, the circumstances of this disguise,⁴ in which Captain Lawton reports you to have been found, and remember—remember—Captain Wharton—your answers are entirely voluntary."

"The disguise was used by me, Major Dunwoodie," replied the English officer, gravely, "to enable me to visit my friends, without incurring the danger of becoming a prisoner of war."

"But you did not wear it until you saw the troop of Lawton approaching?" asked Major Dunwoodie.

"Oh! no," interrupted Frances, eagerly, forgetting all the circumstances, in her anxiety for her brother; "Sarah and myself placed them on him when the dragoons appeared; it was our awkwardness that led to the discovery."

² *auxiliary* (ôg-zîl'yá-rî): of assistance.

³ *sentinel* (sên'tî-nêl): guard.

⁴ *disguise*: a soldier caught disguised within the enemy lines is presumed to be a spy.

¹ *parole* (pá-rôl'): word of honor not to fight during the rest of the war.

The countenance of Dunwoodie brightened, as turning his eyes in fondness on the speaker, he listened to her explanation.

"Probably some articles of your own," he continued, "which were at hand, and were used on the spur of the moment."

"No," said Wharton, with dignity: "the clothes were worn by me from the city; they were procured for the purpose to which they were applied, and I intended to use them in my return this very day."

The appalled Frances shrank back from between her brother and lover, where her ardent feelings had carried her, as the whole truth glanced over her mind, and she sank into a seat, gazing wildly on the young men.

"But the pickets¹—the party at the Plains?" added Dunwoodie, turning pale.

"I passed them, too, in disguise. I made use of this pass, for which I paid; and, as it bears the name of Washington, I presume it is forged."

Dunwoodie caught the paper from his hand, eagerly, and stood gazing on the signature for some time in silence, during which the soldier gradually prevailed over the man; then he turned to the prisoner, with a searching look, as he asked:

"Captain Wharton, whence did you procure this paper?"

"That is a question, I conceive, Major Dunwoodie has no right to ask."

"Your pardon, sir; my feelings may have led me into an impropriety."²

Mr. Wharton, who had been a deeply interested auditor, now so far conquered his feelings as to say, "Surely, Major Dunwoodie, the paper cannot be material; such artifices are used daily in war."

"This name is no counterfeit,"³ said the dragoon, studying the characters, and speaking in a low voice: "is treason yet among us undiscovered? The confidence of Washington has been abused, for the fictitious name is in a different hand from the pass. Captain Wharton, my duty will not suffer me to grant you a parole: you must accompany me to the Highlands."

"I did not expect otherwise, Major Dunwoodie."

Dunwoodie turned slowly towards the sisters, when the figure of Frances once more arrested his gaze. She had risen from her seat, and stood again with her hands clasped before him in an attitude of petition; feeling himself unable to contend longer with his feelings, he made a hurried excuse for a temporary absence, and left the room. Frances followed him, and, obedient to the direction of her eye, the soldier reëntered the apartment in which had been their first interview.

"Major Dunwoodie," said Frances, in a voice barely audible, as she beckoned to him to be seated; her cheek, which had been of a chilling whiteness, was flushed with a suffusion that crimsoned her whole countenance; she struggled with herself for a moment, and continued, "I have already acknowledged to you my esteem; even now, when you most painfully distress me, I wish not to conceal it. Believe me, Henry is innocent of everything but imprudence. Our country can sustain no wrong." Again she paused, and almost gasped for breath; her color changed rapidly from red to white, until the blood rushed into her face, covering her features with the brightest vermilion; and she added hastily, in an undertone, "I have promised, Dunwoodie, when peace shall be restored to our country, to become your wife; give to my brother

³ counterfeit: an imitation; a forgery.

¹ pickets: a detached body of soldiers, guarding an army against surprise.

² impropriety: something not in accordance with accepted standards.

his liberty on parole, and I will this day go with you to the altar, follow you to the camp, and, in becoming a soldier's bride, learn to endure a soldier's privations."

Dunwoodie seized the hand which the blushing girl, in her ardor, had extended towards him, and pressed it for a moment to his bosom; then rising from his seat, he paced the room in excessive agitation.

"Frances, say no more, I conjure¹ you, unless you wish to break my heart."

"You then reject my offered hand?" she said, rising with dignity, though her pale cheek and quivering lip plainly showed the conflicting passions within her heart.

"Reject it! Have I not sought it with entreaties—with tears? Has it not been the goal of all my earthly wishes? But to take it under such conditions would be to dishonor both. We will hope for better things. Henry must be acquitted; perhaps not tried. No intercession of mine shall be wanting, you must well know; and believe me, Frances, I am not without favor with Washington."

"That very paper, that abuse of his confidence, to which you alluded, will steel him to my brother's case. If threats or entreaties could move his stern sense of justice, would André have suffered?" As Frances uttered these words she fled from the room in despair.

Dunwoodie remained for a minute nearly stupefied; and then he followed with a view to vindicate himself and to relieve her apprehensions. On entering the hall that divided the two parlors, he was met by a small ragged boy, who looked one moment at his dress and, placing a piece of paper in his hands, immediately vanished through the outer door of the building. The

bewildered state of his mind and the suddenness of the occurrence gave the major barely time to observe the messenger to be a country lad, meanly attired, and that he held in his hand one of those toys which are to be bought in cities, and which he now apparently contemplated with the conscious pleasure of having fairly purchased by the performance of the service required. The soldier turned his eyes to the subject of the note. It was written on a piece of torn and soiled paper, and in a hand barely legible; but, after some little labor, he was able to make out as follows:

"The rig'lars are at hand, horse and foot."

Dunwoodie started; and forgetting everything but the duties of a soldier, he precipitately left the house. While walking rapidly towards the troops, he noticed on a distant hill a vidette² riding with speed: several pistols were fired in quick succession; and the next instant the trumpets of the corps rang in his ears with the enlivening strain of "To arms!" By the time he had reached the ground occupied by his squadron, the major saw that every man was in active motion. Lawton was already in the saddle, eyeing the opposite extremity of the valley with the eagerness of expectation, and crying to the musicians, in tones but little lower than their own:

"Sound away, my lads, and let these Englishmen know that the Virginia horse³ are between them and the end of their journey."

The videttes and patrols now came pouring in, each making in succession his hasty report to the commanding officer, who gave his orders coolly and with a promptitude that made obedience certain. Once only, as he wheeled his horse to ride over the ground in

¹ *conjure* (kõn-jōōr'): implore.

² *vidette* (vê-dēt'): mounted sentinel.

³ *horse*: a troop of cavalry.

front, did Dunwoodie trust himself with a look at the cottage, and his heart beat with unusual rapidity as he saw a female figure standing, with clasped hands, at the window of the room in which he had met Frances. The distance was too great to distinguish her features, but the soldier could not doubt that it was his mistress. The paleness of his cheek and the languor of his eye endured but for a moment longer. As he rode towards the intended battleground, a flush of ardor began to show itself on his sunburnt features; and his dragoons who studied the face of their leader as the best index to their own fate saw again the wonted flashing of the eyes and the cheerful animation which they had so often witnessed on the eve of battle.

By the additions of the videttes and parties that had been out, and which now had all joined, the whole number of the horse was increased to nearly two hundred. There was also a small body of men, whose ordinary duties were those of guides, but who, in cases of emergency, were embodied¹ and did duty as foot-soldiers; these were dismounted, and proceeded, by the order of Dunwoodie, to level the few fences which might interfere with the intended movements of the cavalry. The neglect of husbandry, which had been occasioned by the war, left this task comparatively easy. Those long lines of heavy and durable walls, which now sweep through every part of the country, forty years ago were unknown. The slight and tottering fences of stone were then used more to clear the land² for the purposes of cultivation than as permanent barriers, and required the constant attention of the husbandman to preserve them against the fury of the tempests and the frosts of winter.

¹ embodied: included in the main body of troops.

² to clear the land: to get the stones off the land so that they would not interfere with cultivation.

Some few of them had been built with more care immediately around the dwelling of Mr. Wharton; but those which had intersected the vale below were now generally a pile of ruins, over which the horses of the Virginians would bound with the fleetness of the wind. Occasionally a short line crossed the ground on which Dunwoodie intended to act; there remained only the slighter fences of rails to be thrown down. Their duty was hastily but effectually performed; and the guides withdrew to the post assigned to them for the approaching fight.

Major Dunwoodie had received from his scouts all the intelligence concerning his foe which was necessary to enable him to make his arrangements. The bottom of the valley was an even plain, that fell with a slight inclination from the foot of the hills on either side to the level of a natural meadow that wound through the country on the banks of a small stream, by whose waters it was often inundated and fertilized. This brook was easily forded in any part of its course; and the only impediment it offered to the movements of the horse was in a place where it changed its bed from the western to the eastern side of the valley, and where its banks were more steep and difficult of access than common. Here the highway crossed it by a rough wooden bridge, as it did again at the distance of half a mile above the Locusts.

The hills on the eastern side of the valley were abrupt, and frequently obtruded themselves in rocky prominences into its bosom, lessening the width to half the usual dimensions. One of these projections was but a short distance in the rear of the squadron of dragoons, and Dunwoodie directed Captain Lawton to withdraw, with two troops, behind its cover. The officer obeyed with a kind of surly

reluctance, that was, however, somewhat lessened by the anticipations of the effect his sudden appearance would make on the enemy. Dunwoodie knew his man, and had selected the captain for this service, both because he feared his precipitation¹ in the field and knew, when needed, his support would never fail to appear. It was only in front of the enemy that Captain Lawton was hasty; at all other times his discernment and self-possession were consummately² preserved; but he sometimes forgot them in his eagerness to engage. On the left of the ground on which Dunwoodie intended to meet his foe was a close wood, which skirted that side of the valley for the distance of a mile. Into this, then, the guides retired, and took their station near its edge, in such a manner as would enable them to maintain a scattering, but effectual fire, on the advancing column of the enemy.

It cannot be supposed that all these preparations were made unheeded by the inmates of the cottage; on the contrary, every feeling which can agitate the human breast in witnessing such a scene was actively alive. Mr. Wharton alone saw no hopes to himself in the termination of the conflict. If the British should prevail, his son would be liberated; but what would then be his own fate! He had hitherto preserved his neutral character in the midst of trying circumstances. The fact of his having a son in the royal, or, as it was called, the regular army, had very nearly brought his estates to the hammer.³ Nothing had obviated⁴ this result but the powerful interest of the relation who held a high political rank in the State, and his own vigilant prudence. In his heart, he was a devoted loyal-

ist; and when the blushing Frances had communicated to him the wishes of her lover, on their return from the American camp the preceding spring, the consent he had given to her future union with a rebel was as much extracted by the increasing necessity which existed for his obtaining republican support as by any considerations for the happiness of his child. Should his son now be rescued, he would, in the public mind, be united with him as a plotter against the freedom of the States; and should he remain a captive, and undergo the impending trial, the consequences might be still more dreadful. Much as he loved his wealth, Mr. Wharton loved his children better; and he sat gazing on the movements without, with a listless vacancy in his countenance that fully denoted his imbecility⁵ of character.

Far different were the feelings of the son. Captain Wharton had been left in the keeping of two dragoons, one of whom marched to and fro on the piazza with a measured tread, and the other had been directed to continue in the same apartment with his prisoner. The young man had witnessed all the movements of Dunwoodie with admiration mingled with fearful anticipations of the consequences to friends. He particularly disliked the ambush of the detachment under Lawton, who could be distinctly seen from the windows of the cottage, cooling his impatience by pacing on foot the ground in front of his men. Henry Wharton threw several hasty and inquiring glances around, to see if no means of liberation would offer, but invariably found the eyes of his sentinel fixed on him with the watchfulness of an Argus.⁶

¹ *precipitation*: hasty action.

² *consummately* (kōn-sūm'it-lī): completely.

³ *to the hammer*: to be sold at auction.

⁴ *obviated*: avoided.

⁵ *imbecility* (Im-bē-sīl'ē-tī): weakness.

⁶ *Argus* (ār'gūs): in Greek mythology, a monster with a hundred keen eyes.

He longed, with the ardor of youth, to join in the glorious fray, but was compelled to remain a dissatisfied spectator of a scene in which he would so cheerfully have been an actor.

Miss Peyton and Sarah continued gazing on the preparations with varied emotions, in which concern for the fate of the captain formed the most prominent feeling, until the moment the shedding of blood seemed approaching, when, with the timidity of their sex, they sought the retirement of an inner room. Not so Frances; she returned to the apartment where she had left Dunwoodie, and, from one of its windows, had been a deeply interested spectator of all his movements. The wheelings of the troops, the deadly preparations, had all been unnoticed; she saw her lover only, and with mingled emotions of admiration and dread that nearly chilled her. At one moment the blood rushed to her heart, as she saw the young warrior riding through his ranks, giving life and courage to all whom he addressed; and the next, it curdled with the thought that the very gallantry she so much valued might prove the means of placing the grave between her and the object of her regard. Frances gazed until she could look no longer.

In a field on the left of the cottage, and at a short distance in the rear of the troops, was a small group whose occupation seemed to differ from that of all around them. They were in number only three, being two men and a mulatto¹ boy. The principal personage of this party was a man whose leanness made his really tall stature appear excessive. He wore spectacles—was unarmed, had dismounted, and seemed to be dividing his attention between a cigar, a book, and the incidents of the field before

him. To this party Frances determined to send a note, directed to Dunwoodie. She wrote hastily, with a pencil, "Come to me, Peyton, if it be but for a moment"; and Caesar emerged from the cellar kitchen, taking the precaution to go by the rear of the building, to avoid the sentinel on the piazza, who had very cavalierly² ordered all the family to remain housed. The black delivered the note to the gentleman, with a request that it might be forwarded to Major Dunwoodie. It was the surgeon of the horse to whom Caesar addressed himself; and the teeth of the African chattered as he saw displayed upon the ground the several instruments which were in preparation for the anticipated operations. The doctor himself seemed to view the arrangement with great satisfaction, as he deliberately raised his eyes from his book to order the boy to convey the note to his commanding officer, and then dropping them quietly on the page, he continued his occupation. Caesar was slowly retiring as the third personage, who by his dress might be an inferior assistant of the surgical department, coolly inquired "if he would have a leg taken off?" This question seemed to remind the black of the existence of those limbs; for he made such use of them as to reach the piazza at the same instant that Major Dunwoodie rode up at half speed. The brawny sentinel squared himself, and poised his sword with military precision as he stood on his post, while his officer passed; but no sooner had the door closed than, turning to the Negro, he said, sharply:

"Harkee, blackey, if you quit the house again without my knowledge, I shall turn barber, and shave off one of those ebony ears with this razor."

¹ *mulatto* (mŭ-lăt'ō): half Negro.

² *cavalierly* (kāv-ā-lēr'li): high-handedly.

Cæsar hastily retreated into his kitchen, muttering something in which the words "Skinner" and "rebel rascal" formed a principal part of speech.

"Major Dunwoodie," said Frances to her lover as he entered, "I may have done you injustice; if I have appeared harsh—"

The emotions of the agitated girl prevailed, and she burst into tears.

"Frances," cried the soldier with warmth, "you are never harsh, never unjust, but when you doubt my love."

"Ah! Dunwoodie," added the sobbing girl, "you are about to risk your life in battle; remember that there is one heart whose happiness is built on your safety; brave I know you are: be prudent—"

"For your sake?" inquired the delighted youth.

"For my sake," replied Frances in a voice barely audible and dropping on his bosom.

Dunwoodie folded her to his heart, and was about to speak as a trumpet sounded in the southern end of the vale. Imprinting one long kiss of affection on her unresisting lips, the soldier tore himself from his mistress and hastened to the scene of strife.

Frances threw herself on a sofa, buried her head under its cushion, and with her shawl drawn over her face, to exclude as much of sound as possible, continued there until the shouts of the combatants, the rattling of the fire-arms, and the thundering tread of the horses had ceased.

PONDERING OVER THE STORY

1. As a young man Cooper loved adventure and excitement. He was always ready to listen to older men tell their thrilling experiences during the Revolutionary War. How did he apparently make use of such information in the foregoing story?

2. Which of the characters in this story based their actions on reason? Which

based their actions on emotion? Explain your answers.

3. How did the author put the leading characters into difficult situations? How would you have acted in Major Dunwoodie's place? Write a story embodying the same difficult situation but having a different ending from that used in the selection.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

By GEORGE WASHINGTON

The following address was written to the people of the United States by Washington when he felt that the time had come to retire from public life. It is considered one of the finest speeches ever written in the English language.

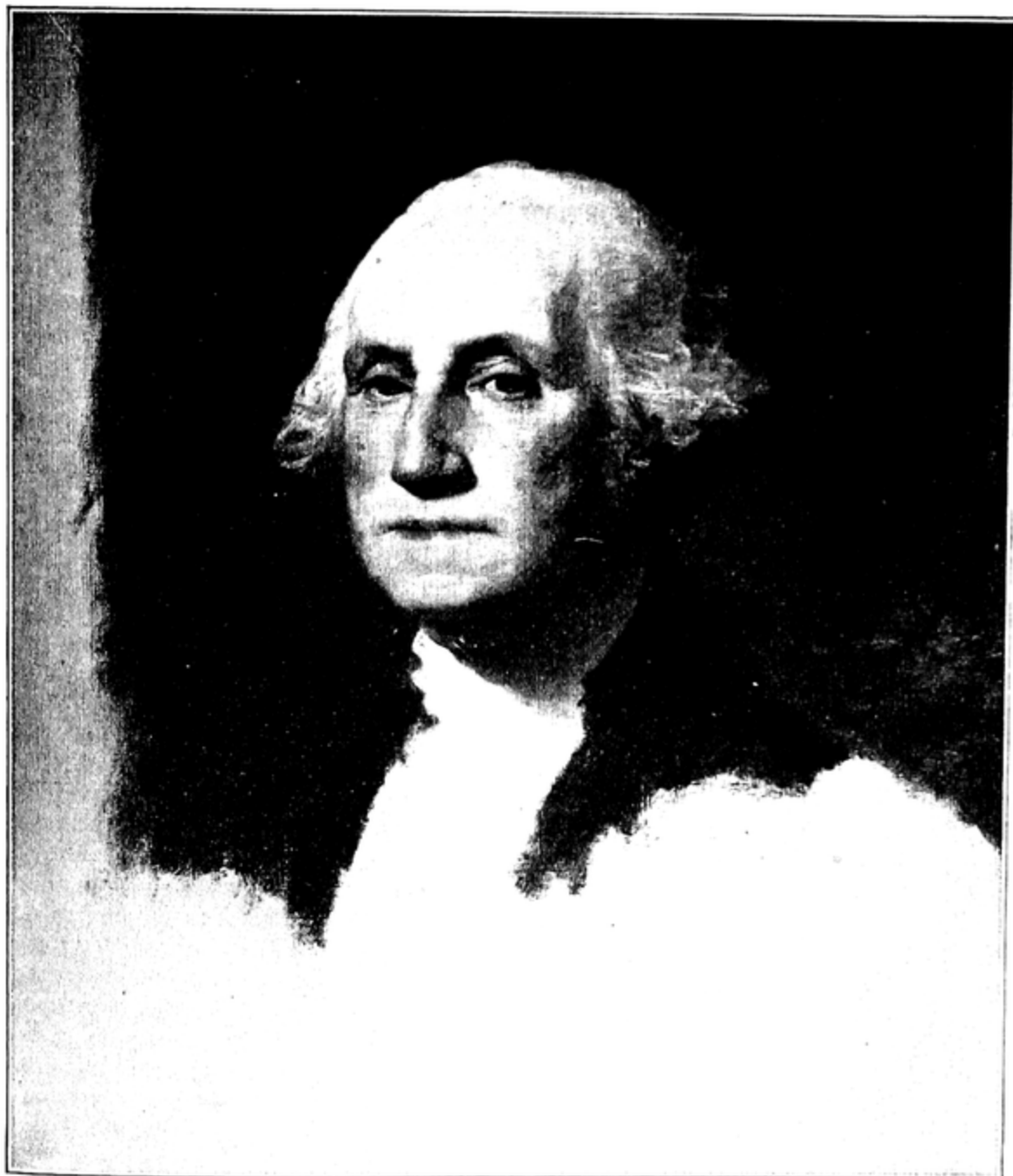
FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

The period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce¹ to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender² of service which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am

¹ *conduce* (kōn-dūs'): lead.

² *tender*: offer.



The Gilbert Stuart "Athenaeum" Portrait

Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

GEORGE WASHINGTON

supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible¹ with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages² have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination

¹ *compatible* (kŏm-păt'ĭ-b'l): harmonious.

² *suffrages*: votes.

to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The

strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature¹ reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture² of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty, or propriety; and am persuaded,³ whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that in the present circumstances of our country you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust, were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government the best exertions of which a very fallible⁴ judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence⁵ of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that, if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

¹ *mature*: fully developed.

² *posture*: state.

³ *persuaded*: convinced.

⁴ *fallible* (fāl'ī-b'l): capable of failing.

⁵ *diffidence*: hesitancy.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable⁶ attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes⁷ of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced⁸ the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans, by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine,⁹ the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them

⁶ *inviolable*: unwavering, incapable of change.

⁷ *vicissitudes* (vī-sis'ī-tūdz): changes.

⁸ *countenanced*: given support to.

⁹ *in fine*: finally.

the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity¹ as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament² of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so: for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices³ employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often

covertly and insidiously⁴) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium⁵ of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation⁶ derived from local discriminations.⁷ With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings and successes.

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a government for the whole is indispensable.⁸ No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have

¹ *felicity* (fē-lis'ī-tī): happiness.

² *ligament* (lig'ā-mēnt): strong band of tissue.

³ *artifices* (ār'tī-fis-ēs): schemes.

⁴ *insidiously* (in-sīd'ī-ūs-lī): by means of deceit.

⁵ *palladium* (pā-lā'dī-ūm): safeguard.

⁶ *appellation* (āp'ē-lā'shūn): name.

⁷ *discriminations*: distinctions.

⁸ *indispensable*: absolutely necessary.

laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims¹ of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit² and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however the pretexts.³ One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments, as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis⁴ and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember, especially, that, for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself

will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprise of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the state, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally. This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another, foment⁵s occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country

¹ *fundamental maxims*: basic principles.

² *explicit* (eks-plis'it): positive, in so many words.

³ *pretexts*: excuses.

⁴ *hypothesis* (hi-pôth'e-sis): unproved theory.

⁵ *foment* (fô-ments'): stirs up.

are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary¹ purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate² and assuage³ it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution, in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert⁴ these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it

simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit.⁵ One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements⁶ to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity⁷ the burden which we ourselves ought to bear.

¹ *salutary* (säl'ü-tēr'): healthy.

² *mitigate* (mīt'i-gāt): lessen.

³ *assuage* (ä-swāj'): soften, decrease.

⁴ *subvert*: overthrow.

⁵ *public credit*: sound financial standing of the government.

⁶ *disbursements* (dīs-bûrs'mēnts): expenditures.

⁷ *posterity* (pōs-tēr'i-ti): descendants.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous¹ and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue,² to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this

hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated,³ the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated⁴ by that fervent love towards it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors⁵ for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

United States, September 17th, 1796

² *delineated* (dē-līn'ē-āt'ēd): in this case means set forth in this address.

⁴ *actuated* (āk't'ū-āt'ēd): moved.

⁵ *progenitors* (prō-jēn'ī-tērz): forefathers.

¹ *magnanimous* (măg-năn'ī-mūs): generous.

² *intrigue* (īn-trēg'): underhand plotting.

PONDERING OVER THE SPEECH

1. When Washington had almost completed his second term as President, he felt that he must turn over his duties to someone else and begin to look after his health. What purpose did Washington have in mind in delivering the address?

2. The speech had a tremendous effect upon the American people. Do you think it appealed chiefly to reason or to the emotions? Why was the character of the appeal well suited to the purpose for which the speech was intended?

3. What points in the address probably had the greatest effect? Would the same points be as effective today?

4. Read the speech again and make a complete outline to show its organization.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

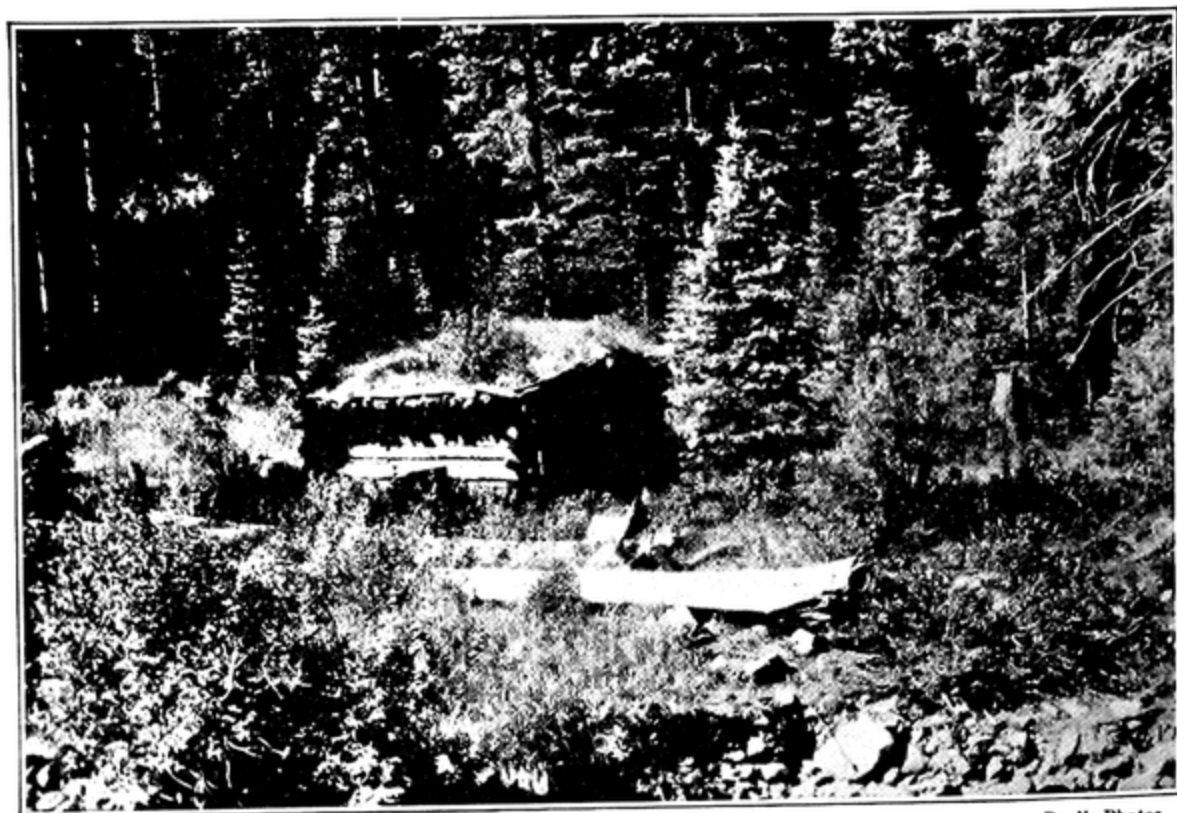
By JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

The following poem has universal appeal. Time and again the soldiers of opposing armies on a battlefield have laid aside their hatred and enmity after a day's strife and have united in singing this lovely old song.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we
may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place
like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow
us there,
Which, seek through the world, is
ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no
place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles
in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage
again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at
my call,—
Give me them,—and the peace of
mind, dearer than all!
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet
Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no
place like Home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond
father's smile,



Paul's Photos

HOME, SWEET HOME

And the cares of a mother to soothe
and beguile!¹

Let others delight 'mid new pleasures
to roam,

But give me, oh, give me the pleasures
of home!

Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no
place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with
care;

The heart's dearest solace² will smile
on me there;

No more from that cottage again will
I roam;

Be it ever so humble, there's no place
like home.

Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no
place like Home!

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. In the writing of this poem the author has drawn on his own experiences. Can you imagine that he must have been a wanderer on the face of the earth? No doubt you will be interested to learn under what circumstances he wrote the poem.

2. What type of poem is "Home, Sweet Home"? Why do you think so?

3. Can you imagine the poem set to music of a fast tempo? Give good reasons.

4. Read the poem again and look for phrases that particularly appeal to the emotions. Hum the familiar tune to which this poem has been set and notice how the phrases fit into the music.

SELF-RELIANCE

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

This essay on "Self-Reliance" was originally a lecture delivered by Emerson. It was so forceful that it later was published as an essay. The keynote of the essay is, *trust yourself*. Do not feel that you must follow in others' footsteps.

I read the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which

were original and not conventional.³ The soul always hears an admonition⁴ in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instill is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost, and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions,⁵ and spoke not what men, but what *they* thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts, they come back to us with a certain alienated⁶ majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous⁷ impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else tomorrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or worse

³ *conventional*: conforming to other people's ideas.

⁴ *admonition* (ăd-mô-nish'ăn): warning.

⁵ *traditions*: accepted ways of acting and thinking.

⁶ *alienated* (ăl'yên-ăt'éd): foreign.

⁷ *spontaneous* (spôn-tă'nê-ăs): natural, free.

¹ *beguile* (bê-gil'): charm away.

² *solace* (sôl'is): comfort.

as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him, and another none. This sculpture in the memory is not without pre-established harmony. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely intrusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest¹ by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the Divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries,² the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent³ destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolu-

tion, but guides, redeemers and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort and advancing on Chaos and the Dark.

What pretty⁴ oracles⁵ nature yields us on this text in the face and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes! That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces we are disconcerted.⁶ Infancy conforms to nobody; all conform to it; so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy⁷ and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room his voice is sufficiently clear and emphatic. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Bashful or bold then, he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary.

The nonchalance⁸ of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate⁹ one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. A boy is in the parlor what the pit¹⁰ is in the playhouse; independent, irresponsible, looking out for his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift, summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, trouble-

⁴ pretty: excellent.

⁵ oracles: revelations.

⁶ disconcerted: confused.

⁷ piquancy (pě'kăn-sī): stimulating quality.

⁸ nonchalance (nǒn'shā-lāns): unconcern.

⁹ conciliate (kǒn-sīl'ī-āt): gain the good will of.

¹⁰ pit: in early theaters, the main floor; now called the orchestra. Seats were not reserved.

¹ manifest (mǎn'fī-fěst): evident.

² contemporaries: people living at the same time.

³ transcendent (trǎn-sě'n'děnt): superior.

some. He cumber himself never about consequences, about interests; he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him; he does not court you. But the man is, as it were, clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with *éclat*¹ he is a committed² person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe³ for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutrality!⁴ Who can thus avoid all pledges and, having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbribable, unaffrighted innocence—must always be formidable. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private but necessary would sink like darts into the ears of men and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request⁵ is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist.⁶ He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing

is at last sacred but the integrity⁷ of your own mind. Absolve⁸ you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an answer which when quite young I was prompted to make to a valued adviser who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, "What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions if I live wholly from within?" my friend suggested—"But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied, "They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the Devil's child, I will live then from the Devil." No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution;⁹ the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if everything were titular¹⁰ and ephemeral¹¹ but he. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate¹² to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot¹³ assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition,¹⁴ and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes,¹⁵ why should I not say to him, "Go love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper; be good-natured and modest; have

⁷ *integrity* (in-tĕg'ri-ti): honesty.

⁸ *absolve* (ăb-sôlv'): set free.

⁹ *after my constitution*: in accordance with my own make-up.

¹⁰ *titular* (tĭt'ū-lēr): in name only.

¹¹ *ephemeral* (ĕ-fĕm'ēr-ăl): short-lived.

¹² *capitulate* (kă-pĭt'ū-lăt): surrender.

¹³ *bigot* (bĭg'ūt): one who sees only his own opinion.

¹⁴ *Abolition* (ăb-ô-lĭsh'ăn): the legal abolishment of slavery in the United States.

¹⁵ *Barbadoes* (băr-bă'dôs): islands in the West Indies.

¹ *éclat* (ă-kłă'): brilliance.

² *committed*: pledged to a certain course of action or belief.

³ *Lethe* (lē'thē): a river in Hades whose water was supposed to make a person drinking it forget everything in the past.

⁴ *neutrality* (nū-trăl'f-ti): condition of having no expressed opinion.

⁵ *request*: demand.

⁶ *nonconformist* (nŏn-kŏn-fŏrm'ĭst): one who does not conform to established ideas.

that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home." Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it—else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached, as the counteraction¹ of the doctrine of love when that pulses and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the doorpost, *Whim*. I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to show cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then again, do not tell me, as a good man did today, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meetinghouses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots, and the thousand-fold Relief Societies;—though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb² and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

Virtues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception than the rule. There is the man *and* his virtues. Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in

expiation of daily nonappearance on parade. Their works are done as an apology or extenuation³ of their living in the world—as invalids and the insane pay a high board. Their virtues are penances. I do not wish to expiate,⁴ but to live. My life is for itself and not for a spectacle. I must prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need diet and bleeding.⁵ I ask primary evidence that you are a man and refuse this appeal from the man to his actions. I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear those actions which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic⁶ right. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous⁷ in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness.⁸ It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

The objection to conforming⁹ to usages that have become dead to you is that it scatters your force. It

¹ *extenuation* (ěks-tě'n'ŭ-ă'shŭn): excuse.

² *expiate* (ěks'pĭ-ăt): make up for.

³ *diet and bleeding*: measures used to cure disease.

⁴ *intrinsic* (ĭn-trĭn'sĭk): natural, inborn.

⁵ *arduous* (ăr'dŭ-ŭs): difficult.

⁶ *meanness*: small-mindedness.

⁷ *conforming*: agreeing with accepted opinion.

¹ *as the counteraction*: as the opposing force.

² *succumb* (sŭ-kŭm'): yield.

loses your time and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible society, vote with a great party either for the government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers—under all these screens I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are; and of course so much force is withdrawn from all your proper life. But do your work, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man must consider what a blind-man's buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect¹ I anticipate² your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency³ of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that with all this ostentation⁴ of examining the grounds of the institution he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side, the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation.

Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four; so that every word they say chagrins⁵ us and we know not where to begin to set them right. Meantime nature is not slow to equip us in the

prison uniform of the party to which we adhere. We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine⁶ expression. There is a mortifying⁷ experience in particular, which does not fail to wreak itself also in the general history; I mean the "foolish face of praise," the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease, in answer to conversation which does not interest us. The muscles, not spontaneously moved but moved by a low usurping⁸ wilfulness⁹ grow tight about the outline of the face, with the most disagreeable sensation.

For unconformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The bystanders look askance¹⁰ on him in the public street or in the friend's parlor. If this aversion had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent, for they are timid, as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow,¹¹ it needs the habit of

¹ *sect*: religious denomination.

² *anticipate* (ăn-tis'i-pât) *your argument*: know what you will say before you have said it.

³ *expediency* (ěks-pě'di-žn-sf): usefulness.

⁴ *ostentation* (ös'těn-tā'shūn): show.

⁵ *chagrins* (shā-grīnz): worries, annoys.

⁶ *asinine* (ās'i-nīn): foolish, like a donkey.

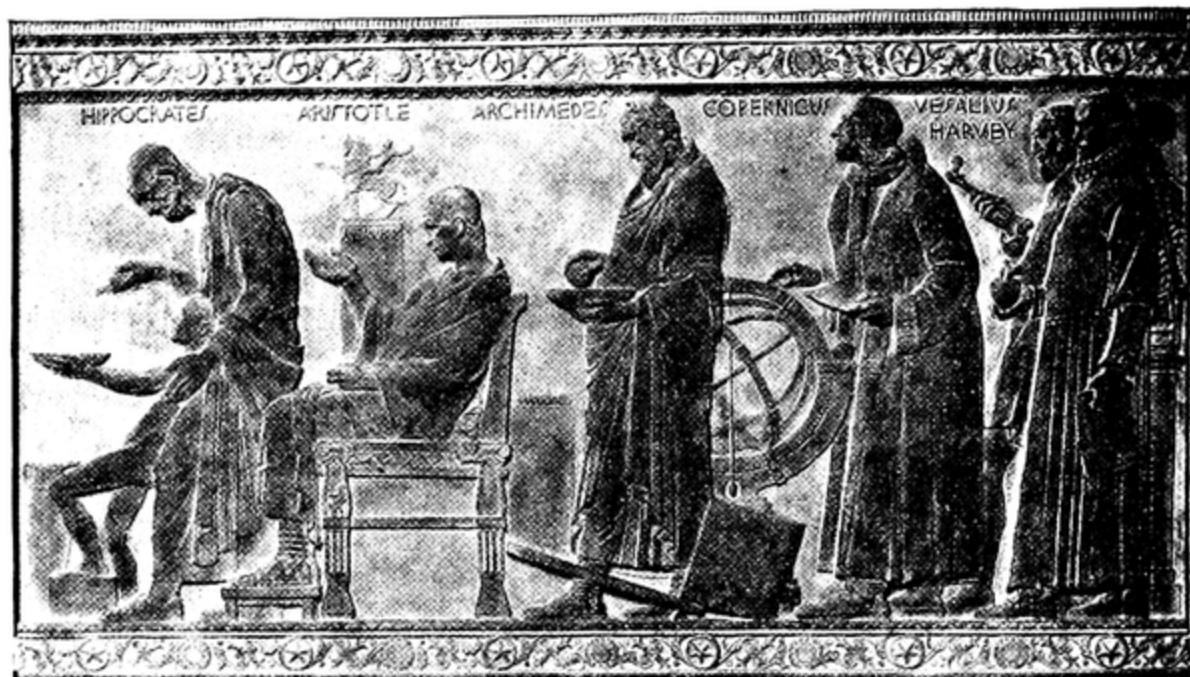
⁷ *mortifying* (môr'ti-fi'ing): humiliating.

⁸ *usurping* (ū-zûrp'ing): forcing itself into the place of something else.

⁹ *wilfulness*: obstinacy.

¹⁰ *askance* (ā-skāns): sidewise; with distrust.

¹¹ *mow*: grimace.



From a frieze on the building of the Academy

Courtesy National Academy of Science

THE GREAT ARE MISUNDERSTOOD

magnanimity¹ and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.

The other terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency;² a reverence for our past act or word because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit³ than our past acts, and we are loth to disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but to bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. In your metaphysics⁴ you have denied personality

to the Diety, yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the harlot's hand,⁵ and flee.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today.—“Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood.”—Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras⁶ was misunderstood, and Socrates,⁷ and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus,⁸ and

¹ *magnanimity* (măg'nā-nīm'ī-tī): generosity.

² *consistency* (cōn-sis'tēn-sī): agreement among all one's statements and ideas.

³ *computing our orbit*: deciding where we are going, as an astronomer works out the orbit of a planet.

⁴ *metaphysics* (mēt'ā-fiz'iks): philosophy that tries to explain the meaning of life.

⁵ See Genesis, chap. 39.

⁶ *Pythagoras* (pi-thăg'ō-rās): a Greek philosopher.

⁷ *Socrates* (sōk'rā-tēz): a Greek philosopher who is considered one of the greatest of thinkers.

⁸ *Copernicus* (kō-pūr'nī-kūs): a medieval Polish astronomer.

Galileo,¹ and Newton,² and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies³ of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the inequalities of Andes and Himmaleh⁴ are insignificant in the curve of the sphere. Nor does it matter how you gauge and try him. A character is like an acrostic or Alexandrian stanza;—read it forward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing. In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect, and, I cannot doubt, it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not and see it not. My book should smell of pines and resound with the hum of insects. The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also. We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt⁵ actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emits a breath every moment.

There will be an agreement in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour. For of one will, the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks.⁶ See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will explain itself and

will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly will justify you now. Greatness appeals to the future. If I can be firm enough today to do right and scorn eyes, I must have done so much right before as to defend me now. Be it how it will, do right now. Always scorn appearances and you always may. The force of character is cumulative.⁷ All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. What makes the majesty of the heroes of the senate and the field, which so fills the imagination? The consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind. They shed a united light on the advancing actor. He is attended as by a visible escort of angels. That is it which throws thunder into Chatham's⁸ voice and dignity into Washington's port⁹ and America into Adams's eye. Honor is venerable to us because it is no ephemera.¹⁰ It is always ancient virtue. We worship it today because it is not of today. We love it and pay it homage because it is not a trap for our love and homage, but is self-dependent, self-derived, and therefore of an old immaculate pedigree, even if shown in a young person.

I hope in these days we have the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted¹¹ and ridiculous henceforward. Instead of the gong for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Spartan fife. Let us never bow and apologize more. A great man is coming to eat at my house. I do not wish to please him; I wish that he would wish to please me. I will stand here for humanity, and though

¹ Galileo (gä'le-lä'ō): an Italian astronomer.

² Newton: the Englishman who made the first discoveries about the law of gravitation.

³ sallies: advances.

⁴ Himmaleh: Himalaya Mountains.

⁵ overt (ō'vērt): open, plain.

⁶ zigzag line of a hundred tacks: this was written in the day of sailing ships.

⁷ cumulative (kū'mū-lā-tiv): continually adding to itself.

⁸ Chatham: William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, noted for his eloquence.

⁹ port: bodily carriage.

¹⁰ ephemera: anything very short-lived.

¹¹ gazetted (gā-zēt'ēd): announced in the newspaper.

I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity¹ and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom and trade and office the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor working wherever a man works; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the center of things. Where he is there is nature. He measures you and all men and all events. Ordinarily, everybody in society reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else; it takes the place of the whole creation. The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent.² Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his design;—and posterity seem to follow his steps as a train of clients.³ A man Caesar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius that he is confounded with virtue and the possible of man. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as, Monochism,⁴ of the Hermit, Antony; the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson. Scipio, Milton called “the height of Rome”; and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.

Let a man then know his full worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity boy,

or an interloper in the world which exists for him. But the man in the street, finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these. To him a palace, a statue, or a costly book have an alien and forbidding air, much like a gay equipage,⁵ and seem to say like that, “Who are you, Sir?” Yet they all are his, suitors for his notice, petitioners to his faculties that they will come out and take possession. The picture waits for my verdict; it is not to command me, but I am to settle its claims to praise. That popular fable of the sot who was picked up dead-drunk in the street, carried to the duke’s house, washed and dressed and laid in the duke’s bed, and, on his waking, treated with all obsequious ceremony like the duke, and assured that he had been insane, owes its popularity to the fact that it symbolizes so well the state of man, who is in the world a sort of sot, but now and then wakes up, exercises his reason and finds himself a true prince.

Our reading is mendicant⁶ and sycophantic.⁷ In history our imagination plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day’s work; but the things of life are the same to both; the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred⁸ and Scanderbeg⁹ and Gustavus?¹⁰ Suppose they were virtuous; did they wear out virtue? As great a stake depends on your private act today as followed their public and renowned steps. When

¹ *mediocrity* (mē’dī-ōk’rī-tī): low quality.

² *indifferent*: unimportant.

³ *train of clients*: wealthy Romans had numerous dependents, called clients, who followed them when they went to the senate or forum.

⁴ *Monochism* (mōn’ā-kīsm): monasticism; organization of monks into orders.

⁵ *equipage* (ēk’wī-pīj): carriage and horses.

⁶ *mendicant* (mēn’dī-kānt): begging, petitioning.

⁷ *sycophantic* (sīk’ō-fān’tik): flattering.

⁸ *Alfred*: Alfred the Great, founder of the Kingdom of England.

⁹ *Scanderbeg* (skān’dēr-bēg): an Albanian chief.

¹⁰ *Gustavus* (gūs-tāv’vūs): Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden.

private men shall act with original views, the luster will be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen.

The world has been instructed by its kings, who have so magnetized the eyes of nations. It has been taught by this colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is due from man to man. The joyful loyalty with which men have everywhere suffered the king, the noble, or the great proprietor to walk among them by a law of his own, make his own scale of men and things and reverse theirs, pay for benefits not with money but with honor, and represent the law in his person, was the hieroglyphic¹ by which they obscurely signified their consciousness of their own right and comeliness, the right of every man.

The magnetism which all original action exerts is explained when we inquire the reason of self-trust. Who is the Trustee? What is the aboriginal² Self, on which a universal reliance may be grounded? What is the nature and power of that science-baffling star, without parallax,³ without calculable elements, which shoots a ray of beauty even into trivial and impure actions, if the least mark of independence appear? The inquiry leads us to that source, at once the essence of genius, of virtue, and of life, which we call Spontaneity⁴ or Instinct. We denote this primary wisdom as Intuition, whilst all later teachings are tuitions. In that deep force, the last fact behind



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago
SCIPIO "THE HEIGHT OF ROME"

which analysis cannot go, all things find their common origin. For the sense of being which in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, from light, from time, from man, but one with them and proceeds obviously from the same source whence their life and being also proceed. We first share the life by which things exist and afterwards see them as appearances in nature and forget that we have shared their cause. Here is the fountain of action and of thought. Here are the lungs of that inspiration which giveth man wisdom and which cannot be denied without impiety and atheism.

We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us receivers of its truth and organs of its activity. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of our-

¹ *hieroglyphic* (hī'ēr-ō-glīf'ik): symbol, such as the ancient Egyptians used in writing.

² *aboriginal* (āb'ō-rīj'ī-nāl): original, from the beginning.

³ *parallax* (pār'ā-lāks): difference in apparent direction of an object when viewed from two points. The distance of a star is calculated by the angle between lines drawn to the star from the earth at opposite sides of its orbit. If the star is too far away, there is no measurable angle. In Emerson's time there was no way of measuring such stars, but it is possible to do so today.

⁴ *spontaneity* (spōn'tā-nē'ī-tī): naturalness.

selves, but allow a passage to its beams. If we ask whence this comes, if we seek to pry into the soul that causes, all philosophy is at fault. Its presence or its absence is all we can affirm. Every man discriminates between the voluntary acts of his mind and his involuntary perceptions, and knows that to his involuntary perceptions a perfect faith is due. He may err in the expression of them, but he knows that these things are so, like day and night, not to be disputed. My wilful actions and acquisitions are but roving;—the idlest reverie, the faintest native emotion, command my curiosity and respect. Thoughtless people contradict as readily the statement of perceptions as of opinions, or rather much more readily; for they do not distinguish between perception and notion. They fancy that I choose to see this or that thing. But perception is not whimsical,¹ but fatal.² If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and in course of time all mankind—although it may chance that no one has seen it before me. For my perception of it is as much a fact as the sun.

The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps. It must be that when God speaketh he should communicate, not one thing, but all things; should fill the world with his voice; should scatter forth light, nature, time, souls, from the center of the present thought; and new date and new create the whole. Whenever a mind is simple and receives a divine wisdom, old things pass away—means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour. All things are made sacred by relation to it—one as much as another. All

¹ *whimsical*: governed by a whim, or sudden notion.

² *fatal*: governed by fate, final in authority.

things are dissolved to their center by their cause, and in the universal miracle petty and particular miracles disappear. If, therefore, a man claims to know and speak of God and carries you backward to the phraseology³ of some old moldered nation in another country, in another world believe him not. Is the acorn better than the oak which is its fulness and completion? Is the parent better than the child into whom he has cast his ripened being? Whence then this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and authority of the soul. Time and space are but physiological colors which the eye makes, but the soul is light: where it is, is day; where it was, is night; and history is an impertinence and an injury if it be anything more than a cheerful apologue⁴ or parable of my being and becoming.

Man is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright; he dares not say "I think," "I am," but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing⁵ rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God today. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose; it is perfect in every moment of its existence. Before a leaf-bud has burst, its whole life acts; in the full-blown flower there is no more; in the leafless root there is no less. Its nature is satisfied and it satisfies nature in all moments alike. But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted⁶ eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He

³ *phraseology* (frāz-ē-ōl'ō-jī): manner of speech.

⁴ *apologue* (āp'ō-lōg): a story intended to carry a moral or teach a lesson.

⁵ *blowing*: blooming.

⁶ *reverted*: turned backward.

cannot be happy and strong until he, too, lives with nature in the present, above time.

This should be plain enough. Yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God himself unless he speak the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives. We are like children who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men of talents and character they chance to see—painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke; afterwards, when they come into the point of view which those had who uttered these sayings, they understand them and are willing to let the words go; for at any time they can use words as good when occasion comes. If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception,¹ we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid; probably cannot be said; for all that we say is the far-off remembering of the intuition.² That thought by what I can now nearest approach to say it, is this. When good is near you, when you have life in yourself, it is not by any known or accustomed way; you shall not discern the footprints of any other; you shall not see the face of man; you shall not hear any name;—the way, the thought, the good, shall be wholly strange and new. It shall exclude example and experience. You take the way from man, not to man.

¹ *perception* (pēr-sēp'shūn): vision, understanding.

² *intuition* (in'tōō-īsh'ūn): original insight.

All persons that ever existed are its forgotten ministers. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. There is somewhat low even in hope. In the hour of vision there is nothing that can be called gratitude, nor properly joy. The soul raised over passion beholds identity and eternal causation, perceives the self-existence of Truth and Right, and calms itself with knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature, the Atlantic Ocean, the South Sea; long intervals of time, years, centuries, are of no account. This which I think and feel underlay every former state of life and circumstances, as it does underlie my present, and what is called life and what is called death.

Life only avails, not the having lived. Power ceases in the instant of repose; it resides in the moment of transition from a past to a new state, in the shooting of the gulf, in the darting to an aim. This one fact the world hates; that the soul *becomes*; for that forever degrades the past, turns all riches to poverty, all reputation to a shame, confounds the saint with the rogue, shoves Jesus and Judas equally aside. Why then do we prate of self-reliance? Inasmuch as the soul is present there will be power not confident but agent. To talk of reliance is a poor external way of speaking. Speak rather of that which relies because it works and is. Who has more obedience than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger. Round him I must revolve by the gravitation of spirits. We fancy it rhetoric³ when we speak of eminent⁴ virtue. We do not yet see that virtue is Height, and that a man or a company of men, plastic⁵ and permeable⁶ to principles, by the law

³ *rhetoric* (rēt'ō-rīk): a figure of speech.

⁴ *eminent*: literally, high.

⁵ *plastic* (plās'tik): easily molded or shaped.

⁶ *permeable* (pēr'mê-ā-b'l): ready to absorb.

of nature must overpower and ride all cities, nations, kings, rich men, poets, who are not.

This is the ultimate fact which we so quickly reach on this, as on every topic, the resolution of all into the ever-blessed ONE. Self-existence is the attribute of the Supreme Cause, and it constitutes the measure of good by the degree in which it enters into all lower forms. All things real are so by so much virtue as they contain. Commerce, husbandry,¹ hunting, whaling, war, eloquence, personal weight, are somewhat, and engage my respect as examples of its presence and impure action. I see the same law working in nature for conservation and growth. Power is, in nature, the essential measure of right. Nature suffers nothing to remain in her kingdoms which cannot help itself. The genesis² and orbit,³ the bended tree recovering itself from the strong wind, the vital resources of every animal and vegetable, are demonstrations of the self-sufficing and therefore self-relying soul.

Thus all concentrates: let us not rove; let us sit at home with the cause. Let us stun and astonish the intruding rabble of men and books and institutions by a simple declaration of the divine fact. Bid the invaders take the shoes from off their feet,⁴ for God is here within. Let our simplicity judge them, and our docility to our own law demonstrate the poverty of nature and fortune beside our native riches.

But now we are a mob. Man does not stand in awe of man, nor is his genius admonished to stay at home, to put itself in communication with the internal ocean, but it goes abroad

to beg a cup of water of the urns of other men. We must go alone. I like the silent church, before the service begins, better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary! So let us always sit. Why should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth, or are said to have the same blood? All men have my blood and I all men's. Not for that will I adopt their petulance⁵ or folly, even to the extent of being ashamed of it. But your isolation must not be mechanical, but spiritual, that is, must be elevation. At times the whole world seems to be in conspiracy to importune you with emphatic trifles. Friend, climate, child, sickness, fear, want, charity, all knock at once at the closet door and say—"Come out unto us." But keep thy state; come not into their confusion. The power men possess to annoy me I give them by a weak curiosity. No man can come near me but through my act. "What we love, that we have, but by desire we bereave ourselves of love."

If we cannot at once rise to the sanctities of obedience and faith, let us at least resist our temptations; let us enter into the state of war and wake Thor and Woden,⁶ courage and constancy, in our Saxon breasts. This is to be done in our smooth times by speaking the truth. Check this lying hospitality and lying affection. Live no longer to the expectation of these deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse. Say to them, "O father, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after

¹ husbandry: cultivating the earth, or raising animals.

² Genesis (jěn'ê-sîs): beginning.

³ orbit: course of the stars.

⁴ take the shoes from off their feet: see Exodus 3: 5.

⁵ petulance (pět'û-lâns): irritability, feeling of discontentment.

⁶ Thor and Woden: gods of the ancient Angles, Saxons, and Germans, as well as of the Scandinavians.

appearances hitherto. Henceforward I am the truth's. Be it known unto you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law. I will have no covenants but proximities. I shall endeavor to nourish my parents, to support my family, to be the chaste husband of one wife—but these relations I must fill after a new and unprecedented way. I appeal from your customs. I must be myself. I cannot break myself any longer for you, or you. If you can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier. If you cannot, I will still seek to deserve that you should. I will not hide my tastes or aversions. I will so trust that what is deep is holy, that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever only rejoices me and the heart appoints. If you are noble, I will love you; if you are not, I will not hurt you and myself by hypocritical attentions. If you are true, but not in the same truth with me, cleave to your companions; I will seek my own. I do this not selfishly but humbly and truly. It is alike your interest, and mine, and all men's, however long we have dwelt in lies, to live in truth." Does this sound harsh today? You will soon love what is dictated by your nature as well as mine, and if we follow the truth it will bring us out safe at last.—But so may you give these friends pain. Yes, but I cannot sell my liberty and my power, to save their sensibility. Besides, all persons have their moments of reason, when they look out into the region of absolute truth; then will they justify me and do the same thing.

The populace think that your rejection of popular standards is a rejection of all standard, and mere antinomianism;¹ and the bold sensualist will use

¹ *antinomianism* (ăn'ti-nō'mi-ăn-izm): a religious belief during the Middle Ages, which held that faith alone is necessary to salvation.

the name of philosophy to gild his crimes. But the law of consciousness abides. There are two confessionals, in one or the other of which we must be shriven.² You may fulfil your round of duties by clearing yourself in the *direct* or in the *reflex* way. Consider whether you have satisfied your relations to father, mother, cousin, neighbor, town, cat, and dog—whether any of these can upbraid you. But I may also neglect this reflex standard and absolve me to myself. I have my own stern claims and perfect circle. It denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties. But if I can discharge its debts it enables me to dispense with the popular code. If any one imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day.

And truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity and has ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law, to himself, that a simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity is to others!

If any man consider the present aspects of what is called by distinction *society*, he will see the need of these ethics. The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous, desponding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and perfect persons. We want men and women who shall renovate³ life and our social state, but we see that most natures are insolvent,⁴ cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their

² *shriven* (shriv'ēn): pardoned.

³ *renovate* (rēn'ō-vāt): renew.

⁴ *insolvent* (in-sōl'vent): bankrupt, unable to pay their debts.

practical force and do lean and beg day and night continually. Our house-keeping is mendicant; our arts, our occupations, our marriages, our religion we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlor soldiers. We shun the rugged battle of fate, where strength is born.

If our young men miscarry in their first enterprise they lose heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is *ruined*. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges and is not installed in an office within one year afterwards in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont who in turn tries all the professions, who *teams it, farms it, peddles*, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township and so forth, in successive years, and always like a cat falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days and feels no shame in not "studying a profession," for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances. Let a Stoic¹ open the resources of man and tell men they are not leaning willows, but can and must detach themselves; that with the exercise of self-trust, new powers shall appear; that a man is the word made flesh,² born to shed healing to the nations; that he should be ashamed of our compassion, and that the moment he acts from himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolatries, and customs out of the window, we pity him no more but thank and revere him;—and that

teacher shall restore the life of man to splendor and make his name dear to all history.

It is easy to see that a greater self-reliance must work a revolution in all offices and relations of men; in their religion; in their education; in their pursuits; in their modes of living; in their association; in their property; in their speculative views.

1. In what prayers do men allow themselves! That which they call holy office is not so much as brave and manly. Prayer looks abroad and asks for some foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial³ and miraculous. Prayer that craves a particular commodity, anything less than all good, is vicious. Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view. It is the soliloquy⁴ of a behold-ing and jubilant soul. It is the spirit of God pronouncing his works good. But prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft. It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness. As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature, though for cheap ends. Caratach,⁵ in Fletcher's *Bonduca*,⁶ when admonished to inquire the mind of the god Audate,⁷ replies, "His hidden meaning lies in our endeavors; Our valors are our best gods."

Another sort of false prayer are our regrets. Discontent is the want of

¹ Stoic (stō'ik): member of an old Greek school of philosophy. Stoics believed in self-reliance and indifference to the standards of society.

² See John 1:14.

³ mediatorial (mē'dī-ā-tō'rī-āl): intercessory.

⁴ soliloquy (sō-lī'l'ō-kwī): speech made to one-self, perhaps only in thought.

⁵ Caratach (kā'rā-täch): character in the play.

⁶ Bonduca (bōn-dū'ká): a play by John Fletcher.

⁷ Audate (ou-dā'tē): Celtic god of war.

self-reliance: it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work and already the evil begins to be repaired. Our sympathy is just as base. We come to them who weep foolishly and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with their own reason. The secret of fortune is joy in our hands. Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide; him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him and embraces him because he did not need it. We solicitously and apologetically caress and celebrate him because he held on his way and scorned our disapprobation. The gods love him because men hated him. "To the persevering mortal," said Zoroaster,¹ "the blessed Immortals are swift."

As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect. They say with those foolish Israelites, "Let not God speak to us, lest we die. Speak thou, speak any man with us, and we will obey." Everywhere I am hindered of meeting God in my brother, because he has shut his own temple doors and recites fables merely of his brother's, or his brother's brother's God. Every new mind is a new classification. If it prove a mind of uncommon activity and power, a Locke,² a Lavoisier,³ a Hutton,⁴ a Bentham,⁵ a Fourier,⁶ it imposes its classification on other men, and lo! a new system! In proportion

to the depth of the thought, and so to the number of the objects it touches and brings within reach of the pupil, is his complacency.⁷ But chiefly is this apparent in creeds and churches, which are also classifications of some powerful mind acting on the elemental thought of duty and man's relation to the Highest. Such is Calvinism, Quakerism, Swedenborgism.⁸ The pupil takes the same delight in subordinating every thing to the new terminology as a girl who has just learned botany in seeing a new earth and new seasons thereby. It will happen for a time that the pupil will find his intellectual power has grown by the study of his master's mind. But in all unbalanced minds the classification is idolized, passes for the end and not for a speedily exhaustible means, so that the walls of the system blend to their eye in the remote horizon with the walls of the universe; the luminaries of heaven seem to them hung on the arch their master built. They cannot imagine how you aliens have any right to see—how you can see. "It must be somehow that you stole the light from us." They do not yet perceive that light, unsystematic, indomitable, will break into any cabin, even into theirs. Let them chirp awhile and call it their own. If they are honest and do well, presently their neat pinfold⁹ will be too strait and low, will crack, will lean, will rot and vanish, and the immortal light, all young and joyful, million-orbed, million-colored, will beam over the universe as on the first morning.

2. It is for want of self-culture that the superstition of Traveling, whose idols are Italy, England, Egypt, retains its fascination for all educated

¹ Zoroaster (zō'rō-ās'tēr): founder of the religion of Ancient Persia.

² Locke (lōk): English philosopher.

³ Lavoisier (lā'vwā'zyā'): French chemist.

⁴ Hutton (hūt'n): English mathematician.

⁵ Bentham (bēn'tām): English philosopher and writer on economic subjects.

⁶ Fourier (fōō-ryā'): French physicist.

⁷ complacency (kōm-plā'sēn-sī): self-satisfaction.

⁸ Swedenborgism (swē'dēn-bōrg-iz'm): a religious sect founded by Swedenborg.

⁹ pinfold (pīn'fōld): an enclosure, literally, one for animals.

Americans. They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination, did so by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. In manly hours we feel that duty is our place. The soul is no traveler; the wise man stays at home, and when his necessities, his duties, on any occasion call him from his house, or into foreign lands, he is at home still and shall make men sensible¹ by the expression of his countenance that he goes, the missionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men like a sovereign and not like an interloper or a valet.

I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Traveling is a fool's paradise. Our first journeys discover to us the indifference of places. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

3. But the rage of traveling is a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action.

¹ *sensible*: responsive, aware.

The intellect is vagabond, and our system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the traveling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our faculties lean, and follow the Past and the Distant. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that

which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias,¹ or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul, all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself, but if you can hear what these patriarchs say, surely you can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Fore-world again.

4. As our Religion, our Education, our Art look abroad, so does our spirit of society. All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves.

Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration.² For everything that is given something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under! But compare the health of the two men and you shall see that the white man has lost his aboriginal strength.³ If the traveler tell us truly, strike the



LORD BACON

savage with a broadaxe and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks so much support of muscle. He has a fine Geneva watch, but he fails of the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac⁴ he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice⁵ he does not observe; the equinox⁶ he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His notebooks impair his memory; his

¹ *Phidias* (fīd'ī-ās): the most famous of Greek sculptors.

² *amelioration* (ā-mē'lī-ō-rā'shūn): improvement.

³ *lost his aboriginal strength*: Emerson was mistaken. The average white man is healthier and stronger than the average member of the darker races. Most people of his time believed as he did, however.

⁴ *Greenwich* (grēn'ich) *nautical almanac*: an almanac based on Greenwich time for the use of seamen.

⁵ *solstice* (söl'stis): time of year when sun is highest or lowest in the sky.

⁶ *equinox* (ē'kwī-nōks): time of year when the noonday sun is overhead at the equator.

libraries overload his wit, the insurance-office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity, entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigor of wild virtue. For every Stoic was a Stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?

There is no more deviation in the moral standard than in the standard of height or bulk. No greater men are now than ever were. A singular equality may be observed between the great men of the first and of the last ages; nor can all the science, art, religion, and philosophy of the nineteenth century avail to educate greater men than Plutarch's heroes, three or four and twenty centuries ago. Not in time is the race progressive. Phocion,¹ Socrates, Anaxagoras,² Diogenes,³ are great men, but they leave no class. He who is really of their class will not be called by their name, but will be his own man, and in his turn the founder of a sect. The arts and inventions of each period are only its costume and do not invigorate men. The harm of the improved machinery may compensate its good. Hudson and Behring accomplished so much in their fishing-boats as to astonish Parry and Franklin,⁴ whose equipment exhausted the resources of science and art. Galileo, with an opera-glass, discovered a more splendid series of celestial phenomena than anyone since.⁵ Columbus found the New World in an undecked boat. It is curious to see the periodical disuse and perishing of means and machinery which were

introduced with loud laudation a few years or centuries before. The great genius returns to essential man. We reckoned the improvements of the art of war among the triumphs of science, and yet Napoleon conquered Europe by the bivouac, which consisted of falling back on naked valor and disencumbering it of all aids. The Emperor held it impossible to make a perfect army, says Las Casas,⁶ "without abolishing our arms, magazines, commissaries and carriages, until, in imitation of the Roman custom, the soldier should receive his supply of corn, grind it in his hand-mill and bake his bread himself."

Society is a wave. The wave moved onward, but the water of which it is composed does not. The same particle does not rise from the valley to the ridge. Its unity is only phenomenal. The persons who make up a nation today, next year die, and their experience dies with them.

And so the reliance on Property, including the reliance on governments which protect it, is the want of self-reliance. Men have looked away from themselves and at things so long that they have come to esteem the religious, learned, and civil institutions as guards of property, and they deprecate⁷ assaults on these, because they feel them to be assaults on property. They measure their esteem of each other by what each has, and not by what each is. But a cultivated man becomes ashamed of his property, out of new respect for his nature. Especially he hates what he has if he see that it is accidental—came to him by inheritance, or gift, or crime; then he feels that it is not having; it does not belong to him, has no root in him

¹ *Phocion* (fō'shī-ōn): Greek statesman.

² *Anaxagoras* (ăn'āk-săg'ō-rās): Greek philosopher.

³ *Diogenes* (dī-ōj'ē-nēz): Greek philosopher.

⁴ *Parry and Franklin*: English Arctic explorers of the nineteenth century.

⁵ *Galileo . . . than anyone since*: this is no longer true, of course.

⁶ *Las Casas*: De Las Cases (dē lās kăz'), French writer who helped Napoleon write his memoirs.

⁷ *deprecate* (dēp'rē-kăt): disapprove.



From Bryant's *History of the United States*

HUDSON'S SHIP, "THE HALF MOON" ON THE HUDSON RIVER

and merely lies there because no revolution or no robber takes it away. But that which a man is, does always by necessity acquire; and what the man acquires, is living property, which does not wait the beck of rulers, or mobs, or revolutions, or fire, or storm, or bankruptcies, but perpetually renews itself wherever the man breathes. "Thy lot or portion of life," said the Caliph Ali,¹ "is seeking after it." Our dependence on these foreign goods leads us to our slavish respect for numbers. The political parties meet in numerous conventions; the greater the concourse and with each new uproar of announcement, The delegation from Essex! The Democrats from New Hampshire! The Whigs of Maine! the young patriot feels himself stronger than before by a new thousand of eyes and arms. In like manner the reformers summon conventions and vote and resolve in

multitude. Not so, O friends! will the God deign to enter and inhabit you, but by a method precisely the reverse. It is only as a man puts off all foreign support and stands alone that I see him to be strong and to prevail. He is weaker by every recruit to his banner. Is not a man better than a town? Ask nothing of men, and, in the endless mutation, thou, only firm column, must presently appear the upholder of all that surrounds thee. He who knows that power is inborn, that he is weak because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and, so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head.

So use all that is called Fortune. Most men gamble with her, and gain all, and lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave as unlawful these

¹ Caliph Ali (kā'lif ā'le): Arab ruler, descendant of Mohammed.

winnings, and deal with Cause and Effect, the chancellors of God. In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shall sit hereafter out of fear from her rotations. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick or the return of your absent friend, or some other favorable event raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

PONDERING OVER THE ESSAY

1. Emerson was not only a writer but also a noted speaker. The selection which you just read was given as a speech. What qualities of a good speech did you observe as you read?

2. Although the selection was delivered as a speech, it is really an essay. Why may it be classified in this manner?

3. Does the selection appeal to the reason or the emotion? Did you have any trouble reading it, or was it easy to understand? Which of the illustrations appealed to you most? Why?

4. Did you gain any more confidence in yourself from reading the selection? Write an essay on "Self-Reliance," using both your own ideas and those of the author.

LITTLE GIFFEN

By FRANCIS ORRAY TICKNOR

The following poem is based on an incident which happened during the War between the States. A boy in the Confederate Army was desperately wounded. He was nursed back to health and rejoined the army. As you read the poem, consider the sentiment.

Out of the focal¹ and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,

¹ focal (fō'kāl): central, meaning in this case the "first line."

Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene,²
Eighteenth battle and he sixteen—
Specter³ such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome," the surgeon
said;

"Little the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet in our summer
air;

And we laid him down on a wholesome
bed;

Utter Lazarus,⁴ heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated
breath,

Skeleton boy against skeleton death!
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch—
And still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't! Nay! more! in death's
despite

The crippled skeleton learned to
write—

"Dear mother!" at first, of course, and
then,

"Dear Captain," inquiring about the
men.

Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

"Johnston pressed at the front," they
say;—

Little Giffen was up and away!
A tear, his first, as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was
news of fight

But none of Giffen—he did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I King
Of the courtly Knights of Arthur's
ring,⁵

With the voice of the minstrel in mine
ear

² gangrene (gāng'grēn): an infection that causes part of the body to decay.

³ specter: ghost.

⁴ Lazarus (lāz'ā-rūs): New Testament character. See Luke 17:20.

⁵ ring: King Arthur's Round Table.

And the tender legend that trembles
here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee—
The whitest soul of my chivalry—
For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. The author of this selection was a busy country doctor who took time to raise flowers, write poetry, and lend a helping hand in the world. Why would such a background be especially helpful in writing the foregoing poem?

2. The poem is classed as a ballad. What qualities of a ballad did you notice in the poem as you read?

3. Did the poem appeal to your reason or your emotion, or did it appeal to both? Point out the parts of the poem that affected you most. Write the story of the poem in prose.

IN THE ZONE

By EUGENE O'NEILL

The following selection is a one-act play. The setting is a boat loaded with ammunition. The men on board are very suspicious of every package they see. One man has a strong curiosity and stirs up a great many difficulties.

SCENE: *The seamen's forecabin. On the right above the bunks three or four portholes covered with black cloth can be seen. On the floor near the doorway is a pail with a tin dipper. A lantern in the middle of the floor, turned down very low, throws a dim light around the place. Five men, SCOTTY, IVAN, SWANSON, SMITTY, and PAUL, are in their bunks apparently asleep. It is about ten minutes of twelve on a night in the fall of the year 1915.*

SMITTY turns slowly in his bunk and, leaning out over the side, looks from one to another of the men as if to assure himself that they are asleep. Then he climbs carefully out of his

bunk and stands in the middle of the forecabin fully dressed, but in his stocking feet, glancing around him suspiciously. Reassured, he leans down and cautiously pulls out a suitcase from under the bunks in front of him.

Just at this moment DAVIS appears in the doorway, carrying a large steaming coffeepot in his hand. He stops short when he sees SMITTY. A puzzled expression comes over his face, followed by one of suspicion, and he retreats farther back in the alley-way, where he can watch SMITTY without being seen.

All the latter's movements indicate a fear of discovery. He takes out a small bunch of keys and unlocks the suitcase, making a slight noise as he does so. SCOTTY wakes up and peers at him over the side of the bunk. SMITTY opens the suitcase and takes out a small black tin box, carefully places this under his mattress, shoves the suitcase back under the bunk, climbs into his bunk again, closes his eyes and begins to snore loudly.

DAVIS enters the forecabin, places the coffeepot beside the lantern, and goes from one to the other of the sleepers and shakes them vigorously, saying to each in a low voice: "Near eight bells, SCOTTY. Arise and shine, SWANSON. Eight bells, IVAN." SMITTY yawns loudly with a great pretense of having been dead asleep. All of the rest of the men tumble out of their bunks, stretching and yawning, and commence to pull on their shoes. They go one by one to the cupboard near the open door, take out their cups and spoons, and sit down together on the benches. The coffeepot is passed around. They munch their biscuits and sip their coffee in dull silence.

DAVIS [suddenly jumping to his feet—nervously]. Where's that air comin' from? [All are startled and look at him wonderingly.]

SWANSON [*a squat, surly-faced Swede—grumpily*]. What air? I don't feel nothing.

DAVIS [*excitedly*]. I kin feel it—a draft. [*He stands on the bench and looks around—suddenly exploding.*] Damn fool square-head!¹ [*He leans over the upper bunk in which PAUL is sleeping and slams the porthole shut.*] I got a good notion to report him. Serve him bloody² well right! What's the use o' blindin' the ports when that thick-head goes an' leaves 'em open?

SWANSON [*yawning—too sleepy to be aroused by anything—carelessly*]. Dey don't see what little light go out yust one port.

SCOTTY [*protestingly*]. Dinna be a loon,³ Swanson! D'ye no ken⁴ the dangerr o' showin' a licht⁵ wi' a pack o' submarrines lyin' about?

IVAN [*shaking his shaggy ox-like head in an emphatic affirmative*]. Dot's right, Scotty. I don' li-kie blow up, no, by devil!

SMITTY [*his manner slightly contemptuous*]. I don't think there's much danger of meeting any of their submarines, not until we get into the war zone, at any rate.

DAVIS [*he and SCOTTY looking at SMITTY suspiciously—harshly*]. You don't, eh? [*He lowers his voice and speaks slowly.*] Well, we're in the war zone right this minit if you wants to know. [*the effect of this speech is instantaneous. All sit bolt upright on their benches and stare at DAVIS.*]

SMITTY. How do you know, Davis?

DAVIS [*angrily*]. 'Cos Drisc heard the First⁶ send the Third⁷ below to wake the skipper when we fetched the

zone—'bout five bells, it was. Now whata y' got to say?

SMITTY [*conciliatingly*]. Oh, I wasn't doubting your word, Davis; but you know they're not pasting up bulletins to let the crew know when the zone is reached—especially on ammunition ships like this.

IVAN [*decidedly*]. I don't li-like dees voyage. Next time I ship on windjammer⁸ Boston to River Plate,⁹ load with wood only so it float, by golly!

SWANSON [*fretfully*]. I hope British navy blow 'em to hell, those submarines, py damn!

SCOTTY [*looking at SMITTY, who is staring at the doorway in a dream, his chin on his hands. Meaningly*]. It is no the submarrines only we've to fear, I'm thinkin'.

DAVIS [*assenting eagerly*]. That's no lie, Scotty.

SWANSON. You mean the mines?

SCOTTY. I wasna thinkin' o' mines eitherr.

DAVIS. There's many a good ship blown up and at the bottom of the sea, what never hit no mine or torpedo.

SCOTTY. Did ye neverr read of the Gerrman spies and the dirrty work they're doin' all the war? [*He and DAVIS both glance at SMITTY, who is deep in thought and is not listening to the conversation.*]

DAVIS. An' the clever way they fool you!

SWANSON. Sure; I read it in paper many time.

DAVIS. Well—[*He is about to speak, but hesitates and finishes lamely.*] you got to watch out, that's all I says.

IVAN [*drinking the last of his coffee and slamming his fist on the bench explosively*]. I tell you dis rotten coffee give me belly-ache, yes! [*They all look at him in amused disgust.*]

¹ square-head: uncomplimentary nickname for a Swede.

² bloody: this is considered a very vulgar term of profanity in England.

³ loon: fool.

⁴ ken: know.

⁵ licht: light.

⁶ First: first mate.

⁷ Third: third mate.

⁸ windjammer: sailing ship.

⁹ River Plate: Rio de la Plata, in South America.

SCOTTY [*sardonically*]. Dinna fret about it, Ivan. If we blow up ye'll no be mindin' the pain in your middle. [JACK enters. *He is a young American with a tough, good-natured face. He wears dungarees¹ and a heavy jersey.*]

JACK. Eight bells, fellers.

IVAN [*stupidly*]. I don't hear bell ring.

JACK. No, and yuh won't hear any ring, yuh boob—[*lowering his voice unconsciously*] now we're in the war zone.

SWANSON [*anxiously*]. Is the boats all ready?

JACK. Sure; we can lower 'em in a second.

DAVIS. A lot o' good the boats'll do, with us loaded deep with all kinds o' dynamite and stuff the like o' that! If a torpedo hits this hooker² we'll all be in hell b'fore you could wink your eye.

JACK. They ain't goin' to hit us, see? That's my dope. Whose wheel³ is it?

IVAN [*suddenly*]. My wheel. [*He lumbers out.*]

JACK. And whose lookout?

SWANSON. Mine, I think. [*He follows IVAN.*]

JACK [*scornfully*]. A hell of a lot of use keepin' a lookout! We couldn't run away or fight if we wanted to. [*To SCOTTY and SMITTY.*] Better look up the bo'sun or the Fourth, you two, and let 'em see you're awake. [*SCOTTY goes to the doorway and turns to wait for SMITTY, who is still in the same position, head on hands, seemingly unconscious of everything. JACK slaps him roughly on the shoulder and he comes to with a start.*] Aft and report, Duke!⁴ What's the matter with yuh—

in a dope dream? [*SMITTY goes out after SCOTTY without answering. JACK looks after him with a frown.*] He's a queer guy. I can't figure him out.

DAVIS. Nor no one else. [*Lowering his voice meaningly.*] An' he's liable to turn out queerer than any of us think if we ain't careful.

JACK [*suspiciously*]. What d'yuh mean? [*They are interrupted by the entrance of DRISCOLL and COCKY.*]

COCKY [*protestingly*]. Blimey if I don't fink⁵ I'll put in this 'ere watch aht side on deck. [*He and DRISCOLL go over and get their cups.*] I don't want to be caught in this 'ole if they 'its us. [*He pours out coffee.*]

DRISCOLL [*pouring his*]. Divil a bit ut wud matther where ye arre. Ye'd be blown to smithereens b'fore ye cud say your name. [*He sits down, overturning as he does so the untouched cup of coffee which SMITTY had forgotten and left on the bench. They all jump nervously as the tin cup hits the floor with a bang.*]

DRISCOLL [*flies into an unreasonable rage*]. Who's the dirty scut left this cup where a man 'ud sit on ut?

DAVIS. It's Smitty's.

DRISCOLL [*kicking the cup across the forecandle*]. Does he think he's too much av a bloody gentleman to put his own away loike the rist av us? If he does I'm the bye'll beat that noshun out av his head.

COCKY. Be the airs 'e puts on you'd think 'e was the Prince of Wales. Wot's 'e doin' on a ship, I arks yer? 'E ain't no good as a sailor, is 'e?—dawdlin' abaht on deck like a chicken wiv 'is ead cut orf!

JACK [*good-naturedly*]. Aw, the Duke's all right. S'posin' he did ferget his cup—what's the dif? [*He picks up the cup and puts it away with a grin.*] This war zone stuff's got yer goat, Drisc—and yours, too,

* fink: think. Cocky is a cockney.

¹ dungarees (dūng'gá-rēz): cotton working trousers.

² hooker: ship.

³ whose wheel: whose turn to steer.

⁴ Duke: The men call him Duke because they think he is putting on airs.



"HEY, DAVIS, WHAT WAS YOU SAYING ABOUT SMITTY?"

Cocky—and I ain't cheerin' much fur it myself, neither.

COCKY [*with a sigh*]. Blimey, it ain't no bleedin' joke, yer first trip, to know as there's a ship full of shells li'ble to go orf in under your bloomin' feet, as you might say, if we gets 'it be a torpedo or mine. [*With sudden savagery*] Calls theyselves 'uman being's, too! Blarsted 'uns!

DRISCOLL [*gloomily*]. 'Tis me last trip in the bloody zone, God help me. The devil take their twenty-five per cent bonus—and be drowned like a rat in a trap in the bargain, maybe.

DAVIS. Wouldn't be so bad if she wasn't carryin' ammunition. Them's the kind the subs is layin' for.

DRISCOLL [*irritably*]. Fur the love av hivin, don't be talkin' about ut. I'm sick wid thinkin' and jumpin' at iviry bit av a noise. [*There is a pause during which they all stare gloomily at the floor.*]

JACK. Hey, Davis, what was you sayin' about Smitty when they come in?

DAVIS [*with a great air of mystery*]. I'll tell you in a minit. I want to wait an' see if he's comin' back. [*Impressively*] You won't be callin' him all right when you hear what I seen with my own eyes. [*He adds with an air of satisfaction.*] An' you won't be feelin' no safer, neither. [*They all look at him with puzzled*

glances full of a vague apprehension.]

DRISCOLL. God blarst ut! *[He fills his pipe and lights it. The others, with an air of remembering something they had forgotten, do the same. SCOTTY enters.]*

SCOTTY *[in awed tones]*. Where's Smitty, Scotty?

SCOTTY. Out on the hatch starin' at the moon like a mon half-daft.

DAVIS. Kin you see him from the doorway?

SCOTTY *[goes to doorway and carefully peeks out]*. Aye; he's still there.

DAVIS. Keep your eyes on him for a moment. I've got something I want to tell the boys and I don't want him walkin' in in the middle of it. Give a shout if he starts this way.

SCOTTY *[with suppressed excitement]*. Aye, I'll watch him. And I've somethin' myself to tell aboot his Lordship.

DRISCOLL *[impatiently]*. Out wid ut! You're talkin' more than a pair av auld women wud be standin' in the road, and gittin' no further along.

DAVIS. Listen! You 'member when I went to git the coffee, Jack?

JACK. Sure, I do.

DAVIS. Well, I brings it down here same as usual and got as far as the door there when I sees him.

JACK. Smitty?

DAVIS. Yes, Smitty! He was standin' in the middle of the fo'e'stle there. *[Pointing]* Lookin' around sneakin' like at Ivan and Swanson and the rest 's if he wants to make certain they're a sleep. *[He pauses significantly, looking from one to the other of his listeners. SCOTTY is nervously dividing his attention between SMITTY on the hatch outside and DAVIS's story, fairly bursting to break in with his own revelations.]*

JACK *[impatiently]*. What of it?

DAVIS. Listen! He was standin' right there—*[pointing again]* in his stockin' feet—no shoes on, mind, so he wouldn't make no noise!

JACK *[spitting disgustedly]*. Aw!

DAVIS *[not heeding the interruption]*. I seen right away somethin' on the queer was up so I slides back into the alleyway where I kin see him but he can't see me. After he makes sure they're all asleep he goes in under the bunks there—bein' careful not to raise a noise, mind!—an' takes out his bag there. *[By this time everyone, JACK included, is listening breathlessly to his story.]* Then he fishes in his pocket an' takes out a little bunch o' keys an' kneels down beside the bag an' opens it.

SCOTTY *[unable to keep silent longer]*. Mon,¹ didn't I see him do that same thing wi' these two eyes! 'Twas just that moment I woke and spied him.

DAVIS *[surprised, and a bit nettled to have to share his story with anyone]*. Oh, you seen him, too, eh? *[To the others]* Then Scotty kin tell you if I'm lyin' or not.

DRISCOLL. An' what did he do whin he'd the bag opened?

DAVIS. He bends down and reaches out his hand sort o' scared-like like it was somethin' dan'rous he was after, an' feels round under in his duds²—hidden in under his duds an' wrapped up in 'em it was—an' he brings out a black iron box!

COCKY *[looking around him with a frightened glance]*. Gawd blimey! *[The others likewise betray their uneasiness, shuffling their feet nervously.]*

DAVIS. Aint' that right, Scotty?

SCOTTY. Right as rain, I'm tellin' ye'!

DAVIS *[to the others with an air of satisfaction]*. There you! *[Lowering his voice]* An' then what d'you suppose he did? Sneaks to his bunk an' slips the black box in under his mattress—in under his mattress, mind!

JACK. And it's there now?

¹ mon: man.

² duds: clothes.

DAVIS. Course it is! [JACK starts toward SMITTY's bunk. DRISCOLL grabs him by the arm.]

DRISCOLL. Don't be touchin' ut, Jack!

JACK. Yuh needn't worry. I ain't goin' to touch it. [He pulls up SMITTY's mattress and looks down. The others stare at him, holding their breaths. He turns to them, trying hard to assume a careless tone.] It's there, aw right.

COCKY [miserably upset]. I'm goin'ter 'op it aht on deck. [He gets up, but DRISCOLL pulls him down again. COCKY protests.] It fair guvs me the trembles sittin' still in 'ere.

DRISCOLL [scornfully]. Are ye frightened, ye toad? 'Tis a hell av a thing fur grown men to be shiverin' loike childer at a bit av a black box. [Scratching his head in uneasy perplexity.] Still, ut's damn queer, the looks av ut.

DAVIS [sarcastically]. A bit of a black box, eh? How big d'you think them—[He hesitates.] things has to be—big as this fo'c'stle?

JACK [in a voice meant to be reassuring]. Aw, hell! I'll bet it ain't but some coin he's saved he's got locked up in there.

DAVIS [scornfully]. That's likely, ain't it? Then why does he act so s'picious? He's been on ship near two year, ain't he? He knows damn well there ain't no thieves in this fo'c's'tle, don't he? An' you knows well's I do he didn't have no money when he came on board an' he ain't saved none since. Don't you? [JACK doesn't answer.] Listen! D'you know what he done after he put that thing in under his mattress?—an' Scotty'll tell you if I ain't speakin' truth. He looks round to see if anyone's woke up—

SCOTTY. I clapped my eyes shut when he turned round.

DAVIS. An' then he crawls into his

bunk an' shuts his eyes, an' starts in snorin', pretendin' he was asleep!

SCOTTY. Aye, I could hear him.

DAVIS. An' when I goes to call him I don't even shake him. I just says, "Eight bells, Smitty," in almost a whisper-like, an' up he gets yawnin' an' stretchin' fit to kill hisself 's if he'd been dead asleep.

COCKY. Gawd blimey!

DRISCOLL [shaking his head]. Ut looks bad, divil a doubt av ut.

DAVIS [excitedly]. An' now I come to think of it, there's the porthole. How'd it come to git open, tell me that? I know'd well Paul never opened it. Ain't he grumblin' about bein' cold all the time?

SCOTTY. The mon that opened it meant no good to this ship, whoever he was.

JACK [sourly]. What porthole? What're yuh talkin' about?

DAVIS [pointing over PAUL's bunk]. There. It was open when I come in. I felt the cold air on my neck an' shut it. It would'a been clear's a light-house to any sub that was watchin'—an' we s'posed to have all the ports blinded! Who'd do a dirty trick like that? It wasn't none of us, nor Scotty here, nor Swanson, nor Ivan. Who would it be, then?

COCKY [angrily]. Must'a been 'is bloody Lordship.

DAVIS. For all's we know he might'a been signalin' with it. They does it like that by winkin' a light. Ain't you read how they gets caught doin' it in London an' on the coast?

COCKY [firmly convinced now]. An wots 'e doin' aht along on the 'atch¹—keepin' 'isself clear of us like 'e was afraid?

DRISCOLL. Kape your eye on him, Scotty.

SCOTTY. There's no a move oot o' him.

¹ 'atch: hatch; cover over opening into hold.

JACK [*in irritated perplexity*]. But hell, ain't he an Englishman? What'd he wanta—

DAVIS. English? How d'we know he's English? Cos he talks it? That ain't no proof. Ain't you read in the papers how all them German spies they been catchin' in England has been livin' there for ten, often as not twenty, years, an' talks English as good's anyone? An' look here, ain't you noticed he don't talk natural? He talks it too damn good, that's what I mean. He don't talk exactly like a toff, does he, Cocky?

COCKY. Not like any toff as I ever met up wiv.

DAVIS. No; an' he don't talk it like us, that's certain. An' he don't look English. An' what d'we know about him when you come to look at it? Nothin'! He ain't ever said where he comes from or why. All we knows is he ships on here in London 'bout a year b'fore the war starts, as an A. B.¹—stole his paper most lik'ly—when he don't know how to box the compass, hardly. Ain't that queer in itself? An' was he ever open with us like a good shipmate? No; he's always had that sly air about him 's if he was hidin' somethin'.

DRISCOLL [*slapping his thigh—angrily*]. Divil take me if I don't think ye have the truth av ut, Davis.

COCKY [*scornfully*]. Lettin' on be 'is silly airs, and all, 'e's the son of a blarsted earl or sumethink!

DAVIS. An' the name he calls hisself—Smith! I'd risk a quid² of my next pay day that his real name is Schmidt, if the truth was known.

JACK [*evidently fighting against his own conviction*]. Aw, say, you guys give me a pain! What'd they want puttin' a spy on this old tub for?

DAVIS [*shaking his head sagely*]. They're deep ones, an' there's a lot o' things a sailor'll see in the ports he puts in ought to be useful to 'em. An' if he kin signal to 'em an' they blows us up it's one ship less, ain't it? [*Lowers his voice and indicates SMITTY's bunk.*] Or if he blows us up hisself.

SCOTTY [*in alarmed tones*]. Hush, mon! Here he comes!

[SCOTTY hurries over to a bench and sits down. A thick silence settles over the forecandle. The men look from one to another with uneasy glances. SMITTY enters and sits down beside his bunk. He is seemingly unaware of the dark glances of suspicion directed at him from all sides. He slides his hand back stealthily over his mattress and his fingers move, evidently feeling to make sure the box is still there. The others follow this movement carefully with quick looks out of the corners of their eyes. Their attitudes grow tense as if they were about to spring at him. Satisfied the box is safe, SMITTY draws his hand away slowly and utters a sigh of relief]

SMITTY [*in a casual tone which to them sounds sinister*]. It's a good light night for the subs if there's any about.

[For a moment he sits staring in front of him. Finally he seems to sense the hostile atmosphere of the forecandle and looks from one to the other of the men in surprise. All of them avoid his eyes. He sighs with a puzzled expression and gets up and walks out of the doorway. There is silence for a moment after his departure and then a storm of excited talk.]

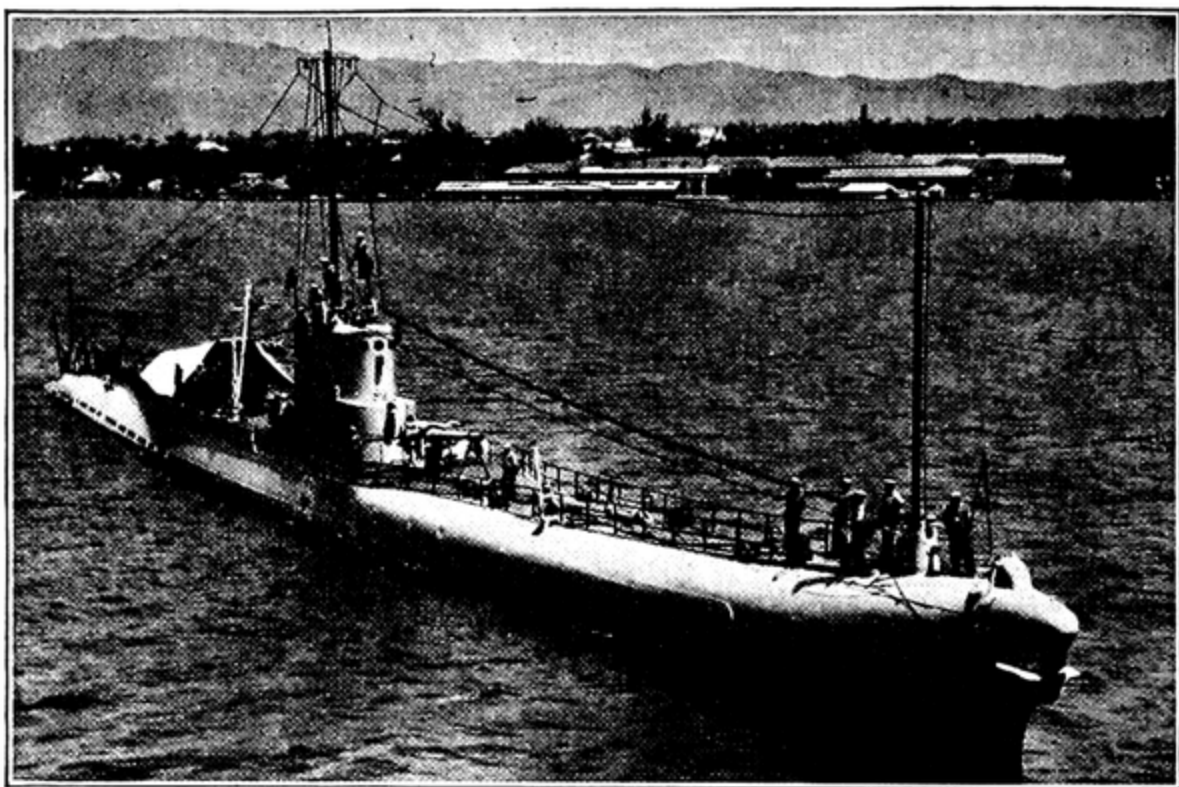
DAVIS. Did you see him feelin' if it was there?

COCKY. 'e ain't arf a sly one wiv 'is talk of submarines, Gawd blink 'im!

SCOTTY. Did you see the sneakin' looks he gave us?

DRISCOLL. If ivir I saw black shame on a man's face 'twas on his whin he sat there!

¹ A.B.: able-bodied seaman.
² quid: slang for pound.



A SUBMARINE

JACK [*thoroughly convinced at last*]. He looked bad to me. He's a crook, aw right.

DAVIS [*excitedly*]. What'll we do? We gotter do somethin' quick or—
[*He is interrupted by the sound of something hitting against the port side of the forecastle with a dull, heavy thud. The men start to their feet in wild-eyed terror and turn as if they were going to rush for the deck. They stand that way for a strained moment, scarcely breathing and listening intently.*]

JACK [*with a sickly smile*]. Hell! It's on'y a piece of driftwood or a floatin' log. [*He sits down again.*]

DAVIS [*sarcastically*]. Or a mine that didn't go off—that time—or a piece o' wreckage from some ship they've sent to Davy Jones.¹

COCKY [*mopping his brow with a trembling hand*]. Blimey! [*He sinks back weakly on a bench.*]

DRISCOLL [*furiously*]. God blarst

ut! No man at all, oud be puttin' up wid the loike av this—an' I'm not wan to be fearin' anything or any man in the worrld'll stand up to me face to face; but this devil's trickery in the darrk—
[*He starts for SMITTY's bunk.*] I'll throw ut out wan av the porthole an' be done wid ut. [*He reaches toward the mattress.*]

SCOTTY [*grabbing his arm—wildly*]. Arre ye daft, mon?

DAVIS. Don't monkey with it, Drisc. I knows what to do. Bring the bucket o' water here, Jack, will you? [JACK gets it and brings it over to DAVIS.] An' you, Scotty, see if he's back on the hatch.

SCOTTY [*cautiously peering out*]. Aye, he's sittin' there the noo.

DAVIS. Sing out if he makes a move. Lift up the mattress, Drisc—careful now! [DRISCOLL does so with infinite caution]. Take it out, Jack—careful—don't shake it now, for Christ's sake! Here—put it in the water—easy! There, that's fixed it!

¹ Davy Jones: a nautical expression meaning bottom of the sea.

[*They all sit down with great sighs of relief.*] The water'll git in and spoil it.

DRISCOLL [*slapping DAVIS on the back*]. Good wurrk for ye, Davis, ye scut! [*He spits on his hands aggressively.*] An' now what's to be done wid that black-hearted thraitor?

COCKY [*belligerently*]. Guv 'im a shove in the marf and 'eave 'im over the side!

DAVIS. An' serve him right!

JACK. Aw, say, give him a chance. Yuh can't prove nothin' till yuh find out what's in there.

DRISCOLL [*heatedly*]. Is ut more proof ye'd be needin' afther what we've seen an' heard? Then listen to me—an' ut's Driscoll talkin'—if there's divilmint in that box an' we see plain 'twas his plan to murrdher his own shipmates that have served him fair—[*he raises his fist.*] I'll choke his rotten heart out wid me own hands, an' over the side wid him, and one man missin' in the mornin'.

DAVIS. An' no one the wiser. He's the balmy kind what commits suicide.

COCKY. They 'angs spies ashore.

JACK [*resentfully*]. If he's done what yuh think I'll croak¹ him myself. Is that good enough for yuh?

DRISCOLL [*looking down at the box*]. How'll we be openin' this, I wonder?

SCOTTY [*from the doorway—warningly*]. He's standin' up.

DAVIS. We'll take his keys away from him when he comes in. Quick, Drisc! You an' Jack get beside the door and grab him. [*They get on either side of the door. DAVIS snatches a small coil of rope from one of the upper bunks.*] This'll do for me an' Scotty to tie him.

SCOTTY. He's turrnin' this way—he's comin'! [*He moves away from door.*]

DAVIS. Stand by to lend a hand. Cocky.

COCKY. Righto.

[*As SMITTY enters the forecandle he is seized roughly from both sides and his arms pinned behind him. At first he struggles fiercely, but seeing the uselessness of this, he finally stands calmly and allows DAVIS and SCOTTY to tie up his arms.*]

SMITTY [*when they have finished—with cold contempt*]. If this is your idea of a joke I'll have to confess it's a bit too thick for me to enjoy.

COCKY [*angrily*]. Shut yer marf, 'ear!

DRISCOLL [*roughly*]. Ye'll find ut's no joke, me bucko, b'fore we're done wid you. [*To SCOTTY*] Kape your eye peeled, Scotty, and sing out if anyone's comin'. [*SCOTTY resumes his post at the door.*]

SMITTY [*with the same icy contempt*]. If you'd be good enough to explain—

DRISCOLL [*furiously*]. Explain, is ut? 'Tis you'll do the explainin'—an' damn quick, or we'll know the reason why. [*To JACK and DAVIS*] Bring him here, now. [*They push SMITTY over to the bucket.*] Look here, ye murrdherin' swab. D'you see ut? [*SMITTY looks down with an expression of amazement which rapidly changes to one of anguish.*]

DAVIS [*with a sneer*]. Look at him! S'prised, ain't you? If you wants to try your dirty spyin' tricks on us you've gotter git up earlier in the mornin'.

COCKY. Thorght yer weren't 'arf a fox, didn't yer?

SMITTY [*trying to restrain his growing rage*]. What—what do you mean? That's only—How dare—What are you doing with my private belongings?

COCKY [*sarcastically*]. Ho yus! Private b'longings!

DRISCOLL [*shouting*]. What is ut, ye swine? Will you tell us to our faces? What's in ut?

SMITTY [*biting his lips—holding himself in check with a great effort*]. Nothing

¹ croak: kill.

but—That's my business. You'll please attend to your own.

DRISCOLL. Oho, ut is, is ut? [*Shaking his fist in SMITTY's face*] Talk aisy now if ye know what's best for you. Your business. Your business, indade! Then we'll be makin' ut ours, I'm thinkin'. [*To JACK and DAVIS*] Take his keys away from him an' we'll see if there's one'll open ut, maybe. [*They start in searching SMITTY, who tries to resist and kicks out at the bucket.*]

DRISCOLL [*leaps forward and helps them push him away*]. Try to kick ut over, wud ye? Did ye see him then? Tryin' to murrder us all, the scut! Take that pail out av his way, COCKY. [*SMITTY struggles with all of his strength and keeps them busy for a few seconds. As COCKY grabs the pail SMITTY makes a final effort and, lunging forward, kicks again at the bucket but only succeeds in hitting COCKY on the shin. COCKY immediately sets down the pail with a bang and, clutching his knee in both hands, starts hopping around the forecastle, groaning and swearing.*]

COCKY. Ooow! Gawd strike me pink! Kicked me, 'e did! Bloody, bleedin', rotten Dutch! 'og! [*Approaching SMITTY, who has given up the fight and is pushed back against the wall near the doorway with JACK and DAVIS holding him on either side—wrathfully at the top of his lungs*] Kick me, will yer? I'll show yer what for, yer bleedin' sneak! [*He draws back his fist. DRISCOLL pushes him to one side.*]

DRISCOLL. Shut your mouth! D'you want to wake the whole ship?

JACK [*taking a small bunch of keys from SMITTY's pocket*]. Here yuh are, Drisc.

DRISCOLL [*taking them*]. We'll soon be knowin'.

[*He takes the pail and sits down, placing it on the floor between his feet.*]

SMITTY again tries to break loose, but

he is too tired and is easily held back against the wall.]

SMITTY [*breathing heavily and very pale*]. Cowards!

JACK [*with a growl*]. Nix on the rough talk, see! That don't git yuh nothin'.

DRISCOLL [*looking at the lock on the box in the water and then scrutinizing the keys in his hand*]. This'll be ut, I'm thinkin'. [*He selects one and gingerly reaches his hand in the water.*]

SMITTY [*his face grown livid—chokingly*]. Don't you open that box, Driscoll. If you do, so help me God, I'll kill you if I hang for it.

DRISCOLL [*pausing—his hand in the water*]. Whin I open this box I'll not be the wan to be kilt, me sonny bye! I'm no dirty spy.

SMITTY [*his voice trembling with rage. His eyes are fixed on DRISCOLL's hand*]. Spy? What are you talking about? I only put that box there so I could get it quick in case we were torpedoed. Are you all mad? Do you think I'm—[*Chokingly*] You stupid curs! You cowardly dolts! [*DAVIS claps his hand over SMITTY's mouth.*]

DAVIS. That'll be enough from you! [*DRISCOLL takes the dripping box from the water and starts to fit in the key. SMITTY springs forward furiously, almost escaping from their grasps, and drags them after him half-way across the forecastle.*]

DRISCOLL. Hold him, ye divils! [*He puts the box back in the water and jumps to their aid. COCKY hovers on the outskirts of the battle, mindful of the kick he received.*]

SMITTY [*raging*]. Cowards! Damn you! Rotten Curs! [*He is thrown to the floor and held there.*] Cowards! Cowards!

DRISCOLL. I'll shut your dirty mouth for you. [*He goes to his bunk and pulls out a big wad of waste and comes back to SMITTY*]

SMITTY. Cowards! Cowards!

DRISCOLL [*with no gentle hand slaps the waste over SMITTY's mouth*]. That'll teach you to be misnamin' a man, ye sneak. Have ye a handkerchief, Jack? [*Jack hands him one and he ties it tightly around SMITTY's head over the waste.*] That'll fix your gab. Stand him up, now, and tie his feet, too, so he'll not be moving'. [*They do so and leave him with his back against the wall near SCOTTY. Then they all sit down beside DRISCOLL, who again lifts the box out of the water and sets it carefully on his knees. He picks out the key, then hesitates, looking from one to the other uncertainly.*] We'd best be takin' this to the skipper, d'you think, maybe?

JACK [*irritably*], To hell with the Old Man. This is our game and we c'n play it without no help.

COCKY. No bleedin' horficers,¹ I says!

DAVIS. They'd only be takin' all the credit and makin' heroes of themselves.

DRISCOLL [*boldly*]. Here goes, thin! [*He slowly turns the key in the lock. The others instinctively turn away. He carefully pushes the cover back on its hinges and looks at what he sees inside with an expression of puzzled astonishment. The others crowd up close. Even SCOTTY leaves his post to take a look.*] What is ut, Davis?

DAVIS [*mystified*]. Looks funny, don't it? Somethin' square tied up in a rubber bag. Maybe it's dynamite—or somethin'—you can't never tell.

JACK. Aw, it ain't got no works, so it ain't no bomb, I'll bet.

DAVIS [*dubiously*]. They makes them all kinds, they do.

JACK. Open it up, Drisc.

DAVIS. Careful now!

[DRISCOLL takes a black rubber bag resembling a large tobacco pouch from the box and unties the string which is wound tightly around the top. He

opens it and takes out a small packet of letters also tied up with string. He turns these over in his hands and looks at the others questioningly.]

JACK [*with a broad grin*]. On'y letters! [*Slapping DAVIS on the back*] Yuh're a hell of a Sherlock Holmes, ain't yuh? Letters from his best girl too, I'll bet. Let's turn the Duke loose, what d'yuh say? [*Starts to get up.*]

DAVIS [*fixing him with a withering look*]. Don't be so damn smart, Jack. Letters, you says, 's if there never was no harm in'em. How d'you s'pose spies gets their orders and sends back what they finds out if it aint' by letters and such things? There's many a letter is worser'n any bomb.

COCKY. Righto! They ain't as innercent as they looks, I'll take me oath, when you read 'em. [*Pointing at SMITTY*] Not 'is Lordship's letters;

JACK [*sitting down again*]. Well, read 'em and find out. [DRISCOLL commences untying the packet. There is a muffled groan of rage and protest from SMITTY.]

DAVIS [*triumphantly*]. There! Listen to him! Look at him tryin' to git loose! Ain't that proof enough? He knows well we're findin' him out. Listen to me! Love letters, you says, Jack, 's if they couldn't harm nothin'. Listen! I was readin' in some magazine in New York on'y two weeks back how some German spy in Paris was writin' love letters to some woman spy in Switzerland who sent 'em on to Berlin, Germany. To read 'em you wouldn't s'pect nothin'—just mush and all. [*Impressively*] But they had a way o' doin' it—a damn sneakin' way. They had a piece o' plain paper with pieces cut out of it an' when they puts it on top o' the letter they sees on'y the words what tells them what they wants to know. An' the French-

¹ horficers: officers.

ies gets beat in a fight all on account o' that letter.

COCKY [awed]. Gawd blimey! They ain't 'arf smart bleeders!

DAVIS [seeing his audience is again all with him]. An' even if these letters of his do sound all right they may have what they calls a code. You can't never tell. [To DRISCOLL, who has finished untying the packet] Read one of 'em, Drisc. My eyes is weak.

DRISCOLL [takes the first one out of its envelope and bends down to the lantern with it. He turns up the wick to give him a better light]. I'm no hand to be readin', but I'll try ut. [Again there is a muffled groan from SMITTY as he strains at his bonds.]

DAVIS [gloatingly]. Listen to him! He knows. Go ahead, Drisc!

DRISCOLL [his brow furrowed with concentration]. Ut begins: "Dearest Man"—(His eyes travel down the page) An' thin there's a lot av blarney tellin' him how much she misses him now she's gone away to singin' school—an' how she hopes he'll settle down to rale worrk an' not be skylarkin' around now that she's away loike he used to before she met up wid him—and ut ends: "I love you better than anythin' in the worrld. You know that, don't you, dear? But b'fore I can agree to live out my life wid you, you must prove to me that the black shadow—I won't menshun uts hateful name but you know what I mean—which might wreck both our lives, does not exist for you. You can do that, can't you dear? Don't you see you must for my sake?" [He pauses for a moment—then adds gruffly.] Ut's signed: "Edith."

[At the sound of the name SMITTY, who has stood tensely with his eyes shut as if he were undergoing torture during the reading, makes a muffled sound like a sob and half turns his face to the wall.]

JACK [sympathetically]. Hell! What's the use of readin' that stuff even if——

DAVIS [interrupting him sharply]. Wait! What's that letter from, Drisc?

DRISCOLL. There's no address on the top av ut.

DAVIS [meaningly]. What'd I tell you? Look at the postmark, Drisc—on the envelope.

DRISCOLL. The name written is Sidney Davidson, wan hundred an'——

DAVIS. Never mind that. O' course it's a false name. Look at the postmark.

DRISCOLL. There's a furrin' stamp on ut by the looks av ut. The mark's blurred so it's hard to read. [He spells it out laboriously.] B-e-r—the nixt is an l, I think—i—an' an n.

DAVIS [excitedly]. Berlin! What did I tell you? I knew them letters was from Germany.

COCKY [shaking his fist in SMITTY's direction]. Rotten 'ound! [The others look at SMITTY as if this last fact had utterly condemned him in their eyes.]

DAVIS. Give me the letter, Drisc. Maybe I kin make somethin' out of it [DRISCOLL hands the letter to him.] You go through the others, Drisc, and sing out if you see anythin' queer.

[He bends over the first letter as if he were determined to figure out its secret meaning. JACK, COCKY, and SCOTTY look over his shoulder with eager curiosity. DRISCOLL takes out some of the other letters, running his eyes quickly down the pages. He looks curiously over at SMITTY from time to time, and sighs frequently with a puzzled frown.]

DAVIS [disappointingly]. I gotter give it up. It's too deep for me, but we'll turn 'em over to the perlice when we docks at Liverpool to look through. This one I got was written a year before the war started anyway. Find anythin' in yours, Drisc?

DRISCOLL. They're all the same at first—lovin' blarney, an' how her singin' is doin', and the great things the Dutch teacher says about her voice an' how glad she is that her Sidney bye is worrkin' harrd an' makin' a man av himself for her sake. [SMITTY turns his face completely to the wall.]

DAVIS [disgustedly]. If we on'y had the code!

DRISCOLL [taking up the bottom letter]. Hullo! Here's wan addressed to this ship—"S. S. Glencairn," ut says—whin we was in Cape Town sivin months ago—[Looking at the postmark] Ut's from London.

DAVIS [eagerly]. Read it. [There is another choking groan from SMITTY.]

DRISCOLL [reads slowly—his voice becomes lower and lower as he goes on]. Ut begins wid simply the name Sidney Davidson—no dearest or sweetheart to this wan. "Ut is only from your chance meetin' with Harry—whin you were drunk—that I happen to know where to reach you. So you have run away to sea loike the coward you are because you knew I found out the truth—the truth you have covered over with your mean little lies all the time I was in Berlin and blindly trusted you. Very well, you have chosen. You have shown that your drunkenness means more to you than any love or faith av mine. I am sorry—for I loved you, Sidney Davidson—but this is the end. I lave you—the mem'ries; an' if ut is any satisfaction to you I lave you the real-i-zation that you have wrecked my loife as you have wrecked your own. My one remainin' hope is that nivir in God's worrld will I ivir see your face again. Good-by. Edith."

[As he finishes there is a deep silence, broken only by SMITTY's muffled sobbing. The men cannot look at each other. DRISCOLL holds the rubber bag limply in his hand and

some small white object falls out of it and drops noiselessly on the floor. Mechanically DRISCOLL leans over and picks it up, and looks at it wonderingly.]

DAVIS [in a dull voice]. What's that?

DRISCOLL [slowly]. A bit av a dried-up flower—a rose, maybe.

[He drops it into the bag and gathers up the letters and puts them back. He replaces the bag in the box, and locks it and puts it back under SMITTY's mattress. The others follow him with their eyes. He steps softly over to SMITTY and cuts the ropes about his arms and ankles with his sheath-knife, and unties the handkerchief over the gag. SMITTY does not turn around but covers his face with his hands and leans his head against the wall. His shoulders continue to heave spasmodically but he makes no further sound.]

DRISCOLL [stalks back to the others—there is a moment of silence, in which each man is in agony with the hopelessness of finding a word he can say—then DRISCOLL explodes]. God stiffen us, are we never goin' to turn in fur a wink av sleep?

[They all start as if awakening from a bad dream and gratefully crawl into their bunks, shoes and all, turning their faces to the wall, and pulling their blankets up over their shoulders. SCOTTY tiptoes past SMITTY out into the darkness. . . . DRISCOLL turns down the light and crawls into his bunk as the curtain falls.]

PONDERING OVER THE PLAY

1. The author of the foregoing play, Eugene O'Neill, took many sea voyages to different parts of the world. He even had real experiences working on ships. How does the play reveal that he really knew the people about whom he wrote?

2. The selection is a one-act play. What is the difference between a one-act play and the usual kind of play? What is an act? a scene?

3. What is the plot of the play? Were the seamen governed by reason or emotion? What general truth may be derived from the play? Why do you suppose the author called the play "In the Zone"?

4. Write the story of the play in the form of a short story. After all, as you know, there is very little difference between a one-act play and a short story, except the form.

POSTVIEW OF THE UNIT

You have just finished reading a number of selections which were chosen because of their strong appeal to reason or emotion. After all, these are the only appeals that may be made. When you analyze human nature, you find that it is built entirely around the intellect and the emotions. For this reason all speakers and writers seek to appeal to one or both of these two larger divisions of man's nature. Let us see how true this was in the selection you just read.

First, you doubtless noticed that some of the selections appealed largely to your ability to reason. Emerson's essay "Self-Reliance," for instance, told you that you should rely upon yourself, your own judgment, if you are to attain real happiness. There certainly was little except an appeal to reasoning in this scholarly production.

Second, you found other selections that appealed especially to your emotions. The poem "Home, Sweet Home" appealed to your sentiment and played upon your feelings by helping you recall many of the things that you hold dear about your own home. The effect was produced not alone by the words but by the rhythm and sound of the words. The play "In the Zone," too, appealed largely to your emotions. You were influenced by the story in which emotions affected the reactions of one character to another. Perhaps you noted again, as you read the unit, that all types of literature may be used in making an appeal to the emotions, but that of course some types are better than others.

Third, you found some selections that contained a mixture of appeal. Washington's "Farewell Address," although intended to appeal primarily to reason, turned very definitely in parts to an appeal to such emotions as patriotism and love of country. Again in "The Arrest of Captain Wharton," perhaps you felt keenly for Major Dunwoodie as he chose between duty and love. In making his decision he displayed real character, the triumph of reason over emotion. A weaker person, however, might have failed in the critical moment. Thus it takes both reason and emotion to bring about a proper balance in character.

CHECKING YOUR EXPERIENCES

I. The following sentences make statements about reason and emotions. Some of the statements are true and others are false. Copy each statement that is true and explain what is erroneous in each sentence that is false.

1. Major Dunwoodie was governed entirely by reason.
2. A writer who appeals to the emotions is taking an unfair advantage of the reader.

3. You can always tell whether an author is appealing to your reason or to your emotions.
4. Washington meant his "Farewell Address" as an appeal to reason.
5. Emerson's essay on "Self-Reliance" appeals to both reason and emotion.
6. "In the Zone" is a study of the effect on human behavior of an overwhelming emotion.

II. Copy each of the following sentences and complete it by using the word or phrase in parentheses which fits the sentence best.

1. The zone was in reference to (Arctic Zone, War Zone, Torrid Zone).
2. The sailors during their meal talked (incessantly, not at all, in whispers).
3. His bunk mates called Smitty (a hero, his Lordship, a fool).
4. Portholes were closed because of (severe storms, war times, error).
5. Home, Sweet Home! was written by (Ticknor, O'Neill, Payne, Emerson).
6. Little Giffen was a gallant (confederate, Northern, French) soldier.
7. (Hospital surgeon, nurse, Dr. Ticknor) said a Doctor, "can't help the dead."
8. George Washington (refused, was urged, was not wanted) to serve a third term as President.
9. Davis was (kind, cruel, considerate) in his treatment of Smitty.
10. The sailors thought the black box contained (letters, treasure, bomb).

III. The list below at the left includes the names of some of the characters in the stories of this unit. Copy the name of each character and write after it the adjective, or adjectives, from the list at the right which best describes him. You will find some adjectives in the list which you cannot use.

Frances	suspicious
Dunwoodie	aloof
Mr. Wharton	sincere
Captain Wharton	loyal
Caesar	innocent
George Washington	harsh
Giffen	aggressive
Smitty	timid
Davis	honest
Scotty	lovable
	heroic
	pompous

ENJOYING CREATIVE EXPERIENCES

1. With the help of other members of the class, select a scene from "The Arrest of Captain Wharton" which you think would be especially good to dramatize. Then choose appropriate characters for the various parts; commit the parts to memory, and actually produce the scene before the class or school.

2. Write a poem which is intended to appeal largely to the emotions and another which is intended to appeal largely to reason. Which is the more difficult to write? Next try the same thing, writing in the form of an essay.

Which is the more difficult in this case? Can you see, then, why poems usually appeal largely to emotions, while essays commonly appeal to reason?

3. Read the essay "The Crown of Wild Olive," by John Ruskin, and note whether you find any similarity of purpose to that of Emerson's "Self-Reliance." Discuss the two essays in class.

4. Compare Washington's "Farewell Address" with other speeches you have read in this book and elsewhere. Compare the appeal which the various speeches make to reason and emotion.

5. Select any type literature you wish as a form and write a composition in which you develop one of the following ideas:

Relation of a young person to his community

Relation of a young person to his home

Relation of a young person to his state or country.

ENJOYING FURTHER READING

In this unit you read selections that are especially strong in their appeal to reason or emotion. By reading selections of this kind, you learn how people react to various influences in life and perhaps how you yourself should react under similar conditions. Following is a list of selections from which you may choose for further reading.

Arrowsmith. By SINCLAIR LEWIS.

The story of a doctor who has a great love for research but is held back by the necessity of earning a living.

Ballad of Soulful Man. By ROBERT W. SERVICE.

A ballad describing life at the battle front.

Children of Swamp and Wood. By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE.

An essay which pleads for better protection and conservation of wild life.

Essays. By WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Collection of essays on life in the early nineteenth century.

Essays. By HOWARD M. JONES.

Collection of essays dealing with general education in the twentieth century.

Fair Barbarian. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

The story of an unconventional American girl who visits a village in England.

Laughing Muse. By ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

Verses of humor—parodies on contemporary poetry and other nonsense.

Lost: The Gentle Reader. By PHILIP CURTIS.

An essay lamenting the fact that writings dealing with the sentimental things in life are no longer wanted by publishers.

One of Ours. By WILLA CATHER.

The story of life in the wheat fields of Nebraska and on the Western Front in France.

Take It Easy. By WALTER B. PITKIN.

An essay on tricks and various means of relaxation.

Winter Sunshine. By JOHN BURROUGHS.

Four essays on nature written after the author had been to England.



UNIT
NINE

KEEPING
AN OPEN MIND

KEEPING AN OPEN MIND

Prejudices often play havoc in life. It seems to be easy to acquire prejudices of one kind or another. Perhaps you dislike a person without any very good reason. He may display all the good qualities possible, and yet you maintain your dislike. Again, you may take sides on a political question without a single argument to substantiate your position. The opposing side may have everything in its favor, but your prejudice keeps you from admitting the good.

Open-mindedness is one of the greatest virtues in life. It helps you to be fair on any question that may arise. Do you know, however, just what open-mindedness is? It means the practice of thinking everything through, weighing the arguments on both sides of a question before deciding upon a course of action. It usually means giving reason sway over sentiment. Most prejudices come from sentiment, but reason tends to dispel them or to break them down. In fact, one of the greatest purposes of education is to teach you to be open-minded—always to weigh evidence before reaching a decision.

It is not easy, of course, to be open-minded. Your attitude on various questions usually comes from a combination of thought and sentiment, but the effect of sentiment is usually the stronger. For example, your feelings may cause you to react against a rule or policy that is good for the school. In other words, you tend to react according to like and dislike without the application of thought. Reason, however, leads you to think the matter over carefully, see the good in it, and change your point of view. Often, perhaps, you are influenced by what others say. It is proper, of course, to listen to others, but they should not do your thinking for you. Imagine, for instance, the folly of deciding that you are not going to like a person before you have ever seen him just because someone else does not like him. Imagine the folly of deciding you are going to vote on a certain side of a question merely because someone else is going to vote on the same side.

This unit is made up of selections to show you the value of open-mindedness. As you read each one, think of the general type of open-mindedness the author has sought to reveal. Most of the selections are of a serious nature because keeping an open mind is a great responsibility. Use the selections, if possible, as a means of measuring your own open-mindedness. After all, the sole purpose of the unit is to help you see the value in thinking every question through and rising above the minor prejudices of everyday life.



From painting by J. F. Millet

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

By EDWIN MARKHAM

A famous painting of a French peasant leaning on his hoe and looking hopelessly at the ground inspired the author to write the following poem. Note how he expresses deep sympathy for all who are downtrodden and seem to have little opportunity in the world.

Bowed by the weight of centuries¹ he
 leans
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
 The emptiness of ages in his face,
 And on his back the burden of the
 world.
 Who made him dead to rapture and
 despair,

¹ Bowed by the weight of centuries: his back bent by the centuries of toil performed by himself and his ancestors.

A thing that grieves not and that
 never hopes,
 Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
 Who loosened and let down this brutal
 jaw?
 Whose was the hand that slanted back
 this brow?
 Whose breath blew out the light within
 this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made
 and gave
 To have dominion over sea and land;
 To trace the stars and search the
 heavens for power;
 To feel the passion of Eternity?
 Is this the dream He dreamed who
 shaped the suns
 And markt their ways upon the
 ancient deep?

Down all the caverns of Hell to their
last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than
this—
More tongued with cries against the
world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for
the soul—
More packt with danger to the uni-
verse.

What gulfs between him and the
seraphim!¹
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to
him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?²
What the long reaches of the peaks of
song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the
rose?
Thru this dread shape the suffering
ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Thru this dread shape humanity
betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Powers that made
the world,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and
soul-quencht?
How will you ever straighten up this
shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the
light;
Rebuild in it the music and the
dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,³
Perfidious⁴ wrongs, immedicable⁵ woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this
Man?
How answer his brute question in that
hour

¹ *seraphim* (sēr'ā-fīm): angels.

² *Pleiades* (plē'yā-dēz): a constellation.

³ *infamies* (in'fā-mīz): deep wrongs.

⁴ *perfidious* (pēr-fīd'ī-ūs): deceitful.

⁵ *immedicable* (im-mēd'ī-kā-b'l): not to be cured
with medicine.

When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all
shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with
kings—
With those who shaped him to the
thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to
judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

PONDERING OVER THE POEM

1. As a young man, Markham worked at farming, blacksmithing, and herding cattle. How does this experience help to explain his deep sympathy for the tiller of the soil?

2. Is the foregoing selection a lyric, dramatic, or narrative poem? How can you tell?

3. Markham perhaps is better known for this poem than for any other he has written. Why do you suppose the poem has become so popular? Is it because of the sentiment expressed or the beauty of the language? How does it suggest the need for keeping an open mind?

4. Write a poem of your own in which you express your attitude toward the lowly worker who knows little of the pleasures of life.

SILENCE*

By HENRY ADAMS

Henry Adams always felt that his formal education was defective. He was unusually well trained, attending some of the best colleges and universities in America and Europe. Nevertheless, he never was satisfied and looked upon education as a life-long process. Some of his ideas on the subject are expressed in the following selection.

The convulsion of 1893⁶ left its victims in dead-water, and closed much education. While the country braced itself up to an effort such as no one had thought within its powers, the individual crawled as he best could,

*From *The Education of Henry Adams*.

⁶ *convulsion* of 1893: There was in 1893 a depression, much like the one that began in 1929.

through the wreck, and found many values of life upset. But for connecting the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, the four years, 1893 to 1897, had no value in the drama of education, and might be left out. Much that had made life pleasant between 1870 and 1890 perished in the ruin, and among the earliest wreckage had been the fortunes of Clarence King. The lesson taught whatever the bystander chose to read in it; but to Adams it seemed singularly full of moral, if he could but understand it. In 1871 he had thought King's education ideal, and his personal fitness unrivalled. No other young American approached him for the combination of chances—physical energy, social standing, mental scope and training, wit, geniality, and science, that seemed superlatively American and irresistibly strong.

His nearest rival was Alexander Agassiz,¹ and, as far as any of their friends knew, no one else could be classed with them in the running. The result of twenty years' effort proved that the theory of scientific education failed where most theory fails—for want of money. Even Henry Adams, who kept himself, as he thought, quite outside of every possible financial risk, had been caught in the cogs, and held for months over the gulf of bankruptcy, saved only by the chance that the whole class of millionaires were more or less bankrupt too, and the banks were forced to let the mice escape with the rats; but, in sum, education without capital could always be taken by the throat and forced to disgorge its gains, nor was it helped by the knowledge that no one intended it, but that all alike suffered. Whether voluntary or mechanical the result for education was the same. The

failure of the scientific scheme, without money to back it, was flagrant.²

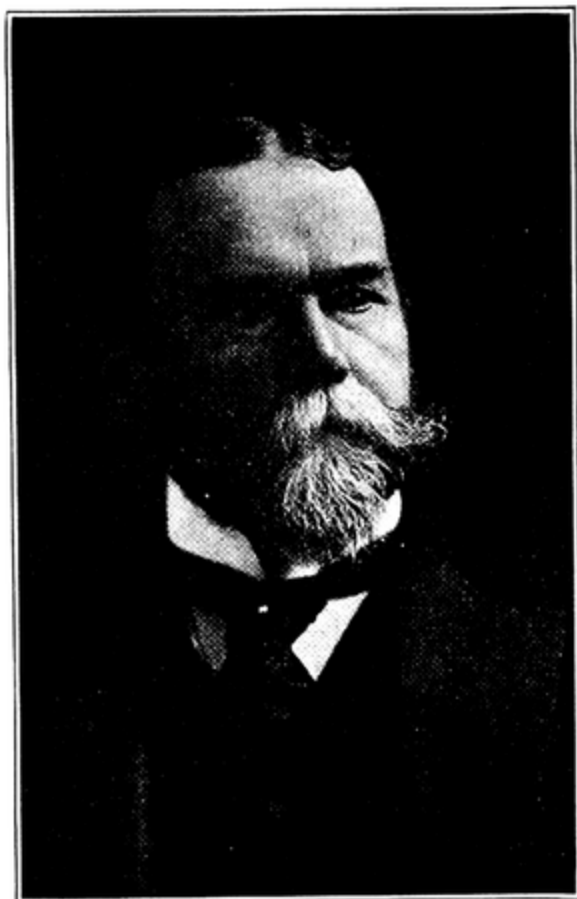
The scientific scheme in theory was alone sound, for science should be equivalent to money; in practice science was helpless without money. The weak holder was, in his own language, sure to be frozen out. Education must fit the complex conditions of a new society, always accelerating its movement, and its fitness could be known only from success. One looked about for examples of success among the educated of one's time—the men born in the thirties, and trained to professions. Within one's immediate acquaintance, three were typical: John Hay, White-law Reid, and William C. Whitney; all of whom owed their free hand to marriage, education serving only for ornament, but among whom, in 1893, William C. Whitney was far and away the most popular type.

Newspapers might prate³ about wealth till commonplace print was exhausted, but as matter of habit, few Americans envied the very rich for anything the most of them got out of money. New York might occasionally fear them, but more often laughed or sneered at them, and never showed them respect. Scarcely one of the very rich men held any position in society by virtue of his wealth, or could have been elected to an office, or even into a good club. Setting aside the few, like Pierpont Morgan, whose social position had little to do with greater or less wealth, riches were in New York no object of envy on account of the joys they brought in their train, and Whitney was not even one of the very rich; yet in his case the envy was palpable. There was reason for it. Already in 1893 Whitney had finished with politics after having

¹ Alexander Agassiz (ăg'ă-sê): naturalist, son of a still more famous naturalist.

² flagrant (flă'grănt): self-evident.

³ prate: babble.



JOHN HAY

gratified every ambition, and swung the country almost at his will; he had thrown away the usual objects of political ambition like the ashes of smoked cigarettes; had turned to other amusements, satiated every taste, gorged every appetite, won every object that New York afforded, and, not yet satisfied, had carried his field of activity abroad, until New York no longer knew what most to envy, his horses or his houses. He had succeeded precisely where Clarence King had failed.

Barely forty years had passed since all these men had started in a bunch to race for power, and the results were fixed beyond reversal; but one knew no better in 1894 than in 1854 what an American education ought to be in order to count as success. Even granting that it counted as money, its value could not be called general.

America contained scores of men worth five millions or upwards, whose lives were no more worth living than those of their cooks, and to whom the task of making money equivalent to education offered more difficulties than to Adams the task of making education equivalent to money. Social position seemed to have value still, while education counted for nothing. A mathematician, linguist, chemist, electrician, engineer, if fortunate, might average a value of ten dollars a day in the open market. An administrator, organizer, manager, with mediaeval qualities of energy and will, but no education beyond his special branch, would probably be worth ten times as much.

Society had failed to discover what sort of education suited it best. Wealth valued social position and classical education as highly as either of these valued wealth, and the women still tended to keep the scales even. For anything Adams could see he was himself as contented as though he had been educated; while Clarence King, whose education was exactly suited to theory, had failed; and Whitney, who was not better educated than Adams, had achieved phenomenal success.

Had Adams in 1894 been starting in life as he did in 1854, he must have repeated that all he asked of education was the facile¹ use of the four old tools: Mathematics, French, German, and Spanish. With these he could still make his way to any object within his vision, and would have a decisive advantage over nine rivals in ten. Statesman or lawyer, chemist or electrician, priest or professor, native or foreign, he would fear none.

King's breakdown, physical as well as financial, brought the indirect gain to Adams that, on recovering strength, King induced him to go to Cuba,

¹ *facile* (fă'sil): easy.

where, in January, 1894, they drifted into the little town of Santiago.¹ The picturesque Cuban society, which King knew well, was more amusing than any other that one had yet discovered in the whole broad world, but made no profession of teaching anything unless it were Cuban Spanish or the *danza*²; and neither on his own nor on King's account did the visitor ask any loftier study than that of the buzzards floating on the trade-wind down the valley to Dos Bocas,³ or the colors of sea and shore at sunrise from the height of the Gran Piedra,⁴ but, as though they were still twenty years old and revolution were as young as they, the decaying fabric, which had never been solid, fell on their heads and drew them with it into an ocean of mischief. In the half-century between 1850 and 1900, empires were always falling on one's head, and, of all lessons, these constant political convulsions taught least. Since the time of Rameses,⁵ revolutions have raised more doubts than they solved, but they have sometimes the merit of changing one's point of view, and the Cuban rebellion served to sever the last tie that attached Adams to a Democratic administration. He thought that President Cleveland could have settled the Cuban question, without war, had he chosen to do his duty, and this feeling, generally held by the Democratic Party, joined with the stress of economical needs and the gold standard to break into bits the old organization and to leave no choice between parties. The new American, whether consciously or not, had turned his back on the nineteenth century before he was done with it; the gold

standard,⁶ the protective system,⁷ and the laws of mass could have no other outcome, and, as so often before, the movement, once accelerated by attempting to impede it, had the additional, brutal consequence of crushing equally the good and the bad that stood in its way.

The lesson was old—so old that it became tedious. One had studied nothing else since childhood, and wearied of it. For yet another year Adams lingered on these outskirts of the vortex,⁸ among the picturesque, primitive types of world which had never been fairly involved in the general motion, and were the more amusing for their torpor. After passing the winter with King in the West Indies, he passed the summer with Hay in the Yellowstone, and found there little to study. The Geysers were an old story; the Snake River posed no vital statistics except in its fordings; even the Tetons⁹ were as calm as they were lovely; while the wapiti¹⁰ and bear, innocent of strikes and corners, laid no traps. In return the party treated them with affection. Never did a band less bloody or blood-thirsty wander over the roof of the continent. Hay loved as little as Adams did, the labor of skinning and butchering big game; he had even outgrown the sedate, middle-aged, meditative joy of duck-shooting, and found the trout of the Yellowstone too easy a prey. Hallet Phillips himself, who managed the party, loved to play Indian hunter without hunting so much as a fieldmouse; Iddings the geologist was reduced to shooting only for the table, and the guileless prattle of Billy Hofer alone taught the simple

¹ *Santiago* (sän-tê-ä'gô).

² *danza* (dän'zä): dance.

³ *Dos Bocas* (dôs bö'käs).

⁴ *Gran Piedra* (grän pyä'drá): a mountain in Cuba.

⁵ *Rameses* (räm'a-sēz): one of the kings of ancient Egypt.

⁶ *gold standard*: a monetary standard based on the fixed value of gold.

⁷ *protective system*: policy of having a protective tariff.

⁸ *vortex* (vôr'tëks): center of a whirlpool.

⁹ *Tetons* (tê'tônz): mountains in Wyoming.

¹⁰ *wapiti* (wôp'i-ti): elk.



FIRST AVENUE, SEATTLE, WHEN HENRY ADAMS VISITED THE CITY
ON HIS TRIP TO THE WEST

life. Compared with the Rockies of 1871, the sense of wildness vanished; one saw no possible adventures except to break one's neck as in chasing an aniseed fox.¹ Only the more intelligent ponies scented an occasional friendly and sociable bear.

When the party came out of the Yellowstone, Adams went on alone to Seattle and Vancouver to inspect the last American railway systems yet untried. They, too, offered little new learning, and no sooner had he finished this debauch of Northwestern geography than with desperate thirst for exhausting the American field, he set out for Mexico and the Gulf, making

¹ *aniseed* (än'i-sēd) *fox*: People who wish to hunt on horseback, but do not wish to hunt a live fox often use an aniseed fox. They send a man ahead to drag a bag of aniseed over the ground, and the dogs follow the scent just as they would follow the trail of a real fox.

a sweep of the Caribbean and clearing up, in these six or eight months, at least twenty thousand miles of American land and water.

He was beginning to think, when he got back to Washington in April, 1895, that he knew enough about the edges of life—tropical islands, mountain solitudes, archaic² law, and retrograde types.³ Infinitely more amusing and incomparably more picturesque than civilization, they educated only artists, and, as one's sixtieth year approached, the artist began to die; only a certain intense cerebral⁴ restlessness survived which no longer responded to sensual⁵ stimulants; one was driven from beauty

² *archaic* (är-kā'ik): old-fashioned.

³ *retrograde* (rēt'rō-grād) *types*: types belonging to an earlier, backward period.

⁴ *cerebral* (sēr'e-brāl): in the brain.

⁵ *sensual* (sēn'shōō-āl): related to the senses.

to beauty as though art were a trotting-match. For this, one was in some degree prepared, for the old man had been a stage-type¹ since drama began; but one felt some perplexity to account for failure on the opposite or mechanical side, where nothing but cerebral action was needed.

Taking for granted that the alternative to art was arithmetic, he plunged deep into statistics, fancying that education would find the surest bottom there; and the study proved the easiest he had ever approached. Even the Government volunteered unlimited statistics, endless columns of figures, bottomless averages merely for the asking. At the Statistical Bureau, Worthington Ford supplied any material that curiosity could imagine for filling the gaps of ignorance, and methods for applying the plasters of fact. One seemed for a while to be winning ground, and one's averages projected themselves as laws into the future. Perhaps the most perplexing part of the study lay in the attitude of the statisticians,² who showed no enthusiastic confidence in their own figures. They should have reached certainty, but they talked like other men who knew less. The method did not result in faith. Indeed, every increase of mass—of volume and velocity—seemed to bring in new elements, and, at last, a scholar, fresh in arithmetic and ignorant of algebra, fell into a superstitious terror of complexity as the sink of facts. Nothing came out as it should. In principle, according to figures, any one could set up or pull down a society. One could frame no sort of satisfactory answer to the constructive doctrines of Adam

Smith,³ or to the destructive criticisms of Karl Marx⁴ or to the anarchistic imprecations of Elisée Reclus.⁵ One revelled at will in the ruin of every society in the past, and rejoiced in proving the prospective overthrow of every society that seemed possible in the future; but meanwhile these societies which violated every law, moral, arithmetical, and economical, not only propagated⁶ each other, but produced also fresh complexities with every propagation and developed mass with every complexity.

The human factor was worse still. Since the stupefying discovery of *Pteraspis*⁷ in 1867, nothing had so confused the student as the conduct of mankind in the *fin-de-siècle*.⁸ No one seemed very much concerned about this world or the future, unless it might be the anarchists, and they only because they disliked the present. Adams disliked the present as much as they did, and his interest in future society was becoming slight, yet he was kept alive by irritation at finding his life so thin and fruitless. Meanwhile he watched mankind march on, like a train of pack-horses on the Snake River, tumbling from one morass⁹ into another, and at short

¹ Adam Smith: a Scottish economist living in the eighteenth century. His theories were so sound that they are still the basis of much economic thought.

² Karl Marx: a German of the nineteenth century who founded Socialism as it exists today.

³ Elisée Reclus (ā-lē-sā' rē-klū'): French geographer.

⁴ propagated (prōp'ā-gāt'ēd): reproduced.

⁵ *Pteraspis* (tē-rās'pīs): a small fossil sea animal having a backbone and somewhat resembling a fish.

⁶ *fin-de-siècle* (fān-dē-syēk'lē): end of the century. The people of the late nineties used the term frequently and seemed to believe that a whole civilization and way of living was on the decline, along with the century. They were nearly right, for many changes began about this time. It was not the end of the century, however, that brought them about. Two immediate causes were the invention of the automobile and the death of Queen Victoria, who had set the fashions for more than a generation.

⁷ morass (mō-rās'): marsh.

¹ stage-type: type of character frequently seen on the stage. In the early theater certain types appeared in play after play, all characterized in much the same way and even costumed much the same.

² statisticians (stāt'is-tīsh'ānz): experts in preparing and using statistics.

intervals, for no reason but temper, falling to butchery, like Cain. Since 1850, massacres had become so common that society scarcely notice them unless they summed up hundreds of thousands, as in Armenia; wars had been almost continuous, and were beginning again in Cuba, threatening in South Africa, and possible in Manchuria; yet impartial judges thought them all not merely unnecessary, but foolish—induced by greed of the coarsest class, as though the Pharaohs or the Romans were still robbing their neighbors. The robbery might be natural and inevitable, but the murder seemed altogether archaic.

At one moment of perplexity to account for this trait of Pteraspis, or shark, which seemed to have survived every moral improvement of society, he took to study of the religious press. Possibly growth in human nature might show itself there. He found no need to speak unkindly of it; but, as an agent of motion, he preferred on the whole the vigor of the shark, with its chances of betterment; and he very gravely doubted, from his aching consciousness of religious void, whether any large fraction of society cared for a future life, or even for the present one, thirty years hence. Not an act, or an expression, or an image, showed depth of faith or hope.

The object of education, therefore, was changed. For many years it had lost itself in studying what the world had ceased to care for; if it were to begin again, it must try to find out what the mass of mankind did care for, and why. Religion, politics, statistics, travel had thus far led to nothing. Even the Chicago Fair¹ had only confused the roads. Accidental education could go no further, for one's mind was already littered and stuffed beyond

hope with the millions of chance images stored away without order in the memory. One might as well try to educate a gravel-pit. The task was futile, which disturbed a student less than the discovery that, in pursuing it, he was becoming himself ridiculous. Nothing is more tiresome than a superannuated² pedagogue.³

For the moment he was rescued, as often before, by a woman. Towards midsummer, 1895, Mrs. Cabot Lodge bade him follow her to Europe with the Senator and her two sons. The study of history is useful to the historian by teaching him his ignorance of women; and the mass of this ignorance crushes one who is familiar enough with what are called historical sources to realize how few women have ever been known. The woman who is known only through a man is known wrong, and excepting one or two like Mme. de Sévigné,⁴ no woman has pictured herself. The American woman of the nineteenth century will live only as the man saw her; probably she will be less known than the woman of the eighteenth; none of the female descendants of Abigail Adams can ever be nearly so familiar as her letters have made her; and all this is pure loss to history, for the American woman of the nineteenth century was much better company than the American man; she was probably much better company than her grandmothers. With Mrs. Lodge and her husband, Senator since 1893, Adams's relations had been those of elder brother or uncle since 1871 when Cabot Lodge had left his examination-papers on Assistant Professor Adams's desk, and crossed the street to Christ Church in Cambridge to get married. With Lodge himself,

² *superannuated* (sū'pēr-ān'ū-āt'ēd): out-of-date.

³ *pedagogue* (pēd'ā-gōg): school teacher.

⁴ *Mme. de Sévigné* (mā-dām' dē sā'vē-nyā'): a French woman of the seventeenth century who wrote many letters which have been published.

¹ *Chicago Fair*: the World's Columbian Exposition held in Chicago in 1893.

as scholar, fellow instructor, co-editor of the *North American Review*,¹ and political reformer from 1873 to 1878, he had worked intimately, but with him afterwards as politician he had not much relation; and since Lodge had suffered what Adams thought the misfortune of becoming not only a Senator but a Senator from Massachusetts—a singular social relation which Adams had known only as fatal to friends—a superstitious student, intimate with the laws of historical fatality, would rather have recognized him only as an enemy; but apart from this accident he valued Lodge highly, and in the waste places of average humanity had been greatly dependent on his house. Senators can never be approached with safety, but a Senator who has a very superior wife and several superior children who feel no deference for Senators as such, may be approached at times with relative impunity while they keep him under restraint.

Where Mrs. Lodge summoned, one followed with gratitude, and so it chanced that in August one found one's self for the first time at Caen,² Coutances,³ and Mont-Saint-Michel⁴ in Normandy. If history had a chapter with which he thought himself familiar, it was the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; yet so little has labor to do with knowledge that these bare playgrounds of the lecture system turned into green and verdurous virgin forests merely through the medium of younger eyes and fresher minds. His German bias must have given his youth a terrible twist, for the Lodges saw at a glance

what he had thought unessential because un-German. They breathed native air in the Normandy of 1200, a compliment which would have seemed to the Senator lacking in taste or even in sense when addressed to one of a class of men who passed life in trying to persuade themselves and the public that they breathed nothing less American than a blizzard; but this atmosphere, in the touch of a real emotion, betrayed the unconscious humor of the senatorial mind. In the thirteenth century, by an unusual chance, even a Senator became natural, simple, interested, cultivated, artistic, liberal—genial.

Through the Lodge eyes the old problem became new and personal; it threw off all association with the German lecture-room. One could not at first see what this novelty meant; it had the air of mere antiquarian⁵ emotion like Wenlock Abbey⁶ and Pteraspis; but it expelled archaic law and antiquarianism once for all, without seeming conscious of it; and Adams drifted back to Washington with a new sense of history. Again he wandered south, and in April returned to Mexico with the Camerons to study the charms of pulque⁷ and Churriguerresque architecture.⁸ In May he ran through Europe again with Hay, as far south as Ravenna.⁹ There came the end of the passage. After thus covering once more, in 1896, many thousand miles of the old trails, Adams went home in October, with every one else, to elect McKinley President and to start the world anew.

¹ *North American Review*: a periodical founded in 1815, established by the first editor through a desire "to emancipate America from undue subservience to England in literary matters."

² Caen (kān): a city of northern France.

³ Coutances (kōō'tāns'): a town in France.

⁴ Mont-Saint-Michel (mōn' sān' mē'shēl'): a large rock on the coast of France, with a medieval town and abbey on the top.

⁵ antiquarian (ăn'tī-kwār'ī-ăn): interested in the past for its own sake.

⁶ Wenlock (wēn'lōk) Abbey: at Wenlock, in England, founded in 1880. It is now a museum.

⁷ pulque (pōōl'kā): a Mexican drink made from the juice of the agave plant.

⁸ Churriguerresque (chūr'ī-gār'ēsk) architecture: architecture in the style of Churriguerra, a Spanish architect who lived about 1700.

⁹ Ravenna (rā-vēn'ā): a town of Italy.

PONDERING OVER THE ESSAY

1. For a time Henry Adams took an active part in life—teaching, writing, and helping his father in diplomatic duties abroad. Then, near the beginning of the present century, he decided to retire from active life. It was at this time that he wrote the selection you have just read. Why was it natural for him to write such a selection at this time?

2. What qualities of an essay did you note in the selection?

3. Did you notice that the author's style is especially scholarly? What are some of its scholarly qualities? Why did he write in the third person rather than in the first?

4. Compare his ideas of the necessities of education with your own ideas on the subject.

CRITICISM AND FICTION

By W. D. HOWELLS

Have you ever laughed at costumes of earlier days? You laughed because they seemed so strange. However, fashion is such a strong influence that we sometimes accept as beautiful things we have ridiculed in the past.

The question of a final criterion for the appreciation of art is one that perpetually recurs to those interested in any sort of aesthetic endeavor. Mr. John Addington Symonds, in a chapter of *The Renaissance in Italy* treating of the Bolognese school of painting,¹ which once had so great cry, and was vaunted the supreme exemplar² of the grand style, but which he now believes fallen into lasting contempt for its emptiness and soullessness, seeks to determine whether there can be an enduring criterion³ or not; and his conclusion is applicable to literature as to the other arts. "Our hope," he says, "with regard to the

¹ *Bolognese* (bō'lō-nyēz'): school of painting: A style of painting that originated in Bologna, Italy, in the fifteenth century.

² *exemplar* (ēg-zēm'plēr): pattern.

³ *criterion* (krī-tēr'ī-ōn): standard of excellence.

unity of taste in the future then is, that all sentimental or academical seekings after the ideal having been abandoned, momentary theories founded upon idiosyncratic⁴ or temporary partialities exploded, and nothing accepted but what is solid and positive, the scientific spirit shall make men progressively more and more conscious of these *bleibende Verhältnisse*,⁵ more and more capable of living in the whole; also, that in proportion as we gain a firmer hold upon our own place in the world, we shall come to comprehend with more instinctive certitude what is simple, natural, and honest, welcoming with gladness all artistic products that exhibit these qualities. The perception of the enlightened man will then be the task of a healthy person who has made himself acquainted with the laws of evolution in art and in society, and is able to test the excellence of work in any stage from immaturity to decadence⁶ by discerning what there is of truth, sincerity, and natural vigor in it."

That is to say, as I understand, that moods and tastes and fashions change; people fancy now this and now that: but what is unpretentious and what is true is always beautiful and good, and nothing else is so. This is not saying that fantastic and monstrous⁷ and artificial things do not please; everybody knows that they do please immensely for a time, and then, after the lapse of a much longer time, they have the charm of the rococo.⁸ Nothing is more curious than the charm that fashion has. Fashion in women's dress, almost every fashion, is some-

⁴ *idiosyncratic* (īd'ī-ō-sīn-krăt'īk): individual.

⁵ *bleibende Verhältnisse* (blī'bēn-dā fēr'hēlt'nīs-sē): lasting relationships.

⁶ *decadence* (dē-kā'dēns): decline, deterioration.

⁷ *monstrous* (mōn'strūs): unnatural.

⁸ *rococo* (rō-kō'kō): a style of decoration characterized by much external ornamentation, with many curved lines.

how delightful, else it would never have been the fashion; but if any one will look through a collection of old fashion plates, he must own that most fashions have been ugly. A few, which could be readily instanced,¹ have been very pretty, and even beautiful, but it is doubtful if these have pleased the greatest number of people. The ugly delights as well as the beautiful, and not merely because the ugly in fashion is associated with the young loveliness of the women who wear the ugly fashions, and wins a grace from them, not because the vast majority of mankind are tasteless,² but for some cause that is not perhaps ascertainable. It is quite as likely to return in the fashions of our clothes and houses and furniture, and poetry and fiction and painting, as the beautiful, and it may be from an instinctive or a reasoned sense of this that some of the extreme naturalists³ have refused to regard the ugly as any less worthy of celebration⁴ in art than the beautiful.

Possibly there is no absolutely ugly, no absolutely beautiful; or possibly the ugly contains always an element of the beautiful better adapted to the general appreciation than the more perfectly beautiful. This is a somewhat discouraging conjecture, but I offer it for no more than it is worth; and I do not pin my faith to the saying of one whom I heard denying, the other day, that a thing of beauty was a joy forever. He contended that Keats's line⁵ should have read, "Some things of beauty are sometimes joys forever," and that any assertion beyond this was too hazardous.

¹ *instanced*: given as an example.

² *tasteless*: without taste in dress or manner.

³ *naturalists*: artists who believe in portraying things just as they are.

⁴ *celebration*: attention.

⁵ *Keats's line*: a quotation from Keats's poem entitled "Endymion."



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

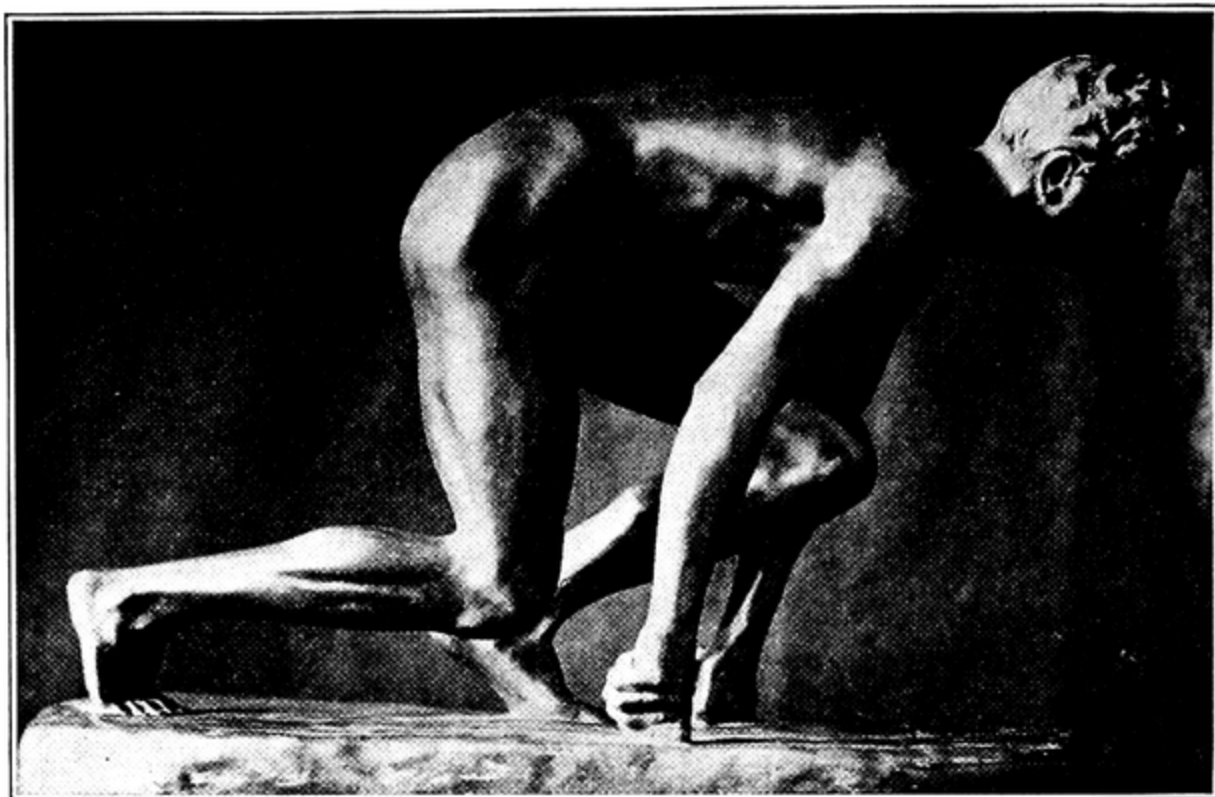
PONDERING OVER THE ESSAY

1. The author of this selection, William Dean Howells, was a self-made man. He received little formal education but loved reading and gradually became widely informed. Much of his early life was spent in newspaper work and in writing articles of interest to readers in his own community. How is this background revealed in the selection you just read?

2. Why may the selection be considered an essay? How does it reveal the author's own attitude on the question he discusses? How does it show the need for keeping an open mind?

3. Is the style of the essay heavy and mature or is it light and frivolous? What did you see in the selection to help you understand why it is considered a masterpiece in literature? What impressed you most about it?

4. How does your own work measure up to the standards set up by the author? What points did you note which you may apply to yourself? Write an essay on "Criticism" to express your views on the subject.



Sculpture by R. Tait MacKensie

Courtesy of the artist

THE SPRINTER. A GREEK RUNNER "ON HIS MARK"

ATHLETICS*

By PERCY MARKS

You hear many arguments today about the importance of athletics in colleges and the way they should be conducted. Some say that colleges should give more attention to athletics and some say they should not honor athletics at all. Some say that athletics are desirable but that they should be managed differently from the way they are at present. In the following essay, the author points out several standards which he thinks must be changed before athletics can be of the greatest benefit. Note what he thinks the standards and benefits should be.

Practically every freshman, unless restrained by a ban from the throne,¹ will write a theme on the benefits of athletics. He will begin his theme by writing: "The benefits of athletics

are threefold: physical, mental, and moral." The second paragraph will, of course, be devoted to the physical benefits, the third to the mental benefits, the fourth to the moral benefits, and the fifth to the conclusion, which invariably reads: "Thus we see that the benefits of athletics are threefold: physical, mental, and moral." I have endured such themes by the score, and that trinity of athletic virtues has been so impressed upon me that no one could possibly persuade me that they do not exist. Also, it is impossible for me to think of athletics except in the form of a freshman theme. The form has become a part of my thinking, so completely a part that I cannot discuss athletics independently until I have expressed the point of view of the undergraduates in their own way and manner. If the reader wishes, let him skip the theme that follows. It isn't really a

*From *Which Way Parnassus*.

¹ban from the throne: being forbidden by the instructor.

part of this essay; it is merely a mental purgative written to make the essay itself possible.

THE BENEFITS OF ATHLETICS

The benefits of athletics are threefold: physical, mental, and moral. They benefit a man physically because they develop his body, mentally because they teach him to think fast, and morally because an athlete develops a fine character.

If a man is going to be a good athlete, he has to have a fine body. No weakling can be an athlete. Only fellows with fine physiques make good athletes, and a fellow can't be a good athlete unless he takes care of his body. You can't smoke and drink and play around with loose women and be a good athlete. You've got to take care of yourself. Training develops your body. It makes you stronger. Therefore, since a fellow has to have a fine body to be a good athlete and he has to take care of it and go straight, athletics develop a man physically.

Athletics develop a man mentally because they teach him to think fast. All good athletes think fast. You can't think slow and get football signals. You've got to work fast or you will confuse the whole team. Tennis players and basketball players think fast too. Therefore, since athletics teach a man to think fast, they develop you mentally.

Athletics develop you morally because you've got to go straight if you're going to be a good athlete. You can't dissipate and be a good athlete. An athlete has to learn team play, which makes him know what good sportsmanship is. Therefore, since athletics teach a man to go straight and teach him the value of team play, athletics develop a man morally.

Thus we see that the benefits of athletics are threefold: physical, mental, and moral. They benefit him physically by developing his body, mentally by making him think fast, and morally because he's got to work with the other fellow and go straight if he's going to be a good athlete.

Little as one may think of the freshman method, the validity¹ of most of his ideas must be admitted. His logic is not entirely perfect, and his thesis is hardly established; basically, however, he is talking sense. The physical benefits of athletics are too obvious to need justification. I am inclined to be a bit dubious² about the mental benefits, since the kind of thinking that athletics demand is rarely of the highest order. An instantaneous and sure physical reaction to a stimulus³ is necessary to satisfactory athletic results, but such a reaction can be called thinking only by stretching definitions grotesquely.⁴ It is safe, however, to say that a healthy body makes for a clear mind, and so we can grant the freshman the right to say that athletics at least help a man mentally. Athletics do arouse in their participants a realization of the value of team play, they do impel some men toward clean living; and some forms of them, tennis for example, hold up a standard of good sportsmanship that is altogether admirable; some of them, on the other hand—football, for example—do nothing of the sort.

Before I say some unpleasant things about athletics, let me assure the reader that I am enthusiastic about all kinds of sports and that I do not

¹ *validity* (vá-líd'í-tí): truth or accuracy of something as a mode of procedure.

² *dubious* (dū'bī-ūs): doubtful.

³ *stimulus* (stím'ū-lūs): anything that excites action.

⁴ *grotesquely* (grō-těsk'ī): until they are out of shape.

believe that inter-collegiate athletics should be abolished. I can, and do, make a fool of myself at all athletic contests, baseball excepted, and my excitement at a good football game is completely idiotic and altogether delightful. Only bad baseball games interest me; not enough happens in a good one. Six home runs, three pitchers knocked out of the box, and about a dozen errors make a baseball game that has enough action to be interesting; a pitcher's battle may be exciting to the umpire, but to the spectator—to me, at least—a sand lot game of one ol' cat provides ten times the drama. I hope, however, that my confessed lack of enthusiasm for baseball will not disqualify me to discuss athletics in general without undue bias.

If professionalism could be done away with, no argument worth a moment's notice could be brought against athletics. Their virtues are many, but professionalism is a sin so heavy that it almost balances the virtues; it is an octopus with such long arms that it grips not only the men paid but in some ways the entire student body. For the moment, however, let us ignore the faults of athletics and pay tribute to the color and enjoyment that they bring both to the college and to the general public as well. I confess to no great interest in the general public's pleasure in college athletics, but that pleasure is so obvious that it must at least receive recognition.

For most of us the pageantry of college life is something rich and beautiful, from the parade of the faculty in cap and gown at the beginning of the year to the final parade at commencement. Nearly all academic rituals¹ are lovely, partly because

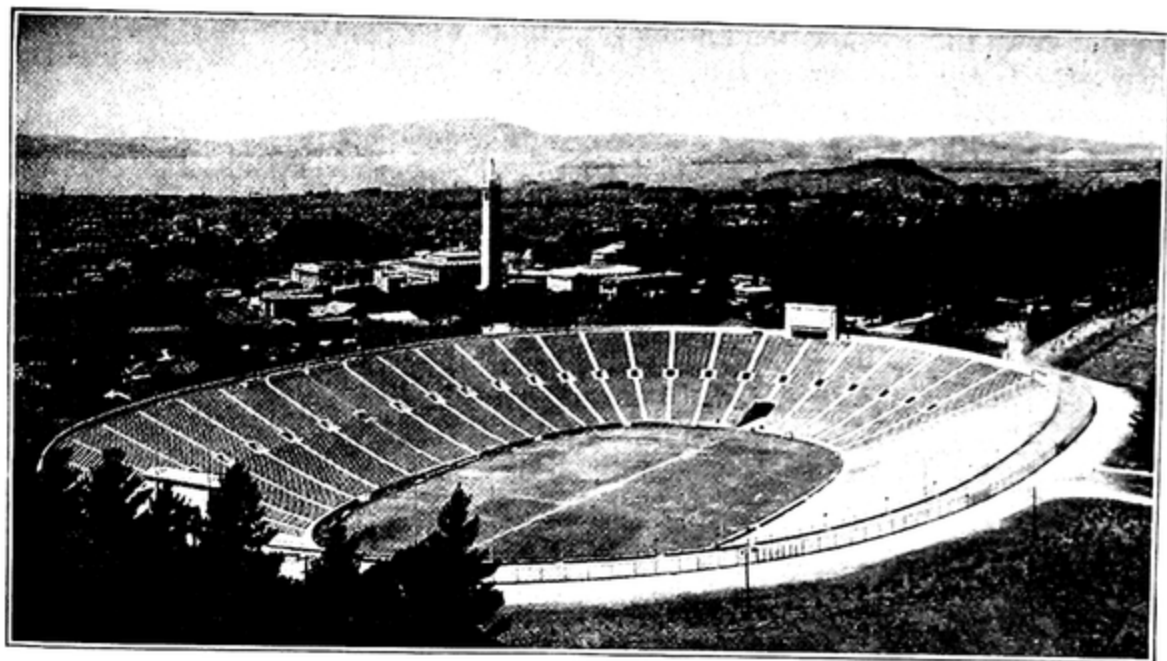
most of them are simple and unaffected and partly because they have dignity. The undergraduate parades usually are lacking in dignity, but they have color and to spare. No one, I am sure, would willingly part with them—no one, that is, except those so arid emotionally that they shrink from the boisterous high jinks so naturally a part of youth. To me undergraduates are ridiculous only when they adopt a code of serene maturity. Harvard is great, perhaps our greatest university, and no one bows more humbly before its faculty and its equipment than I do. I wish, though, that the undergraduates could forget that they are Harvard men and remember that they are American boys. Harvard Yard could be a pleasanter place if one occasionally saw some boisterous youngsters playing catch on its shaded lawns or if one were ever startled by hundreds of the boys whirling madly under the elms in a spontaneous rally. It is quite possible to be an earnest student and a kid at the same time, and most Harvard undergraduates are not so lost in study that they cannot afford an occasional hour for natural play. Plenty of Harvard boys play tennis and the socially élite,² of course, play golf at various country clubs, but otherwise athletics seem to be confined to the teams and the extremely thin college life to the Yale game—and the Yale game as a spectacle is nothing to get panegyric³ about.

At its best a football game is the most impressive pageant that American life affords, and I, for one, would not willingly forgo that pageantry. True, it is almost always done badly in the East, so badly, in fact, that one wonders how the participants can ignore their opportunities so blindly.

¹ *socially élite* (ā-lēt'): social leaders.

² *get panegyric* (pān'ē-jīr'k): give extravagant praise, go into ecstasies.

³ *academic* (āk'ā-dēm'k) *rituals* (rīt'ū-ālz): ceremonies connected with college life.



THE STADIUM, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, TYPICAL OF ATHLETIC FIELDS AT MANY UNIVERSITIES IN THE COUNTRY

Harvard again furnishes a convenient example. In the last few years, it has blundered to the extent of countenancing an excellent band, but the band forgot itself so far as to appear in white flannels and red sweaters. Worse yet, it paraded on the field. It paraded very nicely, true, and went through rather intricate and interesting evolutions with fine rhythm and precision. This simple attempt at pageantry invariably delighted the Stadium crowds, but the Crimson (the Harvard undergraduate daily paper) broke out in a cold sweat of indignation in editorial protest. Such small college antics were beneath the dignity of Harvard, and so on and so on, with self-conscious smugness and childish pomposity.¹ The band, I believe, still marches, but it alone lends any color to a Harvard game. The pageantry comes from the enormous crowds only. Good singing and good cheering would smack too much, I suppose, of vulgar efficiency. At

any rate, at all the eastern colleges both the cheering and the singing are offensively bad. The leaders run up and down like drunken clowns—O dignity!—and the undergraduates yowl cheers and songs with aristocratic indifference to pitch and rhythm.

The middle western colleges manage such athletic occasions far better, but it is only on the Pacific Coast that the true pageantry of a football game is understood. No public occasion in this country is so overwhelmingly gorgeous as a California-Stanford game. It blazes with color. The California cheering section is an enormous rectangle of blue and gold, the Stanford section a corresponding rectangle of flaming red. Everywhere there are flowers, chrysanthemums in thousands. The stage management is frankly obvious from the buglers on the highest part of the stadium to the marchings and counter-marchings of the two excellent bands. Nor do the colleges scorn to do well what they have set out to do: the cheer leaders do not race idiotically

¹ *pomposity* (pōm-pōs'ī-tī): feeling of very great importance.

up and down like gymnastic buffoons;¹ they stand still and direct their tremendous choirs. And how those choirs sing! The California cheering section is probably the largest male chorus in the world, and until one has heard those thousands of young men sing "Hail to California," he has yet to learn how stirringly splendid mass singing can be. I suppose the "stunts" would horrify an eastern college man—that is, if they didn't make his blasé² eyes bulge naively³ with wonder and admiration. He might learn, too, that a cheering section properly trained and properly conducted can produce meaningless sounds with such thumping vigor and crackling rhythm that they can lift the most flaccid⁴ listener out of his seat. Outside of the football game itself, the spectacle is tremendously impressive—and it is beautiful.

Am I too ingenuously enthusiastic? I doubt it. As a nation we are too self-conscious⁵ to know how to play: we act like old men before we have had our fill of instinctive gamboling.⁶ A people that cannot "make believe," that cannot dramatize its life into something more romantic than it is in itself, is a people lacking in vitality, in imagination. Communal⁷ play is healthy and invigorating; without it a nation soon grows old and stale. Perhaps it is a remaining trace of the Spanish influence that makes Californians lose themselves so completely and joyously in a kind of fiesta,⁸ but whatever the reason, the carnival spirit lives there abundantly and

brings with it a spontaneous ardor in living that is lacking in the drabber⁹ East.

It is not less of this kind of "rah-rah spirit" that I am asking for but more of it. Let us have all the pageantry we can get, and the more gorgeous it is, the more completely it justifies itself. And if the football games turn mature, sedate men into howling, happy fools for a couple of hours, the greater their virtue. Any one incapable of realizing the drama of an athletic contest or incapable of reacting to it is a person to be pitied—or scorned; I don't know which. Such people wander importantly around art galleries admiring this statue or that and never see the finer, more living beauty of a half back poised to throw a forward pass; they applaud a dancer moving with mechanical accuracy to an orchestra's sharp beat and miss the subtler and more wonderful art of a tennis player flashing across a court with spontaneous grace; they listen raptly to a symphonic poem¹⁰ and never hear the breath-taking rhythm of a sprinter's spikes; they go to the theater and learnedly discuss suspense and dénouement¹¹ and see no drama in a tie score, the bases full, two men out, three balls and two strikes. I don't believe such people really care for art or music or drama; they have neither eyes that see, nor ears that hear, nor hearts that beat; they are poseurs¹² fooling themselves, "finished and finite clods untroubled by a spark."¹³ When a man gets too old to play, too sophisticated to lose himself in the delight and drama of others' play, it is time for him to die; if he was never capable of losing him-

¹ buffoons: clowns.

² blasé (blā-zā'): having seen too much to be easily impressed.

³ naively (nā-ēv'li): unaffectedly.

⁴ flaccid (flāk'sid): lacking in firmness, flabby.

⁵ self-conscious: conscious of one's acts and person.

⁶ gamboling: playing.

⁷ communal (kōm'mū-nāl): community, social.

⁸ fiesta (fyēs'tá): festival, celebration.

⁹ drabber: duller.

¹⁰ symphonic poem: kind of musical composition.

¹¹ dénouement (dā-nōō-mōn'): the outcome.

¹² poseurs (pō-zērz'): those who pose.

¹³ Quoted from Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

self in his own play or that of others, he never had enough imagination or vitality to live. Life without play would be intolerable; life without pageantry would be ugly; and life without many a place where we can give ourselves completely to vivid excitement, whether it be theater, concert hall, or football stadium, would be hell. The more such places, the better. They afford release that is necessary, delightful, and often beautiful—and the beauty of an athletic contest is often rare and fine, as the Greeks well knew in the days of old.

Nor do I object to the great stadia and the vast sums spent on maintaining them. Primarily, the stadia exist for football alone, and in most colleges football supports not only itself and its particular stadium but most of the other athletic teams as well. What difference does it make whether a large crowd or a small one watches a football game just so long as the college itself does not have to expend its precious dollars to make the game possible? I do object to the large salaries paid to coaches, especially football coaches, partly because they tend to glorify the coaches into a splendor they have not earned and partly because athletics can confer all their benefits without any such absurd expenditure of money. The amount of money that coaches can, and do, demand comes, I think, from a false evaluation of athletics and from mistaken loyalty to the college. In the first place, "crack" teams are in no way responsible for the various athletic virtues that I have just granted; those virtues come not from expertness but from the contest itself. Any two small colleges that cannot afford expensive coaches get just as much good and just as much thrill from their annual game as California and Stanford do or Harvard and Yale. If

Harvard and Yale dropped their professional coaches tomorrow, the attendance at their game next year would be just as large as ever and the enthusiasm just as great. Alumni coaches¹ would serve in the end quite as satisfactorily as professional coaches—and the professional coach, who is nothing more or less than a hired man, would lose the godlike prestige² that he enjoys at present. A college coach of a successful team is idolized so idiotically that many of the undergraduates seem to get him confused with God. The mental process seems to be this: athletic success brings the college glorious prestige; the coach makes the prestige possible; ergo, the coach is a man with well-nigh divine powers.

The reasoning is false on every count. First, athletic success does not bring a college prestige of any moment; at best, it is passing, and a college can hold its prestige with very bad athletic teams, a fact of which Harvard furnishes ample proof. Secondly, no coach has the power within himself to make a fine football team out of commonplace material. Great athletes are born just as truly as poets are. Expert coaches can devise strategic plays, they can weld a group of competent players into a formidable unit, and they can develop the gifts of individual players; but more they cannot do. That, the reader may say, is quite enough, and from a professional point of view it is. No one asks a horse trainer to make a good horse out of a bad one, but college folk do expect their high-priced coaches to make good football players and good football teams out of boys who have little aptitude for football. Percy Haughton, marvelous coach though he was, could give Columbia nothing but

¹ *alumni coaches*: trainers chosen from among the graduates of a school.

² *prestige* (prēs-tēzh'): reputation for superiority.

a mediocre team. He didn't have time to develop his system, the newspapers explained. My guess is that he didn't have football players.

In a way the expensive coach is symbolical of the whole professional attitude which is destroying the value of college athletics. There is altogether too much interest in winning and not enough in the game. Let us keep our attention on football for the present, since it is the worst offender. The coach is paid a high salary to produce winning teams, and produce them he must or lose his salary. The result is that he trains his squad as if it were composed of race horses. I am not complaining of the training rules but of the time taken and the point of view adopted. Football isn't played for sport; it is played as a desperately serious business, and the players have to give hours of attention to it daily as if the next game were their sole interest in life. A star player once said to me: "I wish I knew how to get off the team. It isn't that I want to quit playing football. I like it, but I'm sick of playing it as if my life depended on it. It's too damned serious. There's no fun." Certainly the rigorous training can't be fun for most of the players, and if they don't get practically continuous enjoyment from the game its basic value is gone, since the pleasure that it gives to the spectators must be considered as secondary.

In other words, the spirit of football is wrong. "Win at any cost" is the slogan of most teams, and the methods used to win are often abominable. I have heard of one college team that made a practice—at least, so several of its members asserted—of rubbing the lime from the lines into their opponents' eyes at every opportunity. In nearly every scrimmage the roughest kind of unsportsmanlike play is

indulged in, and the broken arms and ankles are often intentional rather than accidental. Worst of all, the players are trained to take such rotten ethics as a natural part of the game. A few months ago I had a long talk with a famous eastern football star whom I shall call Peters. He told me quite casually in the course of our conversation about football that Jones of X College had kicked him in the face in a game the preceding season. Now, Peters and Jones had gone to preparatory school together and had been friends for years. It happened that I knew Jones very well, and I protested that I did not believe that he would deliberately kick any one in the face, especially a friend who happened to be on an opposing team.

"Oh, it was all right," Peters explained. "You remember Smith (a team-mate of Jones) got kicked in the face in our game last year, and the whole bunch was out to get back at us."

He bore no resentment against Jones; in fact, he frankly considered that he had whitewashed his friend completely.

Perhaps he had, but I am just chicken-hearted enough to doubt it. Jones, notwithstanding his size and strength, is one of the gentlest souls I have ever met. If he kicked Peters in the face, and I am perfectly willing to believe that he did, he did it for one or two reasons: either years of football playing had persuaded him that brutality was necessary and inevitable, or the telegram that every member of his football team received just before the game excited him to merciless revenge. The telegrams came from an alumni club, and each one read, "Remember Smith."

Football might well learn a lesson in sportsmanship from tennis, in which the code is high and reverently ob-

served. College tennis players strive to win, of course, but they strive with dignity and courtesy. Good feeling is absolutely necessary to a tennis match—and it is significant, I think, that an umpire isn't. No one is going to cheat under any circumstances, and most players are more than willing to sacrifice a dubious point. Even too much earnestness is rather bad form; the game is the thing. I remember watching a college match in which one of the participants was too serious. He played fairly, he was perfectly courteous, but he looked downcast when he made a poor shot, and he never expressed by look or word admiration for a good play by his opponent. A youth sitting beside me, a member of the team, finally ejaculated in disgust: "Just watch that guy, will you? You'd think he was playing for money."

Well, football players act as if they were playing for money, and many of them are. What is the sense in the constant hypocrisy¹ about paid athletes? There is nothing amateur about most college athletics, football especially, either in spirit or in fact. Nearly every college athlete that I have ever known (and I have known dozens of them) who wasn't financially independent received money for his services to some team. The payment is often disguised so that it is hard to detect, but the money is given as payment nevertheless. For instance, a loyal alumnus employs an impecunious² athlete to work in his office. The work is remarkably light; in fact, it usually takes practically no time at all—and the salary is splendid. Some athletes receive free room and board from their fraternities. Occasionally the fraternities bear the burden; often

alumni pay the athletes' bills. Unless I have been lied to repeatedly, there is one college where the entire football squad is established in a hotel during the season, fed and roomed gratis,³ and paid thirty-five dollars a week. I asked a trainer last summer why so few good football players seemed to be coming to his college. He smiled sardonically and replied: "They all go to Z or X."

"Why, I demanded, "are they going to those two colleges all at once?"

"They pay them so well. It cost X over \$20,000 to put its freshman team on the field last year."

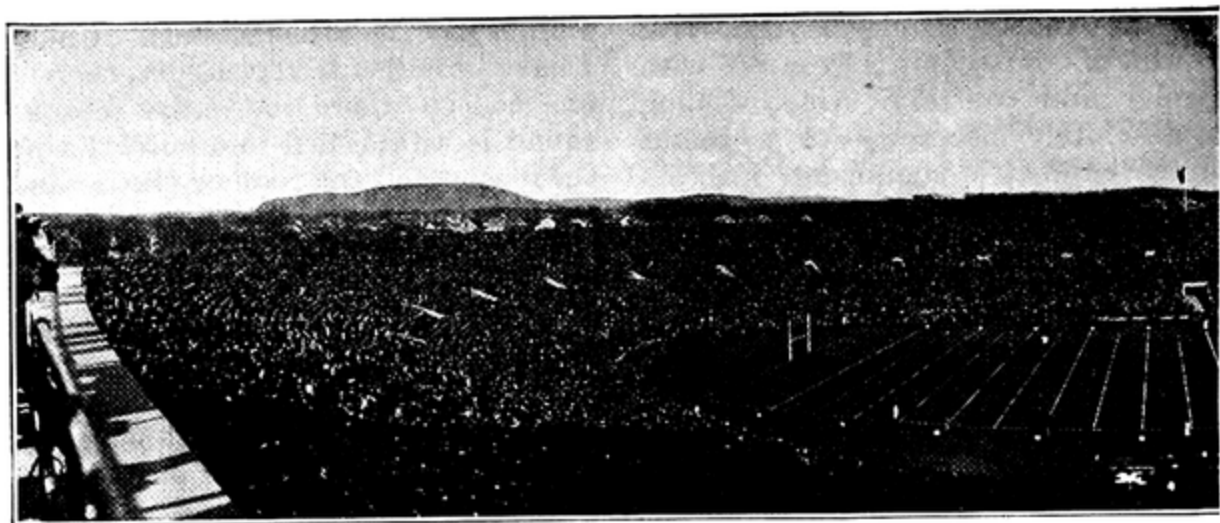
As a rule, the players' salaries are disguised as jobs, but sometimes money is offered outright. I shall always remember the amusement of an athletic friend of mine who was thinking of leaving college for reasons that had nothing to do with football. He called on me to discuss his troubles, finally decided to stay in college, and returned to his room at midnight. He found three members of the local alumni club waiting for him—with one hundred dollars.

It is needless to labor the argument. Many college athletes are directly or indirectly paid—and everybody intimately in touch with colleges knows it. Furthermore, some of the athletes come to college for the money they receive and for no other reason. It is these outright professionals who give rise to the tradition that all athletes are numskulls. Let me pause long enough to ridicule that idea. Brains and brawn are in no wise incompatible, and some of the best students I have ever had were athletes. Most of the members of any team in a high-grade college are quite as intelligent as the average undergraduate, and some are far more intelligent; on the other hand, there are always a few brilliant per-

¹ *hypocrisy* (hī-pōk'ry-sī): act of pretending to be what one is not.

² *impecunious* (īm'pē-kū'nī-ūs): moneyless.

³ *gratis* (grā'tīs): free.



THE GREAT YALE BOWL

formers who were devised¹ by the all-wise Creator to be longshoremen.² They flock into the "snap" courses; they receive money from alumni for tutoring and more direct aid from friendly undergraduates. Sometimes they even graduate, but usually they are "flunked out" and go to another college to earn an easy living for another year. What could be more anachronistic³ and repellent⁴ than a college team winning in an amateur sport by virtue of the prowess⁵ of hired morons?⁶

The professionalizing of athletes and the playing of the game for winning's sake rather than for the game's sake give rise to an hysterical over-valuation of the importance of athletics in every way. A game of any kind is important for the pleasure it gives the performers and observers, and for no other reason. College athletes ought to take part in various sports mainly for the pleasure and benefits they derive from sportsmanlike competition

¹ devised: planned.

² longshoremen: laborers on wharves.

³ anachronistic (ă-năk'rō-nis'tik): out of chronological agreement.

⁴ repellent: repulsive, tending to cause a person to turn away.

⁵ prowess: excellence in action.

⁶ morons: feeble-minded individuals.

and vigorous exercise. And if college athletics were not professionalized into a state of undergraduates to indulge in them instead of a scanty few. "Making the team" ought not to be so important in the end as making health and pleasure, but in nearly every college the equipment for sport is largely limited to the use of the teams. Let us take as an example the University of California, the largest university in the world. When I entered there in 1908, the registration was about 2500; and the gymnasium was inadequate. Now each year there are about 3000 freshmen, and the same old gymnasium has to serve—but California has a stadium as large as the Yale Bowl⁷ and a practice football field. There are at most two¹ve tennis courts. Harvard has had its famous stadium for many years, but consider the Heming Gymnasium! Yale is making plans, I understand for a large gymnasium, but the Bowl, useless most of the year, seats its 70,000. And so it is in most colleges; enormous amounts of money are spent on the teams and very little on the rest of the students. As I said earlier, I have

⁷ Yale Bowl: If all the Eskimos in the world were seated in the Yale Bowl, it would only be half full.



A YALE-HARVARD GAME IN PROGRESS

no objections to the stadia in themselves, but I do object to the neglect of the majority in order that an insignificant minority may be trained like race horses and exhibited like prize Pomeranian¹ pups.

Most colleges do make an attempt to encourage intramural² sports. There are interfraternity baseball games and class competitions, but except in country colleges, most of the undergraduates do not get enough outside play. The teams are parasites that hog most of the equipment and money. (My metaphor is sadly mixed, but I decline to surrender either "parasites" or "hog." Both words are too exact.) Every one has to make way for the sacred team practice. While the season is on, the football field must not be used because the turf will be cut; besides, the team is on it most of the hours free for play. Nor must the baseball diamond be used, for exactly the same reasons. The little space in the gymnasium must be given over to the basketball team when setting-up exercises are not being held. At Dartmouth and Williams, the

¹ *Pomeranian* (pöm-ēr-ā'nī-ān) *pups*: a breed of small dogs of German origin.

² *intramural* (in'trā-mū'rāl): within the walls of the college.

situation is almost exactly the reverse of what I have been describing, for their playground, and at most colleges the play area is strictly limited.

In the end, all the faults come back to professionalism. Without the professional athlete and the professional coach most of the evils now clinging to athletics could be easily brushed aside. It is time our college people, alumni and undergraduates, were impressed with the fact that "amateur" is derived from the much-conjugated *amare*³ and that it means "to love." An amateur is one who does a thing purely for the love of it, who plays a game as well as he can because he loves it and gets a lover's delight in playing it well. A true amateur, furthermore, plays like a gentleman; he cares too much for the game to smudge it with dirty practices. And he plays hard to win, but if he loses he loses happily because it was good sport.

If American alumni and undergraduates ever learn the meaning and spirit of the word "amateur," the benefits of athletics may become truly threefold: physical, mental, and moral.

³ *much-conjugated amare*: infinitive form of the Latin word "to love," taught as the type verb of the first conjugation.

PONDERING OVER THE ESSAY

1. The author of the preceeding selection, Percy Marks, has had a wide background of study and teaching in colleges. How does the selection reveal that he was well acquainted with his subject?

2. What qualities of an essay did you find in the selection? What attitudes did the author express? Were they open-minded or prejudiced? Explain your answer.

3. Did you find the style formal or informal? How do you distinguish between formal and informal style?

4. What is your own attitude toward athletics? What do you think of the value of athletics? How do you think they should be conducted?

EMERSON*

By HENRY VAN DYKE

You have read various selections written by Emerson in both prose and poetry. You have come to think of him, doubtless, as a quiet and serious man. In the following selection the author wonders how Emerson would fare today when it is so necessary to make "a loud noise to get a hearing."

Emerson's books, prose and verse, remain with us and still live,—“the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.” That they are companions is proved by the way all sorts of companionable people love them. I know a Pullman car conductor who swears by Emerson. A young French Canadian woodsman (who is going to work his way through college) told me the other day that he liked Emerson's essays better than any other English book that he had read. Restive girls and boys of the “new generation” find something in him which appeals to them; reading farmers of New England and the West prefer him to Plato; even academic professors and politicians qualifying for states-

men have felt his stimulating influence, although (or perhaps because) he sometimes says such hard things about them. I guess that nothing yet written in America is likely to live longer than Emerson's best work.

His prose is better known and more admired than his verse, for several reasons: first, because he took more pains to make the form of it as perfect as he could; second, because it has a wider range and an easier utterance; third, because it has more touches of wit and of familiarity with men; and finally, because the majority of readers prefer prose, since the charm of verse is revealed only in reading aloud.

But for all that, with Emerson (as with a writer so different as Matthew Arnold) I find something in the poems which is not in the essays—a more pure and subtle essence of what is deepest in the man. Poetry has a power of compression which is beyond prose. It says less and suggests more.

Emerson wrote to the girl whom he afterwards married: “I am born a poet—of a low class without doubt, but a poet. . . . My singing, to be sure, is very husky and is for the most part in prose. Still I am a poet in the sense of a perceiver and dear lover of the harmonies that are in the soul and in matter, and specially of the correspondence between them.” This is penetrating self-criticism. That he was “of a low class” as poet is more than doubtful—an error of modesty. But that his singing was often “husky” cannot be denied. He never troubled himself to learn the art of song. The music of verse, in which Longfellow gained such mastery, and Lowell and Whittier had such native gifts, is not often found in Emerson's poems. They¹ are alternately stiff and spasmodic,² and the rhymes are sometimes

¹ *They*: Emerson's poems.

² *spasmodic* (spāz-mōd'ik): jerky.

threadbare, sometimes eccentric. Many of his poems are so condensed, so tight-packed with thought and information that they seem to labor along like an overladen boat in a choppy sea. For example this:

The journeying atoms,
Primordial wholes,
Firmly draw, firmly drive,
By their animate poles.

But for these defects of form Emerson as poet makes ample amends by the richness and accuracy of his observation of nature, by the vigorous flight of his imagination, by the depth and at times the passionate controlled intensity of his feeling. Of love-poetry he has none, except the philosophical. Of narrative poetry he has practically none, unless you count such brief, vivid touches as,—

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled¹ farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

But his descriptive pieces are of a rare beauty and charm, truthful in broad outline and delicate detail, every flower and every bird in its right color and place. Walking with him you see and breathe New England in the light of early morn, with the dew sparkling on the grass and all the cosmic forces working underneath it. His reflective and symbolic poems, like "Each and All," "The Problem," "Forerunners," "Days," "The Sphinx," are full of a searching and daring imaginative power. He has also the genius of the perfect phrase.

The frolic architecture of the snow.

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,²
As the best gem upon her zone.

¹ embattled: fighting.

² Parthenon (Pär'thē-nŏn): an ancient Greek temple of Athena, the ruins of which still stand on the Acropolis in Athens.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The silent organ loudest chants
The Master's requiem.

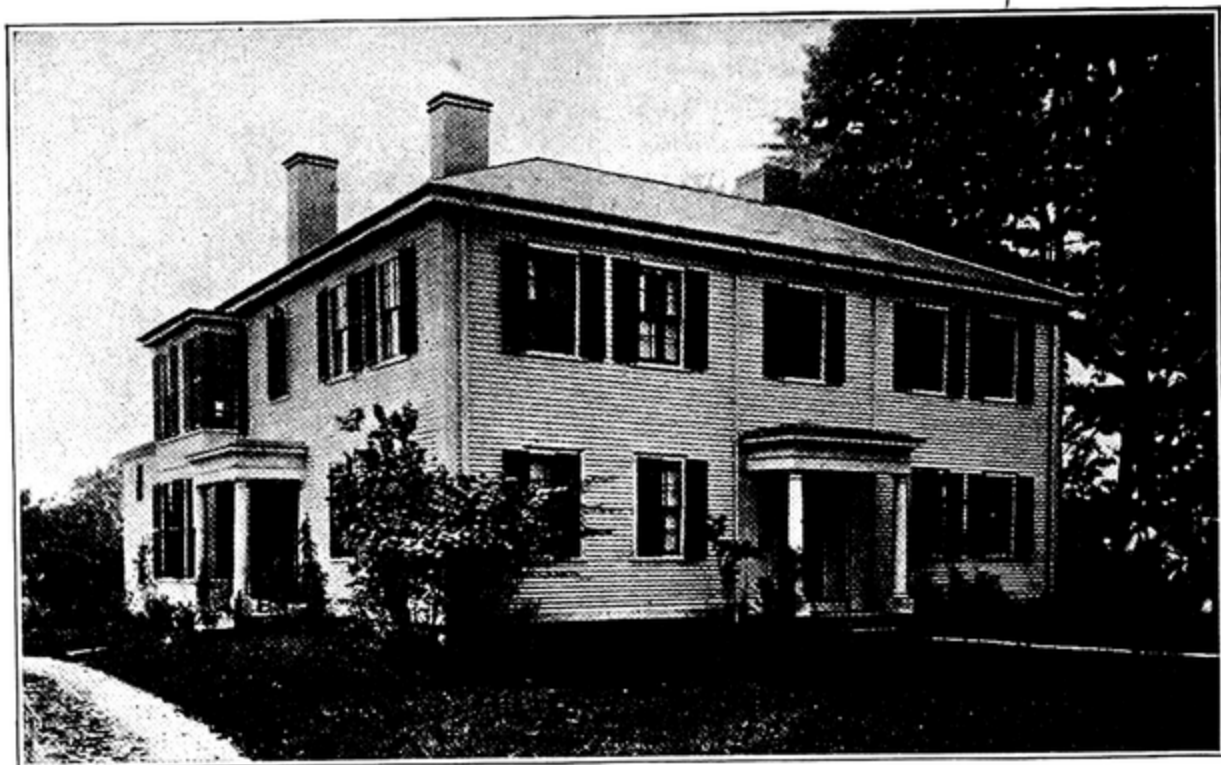
Music pours on mortals
Its beautiful disdain.

Over the winter glaciers,
I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snowdrift
The warm rose-buds below.

I thenceforward and long after,
Listen for their harp-like laughter,
And carry in my heart, for days,
Peace that hallows rudest ways.

His "Threnody,"³ written after the early death of his first-born son, has always seemed to me one of the most moving elegies in the English tongue. His patriotic poems, especially the "Concord Ode," are unsurpassed as brief, lyrical utterances of the spirit of America. Also when the mind is in vigor, his small volume of *Poems* is a most companionable book.

³ Threnody (thrēn'ō-dī): a song of lamentation.



EMERSON'S HOUSE IN CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

As his prose sometimes intrudes into his verse and checks its flow, so his poetry often runs over into his prose and illuminates it. What could be more poetic in conception than this sentence from his first book, *Nature*? "If the stars should appear but one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown!"

Emerson's *Essays* are a distillation of his lectures. His way of making these was singular and all his own. It was his habit to keep note-books in which he jotted down bits of observation about nature, stray thoughts and comparisons, reflections on his reading, and striking phrases which came to him in meditation or talk. Choosing a subject he planted it in his mind and waited for ideas and illustrations to come to it, as birds or insects to a flower. When a thought appeared he followed it, "as a boy

might hunt a butterfly," and when it was captured he pinned it in his "thought-book." No doubt there were mental laws at work all the time, giving guidance and direction to the process of composition which seemed so irregular and haphazard. There is no lack of vital unity in one of Emerson's lectures or essays. It deals with a single subject and never gets really out of sight of the proposition with which it begins. Yet it seldom gives a complete, all-round view of it. It is more like a series of swift and vivid glimpses of the same object seen from different stand-points, a collection of snap-shot pictures taken in the course of a walk around some great mountain.

From the pages of his note-book he gathered the material for one of his lectures, selecting and arranging it under some such title as Fate, Genius, Beauty, Manners, Duty, The Anglo-Saxon, The Young American, and giving it such form and order as he thought would be most effective in

delivery. If the lecture was often repeated (as it usually was), the material was frequently rearranged, the pages were shifted, the illustrations changed. Then, after it had served its purpose, the material was again rearranged and published in a volume of *Essays*.

It is easy to trace in the essays the effects of this method of writing. The material is drawn from a wide range of reading and observation. Emerson is especially fond of poetry, philosophy and books of anecdote and biography. He quotes from Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, George Herbert, Wordsworth, Plutarch, Grimm, St. Simon, Swedenborg, Behmen the mystic, Plato, and the religious books of the East. His illustrations come from far and near. Now they are strange and remote, now homely and familiar. The Zodiac of Denderah;¹ the Savoyards² who carved their pine-forests into toys; the *lustrum*³ of silence which Pythagoras made his disciples keep; Napoleon on the *Bellerophon*⁴ watching the drill of the English soldiers; the Egyptian legend that every man has two pair of eyes; Empedocles and his shoe; the flat strata of the earth; a soft mushroom pushing up through the hard ground;—all these allusions and a hundred more are found in the same volume. On his pages, close beside the Parthenon, St. Paul's, the Sphinx, Aetna and Vesuvius, you will read of the

White Mountains, Monadnock, Katahdin, the pickerel-weed in bloom, the wild geese honking across the sky, the chickadee singing in the face of winter, the Boston State-house, Wall Street, cotton-mills, railroads, Quincy granite, and so forth. Nothing is too far away to seem real to him, nothing too near to seem interesting and valuable. There is an abundance, sometimes a superabundance, of material in his essays, not always well-assorted, but all vivid and suggestive.

The structure of the essay, the way of putting the material together, does not follow any fixed rule or system. Yet in most cases it has a well-considered and suitable form; it stands up; it is architecturally built, though the art is concealed. I once amused myself trying to analyze some of the essays, and found that many of the best ones have a definite theme, like a text, and follow a regular plan of development, with introduction, discussion, and conclusion. In some cases Emerson does not disdain the "heads and horns" of the old-fashioned preacher, and numbers his points "first," "second," "third,"—perhaps even "fourth." But this is rare. For the most part the essays do not seem to be constructed but to grow. They are like conversations with the stupid things left out. They turn aside from dull points, and omit connecting links, and follow an attractive idea wherever it may lead. They seldom exhaust a subject, but they usually illuminate it.

"The style is the man," and in this case it is well suited to his material and his method. It is brilliant, sparkling, gemlike. He has great freedom in the choice of words, using them sometimes in odd ways and not always correctly. Generally his diction is made up of terse, pungent Anglo-Saxon phrases, but now and then he likes to bring in a stately word of

¹ *The Zodiac of Denderah*: A carved zodiac found at Denderah in Egypt. The zodiac is an imaginary belt in the heavens including the paths of the sun, moon, and all the principal planets. Representations of it, as the one found at Denderah, divide the belt into twelve parts, each represented by a symbol, as a ram, a lion, etc.

² *Savoyards*: inhabitants of Savoy in France, where toys are made by the people at work in their homes.

³ *lustrum* (lūs'trūm): a period of time of varying length.

⁴ *Bellerophon*: here the English ship that carried Napoleon to exile.

Greek or Latin origin, with a telling effect of contrast. Most of his sentences are short and clear; it is only in the paragraph that he is sometimes cloudy. Every essay is rich in epigrams.¹ If one reads too much of a style like this, the effect becomes fatiguing. You miss the long, full, steady flow of sentences with varied cadence and changing music.

Emerson's river is almost all rapids. The flash and sparkle of phrase after phrase tire me after a while. But for a short voyage nothing could be more animated and stimulating. I read one essay at a time and rise refreshed.

But the secret of Emerson's power, (to change the figure), is in the wine which he offers, not the cup into which he pours it. His great word—"self-reliance,"—runs through all his writing and pervades all that he says. At times it is put in an extreme form, and might lead, if rashly followed, to intellectual conceit² and folly. But it is balanced by other words, no less potent—self-criticism, modesty, consideration, prudence, and reverence. He is an aspiring, hopeful teacher of youth; correcting follies with a sharp wit; encouraging noble ambitions; making the face of nature luminous with the glow of poetic imagination; and elevating life with an ideal patriotism and a broad humanity. In all his writing one feels the serene, lofty influence of a sane and chastened optimism, the faith which holds, amid many appearances which are dark, mysterious and terrifying, that Good is stronger than Evil and will triumph at last everywhere.

Read what he says in the essay called "Compensation": "There is no penalty to virtue; no penalty to wisdom; they are proper additions of

being. In a virtuous action I properly *am*; in a virtuous act, I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing, and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. There can be no excess to love, none to knowledge, none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses limits, and always affirms an Optimism, never a Pessimism."

This is the note that brings a brave joy to the ear of youth. Old age gladly listens to the same note in the deeper, quieter music of Emerson's poem, "Terminus."³

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve⁴ obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

PONDERING OVER THE ESSAY

1. Henry Van Dyke, the author of the foregoing selection, was especially interested in authors because he realized that they put the best they had into their works. Why do you think he chose the life of Emerson as one especially interesting to study? Was he open-minded in his attitude toward Emerson?

2. Why may the selection be classified as an essay? What attitudes does the author reveal?

3. As you read the selection did you think that Van Dyke gave more consideration to Emerson's style or to the thought expressed in his writings? How does Van Dyke's style compare with that of Emerson?

4. Suppose you were to write an essay on some author, what one would you choose? Why? What could you apply from the author's own life and works to your own situation in life? Try writing an essay on a subject of this sort.

¹ *epigram* (ěp'ĭ-grām): a short poem on a single thought or a written thought tersely expressed.

² *conceit*: false pride.

³ *Terminus*: end.

⁴ *at eve*: in later life.

EGYPT

By BURTON HOLMES

The following selection is a travelog—that is, it is a “chatty” account of experiences in travel. Since it was written other discoveries have been made about ancient civilizations. For instance, it is now known that other civilizations are still older than the Egyptian. When the story was written, too, Egypt owed allegiance to Turkey but now it is practically independent, looking to Great Britain for certain protection.

The selection should be read for enjoyment of the marvelous way in which the author tells his story. He will help you see very clearly what he saw as he traveled in Egypt a number of years ago. Note how open-mindedly he describes the remains of an old civilization and helps you understand the land and people of Egypt today.

To go to Egypt is to go back to the beginning of human history. Beyond Egypt lies primeval mystery. The earliest pyramid marks the frontier between the unknown and the known, and in the wilderness of centuries that rolls between that pyramid and the oldest works of man in other lands, the only conspicuous milestones are the other pyramids, and the other Egyptian monuments that rise along the Nile. For more than a score of centuries Egypt was the world.

A voyage up the Nile is like a thousand-mile mirage come true. In a mirage we seem to see wonderful things that we know to be impossible. Along the Nile we actually behold things that seem to be impossible because they are so wonderful. A mirage is only an optical illusion of wonders and beauty in the desert; but the river Nile has created a wonderful and beautiful reality, and that reality is Egypt, the ancient land that was the mother country of antiquity.¹

*From *Burton Holmes Travelogues*, Vol. 11.

¹ *antiquity* (ăn-tîk'wî-tî): ancient times.

The valley of the Nile was the cradle of our civilization. In the sands of northeastern Africa the seeds of human greatness brought forth the earliest fruits of promise² for our race. In Egypt, man first rose above the level of the brute. There, first, he began to cultivate the soil, to build cities, to establish governments, to write his story, and to commemorate his deeds in monuments of stone. In Egypt, Art, Letters, and History were born. For us, “the heirs of all ages,” it is an inspiring privilege to visit this land of beginnings, this birthland of the genius³ of the human race. The Egypt of today is worthy of its magnificent traditions. The grandeur and the greatness of the past still are there, palpable in forms colossal,⁴ indestructible, and overpowering. And this Egypt of the fathomless⁵ past, this Egypt that was the mother of the world that we know, has called to us—children of the New World—across the centuries and across the seas, and we come obediently and gladly, for we owe her much in duty and in respect—much more in admiration and in wonder.

We who would read understandingly the world-book of travel must sooner or later not only read but study the great first chapter—the Genesis of history—the pages writ in hieroglyphs on the old papyrus⁶ manuscript that tells the very enticing old Tale of Egypt.

The traveler must perforce visit Egypt backwards; he must begin with

² *earliest fruits of promise*: earliest evidences of a developing civilization. It is no longer entirely certain that this is true. Recent discoveries in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley suggest that civilization began there as early, or perhaps even earlier.

³ *genius* (jĕn'yūs): spirit.

⁴ *colossal* (kô-lôs'ăl): extremely large.

⁵ *fathomless* (făth'üm-lĕs): immeasurable.

⁶ *papyrus* (pă-pî'rūs): paper made from the stalk of the papyrus plant, a tall reed that grows beside the Nile.

the picturesque Moslem¹ Egypt of today and work his way slowly back into the far more significant and far more picturesque Pharaonic Egypt of unnumbered yesterdays.

England is now governing Egypt,—not directly, but through her masterly control of the native organizations, political and military. His Highness the Khedive Abbas II Hilmi,² born in 1874, has been the nominal ruler since the death of his father, the Khedive Tewfik,³ in 1892. He reigns by the grace of the Sublime Porte;⁴ he owes allegiance to the Sultan of Turkey;⁵ his nations pay tribute to the “Sick Man of Europe,”⁶ who, by the way, now seems to be getting well; but as the guide-book politely puts it, “the Khedive’s independence of action is controlled by the British plenipotentiary.”⁷

For more than a quarter of a century Lord Cromer served in Egypt as the British plenipotentiary. In his case the title was not a mere empty diplomatic phrase, as it is in the case of many an ambassador or minister. He was truly a plenipotentiary, endowed with full powers in the fullest sense of the word, and wisely did he use the enormous influence that his position carried with it, to the glory of Great Britain, and to the lasting benefit of Egypt. True, he labored in the interests of foreign holders of Egyptian bonds, but he labored like a statesman, a great man, and a good man. He has uplifted a downtrodden people and

given them two things they needed most—water and justice. Cromer found Egypt worse than bankrupt; he has made her credit good; he has proved that honest government can be made to pay even in Egypt. He has transformed a nation of slaves into a nation of freemen. The free Egyptian of today has learned to smile and is forgetting how to cringe. The people who were ruled by the lash of their own rulers, whose fortunes and even lives might be taken at the whim of some official slave-driver, are ruled today with the strict but impartial rod of British discipline—and though now and then they kick against the pricks of law and order, they know that both their goods and their lives belong to them. They are learning in long slow lessons the new art of self-respect, and those who know enough to think without prejudice are grateful to Lord Cromer and to the nation that sent him hither and lent him the necessary force, moral and military, to establish order and to secure to them rights never enjoyed under the ancient dynasties of the Pharaohs or under the tyrannies of the medieval Pashas⁸ or of the Khedives of later times.

England is not in Egypt “for her health,” although many Englishmen do go there literally for their health, but she is there for the health of Egypt, physical, moral, and financial. England holds the keys of Egypt’s gates and the keys of Egypt’s treasury. The native may protest, and the modern Egyptian is a vigorous protestor, but the fact remains that Egypt belongs to England by virtue of the perpetual fiction of a temporary occupation. Egypt, before England came, was a land of lawlessness and pauperism. Alexandria, once the greatest city of a classic age, had shrunk to the estate of a poor fishing

⁸ *Pasha* (pá-sház’): title of a Turkish ruler.

¹ *Moslem* (möz’lēm): Mohammedan.

² *Khedive* (kē-dēv’) *Abbas* (āb’ās) *II Hilmi* (hīl’mī): This ruler has been deposed since the article was written.

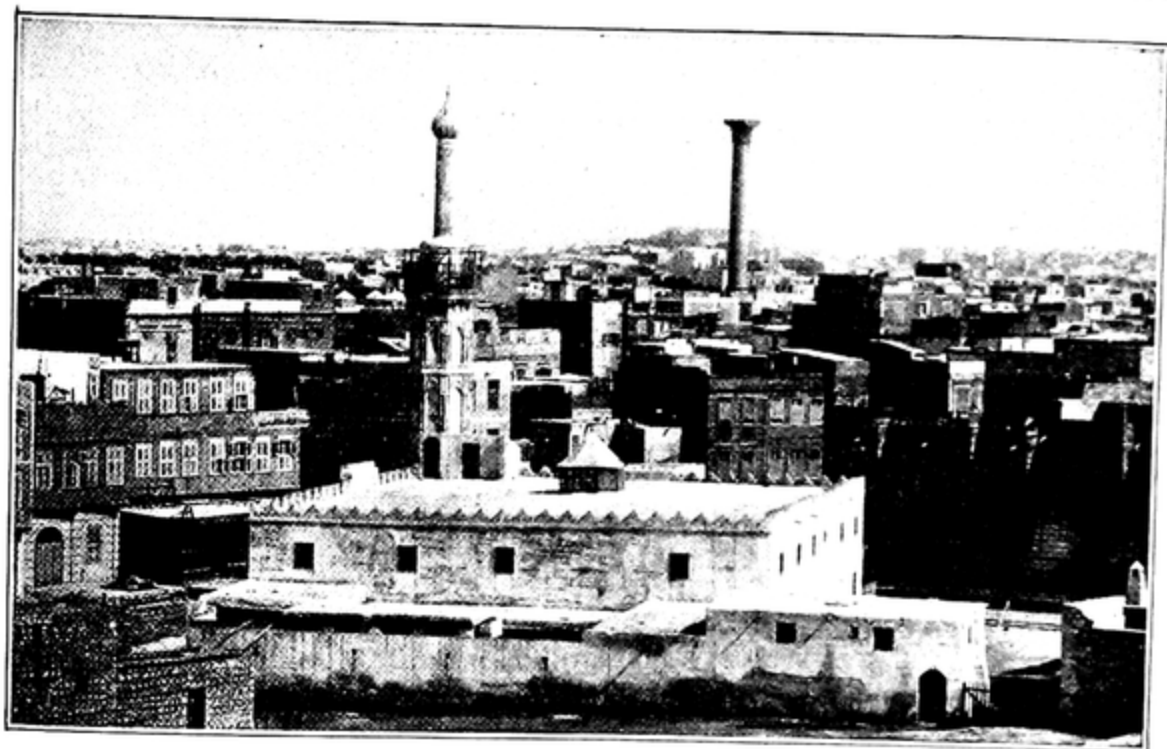
³ *Khedive Tewfik* (tōō’fīk).

⁴ *Sublime Porte*: the government of Turkey. The term is no longer used.

⁵ *Sultan of Turkey*: Turkey is no longer ruled by a sultan. It is now a republic.

⁶ *Sick Man of Europe*: term applied to Turkey when it seemed that the country was about to cease to exist.

⁷ *plenipotentiary* (plēn’ī-pō-tēn’shī-ēr’ī): representative who has very large powers.



A VIEW OF ALEXANDRIA. POMPEY'S PILLAR MAY BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND AT THE RIGHT

village of five thousand souls. Today Egypt is rich and prosperous and Alexandria a thriving and attractive city of more than three hundred and fifty thousand souls.

To land in Alexandria at the height of the tourist season is to enjoy all the sensations of shipwreck, high-sea piracy, and wartime panic. Excited Arab porters in red fez¹ and redder sweaters rush upon us, each eager to make a few piasters² by making away with as much imported baggage as can be slung around him—each assuring everybody at the top of his lungs that he is the only real "Cook's man"³ in the whole combination. "Want Cook?" "Here Cook." "Me Cook." "Cook!" "Coo-oo-oo-k!" "Coo-oo-ook!!!" They know that the infidel⁴

believes in Cook. They think that Cook is the god of the unbeliever, for the confused and befuddled newcomer always clutches at that word "Cook," as a drowning man grasps at a life-preserver. Meantime they clutch your cases, or anybody's, and piles of baggage melt away and disappear, we know not whither. We simply know that our belongings have vanished in a storm of talk. Egypt is the verbal storm center of the universe.

We find modern Alexandria an admirable city with little to recall her brilliant history, which reaches back to the golden days when the "Glory that was Greece" touched and transfigured for a time the fallen empire of the Pharaohs. The eye beholds no confirmation of the claims of the historians who tell us of an Alexandria which was as grand and noble in her marble splendor as in the intellectual vigor of her sons. Of all her architectural magnificence there now remains one solitary pillar, called Pom-

¹ *fez* (fēz): small brimless hat formerly worn by all Mohammedans.

² *piasters* (pī-ās'tērz): small silver coins.

³ *Cook's man*: man from Cook's tourist agency.

⁴ *infidel* (in'fī-dēl): to the Mohammedan, anyone who believes in God, but is not a Mohammedan. This includes Christians and Jews.

pey's Pillar because it is not Pompey's. Even the date of its erection is not accurately known, but Dr. Botti, the curator of Alexandrine antiquities, assures us that this granite shaft, originally part of the vanished Temple of Serapis,¹ holiest shrine of pagan Alexandria, was re-erected on its massive pedestal in the fourth century in honor of the Roman Emperor Theodosius,² who overthrew the pagan religion and established Christianity. We may say with reasonable certainty that this stone has been swept by the glance of all the famous eyes that ever flashed in Alexandria—the eyes of conquerors like Caesar, Antony, and Pompey, of scientists and artists like Euclid³ and Apelles,⁴ and of fair women as unlike one another as the beautiful Cleopatra,⁵ slave of the senses, and the beautiful Hypatia,⁶ martyr to liberty of thought. But in all Alexandria there is no memorial to Alexander himself, unless it be the great city that still bears his name, or the lighthouse that marks the site of the colossal Pharos⁷ of antiquity, which was nearly six hundred feet in height and was regarded by the ancients as one of the Seven Wonders of the World. Remains of it were visible until about six hundred years ago. Then the sea swallowed its founda-

tions and cleared the way for the erection of this present tower, which is thus the direct successor of the classic Pharos that guided the Greek galleys and gave the name to every *phare* upon the coasts of France—to every *faro* of the Spanish main.

There are two routes from Alexandria to Cairo—one is the railway and the other the canal that brings the Nile boats down to the back door of Alexandria. We go by rail, first along the banks of the canal and then across the wide, fertile reaches of rich delta land, past teeming towns of unromantic aspect, past miserable mud villages, over superb steel bridges, spanning the many spreading branches of the Nile, and at last, after 130 miles of this new sort of monotony, our train, carrying its world-wanderers, thunders into Cairo, a halfway halting-place in their race around the world. Not to know Shepheard's Terrace is a social crime. The traveler who has not trod the tile pavement of this terrace is little better than a stay-at-home, and the woman of fashion who has not sipped tea at the tables on the terrace dares not look five o'clock⁸ in the face.

It is worth while to come to Egypt if only to indulge in the social joys of "the Cairo season," which begins in January and closes with the departure of the money-spending foreigners in early March. Meantime Cairo becomes a kind of Oriental Paris or subtropic London—with here and there very pronounced suggestions of Atlantic City, Newport, and Longacre Square.

The modernization of Cairo was the work of the first of the Khedives, Ismail Pasha,⁹ a reckless but progress-

¹ *Serapis* (sēr'á-pis): a god of ancient Egypt.

² *Theodosius* (thē'ō-dō'shūs): Roman emperor who ruled in the fourth century A.D.

³ *Euclid* (ū'klid): Greek mathematician of Alexandria who discovered the principles of geometry.

⁴ *Apelles* (á-pēl'ēz): a Greek painter who is said to have painted a bunch of grapes so realistically that the birds came and pecked them.

⁵ *Cleopatra* (klē'ō-pā'trá): a famous queen of Egypt in the later period, when Egypt was under the Greek family of Ptolemies.

⁶ *Hypatia* (hī-pā'shī-á): a famous woman mathematician of Alexandria. She was a pagan and was dragged out of her chariot and killed by a mob of Christians because they resented her great influence and popularity in the city.

⁷ *Pharos* (fā'rōs): a lighthouse at the entrance to the harbor of Alexandria. The light was supplied by a great fire on top of the tower.

⁸ *five o'clock*: the hour at which afternoon tea is served.

⁹ *Ismail Pasha* (Is'mā-ēl' pá-shā'): Khedive from 1863 to 1879. Pasha is a title, not part of the name.



A STREET IN CAIRO

Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

sive despot¹ who, catching the fever of civilization in Paris, returned with the resolve to transform his city by the Nile as Napoleon III had transformed the city by the Seine. The festivities organized on the occasion of the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 cost Ismail more than twenty million dollars, and started Egypt on the road to ruin. His extravagances practically placed his realm in pawn. He built the Opera House of Cairo, where Verdi's² *Aida*,³ written to his order, was produced in 1871. A statue of Ibrahim⁴ Pasha, father of Ismail, stands in the Opera Square, an offense to true believers, who, according to the Koran,⁵ hold it sinful to create the graven⁶ image of any living thing. In this Europeanized quarter there are cafés on the sidewalks as in Paris, and we are often pestered by the Cairo prototype of the Parisian *camelot*,⁷ or peddler of petty and unusually useless merchandise. But in Cairo the hawkers hawk more kinds of merchandise than you will believe even should I read you a list of things offered me as I sat for half an hour at one of these cafés. I jotted down only the articles actually offered to me. I stopped at the fifty-seventh variety, for it was a mummified cat!⁸

The first thing on the list was a live parrot; then came such diverse

articles as inlaid chairs, pistachio nuts, dried fish, red fezzes, Soudanese monkeys, postcards, shimmering shawls, and an everlasting embroidered table cover held up to me a dozen times a day by an East Indian peddler, the most persistent nuisance of them all. At first it is amusing, but in time it tries the temper of the traveler to be perpetually urged to buy things that no one wants and everybody buys, for buy we do, every purchase being the occasion for a gathering of curious onlookers. Every passer-by wants to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the stranger taken in. Apparently the native eye revels in the sight of coin passing from hand to hand. Wherever money is paid out, dozens of alien but interested eyes caress the silver or the gold as it gleams in the open palm. You pay your cabman; he immediately shows the money to the bystanding natives who rush up to see how much you have given him. You buy a necklace or an imitation scarab⁹ from one of the patriarchal dealers in brand new antiquities, and a group gathers to laugh at you if you have paid the price first asked, to compliment you with a look of deep respect if you have paid five cents instead of the five pounds demanded. The ups and downs of the stock market are nothing to the flights and falls of prices in this curio market on the Cairo curb. "How much?" I ask of the man who offers me some tempting trifle. "Six shillings," is the answer. "I'll give you six *milliemes*,"¹⁰ I say, merely to escape the purchase of a thing I do not want, but all in vain, for though six *milliemes* represent less than three cents I get the goods.

But the real streets of Cairo are not

¹ *despot* (dēs'pōt): absolute ruler.

² *Verdi* (vēr'dī): a famous Italian composer.

³ *Aida* (ā-ē'dā): an opera with its scene laid in ancient Egypt.

⁴ *Ibrahim* (ē'brā'hēm'): This name is the same as Abraham.

⁵ *Koran* (kō-rān'): the sacred book of the Moslems.

⁶ *graven* (grā'vēn): carved.

⁷ *camelot* (kām'lō'): The word may mean a cheap article or the peddler who sells it.

⁸ *mummified cat*: In ancient Egypt cats were sacred to the goddess Ubasti, and no cat was ever killed. It is thought that cats were first domesticated in Egypt, and there is an ancient picture of a cat in the front of his master's boat, helping him hunt birds in the reeds growing out of the Nile. The bodies of cats were often embalmed like those of their masters, and thousands of these little mummies have been found.

⁹ *scarab* (skār'āb): a beetle sacred in ancient Egypt. Images of these beetles were often carved in stone and used in rings.

¹⁰ *milliemes* (mē'lyēmz): the thousandth part of an Egyptian pound.

found in the neighborhood of the hotel. We must plunge into the maze of the bazaars,¹ reeking with color, before we can feel that we are in the real streets of the real Cairo—the Cairo of the Arabian conquerors of Egypt; it is as picturesque as any “Streets of Cairo” at an exposition. Everywhere there is strong appeal to eye and ear—and nose. We are in a world of novel sights and sounds—and smells. Tall minarets² attract our gaze on high; loud-crying merchants call it down to the gay front of some dark, deepset shop, one of the many thousand similar traps of temptation set for the tourist in these interminable bazaars. “To buy or not to buy?” that is the question with which the weak-willed stranger is everywhere confronted. His only safety is to lift his eyes again, and in his admiration for the ethereal beauty of those fairy towers of the mosques³ outlined against the pale blue of the sky of Africa forget the wordly lure of the curios of Cairo.

There are so many mosques in Cairo that the stranger fixes few of them in mind. The names of only one or two stand out; the rest will be remembered merely as fragile, wonderful, and in most cases dilapidated buildings of great beauty, which, though by no means abandoned, have an air of sad abandonment. One that will never be confounded with the others is the Mosque of El Azhar.⁴ It is the seat of the greatest of Mohammedan universities, the most famous educational institution of the Moslem World—a world which complacently believes itself to be the only world that is worthy of consideration. It is not generally known that the Moslem

belief is the most widely spread of all the religions of the earth, and though it seems to immobilize⁵ every nation that becomes Moslem—and Moslem or Muslim means “the submitted,” those who are submissive to the will of Allah—it is itself ever spreading and ever increasing in power, though never progressing. Its leading university in Cairo might be called a sanatorium where the half-dead sciences and wisdom of the Middle Ages are kept alive by all the arts of ignorance and bigotry. There are some seven thousand students daily in attendance; there are about two hundred teachers or lecturers on grammar, law, religion, science, mathematics, rhetoric, and poetry, but these Mohammedan professors are not permitted to teach or to know anything that is not vouched for and commended by the Koran. This, of course, excludes all modern science, all history, all accurate geography—in fact, everything worth knowing. Absurd to the last degree is the curriculum of El Azhar, and pitiful it is to see seven thousand bright young minds being filed dull on the grindstone of the terrible Koran, to see seven thousand hungry souls asking the bread of knowledge and receiving only the stone of petrified⁶ tradition. This so-called university creates and fosters more ignorance and mental darkness than any other institution in the world; and worse, it scatters its curse broadcast over all North Africa, and over Arabia, Turkey, Persia, the Moslem provinces of India, and all the Moslem lands and islands of the Orient. For all these countries send their most promising young men to commit intellectual suicide here in the halls and courts of

¹ *bazaars* (bá-zärz): market places.

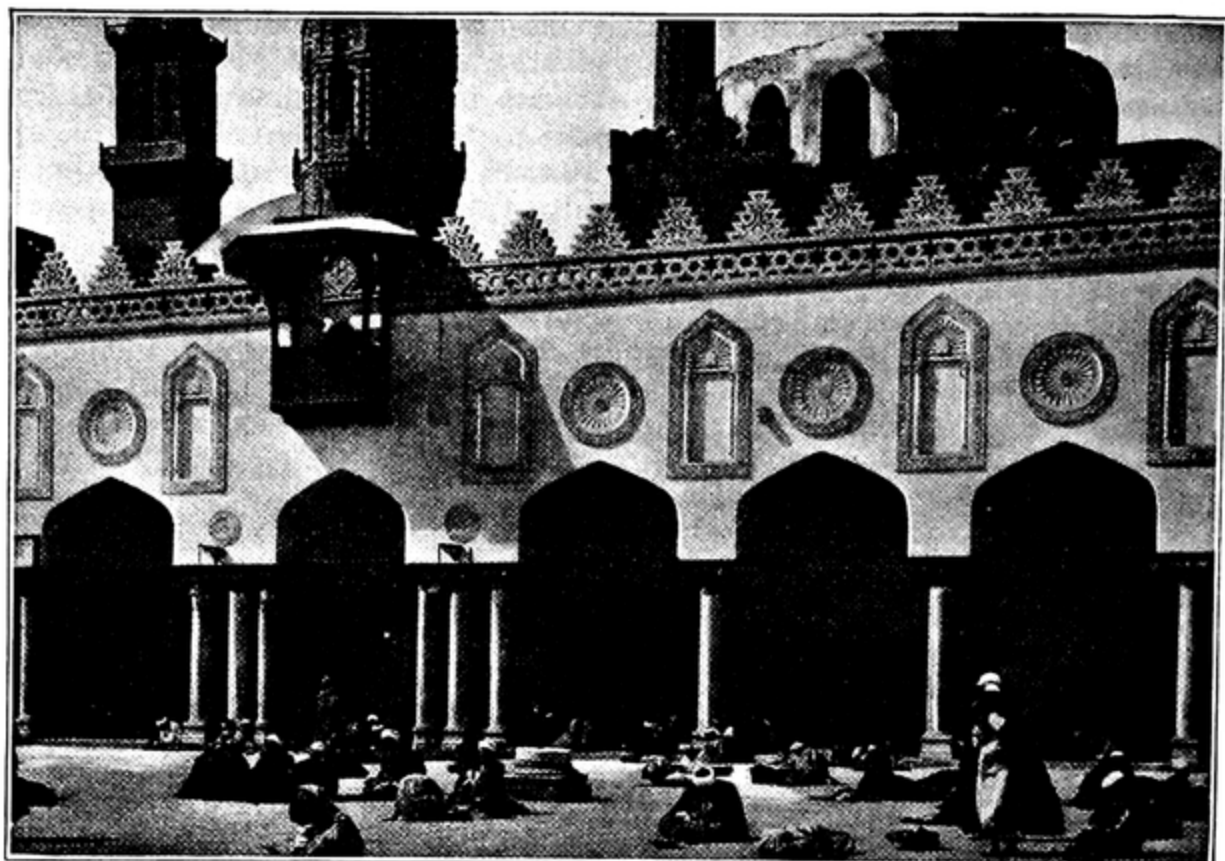
² *minarets* (mín'-á-rěts'): towers on which the Moslem priests stand at certain times in the day to call their followers to prayer.

³ *mosques* (mösks): Mohammedan churches.

⁴ *El Azhar* (ěl á-zhär').

⁵ *immobilize*: bring to a standstill.

⁶ *petrified* (pět'rě-fid): solidified; turned to stone.



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

STUDENTS IN THE COURTYARD OF THE MOSQUE
OF EL AZHAR

El Azhar, where the students sit in circles on the floor repeating audibly the useless lessons set for them to learn—swaying their bodies to and fro as if in earnest effort to digest the lumps of petrified wisdom with which their starving minds are being fed.

In contrast to this studious roar of many voices is the calm quietude of other mosques devoted solely to prayer and to religious meditation. In every mosque we find the ornamental niche or *mihrab*¹ set in the wall, marking the direction in which Mecca² lies, so that the worshiper may always face the holy city when he prays. Beside it rises the *mimbar*,³ or the pulpit from which the Friday sermons are dis-

coursed by the *imam*,⁴ or clergy. Friday is kept holy by the Moslems because it was Adam's birthday, and because Adam died also on Friday. The six great prophets revered by them are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed. Each of these prophets is believed to have revealed a true religion; but as he who reveals last, reveals the best and truest faith, so the revelation of Mohammed supersedes all others as the true faith of the faithful.

According to the Moslem doctrine, all who professed the Jewish faith, from the days of Moses to the coming of the Christ, were true believers; so also were those who followed Christ's teachings until Mohammed came. But all who do not accept the revelation and obey the teachings of Mo-

¹ *mihrab* (mē'rāb): the niche usually contains a copy of the Koran.

² *Mecca* (mēk'ā): the sacred city of the Mohammedans, located in Arabia.

³ *mimbar* (mīm'bār).

⁴ *imam* (I-mām').

hammered, the latest and the greatest of the prophets, are infidels, and have no hope of heaven. Superb indeed is the assurance of his followers—they know that they are right, that all other men are wrong.

As for the Moslem ideas of heaven, they are hopelessly material. Paradise is a place of luxury and ease, and the very meanest inhabitant is promised eighty thousand servants and seventy-two wives chosen from among the *houris*¹ of heaven, besides the wives he had in this world—if he desires to have the latter. No old, unpopular wife is to be forced upon him in his new abode of bliss. Moreover, the wives that he will choose in Paradise will be tall as palm trees and as graceful. Adam and Eve, they say, were sixty feet tall; thus we have been shrinking ever since our fatal start in life. Every heaven dweller will possess a tent of pearls and emeralds, wherein three times every day, three hundred waiters will serve three hundred different dishes all at once, but—happy dispensation—the last morsel of each banquet will always be as grateful to the palate² as the first. Wine, which is prohibited on earth, will be served in heaven in quantities unlimited, but—joyous miracle—enough will never be too much, too much will never be enough! We learned of several curious petty superstitions while visiting the famous Mosque of Amr,³ the oldest mosque in Cairo, built by the man who conquered Egypt in the name of the One God and of Mohammed his Prophet in the year 640, only eighteen years after the beginning of the Mohammedan era. Abandoned now, the Mosque of Amr is filled with worshipers only once a year, when the Khedive himself, his entire court, and

a multitude of the faithful come to pray amid the marble pillars. Then many try the efficacy⁴ of their prayers in a peculiar way, for he who cannot squeeze his body between a certain pair of pillars set very close together, can never squeeze his soul into the narrow portals of Mohammed's paradise. In one corner of this mosque we saw a woman licking with avidity⁵ a certain spot in the wall, worn concave by the touch of many tongues. She did not cease as we approached, but continued to rub her tongue upon the stone until the blood began to flow. Then she and her companion put on their veils and went away. "She thinks that she is cured," our guide remarked, "that is believed to be a cure for indigestion." They lick this stone with prayerful assiduity⁶ until the tongue is raw, then, as our skeptical companion said, "they can't eat too much and so, of course, they get well."

The congregation seen in the city mosques on Fridays consist of men—no women, no Sunday bonnets, no mild flirtations, no hymn-book held in one big hand and one little one, none of the things that make church-going easier for us. The Moslem woman prays, if she prays at all, at home. The man, the master, is the one who attends public service and prays for blessings on his house. In solemn state he goes on Fridays to his favorite mosque, the representative and proxy of those who are dependent on him in this life. The traveler often hears the call to prayer, but rarely sees the caller, for the narrow streets seldom command a view of these tall towers. Therefore one day we lay in ambush for a *muezzin*.⁷ Bribing our way up to

¹ *houris* (hōō'rī): beautiful women.

² *be as grateful to the palate*: taste as good.

³ *Amr* (ām'r).

⁴ *efficacy* (ēf'ī-kā'sī): effectiveness.

⁵ *avidity* (ā-vid'ī-tī): eagerness.

⁶ *assiduity* (ās'ī-dū'ī-tī): diligence.

⁷ *muezzin* (mū-ēz'īn): priest who calls the Moslems to prayer.

the shaky balcony of an old mosque, we waited patiently till the noon hour, enjoying the exquisite outlook. Two men had come up with us, but why one of them had climbed so high we could not understand, for he was blind and could not see the view. But presently the blind man, who is not dumb, opens his wide mouth and launches fervently the midday call to prayer; he is the *muezzin*, and the words that he intones are these:

"God is most great. I testify that there is no Deity but God. I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle. Come to prayer; come to security. God is most great. There is no Deity but God." To these, other words are added, differing at each of the five different hours of prayer. The calls are given at sunset, at nightfall, at daybreak, at noon, and at an hour midway between noon and nightfall.

Far more effective to the eye than the mosques of the city proper are those that rise from the sandy solitudes a little way beyond the eastern gates of Cairo, where, artistically aligned, we see the nine most graceful domes in all the realm of Saracenic¹ architecture. These domes mark the tombs of the last dynasty of independent princes who ruled in Egypt down to the Turkish conquest in 1417. This was the dynasty² of the Mameluke³ Sultans, founded in 1382 by a Circassian⁴ slave. The first of these great master-slaves

was Barkuk,⁵ builder of the grandest of these imposing tombs. Its domes and minarets are still intact, but its interior is all a wreck. The revenues that once supported this and the tomb-mosques of Barkuk's successors were long since confiscated by a later government. For many years each mausoleum was maintained as a sacred institution, its endowments administered by a staff of holy men and its works of art cared for by a crowd of pensioners and servants. Splendid they must have been, these burial palaces here on the edge of the Arabian desert; splendid they are today, though crumbling fast despite the thoroughness of their construction. Five hundred years have not sufficed to mar the bold yet dainty pattern that adorns these domes, which look as if nets of curious design had been thrown over them, and at the touch been petrified. Thus the domes are apparently enmeshed in nets of chiseled stone.

Another day we make a longer excursion across the suburban sands of Cairo, riding forth from the gate called Bab en Nasr, the "Gate of Victory," on our way to the famous forest of petrified trees, about eight miles from town. We reach the spot—a stone-strewn, sun-baked desert. "This is the forest," exclaims our guide, but we look in vain for trees. Scientists declare that the trees of this forest are extinct. This scientific pronouncement of a self-evident fact might be called a "work of supererogation"⁶—the most unscientific mind grasps it at once. These are the most distinctly extinct trees on the face of the earth. On the ground, however, are fragments of what looks like wood, but feels like stone.

¹ *Saracenic* (sär'ä-sën'ik): belonging to the Saracens, who ruled Egypt during the Middle Ages. They were Turks, but did not belong to the same division of the Turks as the present inhabitants of Turkey. The present Turks are Ottoman Turks, while the Saracens were Seljuk Turks. The crusaders fought the Saracens.

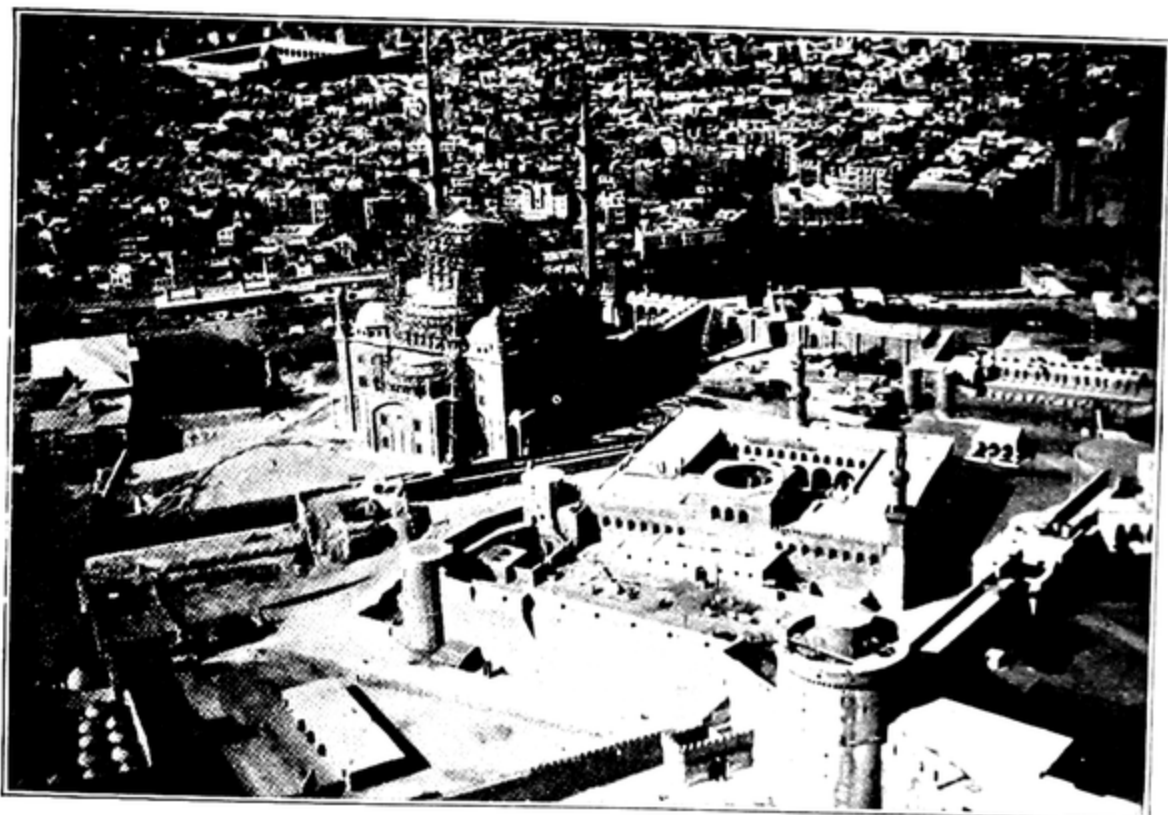
² *dynasty* (di'näs-ti): rulers belonging to one family.

³ *Mameluke* (mäm'ë-lük) *Sultans*: The Mamelukes were slaves brought to Egypt and trained as soldiers. They were loyal and efficient, and the Sultans were not the only ones who rose to positions of power.

⁴ *Circassian* (sēr-kāsh'än): from the Caucasus region.

⁵ *Barkuk* (bär-kōōk'): founder of the Mamelukes.

⁶ *supererogation* (sū'pēr-ër'ō-gā'shūn): a duplication of work already done.



Paul's Photos

THE MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI AND THE CITADEL

Our pockets filled with specimens, we gallop back toward Cairo to visit at the sunset hour the splendid Mosque of Mohammed Ali, the dominating feature of the Egyptian capital. Its tall, slender minarets, and its low, graceful domes are seen even from the deep, narrow streets. It rises from the midst of the stronghold known as the Citadel,¹ once the abode of Khalifs and Khedives. It is the crowning feature of the acropolis² of Cairo.

The builder of this temple was Mohammed Ali, founder of the ruling dynasty; he designed it as his tomb, and in one corner of it he lies buried. His was a strange career; born in Roumelia,³ he became colonel of the troops of the Turkish Sultan and was sta-

tioned in Egypt. Through French influence he was appointed Governor in 1805. Two years later he foiled an English attempt to get possession of the country, and in 1811 he performed his most sensational and brutal *coup d'état*.⁴

Napoleon had already defeated the Mamelukes and their followers, but the beys and princes of the Mameluke régime⁵ still possessed power and hindered the ambitious schemes of the new Governor. One day Mohammed Ali gave a great feast in the Citadel. Four hundred and eighty of the Mamelukes accepted his invitation. Superbly mounted, they rode up through a deep, steep passageway leading from the lower town. The cavalcade⁶ must have

¹ *citadel* (sīt'ā-dēl): fortification in a city, usually on the highest point.

² *acropolis* (ā-krōp'ō-līs): fortified hill.

³ *Roumelia* (rōō-mē'lyā): part of what is now Romania.

⁴ *coup d'état* (kōō'dā-tā'): seizure of government by a sudden stroke.

⁵ *régime* (rā-zhēm'): rule, certain organization of society.

⁶ *cavalcade* (kāv'āl-kād'): group of horsemen.

been very splendid for those beys¹ were rich and filled with pride of race and pride of wealth. They had been forced grudgingly to acknowledge Mohammed Ali master of Egypt, they were about to break bread² with him in sign of peace, and were content to wait until events should bring their party once more into power. But the man who was luring them to his stronghold waited for no events—he was a precipitator³ of history. His orders had been given. The lower gates were closed; the Mameluke cavaliers⁴ were caught in a trench-like roadway; the armed men of the new master were behind the walls, through which or over which they fired almost point-blank into that mass of men and animals. The firing did not cease till all were dead, till every possibility of further Mameluke opposition was annihilated.⁵ Tradition says that one bold horseman did escape by leaping his Arab steed over a parapet,⁶ but after going carefully over all the ground, I must confess myself a skeptic on this point. But that nearly five hundred men were slaughtered there like cattle, this is history.

Thereafter Mohammed Ali devoted himself religiously to the welfare of his people—as that sort of thing is understood in Oriental despotisms. An English student of affairs in Egypt, writing of the condition of the masses in 1834, declared “they could not suffer more and live.” Yet they have suffered more and lived to see their land redeemed from poverty, if not from ignorance, under the business management of Englishmen.

That the Cairene⁷ Egyptians are

¹ *beys* (bāz): Egyptian officials.

² *break bread*: eating together is considered a pledge of friendship among Moslems.

³ *precipitator*: maker who acts suddenly.

⁴ *cavaliers* (kāv'ā-lērzh'): horsemen.

⁵ *annihilated* (ā-nī'l-lāt'ēd): wiped out.

⁶ *parapet* (pār'ā-pēt): wall.

⁷ *Cairene* (kī-rēn'): of Cairo.

now prosperous seemed obvious on the occasion of the departure of the annual pilgrimage⁸ to Mecca. The crowds are well dressed and very well behaved, more patient than European crowds, as they wait to see the Holy Carpet started on its long and sacred journey to the holy cities of Arabia,—to Mecca, whence the prophet fled, and thence to Medina,⁹ whither he fled and where he now sleeps in his tomb.

The most conspicuous feature of the procession is a fantastical construction called the Mahmal,¹⁰ which is carried by the finest camel in all Africa. Once upon a time the ruler of Egypt made the pilgrimage to Mecca riding in a splendid canopied throne on camel-back. Later rulers stayed at home and sent the royal camel and an empty throne. This “proxy” came to be called the Mahmal and now goes every year to Mecca. The Khedive and his court witness the ceremony of departure from the great square called Roumeleh¹¹ under the shadow of the Citadel. The Mahmal and its escort circle three times in the center of the square, then move off in procession through the native town.

We raced in our camera-laden cab through that maze of alleys, trying to get ahead of the procession, but by mistake turned into the wrong street and found ourselves mixed up with it in such a way that we could not escape, for the crowds closed in and completely blocked the side streets. We had to drive on slowly with that sacred *cortège*¹²—our presence in it

⁸ *annual pilgrimage*: It is the sacred duty of every Moslem to make at least one pilgrimage in his life to the holy cities of Arabia. Every year thousands of them from all over the Mohammedan world travel together to Mecca.

⁹ *Medina* (mē-dī'nā): a city to the south of Mecca.

¹⁰ *Mahmal* (mā'māl).

¹¹ *Roumeleh* (rōō-mē'lē).

¹² *cortège* (kōr-tēzh'): equipage.

being sacrilegious, the Moslem crowds voiced their indignation in cries we did not understand and hisses that we did.

"What do they say?" we asked our frightened guide, "are they insulting us?"

"No, not *quite* so, but they make rough talk."

We were too much interested to be alarmed. The whole thing was so strange and wild that it was worth the risk, and on we went, the most observed part of the show. Sometimes we would be overtaken by the escort of some very holy sheik¹ of some very holy society of dervishes.² He would be swept past us amid a swaying of green banners, on a wave of frantic and fanatical³ excitement. At moments like this, happily for us, the crowd would be so filled with religious frenzy that the one cab-load of Christian interlopers was completely forgotten.

At last we reached the wider streets where native policemen are stationed, keeping the people back by means that are effective if not gentle. A bamboo stick across the bare shins of the Cairo rabble does wonders in the way of keeping them in line. Sound, whacking blows are struck on shins or backs, and sometimes heads are battered with the same bamboo. But there is no remonstrance; this sort of thing is mild and playful to a people who so recently were treated daily to the bastinado.⁴

Formerly the pilgrimage was made all the way by land, the pious thousands traveling in caravan across the Isthmus of Suez, but now even the

Holy Carpet and the Mahmal go part way by rail, part way by sea, and then by camel from Jeddah⁵ up to Mecca and Medina.

But all this has to do with the Egypt of today. Yet to see the Egypt of yesterday we need not even leave this modern Cairo—we simply make our way to the finest modern building in Cairo, the new National Museum which contains the priceless collection of Egyptian antiquities⁶ belonging to the government. In this museum we find ourselves in the realm of the art, the history, and the religion of the ancients—a realm too vast for the mere traveler, unless he comes prepared to spend many months—or even years—in the study of the fascinating science of Egyptology.⁷ We come to visit Egypt, not to study it, but in the simple seeing of sights we may learn much that will be better remembered than if it came to us in the form of lessons. In this museum a dead antiquity lives again—we see the men, the women, and even the domestic animals perfectly portrayed in contemporary statues of marble, stone, and wood, or what is still more wonderful and more uncanny, perfectly preserved in the flesh, the mummied corpses of those creatures of an age so fearfully remote, exposed to the eyes of our modern generation.

Among the many wonders that greet us in these halls there is not one that tends to make the old Egyptians seem more real to us than the famous wooden statue of the so-called Sheik of the Village. It is one of the oldest works of art in the world, carved about five thousand years ago, and one of the most perfect. But it is remarkable less for its artistic worth than for

¹ *sheik* (shēk): an Arab chief. There are many Arabs in Egypt.

² *dervishes* (dūr'vish-ēz): holy men in the Moslem religion.

³ *fanatical* (fā-nāt'ī-kdl): overdone religious feeling.

⁴ *bastinado* (bās'tī-nā'dō): stick used to inflict torture by beating on the tender bare soles of the feet.

⁵ *Jeddah* (jē'dā): the seaport of Mecca.

⁶ *antiquities* (ān-tik'wī-tēz): objects from ancient times.

⁷ *Egyptology* (ē'jip-tōl'ō-jī): the study of ancient Egypt.



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

SHEIK OF THE VILLAGE

its convincing fidelity to nature; we feel that it is a perfect likeness of the man it represents—a very stolid, rather fattish, very human man, the prototype¹ of many of the men we meet in our own streets from day to day.

¹ *prototype* (prō'tō-tip): early example of something still in process of development.

The original of this wooden masterpiece was, so they tell us, a nobleman of low degree, a rich and prosperous personage who, like the other wealthy men of his time, had a portrait-statue of himself executed,² graven exactly in his own image, to be placed with him in his tomb, so that should his embalmed body fail to outlast the ages, his soul could find an appropriate envelope,³ and thus continue to exist and to enjoy.

The old Egyptian believed that without a body, the soul or spirit must perish. Hence the hosts of mortuary statues, duplicates, understudies, *alter egos*,⁴ that have been unearthed in Egypt; hence the attention devoted to the perfecting of the uncanny embalming art which has preserved for us through all this awful⁵ lapse of centuries the actual corpses of the kings and nobles of the ancient dynasties, the actual flesh and skin and bones of the Egyptian upper ten, the corporeal⁶ selves of the individuals who made Egyptian history in far-gone ages.

Think of the wonder of it! Here in this superb modern museum we may meet the ancient kings of Egypt, see the actual bodies of the Pharaohs, look upon the great Rameses face to face!

Here he lies, marked "Exhibit J," his royal body all unwrapped, his royal limbs exposed. His royal face, that hawk-like face of Egypt's master, the face before the frown of which all Egypt trembled more than three thousand years ago, is bared to the gaze of the meanest of his people, to the stares of every flippant foreign passerby. We see the nose—a conquerer's nose—a nose like that of

² *executed* (ĕk'sê-kūt'ĕd): made.

³ *envelope*: covering.

⁴ *alter egos* (āl'tēr ĕ'gōz): other selves.

⁵ *awful*: awe-inspiring.

⁶ *corporeal* (kôr-pôr'ĕ-āl): bodily.

Alexander or Wellington; we see the mouth—a master's mouth—firm set like that of Caesar or Napoleon, and in it there still gleams one solitary tooth.

When the royal form was first unwrapped a ghastly¹ thing occurred. As the countless mummy bandages were unrolled by the painstaking archeologists,² suddenly, silently, but surely and visibly, Rameses the Great raised up his hand, as if to protest against this profanation of his kingly mummy, or to salute the scientists who had resurrected him. Of course the startling movement was caused by the expansion or contraction of certain tissues freed by the removal of the tight wrappings of the mummy shroud in which the body had been rolled three thousand one hundred and six years before.

Then, turning to another case—which has become a royal casket—we peer down at the face of Rameses' father, Seti³ the First. He was the builder of the most exquisite, if not the biggest, of old Egypt's monuments. His coffin was the most wonderful sarcophagus⁴ ever found in Egypt, a colossal block of alabaster superbly adorned with exquisite reliefs.⁵ You may see it now in London, in the Soane Museum, near Lincoln's Inn. In his day the embalming art reached a perfection never attained by the embalmers of earlier or later periods. His mummy is therefore better preserved than those of his predecessors or successors.

Comparing the face of Seti with that of his more renowned and more

ambitious son, we see that it is nobler than the face of Rameses, but less masterful. Seti it was who sowed the greatness. Rameses it was who reaped the harvest of world-wide renown. And what an experience, thus to compare, not the likenesses, but the actual bodies of two great historical characters, the father who died comparatively young, side by side with the son, whose body was the garment of his soul for more than ninety years. Yet here they are, the father a young and very handsome man, the son a decrepit nonagenarian,⁶ worn to a skeleton by more than three-score years of absolute imperial power. And think of it, these men were wrapped up in these very shrouds nearly a thousand years before the age of Alexander.

And in this same hall lie other royal mummies, Pharaohs of three great dynasties. Great even among the greatest of these kings was Thotmes⁷ III, who ruled two hundred years before the days of Rameses. He was the Alexander of old Egypt, for he made himself, through many successful campaigns, lord over every country in the known world. He it was who inscribed on the walls of Karnak⁸ the list of six hundred and twenty-eight nations vanquished and cities captured by his victorious armies. At ancient Heliopolis,⁹ the site of which lies near that of modern Cairo, he erected obelisks¹⁰ to commemorate his many jubilees. They stood before the gates of the great temples that once marked the intellectual center of the world to which came the wise

¹ *ghastly* (gást'li): inspiring horror, usually connected with the dead.

² *archeologists* (är'kê-öl'ô-jîsts): people who study the remains of past civilizations.

³ *Seti* (sêt'i).

⁴ *sarcophagus* (sär-köf'ä-güs): an elaborate coffin of substantial material, usually stone.

⁵ *reliefs*: carvings raised above the surface on which they are carved.

⁶ *nonagenarian* (nôn'ä-jê-nä'ri-dn): person ninety years old or more.

⁷ *Thotmes* (thôt'mēz): this is the Greek form of the name. Thutmose (thüt-mō'sē) is the form more commonly used today.

⁸ *Karnak* (kär'näk): a ruined temple in which long rows of massive pillars are still standing.

⁹ *Heliopolis* (hê-li-öp'ô-lis): a sacred city.

¹⁰ *obelisks* (öb'é-lisks): tall stone shafts, weighing many tons. No one knows how they were raised into position without machinery.

men of all countries, among them Moses, Pythagoras,¹ and Euclid, seeking the wisdom of the priests of Heliopolis. Plato himself studied for thirteen years under the tutelage² of the priests of Ammon,³ whose sanctuary was the earliest of all universities.

Vanished are the temples, gone are all the obelisks save one—gone but not vanished, for three of the former companions of this now solitary shaft stand today, each in the heart of a great modern city. One we have seen in London, beside the river Thames, the oldest object of all London, making the British metropolis seem almost new; another stands in Central Park, in the great playground of the newest of great cities;⁴ a third tall granite monolith⁵ from Heliopolis rises in Rome before the greatest church of Christendom, St. Peter's.

Other obelisks grace other sites in Rome and in Constantinople; but here at Heliopolis, where they first rose as everlasting monuments to royal pride, there is now only one. *Sic transit gloria mundi*.⁶ So passes the glory of the world. Will the site of London, New York, or Rome ever come to desolation such as this? Yet here was once a city famous for the things that do not die—religion and philosophy.

Yet how impressive is this lonely obelisk of Heliopolis, how eloquent of the grandeur of the past! How comparatively inconsequential seems the modern Moslem Egypt which has risen on the ruins of the ancient Egypt

of the Pharaohs! Literally, the greater buildings of modern Cairo have been constructed with stones stolen from the structures of the ancients, and yet the greatest of these ancient structures which rise on the edge of the Libyan desert, about six miles from Cairo on the west bank of the Nile, do not at first glance betray the fact that they have suffered from this vandalism.

Man made, but man cannot destroy, the Pyramids. The Pyramids are destined to perish only with the world. "All things fear Time, but Time fears the Pyramids." Never to be forgotten is the moment when we first behold the outlines of those solid shapes, gigantic and triangular, that stand for all the glory and the dignity of the Egypt of the past. We murmur, "The Pyramids!" That is all that should be said: "The Pyramids!" All history is breathed in that one word, the story of our race from today back to the dim beginning. Who looks upon the Pyramids for the first time keeps silence; they represent terrestrial Eternity, they almost paralyze imagination, because they alone of all the works of man bid fair to conquer Time. But what are the Pyramids? They are simply tombs—the burial vaults of the kings who reigned about two thousand years before the days of Rameses, or nearly fifty centuries ago.

They are the hugest, costliest, cruellest tombs the world has ever seen. Eloquent of the wealth and power of those kings, they represent the suffering, pain, and toil of dumb, uncounted multitudes of slaves. They are the most flagrant, awesome symbols of man's inhumanity to man ever set up by pride and selfishness. And think of it, they mark the dawn of what is known as Civilization. Thus they have stood, an arrogant example to

¹ *Pythagoras* (pī-thăg'ô-rās): a Greek scientist.

² *tutelage* (tū'tê-lij): instruction.

³ *Ammon* (ăm'ăn): the sun god, and the most important god of Egypt, from whom the kings were thought to be descended. At times the priests of Ammon were more powerful than the kings.

⁴ *newest of great cities*: New York.

⁵ *monolith* (môn'ô-lith): monument cut from a single stone.

⁶ *sic transit gloria mundi* (sik trăn'sit glô'ri-â mŭn'di).

the proud and powerful ever since human history began.

The first and greatest pyramid of this group, the pyramid of Cheops,¹ was originally four hundred and eighty-one feet high; its base covers an area of thirteen acres, and each side measures seven hundred and fifty-five feet. So accurate was the work of ancient engineers that modern experts, testing it with the most delicate of modern instruments, have been able to discover only an error of $\frac{6.5}{100}$ of an inch in the length of the sides of the base, and of $\frac{1}{300}$ of a degree in angle at the corners. Thus the pyramid was practically perfect, and, moreover, perfectly oriented in relation to the four points of the compass. It contains two million three hundred thousand blocks of limestone of an average weight of two and a half tons, and these were set together with a perfection of adjustment surpassing in *finesse* the work of an artist in mosaic. One hundred thousand men labored for twenty years to complete this tomb wherein the body of their king might rest forever in absolute security.

But how vain his hopes of bodily immortality, how vain the efforts of his architects and engineers, the toil and drudgery of his workmen and his slaves. Today the tomb is empty. The grave robbers² of antiquity rifled it ages ago. They took away the treasure and doubtless scattered Cheop's royal dust to the desert winds. Today we find there in the heart of the strongest, most durable mausoleum

ever erected—in the tomb-chamber the most cleverly and trickily concealed—only the empty coffin that we see, only the bare granite walls upon which several generations of distinguished fools have scrawled their modern names. The granite blocks that form these walls weigh from forty to fifty tons apiece.

You cannot conceive of the immensity of the Great Pyramid until you have been boosted up and then been hauled down the northern slope of this stone mountain made with hands—this Matterhorn of masonry, this one surviving wonder of the Seven Wonders of the World. The steps are narrow, barely fifteen inches wide; and, to make matters worse for us, these steps are very high, about three feet. Each step is just a trifle higher than the average leg and knee can manage. Hence the prosperity of that wild tribe of pyramid Arabs, the white-robed haulers and boosters who chaperon the traveler up and down for a fixed fee and all the *backsheesh*³ they can wheedle out of him.

Climbing Cheops marks one of the big moments in the life of a traveler. That moment has now come for us. No wonder that we wear a look of tired triumph as we stand for the first time upon this artificial mountain-peak, older than many of the real mountains of the world.

From the top of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, which, owing to the removal of the blocks that formed the apex, is now a level platform some thirty-six feet square, we look down upon the Second Pyramid, the tomb of King Kephren,⁴ about whom we know little save that he built the second largest pyramid. It is a curious fact that Kephren's pyramid, viewed from the

¹ *Cheops* (kē'ōps): the name is now usually written Khufu (kōō'fōō).

² *grave robbers*: robbers who broke into the graves to steal the gold and other valuable objects entombed with the kings. Some of the robbers were medieval Arabs, but some of them were ancient Egyptians. It is thought that the Egyptians gave up the practice of burying their dead kings in pyramids because the robbers could not be kept out. Later kings were buried in tombs cut in the cliffs of the Valley of the Kings, west of the Nile, and the entrances concealed.

³ *backsheesh* (bāk'shēsh): tips.

⁴ *Kephren* (kēf'rēn): now usually called Khafre (káf-rā').



Paul's Photos

THE FRONTIER BETWEEN THE KNOWN AND THE UNKNOWN

desert or the plain, looks larger and higher than the one on which we stand. This is owing to the fact that it stands on higher ground. It still retains its sharp and clean-cut apex, cased in the smooth covering with which the entire structure was originally faced.

Until the Arab Khalifs began to steal the outer blocks to build the mosques and palaces of Cairo, the pyramids presented smooth, sloping walls that were unscalable. But nearly all that facing has been torn away, leaving exposed rough stairways of unfinished limestone, save at the top of Kephren's pyramid, and at the bottom of the third and smaller one, where we find a few of the old outer blocks in place, showing us what the surface of the pyramids was like.

Then, turning from these royal sepulchres we see emerging from the ever-moving tidal wave of sand that sweeps with the slow centuries around

the triumphant pyramids, the head and shoulders of a thing every member of civilized society, traveled or untraveled, knows by sight as well as name. Who does not know this face and form, who need be told the name of the huge thing at which we are now gazing? Yet I have seen a guide—one of those loud specimens of cosmopolitan assurance—assemble his little band of tourists in this everlasting and world-famous presence, and pointing to it with a careless gesture, say: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Sphinx!" I almost expected yonder blind eyes to open and blast the miserable but earnest creature with a look.

Today, battered and broken by the attacks of Time and Man, this personification of mystery is flat-faced and featureless, its head the stony semblance of a human skull; but we feel sure that once this mutilated mask was beautiful. It is still wonderful.

As Pierre Loti¹ says, "It is still able to express by the smile of those closed lips the inanity of our most profound human conjectures." And thus the word "sphinxlike" will always be a synonym for that which holds but will not, while the world endures, disclose its mystery.

We do not even know by whom this thing was made or when. We do know that it is cut from a ridge of natural rock, with patches of masonry added here and there to carry out the gigantic conception of the unknown sculptor. Here we should close our eyes and try to picture all these things as they were in the remote days when the Sphinx was perfect, when the Pyramids were intact and immaculate and loomed in all their geometric beauty as the dominating features of the grandest cemetery the world has ever seen.

It was the cemetery of Memphis,² metropolis of Egypt, housing the dead of many generations. Today it is not possible to dig anywhere along this sandy plateau on the west side of the Nile without finding a tomb or *mastaba*.³ Mummies lie there as thick as cordwood, and mortuary antiquities are unearthed in such quantities that the museum sells authentic "ushabti"⁴—little figures representing servants, buried with the rich or noble—at five cents apiece.

Even such large things as pyramids are comparatively numerous. There are no fewer than seventy-six of them, rising in royal impressiveness from

the sands under which hundreds of thousands of lesser stone-built or rock-cut tombs are buried. The oldest is the Step Pyramid,⁵ one of the group at Sakkara⁶ about twenty miles south of the more famous group at Gizeh.⁷

The Step Pyramid at Sakkara is regarded as the oldest stone superstructure in the world. Between it and the Nile lay the great city of Memphis, metropolis of King Menes, the first Egyptian monarch whose name is known to history, the founder of the earliest known dynasty in the year 3400 B.C. One of the two things that mark the site of vanished Memphis is a prostrate colossal image of the comparatively modern Rameses II, Egypt's vainest and most ostentatious king; the other is another similar colossal statue of the same noble old self-advertiser of antiquity.

Rameses the Great was the originator of spectacular advertising. We shall find the results of his activity all over Egypt, but where the modern advertiser uses perishable paper Rameses employed imperishable stone. He left his mark on everything in Egypt except upon the shifting sands which have refused to perpetuate his fame as the digger of an embryo Suez Canal. He carved his likenesses on the eternal cliffs of the Nile or framed them between the pillars of the solidest of temples. He blazoned the story of his life and deeds upon the walls of giant pylons,⁸ that all posterity might look and read and marvel and applaud. The vanity of Rameses was as colossal as his memorials, that are so numerous and conspicuous as to lead the unread traveler to believe

¹ *Pierre Loti* (pyēr lō-tē'): a French writer.

² *Memphis* (mēm'fis): the capital of Egypt at one period.

³ *mastaba* (mās'tā-bā): tombs like small pyramids with the tops cut off. They are supposed to have been the originals out of which the pyramids grew. If a succession of smaller and smaller mastabas were raised, one on top of another, and the angles filled in, the result would be a pyramid.

⁴ *ushabti* (ū-shāb'tī): these little figures were servants to work for the soul of their master in the other world.

⁵ *Step Pyramid*: so called because the sides were not smoothed by filling in the angles of the blocks with masonry.

⁶ *Sakkara* (sā-kā'rā).

⁷ *Gizeh* (gē'zā).

⁸ *pylons* (pī'lōnz): solid structures like buttresses forming the sides of gates.

that Rameses was not only the greatest but the *only* king that Egypt ever had. We shall see many of those reminders of Rameses as we go cruising up the Nile.

There are three usual ways of going up the Nile, by rail, by *dahabiyeh*,¹ or by excursion steamer. To go up by rail is to miss absolutely the charm of the trip, to sail up in *dahabiyeh* is very costly both in money and in time, and therefore most people go by one of the tourist steamers that make the regular cruise up to the second cataract and back to Cairo in twenty-one days.

We make our Nile cruise in the "Nemo," a little steam yacht chartered for thirty-five days, and paid for by the thousands of kind fellow-travelers who do their traveling with us in the travelogues. The "Nemo" is manned by seventeen men. There is the captain, who is also chief-steward, a German; waiters, Nubians; the chef and his assistant, Arabs; the engineer, a villain; the assistant engineer and stoker, so soiled that nationality did not show through the grime; four sailors, Nubian and native; a chief pilot, more like a monkey than a man; three other pilots picked up at various ports, and last, but not least, the Dragoman,² Gattas George, a Coptic³ Christian and as kindly a soul as ever answered the questions of a tourist.

Who and what are the Copts? They are native Egyptians; but though they wear the red fez of the Arab, and though their priests wear the round turban of the Turk, these Coptic Egyptians are not Mohammedans. They represent the Christianized sec-

tion of the native population. Their Christianity is almost as old as that of the Apostles, and since the fifth century they have had their own independent Coptic Church, which is dominant today in Abyssinia. Their language is the old Egyptian language. The language that we see written in hieroglyphics on the obelisks and temples is the Coptic language, now written by the Copts in Grecian characters. But while they read it in their churches they rarely speak it, for in the affairs of daily life they use modern Arabic, the language of their Mohammedan neighbors, whose populous villages we pass at frequent intervals as we steam slowly southward against the yellow current of the Nile River.

Some say the Nile voyage is monotonous, but one who loves color and pictures will never find it so. We are kept on the continual *qui vive*⁴ for the color effects which come and go with every passing hour and for fine compositions formed and framed in every passing mile. We never tire of the sailing boats that wing their silent way like butterflies along the golden pathway of the Nile. We like them best when they are coming toward us, or slipping straight away up or down the placid stream. The full face of a Nile *felucca*⁵ is always *distingué*⁶ and beautiful, but the profile is distinctly disappointing. Thus all depends on the point of view; head-on, the boats are fairy craft, graceful as gorgeous insects on the wing; on the quarter they have already lost their magical perfection of proportion, and when at last we overtake one and view it as it glides along abeam, the splendid argosy⁷ has become an ordinary scow,

¹ *dahabiyeh* (dä'hä-bē'yä'): sailing boats that look as if they had great pointed wings extending out on both sides.

² *Dragoman* (dräg'ō-män): guide.

³ *Coptic* (kōp'tik): belonging to the Copts, modern Egyptians.

⁴ *qui vive* (kē-vēv'): alert.

⁵ *felucca* (fē-lōōk'ä): another kind of sail boat.

⁶ *distingué* (dis-tän-gä'): distinguished-looking.

⁷ *argosy* (är'gō-sī): ship.

and the glorious, full-winged butterfly has grown as scrawny and as awkward as a humble sand-fly.

To our amazement we find many a mile of the river walled in on one side or the other by the high cliffs of rocky hills that rise upon the Libyan or the Arabian shores. The Nile boasts palisades surpassing those of the Hudson, and at time suggesting in form and coloring even the walls of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. There is many a surprise in Egypt for the traveler who comes with notions fixed or preconceived. So, shattering preconceptions every day and every mile, we make our way with the aid of time and the tired engines of the "Nemo" against the current of the waters, but *with* the currents of the air, for the prevailing winds are from the south. It is a curious fact that it is easy to sail up the Nile, but very difficult to sail down the river, for the winds are much stronger than the current.

We are in the month of February and the Nile is getting lower every day. In October it had overflowed these high banks and enriched the fields for miles in both directions with its waters—which in retiring left a mass of rich Abyssinian mud, the annual gift of the equatorial rains and the Abyssinian mountains to the thirsty, hungry valley of the Nile. To keep the fields and farms alive water must be kept upon them all the year, and to this one and all-important end, three fifths of Egypt's adult male population will labor every day and all day until the inundation comes again. Meantime the water must be literally lifted from the ebbing Nile and poured over the high banks to keep the farms and fields alive.

There are two immemorial contrivances for lifting water still in use along this immemorial river. One

is the *sakiyeh*,¹ a wheel with an endless chain of pots, turned by a donkey, a bullock, or a camel—a primitive machine that is always in motion and as audible as it is inharmonious. No one who has not heard the all-day, all-night song of the *sakiyeh* can realize how awful and uncanny a never-ending creak can be.

The other watering device is the *shaduf*,² a long-well-sweep with a counterpoise of stone or hardened mud, worked by a pair of human animals in the form of swarthy, well-muscled *fellahin*.³ When the Nile is very low, *shadufs* are arranged one above another, each pair of native dippers lifting the water to a level attainable by the dipping sacks of the *shaduf* next above.

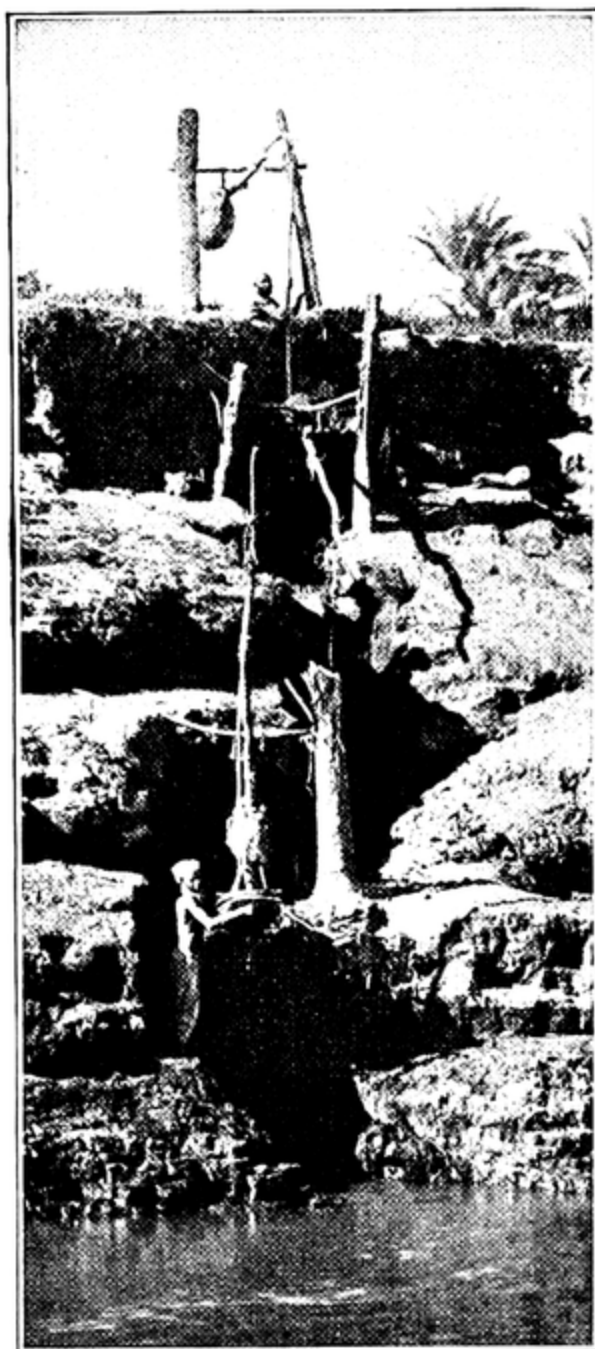
We see thousands of *shadufs* along the banks employing twice as many thousands of those bronzed athletes, whose splendid physical development is due to this continuous gymnastic dipping exercise, and whose lives depend upon it—for should the *shaduf* stop, the crops would die, the *fellahin* would starve, and so these men are literally dipping for dear life. Something of the inexorableness of Nature is brought home to us as we glide past those endless ranks of naked toilers bending their backs at the command of Nature's terrible task-master, who bears the name of Necessity! How poor they are. Everywhere the outstretched hand, the eager cry; on every lip the word that means a gift, for *backsheesh*, the first and last sigh of the Egyptian, is simply the Arabic word that means a "gift."

But all Egyptians are not beggars; only those at the ports where tourist steamers call. We found many a self-reliant community in the out-of-the-

¹ *sakiyeh* (sà-kē'yá).

² *shaduf* (shā-dōōf').

³ *fellahin* (fēl'á-hēn): workmen.



SHADUF, WATERING DEVICES, ARRANGED
ONE ABOVE ANOTHER

way villages at which we stopped. It was indeed a pleasure to meet a population that did not seem to know the word *backsheesh*. The *backsheesh* nuisance has been created and is fostered by the tourist; we who throw money to be scrambled for are to blame for much of the beggary along the Nile. The Egyptian is naturally industrious; he has to be industrious to live.

It astonishes the traveler to learn that Egypt is a crowded country, that in density of population Egypt surpasses Belgium, which has the densest population of any European country. But in computing the area of Egypt, the desert area is not counted; only the irrigated and productive area is considered, and this, of course, is comparatively small. Therefore it is not after all so strange that the narrow strips of fertile soil along the borders of the Nile should boast an agricultural population denser than the industrial population of overcrowded Belgium.

The government is making magnificent efforts to enlarge the cultivable area¹ of Egypt. Already millions of new acres, reclaimed from the desert by irrigation, are producing crops of cotton and of sugar-cane. The chimneys of great sugar-mills now rise like smoking obelisks where once the thirsty sands reached down and vainly tried to drink the life-giving water of the yellow Nile. Water has brought life and the possibility of wealth to the dying, starving native, and British justice now enables him to keep and to enjoy the wealth he earns.

In the old days no man dared to earn more than enough to satisfy his daily needs, for any surplus was sure to be a source of suffering. He would be forced by torture to give up his gold. Thus laziness became a secure virtue, and industry a dangerous vice. Now all that is being changed, with water as the saving agent, and canals, ditches, barrages, dams, and dykes, the symbols of the new prosperity. One of the greater dams is near Assiut,² the largest town of Upper Egypt, with a population of about fifty thousand.

But Assiut has a suburb more populous than the city proper. It is the

¹ *cultivable area* (kūl'tī-vā-b'l): land worth cultivating.

² *Assiut* (ās-yūt').

suburb of the dead, and as we look down upon it from the rock tombs on Libyan hills it appears larger and handsomer than the city of the living. The cemetery looks more like a real city than the living city of Assiut itself. Far to the left we see the yellow sands of the Sahara, for cemeteries are always on the border of the desert. No precious, fertile acres are ever set aside as dwelling-places for the dead; the living have too great need of all the cultivable land. Still there is verdure and beauty in this silent city; the date-palms, which give so much to the living, lend their shade and protection to the sleepers in the whitewashed tombs.

It is a pious custom of the Moslems frequently to visit the abiding-places of their dead, and there is one occasion when they come and camp for three days and nights beside the tombs of their departed relatives and friends. Some bring tents, others simply move into the little dome-like dwelling-houses that stand beside or above the family vault, a house in which the living visitors spend the three days of the great festival which partakes more of the character of a picnic than a pilgrimage, for there is much merry-making and good cheer among the tombs. A market is established, cattle and sheep are driven in for slaughter, and the rich give meat and drink to all the poor who ask, and of the askers there are not a few. Meantime a lively sort of fair develops on the outskirts of the cemetery.

Less attractive than the dome-like houses in the city of the dead are the cube-like houses in the city of the quick, for Assiut itself is built of sun-dried brick. Dull and dirty are its streets, duller and dirtier the pitiful young children.

The saddest sights in Egypt are the children, unwashed, with filth-encrusted eyes that are losing their brightness

and possibly their sight because of silly superstition. Fear of the Evil or the Envious Eye prompts the Egyptian mother to neglect the personal appearance of her child. A pretty, well-groomed baby would be sure to attract the blighting influence of the Evil Eye. So even the well-to-do parent permits rags and dirt to disguise her child, as she imagines, for its own protection. She believes it sinful to wash the inflamed eyes or brush the flies away. She believes that water is fatal to the sight; she believes flies to be the remedy for the disease, while in reality they are almost invariably the cause and aggravation of that ophthalmia¹ which is so prevalent that Egypt is the blindest nation in the world, a nation of near-sighted, one-eyed, or dead-eyed victims of a disease born of filth, ignorance, and childish superstition.

In the bazaars of Assiut we are accosted in good English by intelligent small boys with clear eyes and clean faces who prove to be pupils in the American Mission School. Two of them scrape acquaintance by means of a request that sounds very strange in contrast to the usual cries for *back-sheesh*. They say, "Please, sir, to give me an English book—I like to read an English book." The only book I had to spare was Herbert Spencer's *Essay on Education*, which may or may not have met with the approval of the Presbyterian teachers responsible for the education of these lads.

The pair who escorted us back to the yacht were choke-full of schoolbook information. When the elder one learned that we hailed from Chicago, he rattled off the following fire of facts: "Chicago is in the State of Illinois, County of Cook, on the shores of Lake Michigan, population one million five hundred thousand; a celebrated center of the grain and meat industry of the

¹ *ophthalmia* (ôf-thăl'ml-ä): a serious eye disease.

United States of America," and the other one piped up: "George Washington was the Father of his Country. First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!"

Above Assiut the Nile grows shallower and the channels very intricate. We run aground three or four times a day, but usually manage to get off again by dint of vigorous poling. But one day our *rais*,¹ or pilot, ran the "Nemo" high and dry on a deceptive bar which held us as firmly as those Siberian "perricatts," on which our Russian steamer "sat" so many days in the course of our voyage down the Amur River several years ago. This happened in the early morning. We woke to find the "Nemo" motionless and the crew wandering around in the river looking, or rather feeling, for the lost channel. No help in sight, the desert on one side, deserted fallow fields upon the other. In vain the efforts of our crew, who toil for hours waist deep in the chilly Nile.

Meantime our engineer sends a small boat down to a distant village to tell the headman that we are in need of help, and, to insure immediate assistance, a lie is told, without our knowledge or consent. The sheik is given to understand that the stranded craft is the yacht of the Minister of Finance with high officials of the government on board! The sheik comes promptly, bringing twenty-seven men whom he has autocratically pressed into service. Fear of offending an official is still the sharpest spur to native effort. The day is not far past when any government official, from the Sultan down, had the right to call for the free labor of the people when and wherever he desired it.

This system of forced labor, called the *corvée* has been abolished by the English, save in emergencies when

¹ *rais* (rā'ls).

labor is required on the dikes or the canals during the annual overflow of the Nile; but in doing forced labor at such a time the *fellah*² is simply working for the preservation of his own and his neighbors' property. But remembering the stripes and punishments of an earlier *régime*, our salvage corps of twenty-seven shivering villagers toiled with chattering teeth and aching backs for five mortal hours without complaint, but not without noise, for they howled like demons as they lifted, pushed, and poled the "Nemo" off the bar.

When at last we were safely floated, I asked the sheik to name the sum that he would regard as fair remuneration. He talked the matter over with his men, and they fixed the amount of the salvage payment at forty piasters. This may sound like a lordly sum to those who do not know that one piaster is worth about five cents! Thus, forty of them make two dollars in "real money." Two dollars, not for each man, but for that strenuous gang of twenty-seven sons of Egypt who had worked and yelled like madmen for five hours. When out of the fullness of our gratitude we paid them one Egyptian pound, about five dollars, they grinned with joy and showed their chattering teeth again as if to say "De-lighted!"³

Thereafter we steamed more cautiously up the devious and ever-changing channels of the Nile, making long stops every day in order to undertake shore excursions on donkey-back to the tombs, temples, or famous sites that are the real objects of our journey. To tell of all we saw and enjoyed, to describe all that instructed, enter-

² *fellah* (fēl'ā): singular of *fellahin*.

³ as if to say "De-lighted!": a reference to Theodore Roosevelt that would have been recognized by everyone at the time this was written. He was famous for his broad smile and the exclamation "De-lighted!"

tained, or bored us in the course of our seven weeks of Nile cruising, would be to transform our travelogue into a comprehensive treatise on Egyptian art, history, or religion.

If we would make progress up the Nile as travelers, we must beware of taking with us too much excess baggage in the form of erudition.¹ But even though it be a dangerous thing, we must take with us a little knowledge, else we shall be blind to the meaning of the things we come to see. We should know, therefore, that when we dismount from the little donkeys that have carried us for more than eight picturesque miles, from a modern mud village that seemed to be melting into the Nile, to ancient temples that seemed to be fretting² away under the influence of the sand-laden winds of the desert, that we have reached the site of one of the oldest cities Egypt ever knew—Abydos.³ One of the holiest places in all Egypt it was also, for there at Abydos was entombed the head of the great Osiris⁴—god of the underworld, deity of the dead.

To be buried, near the tomb of Osiris was the pious wish of every Egyptian. The Necropolis⁵ of Abydos is of vast extent. The desert sands cover countless multitudes of mummies; other multitudes of embalmed ancients were brought hither to rest for a time in sacred soil. Millions of memorial tablets were sent hither to represent those whose bodies lay in far-off provinces, but whose souls yearned for some sort of association with the holy one whose head lay in Abydos, for this association was believed to bring its blessing in the other life.

Today we find a similar superstition

in Japan, where thousands of bodies, hundreds of thousands of tablets, and millions of single bones have been carried by the pious to the mountain forests of Koya San⁶ that they may insure for the dead the blessing that flows from the sacred sepulcher of Kobo Daishi,⁷ the St. Paul of the Buddhism of Japan.

The finest of the two surviving temples of Osiris at Abydos was begun by the great Seti and completed by Rameses the Great. It was a seven-fold sanctuary, wherein were worshipped not only Osiris, but also Isis his wife, Horus⁸ his son, the gods called Ptah,⁹ Harmachis,¹⁰ and Ammon, and the deified King himself, builder of the temple—for King Seti, after death, became a god.

Seti was the builder of the most beautiful of the old Egyptian structures. But his creations being more beautiful, less colossal, were the more perishable. As structures they have suffered more from the destructive touch of Time—and yet Time has spared much of their exquisite decoration. In fact, we shall see few art works more perfectly preserved or fresher in coloring than the tinted reliefs upon the walls of Seti's temple at Abydos, and yet these shapes were fashioned, these colors were applied more than three thousand years ago. The figures ranged in brilliant array along these walls represent the gods of Egypt in friendly converse with old Egypt's Kings. The gods have heads like those of birds and animals, and the Pharaohs turn toward them, always in profile, faces that are very human and full of kingly dignity.

The hieroglyphics, also cut in low relief and highly colored, tell of the

¹ *erudition* (ēr'ōō-dīsh'ūn): learning.

² *fretting*: wearing.

³ *Abydos* (ā-bī'dōs).

⁴ *Osiris* (ō-sī'rīs).

⁵ *Necropolis* (nē-krōp'ō-līs): cemetery.

⁶ *Koya San* (kō'yā sǎn): mountain in Japan.

⁷ *Kobo Daishi* (kō'bō dī'shī).

⁸ *Horus* (hō'rūs).

⁹ *Ptah* (tā).

¹⁰ *Harmachis* (hār-māk'is).

deeds of the Kings—their gifts to the gods and of the gods' regard for the Kings who reared these temples in their honor—briefly, all this is a record of a mutual admiration society, composed of the earthly rulers and celestial deities, thus proving that a certain modern ruler's "Ich und Gott"¹ is but a modern's plagiarism.²

On other walls we find a different kind of picture-writing. We see King Rameses trying to lasso a rampageous bull, while Rameses' royal son gives the tail of the unhappy animal a very skilful and apparently painful twist, suggesting that *jiu-jitsu*³ was not unknown to the ancients. Here both the royal figures and the hieroglyphics of the royal record are not raised in relief, but deeply incised in the walls. There is no coloring, and the execution is comparatively crude, for this is work of a later period.

In a long corridor called the Hall of the Kings we may read—that is, if hieroglyphics are not worse than Greek to us—that wonderful, invaluable list of the Kings of Egypt, which proved such a priceless boon to the historians who were groping in Egyptian darkness as to dynasties and dates and the order of royal successions. There they found the names of all the rulers from King Menes,⁴ whose throne was at Memphis, to Seti the First, whose capital was at Thebes. Between their reigns more than two thousand years elapsed, yet so wonderfully is the dead and buried past being revived and resurrected by the researches of the archeologists that we moderns now possess one piece of King Menes royal regalia—a

golden bar, the oldest known piece of jewelry—and the actual body of King Seti, builder of this temple at Abydos, where at the hot noonday hour we perpetrate an impious picnic amid the sculptured columns of the hypostyle hall,⁵ through which the later Pharaohs were wont to pass, bearing their offerings to the seven gods enshrined in the seven inner sanctuaries.

Another day, another temple claims our attention and wins our admiration, for the great shrine of Hathor⁶ at Dendera⁷ is one of the most satisfying sights in Egypt, at least to the casual traveler who, when he goes to much expense, trouble, and fatigue to see a sight, demands a sight that he can see with his ordinary eyes, not one upon which he must turn the eyes of erudition or imagination to make it look like anything worth while.

Dendera is eminently seeable. It "jumps to the eyes," as the Frenchman would say. It looms in stony dignity and with a certain heavy architectural grace. It refuses to be confounded with other temples. The tourist may mix his Egyptian gods and merge his impressions of many temples, but Dendera stands out clearly defined on the page of memory. For an Egyptian pile it is distressingly new, dating only from the first century B.C. It was dedicated to the Goddess Hathor, the Venus of the Nile mythology. You may distinguish faces of that Egyptian Aphrodite⁸ on the capitals of the huge columns—faces half obliterated and disfigured by the Mohammedan or Christian zealots of a later age.

Entering the temple, we find ourselves in the noblest, best proportioned

¹ *Ich und Gott*: "I and God," an expression said to have been used by the former emperor of Germany.

² *plagiarism* (plā'jī-ā-rīz'm): claiming as one's own something written by another.

³ *jiu-jitsu* (jōō'jit'sōō): a Japanese system of wrestling.

⁴ *Menes* (mē'nēz): the first king of all Egypt.

⁵ *hypostyle hall*: hall of columns.

⁶ *Hathor* (hă'thōr): an Egyptian goddess.

⁷ *Dendera* (dēn'dēr-ā).

⁸ *Aphrodite* (ăf-rō-dī'tē): Greek name of Venus. The statues of Hathor did not much resemble those of Aphrodite, for the Egyptian goddess was represented with a cow's head.



CORRIDOR OF THE TEMPLE OF SETI AT ABYDOS

Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

hall of columns in all Egypt. Even the far-famed hall of Karnak is to me less impressive than this vestibule of Dendera. Though the sculptures are inferior to those of older temples, there is in Dendera a certain impressive and mysterious charm that other grander, better executed temples lack. Perhaps it is because the roof is still intact, keeping in that atmosphere of mystery which at Karnak or at Abydos has evaporated from the columned corridors that are now open to the sky. In ancient days the mystery was thick indeed. These temples were not praying places for the people, they were mere fortresses of luxury and mystery obstinately held by the priesthoods, which at last became so powerful that they ruled Egypt by ruling Egypt's rulers through their superstitious fears.

The holy of holies was a dark "hidden secret chamber," an occult¹ alcove in the midst of the temple, forbidden to all men save the Pharaoh. Today we enter freely. There is nothing in it; it is void and empty as all the other organized mysteries which have deceived mankind in ancient or in modern times. Once let the honest light of day into the black holes of superstition and those who live and thrive upon the superstitious fears of simpler minds are soon bereft of all their power to oppress.

The greatest of the gods of Egypt was the Sun God, whose name, Ammon is said to signify "hidden" or "concealed." His cult was shrouded in mystery and his glory revealed in magnificence. His priesthoods tyrannized over King and people, and ultimately the chief priest of Ammon—who had long been more than King—became the Pharaoh in name as well as fact. Church and State became one, and the greatness of Egypt as a nation was at an end forever.

¹ occult (ô-kült'): hidden.

The grandest sanctuaries of the god of gods were at Thebes,² the mighty city where the mighty Pharaohs had their capital for about two thousand years. Today the tourist hotels of Luxor³ mark the site of ancient Thebes, and offer shelter to the thousands of strangers who every season ascend the Nile, four hundred and fifty miles from Cairo, to see what remains of the greatest of Egyptian cities, the first great monumental city of the world.

The old Egyptian name for Thebes was Net, which means "The City," and it was indeed *the* city of the age in which it flourished. The Greeks gave to it—for no good reason—the name of Thebes, a name borne by several of their cities in Greece and Asia Minor. The modern name, Luxor, is a corruption of the Arabic "El Kusur," meaning "the castles." The castles referred to are the many-columned courts of the abandoned temples within which little Mohammedan settlements grew from hamlets to villages, and ultimately spreading round about the ancient structures which they had filled half-way to the brim with the filth and rubbish of successive generations, these villages have formed the town of Luxor that we see today.

Amenophis⁵ III, a great King of the eighteenth dynasty, was the builder of the temple to which the name of Luxor has attached itself, and from which all the débris⁶ of Luxor has not yet been removed. Some Arab dwellings and a whitewashed mosque, squatting upon deep strata of débris, still partly obscure the plan of this amazing assemblage of columns, courts, and corridors. Where the enclosure has been cleared, the splendid pillars rise in majesty and

² Thebes (thēbz).

³ Luxor (lūx'ôr).

⁴ El Kusur (ël kōō'sōor).

⁵ Amenophis (ä-mēn'ô-fis): usually spelled Amen-hotep (ä'mēn-hō'tēp).

⁶ débris (dē-brē'): rubbish.

beauty from floors kept clean by the care of the department of antiquities. The lovely lotus flower and the papyrus of the Nile were the inspiration of the ancient architects who designed these columned sanctuaries. Imagine clustered papyrus stems of stone, crowned by stone buds, tall as the pillars of the Parthenon,¹ more numerous, better preserved, and endowed with a peculiar natural grace that leads us to regard them not as architectural creations, but as colossal things of beauty that have sprung, in all their everlasting dignity, from the sacred soil of Net, the city of the Theban Kings.

Yet even this huge colonnade, the finest in all Egypt, shrinks into comparative littleness when we turn and gaze up at the huge pillars of the columned aisle reared by the same royal builder, Amenophis, who did not hesitate to risk eclipsing his earlier creations by beginning other buildings on so vast a scale that he could not complete them. The fourteen columns of his projected but unfinished hypostyle hall are the most graceful existing columns of their size, forty-two feet in height, surpassing in beauty the only columns that surpass them in size—those of the hypostyle of Karnak.

We pass along that impressive aisle, assuming instinctively a kingly manner as if to make our bearing harmonize with the impressive towers of grace that rise on either side. We reach the columned court that Rameses added to the ambitious scheme of the earlier King, instead of completing, as he should, the great hall conceived by Amenophis.

But alas, the vanity and egotism of the Pharaohs and the hugeness of the design of this temple—or rather series of sanctuaries—prevented its ever being really finished. The empire fell and the Pharaohs lost their power

before this colossal building scheme could be carried to completion. King after King labored upon it, spending enormous sums of gold and energy on its successive courts. Rameses did even more than his share when his turn came, for he was sure to leave his mark, not only on his own new works, but upon the works of all his royal predecessors. In fact, he usually made himself so much at home, in effigy, in the temples of his fathers that their statues were crowded out by his colossal likenesses.

Today the shrines of Egypt are peopled almost exclusively by stone semblances of that royal egotist. But Rameses was not only a great King, he was a gallant husband, and he usually had a portrait of his wife carved in the same block of granite, and if you seek that everpresent portrait of his queen, you will be sure to find it—if you know just where to look and just how far a royal husband dared to go in sharing glory with his wife. A very tiny Mrs. Rameses stands proudly by her husband's side, her head not reaching quite to the knees of her colossal granite spouse.²

Leaving the temple and the town of Luxor—a town of about twelve thousands souls, that is, if we may so far outrage Moslem prejudices as to attribute souls to the *women* of the place—we make our way to the insignificant village of Karnak, the name of which now stands for the most stupendous if not the most significant ruins in the world.

The ruins of the temples of Ammon at Karnak are to other ruins what the Grand Canyon of Arizona is to other gorges or ravines; and looking at the columns of Karnak which might serve as foundations for the earth, and at the walls of Karnak which might be the ramparts of creation, there come

¹ *Parthenon*: temple of Athena at Athens.

² *spouse* (*spouz*): wife or husband; here husband.

to our dazed minds no words so fitting as the words used by Charles Higgins in trying to convey to those who had never looked upon that glorious scene in Arizona—that Titanic chasm of the Colorado—some concept of its glory. He spoke of that stupendous work of Nature as we may speak of Karnak, this stupendous work of man, as “a boding, terrible thing, unflinchingly real, yet spectral as a dream, eluding all sense of perspective or dimension, outstretching the faculty of measurement, overlapping the confines of definite apprehension . . . the beholder is at first unimpressed by any detail, he is overwhelmed by the ensemble.”¹

Well might the Pharaohs have regarded this creation, upon which the Dynasties had labored for eighteen hundred years, as “The Throne of the World.” It would be useless to give figures, measurements, or dates,—such ponderous facts weight down the balances of memory and most of them would slip off the tilted scales. One word gives us the magnitude of Karnak, another tells its age—the one word is “colossal,” and the other is “antique.” But these words must be raised to the highest power before using them in an attempt to dodge a description of this temple which is indescribable.

Elsewhere we have found it possible where description falters to make you see the things which cannot be described, but here at Karnak even the camera cannot be depended upon. There are no comprehensive points of view, no satisfying perspectives. There is so little free space in the great hall. The columns stand too close together; each is so huge that it conceals the others, and in many places the space between has been filled in

with earth and gravel as a precautionary measure.

Karnak has begun to crumble. Eleven columns fell in 1899; those that remain erect must be banked up and supported during the work of restoration. There were a hundred and thirty-four of them, the larger ones nearly twelve feet thick and sixty-nine feet high. Upon the capital of each a Roman centurion² could have massed his hundred men. The lesser columns are larger than the largest that we saw at Luxor. They are not monolithic, but composed of many half-drums superimposed, and they are not fluted like the columns of the Greeks, but covered with incised³ reliefs which once were bright with color. They look firm as the everlasting granite hills that mothered them, but though the heavy roof has long since disappeared, relieving them of its enormous weight, the cumulative burden of the ages is at least proving too heavy for the greatest columns the world has ever seen, just as it long since proved too heavy for the mighty pylons.

Down came those wall-like towers centuries ago, transforming the once imposing gateways into heaps of stony débris, like that which marks the pathway of an avalanche. In fact, all Karnak resembles the litter caused by some landslide or avalanche, the stones of which have taken on imposing shapes, suggestive of huge architectural forms.

The bigness of what we see escapes us. We cannot grasp the size of things, for all things at Karnak are on a scale so grand that grandeur becomes commonplace—one colossal object makes other colossal objects appear small. Nor can we grasp

¹ *ensemble* (än-söm'b'l): everything taken together.

² *centurion* (sën-tū'rī-ün): Roman officer who commanded a hundred men.

³ *incised* (in-sīzd'): cut in.

the one-time wealth and splendor of this shrine which is now but a heap of broken stones. The Kings, who, when they came to worship, had to cover nearly one third of a mile in going from the entrance to the inner end of Ammon's sanctuary, gave of their wealth and spoil a lion's share to the god to whom they here bowed down. Tribute from all the known world poured into the coffers of the priests. Rameses III gave of his prisoners of war, nearly ninety thousand slaves, to Ammon. In time the high priest of Ammon usurped the temporal throne, and the first servant of the god became the master of the masses. At one time fifteen per cent of all the wealth of Egypt belonged to the priesthoods; they were the trusts of antiquity; they dealt in prayers and promises of joy to be fulfilled beyond the grave, and they found in this traffic a colossal profit; it yielded returns as stupendous as the temples which were the counting-houses of those sacred corporations.

Around about this grave of Egypt's yesterday stretch the fertile fields that furnish food for the man and the beast of the Egypt of today. The buffalo browses and the *fellah* tills the soil where once great Rameses rode through the acclaiming streets of Thebes in his triumphal chariot on his return from some victorious invasion.

Thebes was a city of wide extent,—we may cross the Nile and ride for several miles toward the western mountains and yet not get beyond the limits of that biggest of the big cities of antiquity.

At the time of its greatest glory, Thebes covered vast areas on both sides of the Nile—the eastern shore being the site of the city of the living, the western shore that of the larger, grander, and more splendid city of the dead. The old Egyptian always looked

upon his tomb as his real home. His house was but a place of passing sojourn; his sepulcher was his eternal dwelling-place. The Pharaohs reared them splendid mortuary temples on this plain, and set in front of them gigantic statues of themselves.

Two of these colossi¹ portraits of Amenophis III, still indicate the site of his mortuary shrine. His tomb and the tombs of all the Kings who ruled in Thebes were subterranean palaces, hollowed in the foundations of a range of hills a few miles to the west; but there on the plain stood an array of temples that were the gorgeous, visible ante-chambers, each one corresponding to one of those mysterious unseen tombs. These statues give us some idea of the scale on which those vanished temples were conceived.

The northernmost colossus is the one known as the Vocal Memnon²—the one which used to speak and greet the rising sun; but whether the sounds that once came from the now dumb monster were caused by a priestly trick, or by the expanding or cracking of the stone as the sun's rays touched and warmed it after the chill of the night, has never been determined.

In the background, set close against the reddish cliffs, we find the temple built by the one woman who succeeded in achieving greatness in that distant age. She was Queen Hatshepsut,³ the first distinguished woman in history, the first and only female Pharaoh. Her temple at Der el Bahri⁴ has proved a rich mine for the archeologists. It was not far from here that they found, in 1881, those mummies of the Kings—of Rameses

¹ *colossi* (kô-lôs't): gigantic statues.

² *Memnon* (mēm'nôn).

³ *Hatshepsut* (hăt-shěp'sōt).

⁴ *Der el Bahri* (dēr-ël-bă'hri): a complete story of Hatshepsut's early life is carved on the walls of the temple.



THE MEMNON COLOSSI

and the rest—which we have seen in Cairo.

The monarchs who ruled in Thebes, knowing that even the greatest pyramids of their predecessors had failed to preserve their royal remains from profanation, resolved that their own mummies should be, not buried under colossal artificial mountains like the Pyramids, but hidden deep in the foundations of the everlasting hills. So they commanded their royal architects to dig and burrow rather than to build. They tunneled into the cliffs, two hundred, three hundred, and in one case nearly seven hundred feet, descending in some places by inclined and in others by vertical shafts nearly two hundred feet below the point of entrance, which was always carefully concealed.

More than forty of those entrances have been discovered; more than forty underground burial palaces of the

Theban Pharaohs have been cleared and carefully explored. They have found long corridors adorned with painted pictures, two and three thousand years of age, but bright and fresh as if they had been painted yesterday. They have found spacious ceremonial chambers—long suits of subterranean rooms, their walls alive with tinted illustrations of the royal lives lived by the men for whom these deep, entrance dwellings were devised.

But they found here, as at the Pyramids, that the royal graves were empty. A few mummies were discovered in the side chambers, but they were not those of the Kings. The royal mummies of the mighty Pharaohs had been taken away secretly, at the command of one of their weak successors, in the days when the empire was tottering and the government powerless to protect the royal dead, and had been hidden all together, as a

matter of precaution, in a secret shaft, where they lay until discovered by modern grave robbers, who in placing royal trinkets on the modern market betrayed themselves and inspired the search that resulted in bringing to light, in 1881, that marvelous array of mummies, including those of Seti I, Rameses the Great, and of the monarchs who had preceded and succeeded them upon the throne of Thebes. Thus both the royal bodies and the royal tombs of the great dynasties were found, but the bodies were not found in these tombs, save in the case of one King—Amenophis II.

One tomb was overlooked, both by the ancient ghouls¹ and by the later Pharaoh who tried to save the bodies of his fathers by concealing them elsewhere. One tomb, therefore, remained untouched, until the men of science of our modern day, in 1898, found its hidden entrance, groped their way along its superbly decorated corridors, and, reaching the inmost mortuary chamber, looked on the face of one great King who had been lying there for three thousand three hundred and thirty-four years. Here he was found just as his courtiers had left him on the day of his imposing funeral in the year 1436 B.C.

This was to me the most impressive moment that came to me in Egypt, this moment when I stood, almost alone, in this royal presence, deep in the caverned mass of those Egyptian cliffs, face to face with one who had been King in Thebes more than a hundred years before Rameses the Great was born—one who had come directly from his golden throne in that now ruined city to this granite bed, beside which we, creatures of a day, stand dumb and silent, chilled by the sense of all the centuries that lie between this man and us.

¹ *ghouls*: grave robbers.

But it is with a deep sense of relief that we find ourselves again out in the free air of today, continuing our voyage southward from Thebes, toward other mighty monuments that wait for us along the River Nile.

Greatest, at least in the material majesty of its perfect preservation, is the enormous temple that rises at a place called Edfu.² It dates from the times of the Ptolemies,³ the Greek successors of the Pharaohs, who ruled Egypt from Alexandria, where their throne was established by virtue of Alexander's conquest of the land. The pylon of Edfu is practically perfect. It lacks only the cornice to complete the skyline, and the four masts or flagpoles that were once fixed in those four grooves in the facade. The figures cut deep in the same huge wall represent a big King smiting his little enemies, while little gods and goddesses look on approvingly. The Ptolemies were not free from the old self-advertising passion of the Pharaohs; they also used the spare walls of their temples to let the whole world know the deeds and titles by right of which they held the center of the stage.

The preservation of Edfu is due to the fact that it lay partly buried throughout the Middle Ages. An Arab village grew up in it and on top of it. Much labor and money has been spent in shoveling off and out the accumulations of two thousand years, until today Edfu stands disinterred. But the Arab town surrounds it, and, given a decade of neglect, would creep back and overwhelm the ruin with its rubbish heap of vileness.

Happier the fate of the ruins that were buried in the clean sand of the desert. The beautiful ruin of Kom

² *Edfu* (ēd'fū).

³ *Ptolemies* (tōl'ē-mīz): the Greek family that ruled Egypt after it was conquered by Alexander.

Ombo,¹ forty miles farther south and on the east bank of the Nile, was covered until recently with the pure, sandy cloak thrown over it by the east winds from Arabia. Today the columns have emerged like lovely flowers in stone from their agelong concealment. The coloring of the deep-cut reliefs is in some places startlingly bright and fresh. The graceful lines and exquisite proportions of the hall of columns tell of the influence of Greek art; all this was a creation of the Greek age in Egypt.

The Greeks brought to the heavy and impressive architecture of old Egypt some of the lightness and grace that characterized the immortal creations of Greek art on Grecian soil. We know that brilliant color was freely used within these temples. Traces enough remain upon some of the gorgeous capitals to give us some idea of what the decoration of this temple must have been.

From Kom Ombo to the first cataract the distance is under thirty miles—and at the next stop there won't be any temple. We are at Assuan,² the health resort *par excellence*³ of Egypt. It is the sanatorium of Africa. It is a glorious place for invalids, and the favorite resort for beggars from all parts of upper Egypt and the neighboring sandy wastes of Nubia. It is the headquarters of the "Backsheesh League"—a large delegation of which meets every steamer that ties up to the pierless banks of the Nile at Assuan.

One secure refuge for the helpless tourist is the terrace of the Cataract Hotel, whence we enjoy a splendid view of the Nile canon. The outside world beyond the brilliant Saracenic awnings that are stretched to attenuate the tropic glare is almost too gloriously bright and sunny. On one side lies

the parched bed of the shrunken Nile, and on the other the sun-baked desert of Nubia begins.

One of our first short excursions into this glaring region was to the ancient quarries whence the old Egyptians took the granite for their colossal statues and their everlasting obelisks. We find one obelisk⁴ still unseparated from the mother rock; shaped and finished on two sides, it has not yet been cut loose from the cliff. Marks on the rocks tell us how this was to have been done. Wedges of wood were driven into the holes bored all along the proposed line of separation; these wedges were then wetted, the wood expanded, a great seam opened, and the block of granite was ready for shipment down the Nile to Thebes, Memphis, or Heliopolis.

Not far from this birthplace of all the obelisks we find a settlement of Soudanese—the blackest black folk in all Africa. There, and in the adjacent settlement of Bisharins,⁵ every one, from the boldest "warriors" down to the tiniest babies, is in the retail *backsheesh* business.

About four miles above Assuan the Nile is dammed by the new Barrage, a modern work that takes rank in magnitude with the great ancient monuments of Egypt. But where they erected at the call of selfish pride, at the cost of many lives, and to the impoverishment of the nation, this work is the result of an endeavor on the part of a wise government to give life to hitherto dead areas, and to bring the possibility of wealth within the reach of the hitherto impoverished population.

The dam is one mile and a quarter long from shore to shore. It controls

¹ Kom Ombu (kōm-ōm'bōō).

² Assuan (ās-wān').

³ *par excellence* (pār ēk'sē-lāns): above all others.

⁴ *obelisk* (ōb'ē-lisk): an upright four-sided pillar tapering toward the top and ending in a pyramid.

⁵ *Bisharins* (bīsh'ā-rīnz).

to a certain extent, the level of the lower Nile by holding in reserve the surplus waters of the annual inundation, diverting them into new irrigation canals or letting them escape in regulated flow through the sluices to the greatest advantage of every farm and field between here and the delta, six hundred miles below. It lightens the labor of the countless workers at the *shadufs* who do not have to dip as deep as formerly. It also makes possible the irrigation of broad areas which until now were waterless and unproductive. It has of course suppressed the old First Cataract of the Nile, where formerly boats had to be hauled by hundreds of natives up through the raging rapids, an exciting all-day undertaking. Now we steam quietly into a superb canal and are quickly lifted through four locks to the new level of the upper Nile.

The Nubian Nile above the cataract has been transformed into a rock-bound lake. The Great Barrage has backed the waters up, widening the river, engulfing the sites of villages, submerging islands and apparently transforming the tall palm trees into some new kind of water-plant. The "Nemo" one day capped the climax of her many absurd performances by getting stranded in the tree-tops of a grove of palms. There we ran out of coal, and there we lay for twenty-two hours, while a small boat went back to Shellal¹ for a supply of fuel. But it was delay that was delightful. Few yachtsmen can boast of a similar experience. Like Peter Pan, we dwell among the tree-tops; beneath us no doubt are the submerged ruins of some Nubian village, which once rose on some lost island of the Nubian Nile.

There was one world-famous island in this vanished archipelago—an island dear to every lover of the beautiful—

the Isle of Philae,² crowned with temples and girdled with temple walls and colonnades. Isis³ was the deity adored at Philae, and it is fitting that a goddess, not a god, should have been supreme here on this isle that was so sweetly feminine and so exquisitely beautiful. Of the island itself only one rocky eminence remains above the new Nile level. Of the temples much still remains in view. Philae has become a beautiful Egyptian Venice—and comparing the floating Philae of today with the regretted island Philae of the past, it seems to me that lovely Philae has gained in beauty through this inundation due to the building of the Great Barrage.

Those who agree with me in preferring this new Venetian Philae will bless the dam; those who do not, will—shall we say—"Barrage the dam!" At any rate the Nile now paves the courts and fills the sanctuaries with the freshness, the music of the living waters.

If Philae on dry land was dream-like, Philae afloat seems an enchantment, unfolding its manifold perfections as we glide silently and smoothly round about her pylons and her pillars, keeping always in view that most exquisite of all her structures, the columned *kiosk* known as Pharaoh's Bed. As we circle it by night, Philae appears like an architectural wonderland moored in the moonlight on the bosom of the ancient stream. Yet there is sadness in the thought that what we see will not be seen by the travelers of future years. Philae is doomed; the waters that lend her now this strange Venetian charm—that have washed away the dirt and débris from her gates—will ultimately undermine her sacred walls and wash away all save her sacred memory.

¹ *Philae* (fī'lē).

² *Isis* (i'sis).

³ *Shellal* (shēl'āl).

For nearly a hundred miles above the dam, the Nile appears to be in a perpetual state of flood. The shoreline has been pushed back, and all the trees in sight appear to have gone wading, some of them waist-deep in the Nile waters. We are in Nubia,¹ the Biblical land of Kush,² where to this day the dwellers live in primitive simplicity. Small boys wear silver charms in place of shirts and the little girls eke out their charms with fringy skirts called "Mother Nubias" that are too cute for anything. There is matter for a dozen lectures here in Nubia, where manners, customs, and beliefs are all so curious and strange.

We note with interest the immemorial but to us novel way in which the women dress their hair; it looks for all the world like black or reddish fringe—for sometimes the braided tresses, stiffened with black Nile mud, are dyed a somber red. Near every town we find a temple in the neighboring desert, and near every temple some red-haired woman with mud-framed face, who is sure to have a silver ring for sale.

There are some fourteen temples between the first and second cataracts—one very like another—all impressive because of their solitary situations, because of the desolation of the sandy wilderness out of which they lift their shattered forms like wrecks of prehistoric ships lost in the bed of a dead and dried-up ocean.

We dutifully "did" all these temples. All are worth visiting, but the story of these visits would delay beyond reason our arrival at the place where we shall see the most impressive sight of the upper Nile, a sight that

ranks with the Pyramids and the Sphinx as one among the three supreme wonders of this wonderland of Africa. The place is known today by the Arab name of Abu Simbel,³ which means "Father of the Ear of Corn."

We speak of the wonderful works at Abu Simbel as "temples," but they should not be called temples; the word suggests to the traveler who has come thus far up the Nile, something ordinary, something commonplace. He has seen so many temples that one temple more or less means very little to him. He would perhaps gladly pass without a glance the wonders of this cliff-bound Nubian shore if they were nothing more than temples. Abu Simbel is a place of unique marvels, masterly creations of a genius whose originality and daring were amazing, whose resources must have been practically limitless.

That genius was none other than Rameses the Great—great even here in savage Nubia three hundred miles above his capital and only forty miles from the Second Cataract of the Nile, beyond which lay the country of the barbarians against whom he oftentimes sent his conquering hosts. Here at Abu Simbel the great King set his everlasting seal deep in the rocky face of Nubia, marking this desert province as his own forever. More than three thousand years have rolled along the valley of the Nile without effacing this deep-set seal of that indomitable monarch; and even were the cliffs at last worn smooth by the rough rubbing of the hand of time, there would remain the vast interior halls of Abu Simbel hollowed in the living rock of these grim cliffs that loom above the ever-living Nile and at the same time form a rocky dam to hold in check the billows of the dead sandy

¹ *Nubia* (nū'bī-ā): the ancient Egyptian name for this country meant "Land of Gold." From the mines of Nubia came most of the vast stores of gold owned by Egyptian kings and nobles.

² *Kush* (kōōsh).

³ *Abu Simbel* (ä'bōō sīm'bēl).

sea of the Sahara that rolls in all its vastness westward from their tops to the far-off dunes along the Moorish shores that front the wide Atlantic Ocean.

We cannot see that desert from the river, but we know that it is there, and we do see the broad cascade of sand that tumbles imperceptibly over the brink and slowly swells and spreads until it sometimes half conceals the sculptured façade of the greater cliff-shrine on the left.

The lesser rock-cut sanctuary on the right is not so threatened by the overflow from that great sea of sand. Its six colossal figures stand forth, at all times clean and sharp, from the six niches where they stood like stony sentries for over thirty-one long centuries. The four male figures represent great Rameses, the two female figures, Rameses' queen and wife, Nefretete,¹ who was the only royal consort of old Egypt over honored with colossal portraits rivaling in magnitude those of the male Pharaoh, her royal lord and master. This in fact might be called a family memorial glorifying the wife of Rameses and the offspring of Rameses, for lost in the shadows beside the huge thirty-three-foot likenesses of the royal pair, stand comparatively tiny figures representing their royal daughters, the princesses Meryt-Ammon² and Hent-tewe,³ and their royal sons, the princes Mery-Atum,⁴ Mery-Re Amen-her-khop-shef,⁵ and Ra-her-wnamf!⁶ What a time the royal herald must have had announcing the members of this royal family as they appeared upon the scene at the great ceremonies of the Theban court!

¹ *Nefretete* (něf'rā-tā'tā).

² *Meryt-Ammon* (měr'īt ām'ōn).

³ *Hent-tewe* (hěnt'tā-wā).

⁴ *Mery-Atum* (měr'ī ā'tōm).

⁵ *Mery-Re Amen-her-khop-shef* (měr'ī rā ā'měn-hēr-kōp'shěf).

⁶ *Ra-her-wnamf* (rā-hēr-nām).

The door admits us to the cave-like rooms cut in the cliff—a hypostyle hall, a transverse chamber, and an inner closet-sanctuary where stands a striking relief of the goddess Hathor in the form of a sacred cow. Human heads of Hathor and incised pictures and hieroglyphs adorn the pillars and the walls of these dark man-made caverns from whose cool depths we look out upon the hot sun-kissed surface of the silent Nile.

This lesser wonder would be alone well worth the journey. What shall we say of the greater wonder—the great rock-cut shrine before which sit the four colossi, as they have sat throughout the thirty-one hundred years that have elapsed since they were born, gazing benignly eastward, greeting the sun whose god was worshiped in that sanctuary, the doors of which they will guard until the earth itself shall pass away? There they must sit, doomed to terrestrial⁷ immortality by the pride and egotism⁸ of the King who fashioned them in his own image—for the four giants are four portraits of Rameses the Great. They are each sixty-five feet high. Should they arise they would almost overtop the cliff of which they are a part. Each holds a little desert in his lap, the feet of each are bathed in the hot desert sands that come down from the dammed and pent Sahara just above.

The glacier-like sand-drift which at one time almost concealed the whole of Abu Simbel is fed by the exhaustless sandy reservoir of the Sahara. Fast as it is removed, faster it comes, but silently and imperceptibly, dancing down from the high desert with breath of hot wind from the west. This we discovered as we toiled toward the top to peer over the

⁷ *terrestrial* (těr-rēs'trī-dl): on the earth.

⁸ *egotism* (ē'gō-tīz'm): self-centeredness.

cliff summits and see where all the sand was coming from.

Viewed from a higher level on this sandy slope, the faces of the giants show their profiles grandly in relief against the golden cliff. The nearer statue of the southernmost pair has lost its head, decapitated by an earthquake soon after it was carved. The other giants still retain their heads, their crowns, and that expression of thoughtful unconcern that usually distinguishes the portraits of the Pharaohs.

Eight other colossal images of Rameses adorn the cavernous interior. To his figure I owe one of those great moments that come so rarely to the traveler, one of those thrills that are the chief rewards of travel, one of those instants longest remembered and most frequently recalled. It came at sunrise one morning late in February. We stood in the great portal gazing into the dim sanctuary. Behind us the Nile, beyond which rose the eastern hills outlined against the glow of the coming day. The sun leaps in sudden glory above the crests, and sends its first ray straight as an arrow into the holy place that Rameses hollowed in this Nubian cliff.

That first flash of the new-born day pierces the darkness of this caverned sanctuary and smites the four gods there in the inmost shrine full in their stony faces. It was a vivid, thrilling thing, to see the bright glory of the newest today touch and make luminous the dark mystery of this shrine of oldest yesterday. Then, slowly, and yet so quickly that we can see it move, that rectangular patch of glory, glowing white, moves from left to right as the rising sun begins its journey toward the southern skies. And as it moves the shadows gather on the left again, and other shadows, those that shroud that perfect likeness

of King Rameses—those peopled shadows on the right—retire, slowly and yet so quickly that at a given instant Great Rameses seems to start forward out from the black depths of the centuries, and for a few uncanny seconds seems to live and breathe again, transfigured by the glory of the God of the Day—the great God of the Sun, all holy Ammon Ra,¹ to whom the Pharaoh had dedicated this and a hundred other temples thousands of years ago. This instant marked the climax of our journey, but not our journey's end.

Southward for forty miles we cruise to Wady Halfa,² once an important port through which the commerce of the Soudan³ had to pass. Now, owing to the completion of the Soudan railway to the shore of the Red Sea, and the opening of the maritime port of Suakin,⁴ this river port of Wady Halfa loses much of its importance. It remains, however, the northern terminus of the railway to Khartum,⁵ about five hundred miles away, and it will figure on the timecard of the Cape to Cairo line⁶ when all the missing links of that chain of railways shall have been forged and joined together—but that's another story.

Our travel tale of Egypt ends a few miles south of Wady Halfa, at the Second Cataract of the great river to which Egypt owes her very being.

¹ *Ammon Ra* (ä'mōn rā): the sun god.

² *Wady Halfa* (wä'dī hāl'fā): a river port on the upper Nile.

³ *Soudan* (sōō'dān): now usually written Sudan. This is the region stretching across Africa at the southern edge of the Sahara. It is grass-land, shading from almost desert on the north to tropical forest on the south.

⁴ *Suakin* (swä'kēn): a port on the Red Sea.

⁵ *Khartum* (kär-tōōm'): the most important town in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

⁶ *Cape to Cairo line*: a railroad planned to run from Cape Town to Cairo. The British were working on the road before the World War and many sections were finished. Railroad building in Africa is very difficult, however, and the road may not be finished for a long time. Air transportation, of course, has made the need for the railroad less urgent.

From the bold pinnacle of the Rock of Abusir¹ we look down upon the so-called cataract, as we understand the word. It is simply a series of rapids where the Nile fights its way through a wild outcropping of blackish rock. Gazing southward, we see the beginning of that region of mystery and tragedy—the terrible Soudan—the conquest of which was begun by the Pharaohs, attempted by the Romans, and finally achieved by the English under Kitchener.

That the old Egyptian rulers even dreamed of conquest there proves them to have been men as ambitious as the most ambitious of our modern empire builders. Their works which we have seen in Egypt and in Nubia prove that they were masters of arts, and commanded resources of which we of today are ignorant. Great Kings they were, great works they have bequeathed to Egypt and to us, for we, the free man of a free land of today, are the heirs of all that was worth while in that king-ridden, priest-ridden, slave-ridden Egypt of a great dark yesterday. In Egypt and in modern Europe men look toward the past, and therefore ancient monuments may have for them greater significance than they can ever have for us, for we are looking always toward the future.

We may roam afar and mingle with the children of the past in the old lands of the older hemisphere, interested or amazed by the things that they find great, but when it comes to living our real lives and doing our real work we turn with eagerness toward the new hemisphere, content to live and work among our fellow-countrymen, who are the heirs of a great yesterday, the masters of a wonderful today, and the makers of a still more wonderful tomorrow.

¹Abusir (â-bö-sēr').



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago
NEFRETETE. THE FINEST EXAMPLE OF
EGYPTIAN ART EVER DISCOVERED

PONDERING OVER THE TRAVELOG

1. Today many people go about giving travelogs about various places they have seen in the world, often accompanying their words with pictures. The pioneer of such lecturers was Burton Holmes, the author of the selection you just read. How do you think he helped to popularize the travelog as a form of literature?
2. Why is the travelog a good type of literature for describing travel experiences? How does it help the reader to be open-minded about other peoples?
3. What are some of the facts which Holmes related about Egypt? How did his discussion help to make you open-minded about Egypt?
4. Think of some interesting trip or excursion you have made and write a travelog about it. Follow as nearly as you can the style Holmes used in his travelog on Egypt. When you have finished, read your production in class.

POSTVIEW OF THE UNIT

This unit has shown the importance of being open-minded. Open-mindedness is a virtue which anyone may possess if he chooses to rise above the narrow prejudices of everyday life. It means that he will not be swayed by selfishness. He will always respect the opinions of others but will finally think for himself. In other words, he will not make snap judgments. The selections of this unit were chosen to help you realize the importance of open-mindedness as a factor in success and happiness in life. Let us briefly review some of the outcomes of your reading.

First, you observed that there are always two sides to a question. In the selection "Athletics," you noted that there are always good and bad features in every athletic program. This does not mean that athletics should be abolished, but that they should be improved. Keeping an open mind on such problems is the only manner in which they may be solved. Second, you find that unless a person is open-minded he may never come to know or appreciate certain conditions in life. You never may have given any particular attention to a man working in a field with a hoe. You may even have worked with a hoe yourself. After reading "The Man with a Hoe," however, you realize more fully the beauty there is in some of the more commonplace things in life.

Third, you noticed how open-mindedness serves as a standard by which you may measure your own weaknesses. It is impossible to read such a production as "Criticism and Fiction" or "Silence" without applying some of the principles to yourself. Do you measure up to the high standards that the authors had in mind as they wrote? You may not expect to become a noted writer of literature, but you are eager to express yourself open-mindedly and clearly on ordinary problems in life. This is necessary in order to command the respect of your friends.

Fourth, you probably noted as never before, how much attention authors give to the question of open-mindedness. Perhaps they have written more to break down prejudices than for any other purpose. Moreover, they realize that they, themselves, must be open-minded in order to interpret life as it usually is and bring about desired improvements.

CHECKING YOUR EXPERIENCES

I. Copy each of the following sentences and complete it by using a word or words in place of the xxxxxx's.

1. Women helped to keep the balance between xxxxxx and classical education.
2. The benefits of athletics are threefold xxxxxx.
3. Edwin Markham often wrote of the xxxxxx of working people.
4. Some things may be both ugly and xxxxxx.
5. Many of the best essays have a definite xxxxxx.
6. Emerson encourages noble xxxxxx.
7. People who cannot "make believe" are lacking in xxxxxx.
8. Moods and tastes and fashions xxxxxx.

II. Some of the following sentences are true and some are false. Decide which ones are true. Next decide what is wrong with each one that is false and copy it in its proper form.

1. When a freshman writes a theme, he usually chooses economics as a subject.
2. The man with the hoe was so busy making a living that he had no time for cultural things.
3. Henry Adams was primarily interested in making a fortune.
4. According to Howells what is true is always beautiful and good.
5. Emerson suffered in writing for the lack of words.
6. Marks thinks that the present spirit of football is wrong.
7. There are so many mosques in Cairo that the stranger fixes few of them in mind.
8. The pyramids were built as a protection against enemies.
9. The Step Pyramid at Sakkare is considered the oldest stone structure in the world.
10. Some parts of Egypt are more crowded than Belgium.

III. At the left below is a list of problems and at the right below is a list of opinions taken from the selections in the unit. Each problem gives rise to differences of opinion. Copy each question in the list at the left and write after it the statement from the list at the right which expresses an opinion in the matter.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. What should be taught in schools and colleges? | 1. There is no absolute standard of beauty. |
| 2. Do athletics occupy too large a place in college life? | 2. If professionalism could be done away with, no argument worth a moment's notice could be brought against athletics. |
| 3. Is there any value in learning about the past? | 3. People in the distant past produced works that excite admiration and wonder even today. |
| 4. Is work a blessing or a curse to the human race? | 4. Education should teach the things that mankind cares for at the time. |
| 5. Is there any way to tell positively whether or not a work of art is good? | 5. Toil is degrading, making the toiler almost less than human. |

ENJOYING CREATIVE EXPERIENCES

1. Editorials in newspapers are supposed to give frank discussions on questions of public interest. Read the editorials in several newspapers and discuss them in class. Did you find that the editorial writers were open-minded? Why or why not?

2. Think of an incident in your own experience when open-mindedness has triumphed over prejudice. Write a story about the incident and read it in class.

3. Find an article on open-mindedness or prejudice and give a report to the class, or talk with some older person about the importance of being open-minded in everyday living. Report to the class what he says.

4. Read an essay in a current magazine and give a report in class. Express an opinion about the article, but be certain you are open-minded in the matter.

5. Choose a topic about which there is considerable difference of opinion in your class, school, or community. Discuss the topic in class, keeping an open mind and merely explaining facts.

ENJOYING FURTHER READING

This unit has been devoted to a consideration of open-mindedness. Authors have devoted much effort to breaking down prejudices. Following are selections which are noted for their fair outlook on life. Choose some of them for further reading.

Autocrat at the Breakfast Table. By OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Conversation full of droll humor and shrewd observations on life.

Designed for Reading. By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

Collection of book reviews over a period of ten years.

Forum Magazine.

Articles that analyze present conditions and present trends of thought.

Information, Please. By KATHERINE F. GEROULD.

An essay lamenting the fact that "dope" rather than real literature is wanted by readers today.

It Can't Happen Here. By SINCLAIR LEWIS.

Novel setting forth the author's opinion of what might happen if a dictator were to come to power.

King Coal. By UPTON B. SINCLAIR.

A story revealing the character and motives of a rich man's son while he served as an investigator in coal mines.

Meaning of Culture. By HENRY L. MENCKEN.

An essay on the real meaning of culture.

Old Junk. By H. M. TOMLINSON.

Random essays based on human nature.

Why Wars Must Cease. By JANE ADDAMS.

An essay which shows the folly of international prejudices and strife.

Yesterday and Today. By LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

A collection of poems showing the value of open-mindedness in everyday life.

Getting Acquainted *with an Author* • UNIT TEN



SURVEY OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

The first permanent settlements on the Atlantic seaboard were made at Jamestown in 1607 and at Plymouth in 1620. Later, colonies were established practically all the way along the coast from Maine to Florida. Most of the people who settled along the seaboard came from England. For the most part, they felt that they were Englishmen rather than Americans. Those who settled in the northern colonies were largely Puritans and dissenters from the Church of England who desired to find a place where they might worship God according to their own desires. They left England mainly to gain religious freedom, and hence were not inclined to maintain close attachments to the mother country. Even so, they looked to English literature as a background of culture. Those who settled in the southern colonies, on the other hand, were interested primarily in agricultural pursuits. They built up large plantations, read English books and periodicals, and often sent their children to English schools. Thus all the colonists looked upon English literature as their own by right of inheritance. Gradually, however, a distinctly American literature developed which may be roughly divided into the following periods:

- I. Colonial Period, 1606-1765
- II. Revolutionary and Formative Period, 1765-1815
- III. Romantic Period, 1815-1870
- IV. Transitional Period, 1870-1918
- V. Contemporary Period, since 1918

Little or no purely artistic literature was produced in the Colonial Period or in the Revolutionary and Formative Period. The writings were largely descriptive, historical, religious, political, and argumentative. The settlers were too busy conquering a new land and, later, setting up a new government to pay much attention to literary art. In the Romantic Period writers began to appear in great numbers and to produce writings of real literary merit. Their writings were characterized largely by love of adventure, expression of emotions and ideals, and feeling for nature. Finally the romantic tendencies began to give way to an attempt to depict life as it really is. The Transitional Period during which the change took place extended down to about 1918. Even today, however, realistic tendencies still prevail, though the Contemporary Period is characterized largely by a groping for new subject matter and new forms of expression.

SURVEY OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

I. COLONIAL PERIOD, 1606-1765

Without attempting to group the writers of the Colonial Period in any other than a general chronological order, we shall mention here briefly the more prominent writers who left records in the several settlements in Virginia, Massachusetts, New York, and other colonies along the Atlantic seaboard.

Captain John Smith (1579-1631), the first important writer in America in point of time, was a soldier of fortune. He succeeded in "planting another England" in the New World, although he did not become a colonist. His failure to get along in the Jamestown region lost him the confidence of the company that sent him out from England, and so he returned to the home land in 1609. In 1614 he sailed to the northern coast with a fishing expedition, and during this trip he made an excellent map of the Atlantic coast. At his request the Prince of Wales gave the name "New England" to this region. Smith had hopes of planting a colony in New England, but nothing came of his desire.

His contribution to literature is in the form of a historical document, *A True Relation of such Occurrences and Accidents of Noate as Hath Hapned in Virginia Since the First Planting of that Collony*. This is the first printed American book, and is the one writing of Smith favored by posterity. It seems to have awakened in its author the ambition to write. His second book, published in 1612, is called *A Map of Virginia, with a Description of the Countrey*. After he returned to England in 1616, Smith published *A Description of New England*. He wrote

many other works about the colonies, among them *New England's Trials*, essays on the fisheries. Smith's writings are full of glamor and romance, and though not altogether trustworthy, they make interesting reading.

In the New England written about by Captain John Smith, we find our next great figures in the growing American literature. These writers are among the hardy pioneers who overcame the soil and climate of New England and built the foundations for our country.

William Bradford (1588-1657) was the first president of the United Colonies of New England. He was a strong, God-fearing man who had come to America to found a new nation. His *History of Plymouth Plantation* was circulated among his friends in England, but it did not reach publication until 1856. It is interesting to compare his accounts of the Indians with those of Captain John Smith. Bradford was a true observer and an honest commentator on life in the colonies.

John Winthrop (1588-1649) was the first governor of the colony of Massachusetts. His chief contribution is *A Journal of New England*. It is concerned with the sensational and unusual, and is confined to Massachusetts. The Reverend John Cotton described Winthrop as "a governour . . . who has been to us as a brother, not usurping authority over the church, often speaking his advice, and often contradicted, even by young men, and some of low degree; yet not replying, but offering satisfaction also when any supposed offences have arisen; a governour who has been to us as a mother, parent-like distributing his goods to brethren and neighbors at his first coming; and gently bearing our infirmities without taking notice of them."

Between 1595 and 1605 a number of men were born who made contributions to literature but who are not so outstanding as others. **Edward Winslow** (1595-1655), who came over on the "Mayflower," gives interesting accounts of the first three years of the Pilgrims in America in his *Good News from New England*. **John Mason** (1600-1672), an Indian fighter, wrote *A Brief History of the Pequot Wars*. **John Williams** (1664-1729) gives a vivid picture of Indian outrages in *The Redeemed Captive*. **John Eliot** (1604-1690) made a contribution to the literature of Indian relations. His *Indian Grammar and Translation of the Bible into the Indian Tongue* represent America's first gift to the original and scholarly books of the world.

Anne Bradstreet (1612-1672) is the most interesting and pleasing of our early American poets. Her first poems show a strong English influence and give no indication of her new environment. Her later writings, however, show American influence. She has been called a "winsome personality in an unlovely age," but her verse is considered only fair according to present standards. Raleigh's *History of the World* supplied her with the material for her *Exact Epitome of the Four Monarchies*. She retains her place in the history of American verse from a historical viewpoint, but she made no significant contribution to poetry.

Michael Wigglesworth (1631-1705) was the most widely read, most representative, and perhaps the most prolific poet of early New England. He was born in England, but emigrated to America, where he graduated from Harvard at the age of twenty. Wigglesworth was a many-sided man, being a physician, a minister, and a poet. The sensation of the time in the field of

poetry was Wigglesworth's *The Day of Doom: or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment*. To a modern reader the book is unemotional, but to the reader in early New England it was a great epic, terrifying and gripping. Besides *The Day of Doom*, Wigglesworth wrote *Meat Out of the Eater: or, Meditations Concerning the Necessity, End, and Usefulness of Affliction Unto God's Children*. This poem contains more than two thousand lines, none of which are highly inspiring, unless these lines,

War ends in peace, and morning light
Mounts upon Midnight's wing,

help our thinking in a war-scarred world.

The Puritan leaders came to America to set up a kingdom of God on earth. It wasn't long before the clergy of New England became involved in theological controversy. **Increase Mather** (1639-1723), son of Richard and father of Cotton Mather, was the guiding spirit of New England theology. Although he was a minister, he was, by nature, a politician and statesman, showing his ability and diplomacy by obtaining a new charter for Massachusetts. His energy and resourcefulness placed him among the powerful preachers of his day. Those he could not reach from his pulpit, he cared for by making and publishing books which carried his message to all who could read. His outstanding work is *An Essay for the Recording of Illustrious Providences*. This is a collection of stories showing God's mercy in delivering persons from death at sea, from devils, and from ghosts. After the famous witchcraft scare in Massachusetts he published *Cases of Conscience Concerning Evil Spirits*.

Samuel Sewall (1652-1730) is known as one of the judges who pro-

nounced sentence of death upon the Salem witches in 1692 and as the author of a decidedly interesting *Diary*. The following excerpt from it gives some indication of the attitude of these religious men toward witchcraft:

1692. Aug. 19 (Doleful Witchcraft!) This day George Burroughs, John Willard, Jno. Proctor, Martha Carrier, and George Jacobs were executed at Salem, a very great number of spectators being present. Mr. Cotton Mather was there, Mr. Sims, etc. All of them said they were innocent, Carrier and all. Mr. Mather says they all died by a righteous sentence. Mr. Burroughs by his speech, prayer, protestation of his innocence did much move unthinking persons, which occasions their speaking hardly concerning their being executed.

Sewall's Diary is an intimate record of this time, giving a realistic picture of habits, emotions, and customs in early New England. It is interesting to note that Sewall later stated in a public confession that he had been wrong in pronouncing death sentences upon the Salem witches.

Cotton Mather (1663-1728), son of Increase, self-centered and self-righteous, was a man of great industry who wrote over four hundred and seventy works. His outstanding work is the *Magnalia Christi Americana*. It is a collection of miscellaneous stories, biographies, sermons, and theological essays in which we feel the first conscious appeal to American patriotism. Among his other works are *Memorable Providences*, *Wonders of the Invisible World*, and *Essays to Do Good*. The *Magnalia* is the only work of Cotton Mather that is of value today, for in it there is much material concerning early Massachusetts. The last of the Mathers put up an obstinate defense of the passing order of theology, but was unable to stem the tide of liberalism. He died an unhappy and broken man.

Some other writers of this time who made contributions to the stream of American literature are worthy of mention. **Madame Sarah Knight** (1666-1727) made a trip from Boston to New York in the winter of 1704-1705) following what is now known as the "Boston Post Road." In order to pass away the time, she wrote many interesting and amusing descriptions of her journey. She had plenty of opportunity for observation in view of the fact that the round trip consumed five months. **William Byrd** (1674-1744), as did Mrs. Knight, recorded in his diary anecdotes and incidents of his journey in searching for the likeliest Virginia landholdings. His best known work, *The History of the Dividing Line*, is the story of a surveying party. In a breezy style he tells us of the history of Virginia and North Carolina, and goes on to give his personal opinion of the people of those colonies. His book includes bits of natural history, stories of the Indians, and intimate details of conversations over meals. Byrd's style is lively and entertaining, and there is a lightness about his writing not found in the earnest efforts of the more sober New Englanders.

In the first half of the eighteenth century many books of political history appeared in print. **Robert Beverly** (1675?-1716?) wrote *A History of Virginia* as a result of seeing a very poor work in a London bookstall. It is nothing more than his own interpretation of Virginia life as he knew it. The **Reverend William Stith** (1689-1755) also wrote about Virginia in his *History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia*. This book is so full of detail that it is almost unreadable, although it is accurately based on the records of the London Company. The **Reverend**

Thomas Prince (1687-1758) collected many books which are now preserved in the Boston Public Library. His years of patient research resulted in *A Chronological History of New England in the Form of Annals*. Prince's name is honored today by the Prince Historical Society of Boston.

Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758) was born at Windsor, Connecticut. His father, a graduate of Harvard, was an outstanding minister, and his mother was the daughter of Solomon Stoddard, a religious author and preacher of Northampton, Massachusetts. Jonathan was a precocious child, showing at an early age a serious attitude toward life. Before he was seventeen he was graduated from Yale. Although he was very much interested in scientific observation, his main interests were in theology and moral philosophy. After receiving his degree from Yale, he remained for two additional years in preparation for the ministry. He preached in a New York church for eight months, and then returned to Yale as a tutor. Edwards kept a written account of his reflections, in which we find a record of his spiritual progress. He was a pious man who believed in a God of wrath. His best-known discourse is *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*.

Edwards literally scared the wits out of the people, with the result that he was asked to resign from his church. After this he wrote *Freedom of the Will*, his best work. Edwards died of smallpox after serving as president of Princeton University for a little less than two months. His subject matter and style put him at the head of the list of the colonial writers.

Jonathan Edwards was the last of the strong line of theologists who held America in their grip for many years. As theology lost its hold on the

people, interests more practical and far-reaching came to the front; humanitarian projects and the arts and crafts assumed an importance not heretofore recognized.

John Woolman (1720-1772) was an obscure New Jersey Quaker whose contribution called *Journal of John Woolman* is a logical denouncement in gentle language of war, slavery, cruelty, excessive drinking, and other questionable practices of humanity. Woolman's reforms were ahead of his day, but the simplicity and earnestness of his message stands out clearly in an age when political discussion and heated argument carried the day.

Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790), the most representative American of the eighteenth century, was born in Boston. He spent only two years of his life in the schoolroom, but he acquired a very valuable education from his most interesting and talented father and by dint of his own effort. In his boyhood, Franklin read every book he could get his hands on, and, like Dr. Johnson, read much of little value as well as a great deal of great value. At the age of twelve, he became his brother's apprentice and worked for long hours in the printing office. This work put him in touch with local, political, and theological controversy and introduced him to persons who appreciated books. As a result of this experience, Franklin composed ballads and sold them about town.

Because of a difference with his brother James, Benjamin left Boston for Philadelphia in 1723. There he became associated with Samuel Keimer, a printer. Within a year Franklin went to England to procure a printing outfit. He spent two years in England, working in printing establishments, and in 1726 returned to

Philadelphia, where he again went to work for Keimer. In 1729 he acquired from Keimer *The Pennsylvania Gazette*. He contributed a great many articles of current interest to this paper. In 1732 Franklin gave to his reading public "Poor Richard." Today *Poor Richard's Almanack*, a miscellaneous collection of wit and wisdom, is read with much enjoyment. In 1736 Franklin became clerk of the General Assembly, and in 1737 postmaster of Philadelphia. His newspaper now began to carry articles written in support of public improvements.

Besides his printing business, Franklin carried on experiments in science. He invented a stove in 1742, and made electrical experiments in 1746. As a result of his inventions and investigations, he published *An Account of the New Invented Pennsylvania Fire Places* (1744) and *Experiments and Observations in Electricity, Made at Philadelphia in America by Mr. Benjamin Franklin*. The outcome of his kite experiment was the lightning rod.

In 1748, having acquired enough money, he retired. He was so helpful to society, however, that he was drafted again and again for public service. The year 1757 found him in England pleading the cause of the Pennsylvania Assembly. Although his mission was not wholly successful, he acquired much political insight which was to stand him in good stead. In 1772 he returned to America and published many articles of a political nature. Franklin anticipated the Revolutionary War and, when he heard upon his return from England of the battles of Lexington and Concord, wrote a characteristic letter to an English friend of long standing:

You and I were long Friends:—You are now my Enemy,—and I am

Yours,
B. FRANKLIN

It was Franklin's duty during the Revolutionary War to serve his country at the court of France. There he borrowed money for the colonists, negotiated treaties, hired soldiers, equipped ships, and acquired immense popularity. He negotiated a successful peace treaty between England and the United States and returned to Philadelphia in 1785. He was elected president of the state of Pennsylvania in 1785, 1786, and 1787. He was a delegate to the convention to frame the Constitution. He died April 17, 1790.

As a public servant Franklin has never been equaled: he founded the modern system of police protection, the American Philosophical Society, the University of Pennsylvania, and the postoffice. Although many of his writings are now of historical importance only, *Poor Richard's Almanack* and *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin* have a definite place in the annals of American literature. His style is clear, forceful, and pithy, fitted to express the opinions of a man who saw men and their motives from the point of view of a practical person.

II. REVOLUTIONARY AND FORMATIVE PERIOD, 1765-1815

The period from the Stamp Act Congress in 1765 down to 1815, the close of the War of 1812, may be designated as the period of Revolution and the formation of a new republican government. It was a trying and tumultuous time, filled with the rumblings of oratory, political discussion, and cries of resentment against the mother country for its policy of "taxation without representation." The historical facts are well known. All we need to do here is to recall the names of the principal writers of this strenuous period.

We may begin with **George Washington** (1732-1799), Commander in Chief of the Army, First President, and truly the Father of his Country. Though he was primarily a man of action and affairs, he deserves a place in literature as the author of the famous "Farewell Address," which you may read in Unit One of this book.

James Otis (1725-1783) and **Patrick Henry** (1736-1799) were perhaps the best known of the more impassioned orators of the day. Patrick Henry's famous line, "Give me liberty or give me death!" at some time or other challenges every American boy and girl.

Thomas Paine (1737-1809), an obscure Englishman, became the fiercest advocate of American independence. His pamphlet, *Common Sense* (1776), openly asserting American independence, ran like wildfire through the country. *The Crisis* uplifted the nation by its fiery appeal. It was used time and time again to inspire the soldiers. The introduction to *The Crisis* gives an idea of Paine's fluency and soul-stirring style:

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of men and women. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation, that the harder the conflict, the more the triumph.

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), the third President of the United States, was born in Virginia on a plantation called "Shadwell." His early life was guided by his practical father and greatly influenced by his mother, who introduced the boy to the pleasure to be derived from books. He was a regular fellow who enjoyed all outdoor sports but who also took great delight

in music, nature, and humanity. Like Franklin, he was a many-sided man, showing a keen interest in natural science, farming, and law; unlike Franklin, he was a dreamer and a romanticist.

Jefferson's fame came largely from his pen. It was he who was asked to write the Declaration of Independence. It was he, also, who stated the fundamental rights of humanity, as embodied in the first two sentences of the second paragraph of that document.

Jefferson wrote numerous political works of importance to the historian, but to the general reader he left very little. His *Autobiography* contains facts somewhat like those in Franklin's; and his *Notes on Virginia* contains facts about nature, slave life, and problems current in his day. He is known today as the "apostle of democracy," founder of the University of Virginia, and as the actual writer of the Declaration of Independence.

Among the men who made contributions to the political writing of the time were **Joseph Quincy** (1744-1775), **John Jay** (1744-1829), and **James Madison** (1751-1836), who assisted Hamilton in the preparation of *The Federalist*.

Alexander Hamilton (1757-1804), who believed in a centralized government controlled largely by the privileged classes, was born in the West Indies. At the age of fifteen he sailed for New York, where he entered Columbia University. Before long he became a leader in political debate and later served on Washington's staff during the Revolutionary War. After the war he studied law, became a member of Congress, and, although not in favor of the Constitution as it was framed, was very active in working for its ratification by New York state. He was the first Secretary of the Treasury,

and speedily created a firm national credit.

Hamilton's essays, collected and known as *The Federalist*, have all the good qualities of eighteenth-century prose. Upon them his literary fame rests. Although they are in the field of political science, they earn a place as literature because of their style and polish.

Michel-Guillaume Jean de Crève-cœur (1735-1813) was born in France, went to England at the age of sixteen, later emigrated to Canada, moved to Pennsylvania, and in 1764 became a citizen of New York. He traveled extensively in the colonies and, as a result, wrote *Letters from an American Farmer*, a charming collection of essays giving little pictures of nature and human life in the colonies. The third letter, "What Is an American?" is an interesting account of how the free American is molded out of the subdued peasants coming from the Old World. The letters take us along the coast from the island of Nantucket to Charleston in the South and help us to understand the problems of the pioneer. Crève-cœur's *Letters* aroused the curiosity of Europe respecting the colonies and paved the way for further colonization.

Philip Freneau (1752-1832) was at heart a romantic poet but in actual practice a political satirist. He was so much interested in the turmoil of his age that he devoted much of his time to bitter criticism of England.

Freneau was by turn a student, teacher, trader, journalist, privateer, and poet. His patriotic poems during the Revolutionary War earned him the title "Poet of the American Revolution." But his best poems were the ones he wrote about nature. Thus, in a general way, he paved the

way for romantic poetry. Before the great English poets, Coleridge and Wordsworth, had produced *The Lyrical Ballads*, Freneau had written poems which were suggestive of their later work. Among Freneau's work the following poems stand out: "The House of Night," "The Parting Glass," "The Indian Burying Ground," "Eutaw Springs," and "To a Honey Bee." Freneau is called the first of the American nature poets.

Aside from Freneau the poetry of this period was not important. We still hear echoes of the famous Revolutionary song "Yankee Doodle," and there are a few other ballads like Francis Hopkinson's "The Battle of the Kegs" and the anonymous "Hale in the Bush," both of which are frequently found in anthologies. The so-called group of **Hartford Wits** of Connecticut attracted some attention in their day, but their works are now almost forgotten. The names of the principal members of this group of long-winded political, religious, and epic poets were **John Trumbull** (1750-1831), **Timothy Dwight** (1752-1817), and **Joel Barlow** (1745-1812).

The beginnings of American dramatic composition may be noted in the Revolutionary and Formative Period. Thomas Godfrey (1736-1763) wrote a blank-verse tragedy called *The Prince of Porthia* before 1763, but it was not performed until 1767. **Royall Tyler** (1758-1826) is interesting as an early dramatist. He wrote *The Contrast*, the first American comedy to be produced by an American professional company. **William Dunlap** (1766-1839), who adapted German and French plays for the American stage, wrote at least fifty plays that were acted. His most popular work was *The Glory of Columbia*, a play of the Revolutionary period.

The early American novel is seen in the writings of women, who seem to have been influenced by the early English novels, which were very popular in this country. **Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton** (1759-1846) wrote the first regular novel, *The Power of Sympathy*, which caused a scandal and was suppressed. **Mrs. Hannah Webster Foster** (1759-1840) wrote *The Coquette*. **Mrs. Suzannah Rowson** (1762-1824) wrote *Charlotte*, an instant success paving the way for the later successes of Charles Brockden Brown.

Charles Brockden Brown (1771-1810) was the first American to decide to make writing a profession. He was greatly influenced by the works of the English writers Godwin and Walpole. Brown came from a good Philadelphia family of Quaker descent. He spent much of his time in reading and walking because his health would not permit him to take part in the vigorous games of healthy boys. For a short while he studied law, but, tiring of that profession, went to New York and followed the career of journalist. He devoted much of his time to writing novels and produced many works, the outstanding ones being *Wieland* and *Edgar Huntly*, novels of mystery and terror. These books had a great influence upon the works of Poe and Hawthorne. Brown is rightfully called the first American novelist.

Among the prominent later orators the following may be singled out.

John Randolph (1773-1833) was one of the cleverest orators of his time, possessing the power of expression which distinguishes a great orator from a good speaker. His brilliance in argument won for him the respect of his contemporaries, but his lack of constructive ideas did not make them admire him.

Henry Clay (1777-1852) was, in many respects, the great popular political orator of the time. He had a pleasing personality, making up in charm what he lacked in logic. He understood the crowd and appealed to their hearts and emotions. The power of his speeches lay largely in his personality and delivery; read today, they are of slight literary value.

John C. Calhoun (1782-1850) was the most logical orator of his time and an important writer on public affairs. He was connected with the slave-owning interests of his state, and insisted that the Union must respect the conditions and different interests of each state. These ideas made him the champion of slavery and states' rights. Two of his essays, "Disquisition on Government" and "Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States," state clearly his views in defense of the minority.

Daniel Webster (1782-1852) is considered by many critics to be the greatest American orator. His speeches have stood the test of time and definitely have a place among the great works of American writers. Webster was born in Franklin, New Hampshire, of pioneer stock. He was educated in New Hampshire schools, taking his preparatory work in Phillips Exeter Academy and completing his education at Dartmouth College. After his graduation from Dartmouth, he taught school for a short while, and later, in 1805, was admitted to the bar. He practiced law in Portsmouth, where he gained recognition as a lawyer and as a public speaker. He was sent to Congress from Massachusetts, and in a very short time he was recognized as one of the outstanding men in the House of Representatives. Webster was a strong exponent of the

doctrine of nationalism, and in his great debate with Hayne of South Carolina he defended the idea of union. He lost popularity in the North by his Seventh of March Speech, in which he defended Clay's Compromise Bill.

Webster's acquaintance with literature and his appreciation of beautiful language undoubtedly enabled him to give to his speeches an imperishable literary quality. Among his outstanding speeches are the "Discourse," known today as the "Plymouth Oration," commemorating the two-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, "The First Bunker Hill Address," "Adams and Jefferson," and the "Reply to Hayne."

While political strife was producing great oratory, the essay as a literary type, dealing with the personal reactions of the writers to their environment, was becoming popular. **Joseph Dennie** (1768-1812) was a successful journalistic essayist; he founded *The Port Folio*, an important magazine which ran from 1801 to 1827, and published a book of essays called *The Lay Preacher*. **James Kirk Paulding** (1779-1860) collaborated with Washington Irving in producing *Salmagundi*, a series of essays which lightly satirized the overzealous, "good" men of the time, as well as providing entertainment for local readers. Paulding wrote graciously in a lively style. His keen pleasure in the beauties of nature is seen in the descriptions which he always managed to write into his work. Some of his more interesting productions are *The Dutchman's Fireside*, *The Backwoodsman*, *Odds and Ends*, and *Letters from the South*. **Richard Henry Dana** (1787-1879) wrote a collection of essays called *The Idle Man*, which was, perhaps, the closest competitor of Irving's *The Sketch Book*.

III. ROMANTIC PERIOD, 1815-1870

The Romantic Period in America was foreshadowed by the nature poetry and melancholy verse of Freneau, by the Gothic romances of mystery and terror by Charles Brockden Brown, and by the personal essays of Dennie and Paulding. It was not until the charming and sentimental essays and romantic tales of Irving and the thrilling adventure stories and sea romances of Cooper swept over Europe and America, however, that the Romantic movement may be said to have come in full force to America.

Washington Irving (1783-1859) is often called the father of American literature, for it was he who introduced Americans and Englishmen to the romance of this country. Because of poor health, Irving did not attend college; however, he read law and was admitted to the bar. After a journey to England, he decided to devote himself to travel and writing. His first important book was *The Knickerbocker History*, a burlesque of the early history of New York under the Dutch. In this book, Irving poked good-humored fun at the Dutch colonists. Irving went to England, after the outbreak of the War of 1812, in an attempt to save his brothers' business.

While in England he wrote *The Sketch Book*, which was first published in New York in 1819 and 1820 in seven separate parts. In the writings of this period Irving created myths and legends of the Hudson River country which he loved so well. Before his return from England he spent three years in Spain and, while there, delved into papers and documents which provided him with material for *The Conquest of Granada* and *The Alhambra*. Irving, always interested in exploration and discovery, wrote at this time *The Life and Voyages of Columbus*.

When he settled down after his return to America, he wrote little of consequence except his *Life of Washington* and his *Life of Goldsmith*.

Washington Irving was interested in literature as an art, a fact that is illustrated by an examination of his work. He is responsible for the development of the short story, a type of literature very popular today. His best-known works are *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*. Irving has a place in the heart of every American as the author of that entirely delightful story "Rip Van Winkle."

James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851) was well fitted for a literary career. His father's large estate on Otsego Lake in New York state was on the edge of a wilderness. During his boyhood Cooper had observed at first hand the Indians, traders, trappers, and scenes of which he wrote. He had been expelled from Yale, had served in the Navy, and had settled down to the life of a farmer before he began to write at the age of thirty-one. His first novel, *Precaution*, was a very poor imitation of the English novel he criticized, but in spite of its shortcomings it was a success. The success of *Precaution* inspired him to write a novel showing clearly American background; the result was *The Spy*, a story of the Revolution, an instant success in the United States and abroad.

Cooper's work is evenly divided between miscellaneous subjects and fiction, a large part of it being of little value. Many of his novels, however, have been widely translated and read throughout Europe, and have a large following at the present time. The "Leather Stocking Tales" are a series of five novels mainly about a famous Scout named Natty Bumppo, but only one of these, *The Last of the Mohicans*, is read to any extent today.

Cooper has left us very few real characters, for, with the exception of Long Tom Coffin and Natty Bumppo, his characters are poorly drawn. His style has been called crude and his dialog unnatural.

Cooper made a real contribution to literature by painting the sea as a place of romance rather than of fear, and the forest as an area of adventure rather than a dark and perilous jungle. *The Pilot* is the first modern romance of the sea.

Among the early romantic poets two should be remembered, namely, **Fitz-Greene Halleck** (1790-1867) and **Joseph Rodman Drake** (1795-1820). These two close friends published *The Croaker Papers*, a series of bright satiric articles on New York society. The two men are best remembered now, however, for their poetry. Halleck's "On the Death of Drake" contains the famous stanza,

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Other well-known poems of his are "The Field of Grounded Arms" and "Marco Bozzaris." Drake is remembered for "The American Flag," a patriotic but sentimental song; and "The Culprit Faye," a story of a fairy knight in love with a beautiful maiden of the earth.

William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878) showed in his writings the influence of heredity and environment. His parents, of sturdy Puritan stock, were imbued with high ideals and a strong sense of duty. Bryant's boyhood was spent in hard work on the farm, but he did not neglect the opportunity to pore over the books in his father's library. He attended Williams College for two years. At eighteen, he wrote

"Thanatopsis" (A View of Death), which is thought by many to be his best work. It is hard to realize that such a serious poem was written by a youth. In all of Bryant's poetry, however, are found the thoughts of a very mature mind.

Bryant studied law and practiced for several years, although he was never happy in this work. His first book of poems, published in 1821, signaled the appearance of a national poetry in America. It set a standard for American verse which seems to have reached its height in the twentieth century. Bryant's subjects are mainly limited to nature and death, the two subjects uppermost in the minds of the Puritans. His style is simple and forceful, yet there is a kind of monotony to his poetry. "To a Water-fowl" is without doubt Bryant's most artistic short poem.

In 1824 Bryant gave up his law practice and went to New York, where he soon became editor of *The New York Review*. He was later made editor of *The Evening Post*, and held that position for almost fifty years. During these years, he was a powerful influence, for he attempted to speak the truth and to remain free from any party prejudice. Bryant is generally considered to be the first great figure in American journalism.

Bryant's contribution to American literature is in two distinct fields; in journalism he raised the standards of magazine and newspaper writing; in the field of poetry he set a standard that is a partial answer to his childhood supplication that he might "receive the gift of poetic genius, and write verses that might endure."

Among the lesser figures of this time we find **Catherine Sedgwick** (1789-1867) who wrote *Redwood*, *Hope Leslie*, and *The Linwoods*, all popular

romances; and **Noah Brooks** (1795-1845), whose *Boy Emigrants* is an accurate picture of frontier life written for juveniles. **John Pendleton Kennedy** (1795-1870) wrote *The Red-book*, a collection of light prose and verse, and such novels as *Horse-Shoe Robinson* and *Rob of the Bowl*, which are, in a way, similar to Cooper's works, but lack imagination.

Edward Everett (1794-1865) who served the public as a member of Congress, governor of Massachusetts, minister to England, and president of Harvard College was the editor of one of the most important periodicals of the day, *The North American Review*. **James Gates Percival** (1795-1856) was a self-conscious romantic poet whose only work of importance to us is his simple poem, "Seneca Lake." **William Hickling Prescott** (1796-1859) contributed romantic-historical writing in *The Conquest of Mexico* and *The Conquest of Peru*. **A. B. Alcott** (1799-1888), the father of Louisa May Alcott, was a philosopher who had great influence upon the thought and writings of Emerson, Thoreau, and Hawthorne. **George Bancroft** (1800-1891) was a general historian who wrote a ten-volume history of the United States which was highly praised by Everett and Emerson. **George Ripley** (1802-1880) organized a coöperative association called Brook Farm, a kind of artist community where the members worked the farm and wrote by turn.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) is the outstanding figure in American letters. He was an eloquent speaker and a stimulating writer; he dealt with elemental subjects in an independent and vital manner. His *Essays* are characterized by deep insight expressed in a poetic rhythm. Outstanding among his essays are "Self-Reliance," "Compensation," and "The Over-

Soul." "The American Scholar," an oration given at Harvard, is a high appeal to the American scholar to become independent of Europe and listen to the divine soul which inspires all men.

Emerson's life is in itself an inspiration. Born in Boston, he was one of a family of six children who had to help one another because of the early death of their father, pastor of the historic First Church. The boys helped four of their number to go to college. Ralph Waldo attended Harvard, but did not distinguish himself. He liked to read, and spent many hours in looking into books and noting down passages of importance. He taught school after his graduation, and later studied for the ministry. Not being able to reconcile himself to the belief of the Unitarian church, he resigned his pastorate and toured Europe. While in England he met Carlyle and formed a lifelong friendship with the great English essayist and critic. Emerson retired to Concord after his return from abroad and devoted himself to writing and lecturing. His ideas and ideals were such as to make him the outstanding figure of his time and a great man of all time.

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) was born in Salem, Massachusetts. His environment was quite unusual in that his mother withdrew completely from society after the death of her husband, making it almost impossible for her children to live a normal life in their associations with other people. Nathaniel went to Bowdoin College in Maine, and formed with Franklin Pierce and Longfellow that small group of which Bowdoin is justly proud. At college Hawthorne took a great interest in literature, but his social life was neglected. When he completed his studies, he returned to Salem and lived the life of a recluse.

For twelve years he shied away from the world, patiently trying to write something artistic. During these years of strict literary discipline, he developed the style that adds much charm to his work. Some of his stories were published in current periodicals, but his income from writing was not sufficient to support him, so he took a position in the Boston Customs House. He was soon discharged to make room for a political appointee.

At this time Brook Farm was very popular, and so Hawthorne invested his funds in the venture. The idea did not work out to the satisfaction of Hawthorne, and he withdrew. Convinced that he could write, Hawthorne married and settled down in Concord with his wife and devoted his time again to literary work. Once again he was obliged to accept a political position, but again politics forced him out of work. In the meantime he had been working diligently on a novel, and when *The Scarlet Letter* was published, he gained instant recognition.

During the next few years Hawthorne produced *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Blithedale Romance*, and other works. When Franklin Pierce became President of the United States, Hawthorne was appointed consul to Liverpool. He remained abroad for seven years, returning to spend the remainder of his life at the "Wayside" in Concord.

Hawthorne wrote both short stories and novels. Among the short stories are four volumes written for children: *Grandfather's Chair*, *True Stories from History and Biography*, *The Wonder Book*, and *Tanglewood Tales*. In his short stories, written for adults, he uses the allegorical method of symbolism. His novels are concerned with the wages of sin and preach a doctrine of self-sacrifice and purification.

Hawthorne brought to the field of the American novel a genius that raised novel writing to a high level, and to the short-story field a refinement of workmanship that places him among the great American writers.

Three men of this time who worked in diversified fields are worthy of mention. **William Lloyd Garrison** (1805-1879) was instrumental through his magazine, *The Liberator*, in forcing the slavery question upon the newspapers. **N. P. Willis** (1806-1867) was one of the most admired magazine writers of the time. His popularity was gained quickly and died young; his outstanding work is *Pencillings by the Way*. **William Gilmore Simms** (1806-1870), a native of Charleston, South Carolina, is important because of the influence he exerted upon other writers. His great love for his country led him to attempt to give his contemporaries a feeling for nationalism rather than localism. His own work shows definite traces of hurried preparation and unwise selection of subjects for expression. His best known romances are *The Yemassee* and *The Partisan*, the first being a story of the Yemassee Indian War in South Carolina and the second a romance of the Revolution from the fall of Charleston to the defeat of General Gates.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) was a native of Portland, Maine, a graduate of Bowdoin College, and a classmate of Nathaniel Hawthorne. From a very early age he loved poetry, and, because of his deep feeling for literature, decided to make writing his life work. His practical father, feeling that no one could support himself as an author, insisted that Henry prepare himself for the law. After his graduation from college, Longfellow studied law in his father's

office for a short period, but gave up that profession when Bowdoin offered him the professorship of modern languages, provided that he prepare himself for the work by study and travel abroad. His father, seeing that the young man would be more happy in teaching than in practicing law, agreed to his son's request to forego the law.

Longfellow spent three years in foreign travel and study. During this time he became familiar with the literature of France, Italy, and Spain, showing a decided interest in folklore and traditions. Returning to America, he established himself as a teacher of romance languages, first at Bowdoin and later at Harvard. After eighteen years as a teacher in Harvard, during which time his best work was done, he resigned his professorship in order to devote his entire time to writing.

If he hoped to do his best work because of extra leisure, he was doomed to disappointment, for his work during the seven years after his resignation shows a steady decline in vigor and interest. With the exception of "*Hia-watha*," the work of this period is of little importance. By this time Longfellow had gained the acclaim of the whole country, and was greatly admired in foreign countries. His fame brought to his house people from all over the world who paid homage to the great man. Longfellow received his guests with modesty and satisfaction, but was never so happy as when he was the host to little children.

Longfellow is the poet of the people, telling his tales simply and, in so doing, reflecting the fundamental forces of American life. His poems are sympathetic, sentimental, and friendly. Time alone can render the final verdict, but, regardless of his rank in literature, Longfellow has a place in the hearts of the American people as their best beloved poet.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1882), unlike Longfellow, had little opportunity for formal education. He was a farmer turned poet after hearing the local village schoolmaster read selections from the works of Robert Burns. Whittier was much interested in mankind. His tolerance, wit, and broad humanity made him an appealing figure. At the age of twenty-two he found a position on a Boston weekly newspaper and soon became an outstanding journalist, editing newspapers between his periods of ill-health and work on the farm.

Early in his career Whittier became associated with the anti-slavery minority, for whom he wrote many vigorous poems against the institution of slavery. This poetry, though impassioned, was of very little literary value. Whittier first gained popularity and success with the publication of "Snow-Bound: A Winter Idyl," a poem notable for its fine description of a winter landscape which suggests the universal love for home, family, and musing on the past.

Whittier's poems have a strong appeal for the New Englander who loves the countryside, and a personal appeal to those persons who are interested in human nature. His outstanding works are "Snow-Bound," "Maud Muller," "Barbara Frietchie," "The Barefoot Boy," and "The Tent on the Beach."

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849), the most discussed and the least understood American writer, was born in Boston. Soon after his birth his parents, who were actors, died, and Poe was adopted by his foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Allan, wealthy people of Richmond, Virginia. His early education was in the schools of Richmond, and later in England. He entered the University of Virginia after his return from England, and after

a short time there, he entered into business with his foster-father. After a difference with his adopted parents, he left home and served a term in the regular army under an assumed name.

Despite his peculiar attitude toward life and his undisciplined manner of living, Poe is one of the few American writers who has shown real genius. His work is in the fields of literary criticism, prose tales, and lyrics. Among the literary men of the day there was a great deal of mutual admiration, each extolling the works of his contemporaries. Poe attempted a true criticism of American literature, but was not always successful. He sometimes allowed his personal prejudice to interfere with his judgment, and his idea that poetry must primarily be concerned with beauty of form regardless of thought made him a narrow-minded critic. Poe's short stories are among the great tales of the world, and they had a decided effect upon the subsequent development and refinement of short-story writing. His descriptions are very realistic, but his subjects are gruesome or otherwise unpleasant. He took great delight in making his readers uncomfortable, and reveled in a kind of morbid pleasure in his own misfortune. Not much that is called humor is found in Poe's work, although he is not lacking in wit. The death of his child-wife undoubtedly influenced his poetry, in that death and yearning for reunion with her are the themes of his best poems. He is a masterful craftsman in the art of poetry, and uses a variety of verse forms.

Poe's short stories are world property. "The Pit and the Pendulum," "The Gold Bug," and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" are known to everyone who reads literature. His poetry is widely read, especially "The Raven," "The Bells," and "To

Helen." He it was who taught later Americans the art of mystery story writing in the form of compact tales; he it is who lives by virtue of his genius.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) went to Harvard, studied law for a year, switched to medicine, and completed his studies in Paris. He taught at Dartmouth College for a short while, resigning to teach in the Harvard Medical School, where he remained for thirty-five years. "Old Ironsides," a poem written as an appeal to save the famous warship, the "Constitution," from being scrapped, marked the beginning of Dr. Holmes's literary career. His chief contribution is in the field of the personal essay.

Among his best collections of essays are "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," and "Over the Tea Cups." These essays were first published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, at the time edited by James Russell Lowell.

Holmes's lesser work is seen in poetry and novel writing. His poems "The Last Leaf," "The Height of the Ridiculous," and "The Music Grinders" are representative of his best verse; *Elsie Venner* is his best novel.

Holmes was a very witty writer, drawing upon his scholarship, understanding of human nature, and his fundamental qualities of sympathy for the delectation of his readers.

Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865) says of himself in a very short autobiography: "If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet, four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and grey eyes. No other marks or brands recollected." This

modest man enriched American literary style under pressure of circumstances. He had no time to devote to the art of writing, but he made an art of saying intelligently what he thought. His writing is lucid and rhythmic. Although his youth was spent in acquiring the bare necessities of life and self-education, and his adult life was devoted entirely to law and politics, he has left in the form of his speeches an enduring literary monument. The Lincoln-Douglas Debates are high points in political discussion. His famous "Gettysburg Address" is one of the most stirring and graphic speeches ever made by any man.

We find a small group of minor but influential writers just here. **Harriet Beecher Stowe** (1811-1896) wrote fiction for more than fifty years, but her only work that is of interest today is *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. This book had enormous power as propaganda against slavery. Although it is not of high literary quality, it has been one of the most influential books ever written. **Henry Ward Beecher** (1813-1887), brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe, was a minister whose outstanding ability as a lecturer earned him the title of "national preacher." He was interested in humanity, and took it upon himself to arouse public opinion against the institution of slavery. His lectures on this subject are among the most interesting discussions of his period. Beecher wrote a novel called *Norwood: Or Village Life in New England* which has merit for its description of New England types and scenery. **John Lothrop Motley** (1814-1877) can be called the first American historian-biographer in that he showed a keen interest in the lives of the men who shaped the early history of the Dutch Republic and the United Netherlands. His works add

something to the literature of history, it is true, but they are colored by his own opinions. His best work is to be found in *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, *History of the United Netherlands*, and *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld*. **Richard Henry Dana, Jr.** (1815-1882) wrote the now famous book *Two Years before the Mast*. This book is a story of daring and adventure, and gives a clear and accurate picture of life on a sailing vessel. *Two Years before the Mast* made such an impression upon the British people that it was adopted for study by the British Navy.

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862), a close friend of Emerson, lived within himself. He renounced much that the ordinary man considers essential to happiness, and accepted in its stead lonely contemplation. Truly Hazlitt's words fit him: "I am, then, never less alone than when alone." Thoreau's parents, though in moderate circumstances, were eager for their children to acquire the best education possible. Thoreau graduated from Harvard and taught in the Concord school, but resigned after one year because he could not and would not enforce the rule of corporal punishment that the townspeople demanded. He then became associated with his brother John in the "Concord Academy." The sudden death of his brother made Thoreau sick at heart, and he sought comfort and solace in nature. He built himself a cabin on the shore of Walden Pond, and spent a little more than two years in living what he considered to be the ideal life.

For twenty-five years he kept a journal in which are recorded his thoughts and observations on man and nature. He was truly original in his thoughts, not caring what another might think, and he spoke the truth

as he saw and felt it. From the journal he drew the material for his books; the one best known and most widely read is *Walden*.

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891), the son of a Puritan father and an Irish mother, is more important for his part in shaping American literary culture than for his contributions to the field of literature. He attended Harvard College and studied law, but gave up that profession for a career of letters. He was a very industrious writer, and during his nine years of happy life with his wife, Maria White, a poetess, he produced many excellent poems and sketches which were published in various magazines. He wrote anti-slavery propaganda, but his best works before 1855 were *The Biglow Papers* and *A Fable for Critics*. As a result of a series of lectures on English poetry given in Boston, Lowell was appointed to succeed Longfellow as professor of French and Spanish languages and literatures in Harvard.

This marked a new phase in Lowell's life, but did not help his poetic production. He became more studious and reflective, and turned to the essay as the type for his expression. While at Harvard, he became the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and later joined Charles Eliot Norton in editing *The North American Review*.

Lowell's outstanding poem is the "Commemoration Ode," which contains thoughtful and beautiful stanzas on Abraham Lincoln. His outstanding essay, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," is characteristic of his prose style. For several reasons Lowell did not rise to great heights. For one thing, he did not get so close to his subject that it became a vital part of his being, but, being a scholar, he tried to know everything about his subject before beginning to write.

His poetry lacks an instinctive rhythm and melody, and therefore fails to charm us in the way that great poetry does. Furthermore, Lowell moralized and preached too much.

Several minor poets should be mentioned here if only to record their names and some work of distinction by each. **Julia Ward Howe** (1819-1910) was one of the most notable women of letters of her time. She was a New Yorker, and took great interest in all movements that concerned her sex. She wrote many essays on social manners, but holds her place in literature because of her stirring song, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Thomas William Parsons (1819-1892) is the most representative minor poet of his time. He was an Italian scholar, and translated Dante's *Inferno*. His poem, "On a Bust of Dante," is one of the best American lyrics. **Bayard Taylor** (1825-1878) was a very versatile author, writing poems, essays, and dramas. In his poetry, he showed a genius for reflecting the atmosphere of the places he wrote about, but paid so much attention to technique that his works lack real inspiration. He recorded his wanderings and impressions in twelve volumes of travel. His dramas are interesting, but are hardly fitted for acting. His outstanding literary work is his translation of Goethe's *Faust*. Among other poets of this time we find **Richard Henry Stoddard** (1825-1903), who is remembered for "There Are Gains for All Our Losses"; and two southern poets, **Henry Timrod** (1829-1867) and **Paul Hamilton Hayne** (1831-1886), who showed great talent but forsook the muse when they answered the call of their state to arms. **Edmund C. Stedman** (1833-1908) was a New York poet who served as war correspondent in 1861

for the *New York World*. He wrote war verse, but his best work can be seen in "Pan in Wall Street," "The Door Step," "The Hand of Lincoln," and "Stanzas for Music." **Edward Rowland Sill** (1841-1887) was born in Massachusetts, but moved west and taught English in Oakland High School and the University of California. His most popular didactic poems are "The Fool's Prayer," "Opportunity," and "Life."

Walt Whitman (1819-1892) was of the common people. His early years were spent in roaming the streets of Brooklyn and Manhattan, in visiting the shipyards and docks, and in walking out into the neighboring countryside. He was a great reader, with a passionate fondness for the works of Emerson, and undoubtedly read many Oriental poems in translation. Whitman was employed in many different kinds of work, for by nature he was a wanderer. Through poetry he was determined to reach the heart of the common man, and he had such faith in himself that he published his first poems, *Leaves of Grass*, with his own scant funds.

Leaves of Grass broke all poetic principles. Whitman paid no attention to the accepted forms, used no rhymes, spelled as he wanted to, and presented ideas wholly original. Whitman himself declared *Leaves of Grass* to be "the most personal of all books ever published." Although such poetry might have been expected to create a sensation, only Emerson saw its value. Whitman was a controversial figure in his time, many claiming that he was no poet, others hailing him as the greatest figure in American literature. In Europe he was acclaimed the most representative poet because he did in poetry what Cooper had done in prose—interpreted America as Euro-

peans believed it to be. While there is still much discussion as to the value of Whitman's poetry, yet there is no question as to his contribution to American literature. His early poetry is often in bad taste in its concern for the physical side of man, but is nevertheless fresh and vigorous.

During the War between the States, Whitman went to the front to nurse a wounded brother. He became so much interested in wounded soldiers that he devoted his time unsparingly to their comfort, and followed a group to Washington where he nursed them back to health. For three years he worked for the welfare of the wounded and ill. *Leaves of Grass*, the title now given to Whitman's collected works, is a collection of many poems, among them being "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloom'd," one of the finest tributes paid to Abraham Lincoln.

Each year sees Walt Whitman's place in American literature made more secure. His sympathy, understanding, and expression of America place him among our true poets, and his influence upon many modern poets is seen in their works. His "Caution" explains him better, perhaps, than anything else can.

CAUTION

To The States, or any one of them, or any city of the States, *Resist much, obey little;*

Once unquestioning obedience, once fully enslaved;

Once fully enslaved, no nation, state, city, of this earth ever afterward resumes its liberty.

Herman Melville (1819-1891) made a major contribution to the literature of the sea. He was born in New York City, but came of New England ancestry. Early in his life he tried his hand at farming and at school teaching, and in 1841 sailed on a whaler

around Cape Horn for the Pacific. The experiences of this expedition gave him abundant material for the novels which he later wrote. With a single companion Melville deserted the ship, fell into captivity under a tribe of cannibals on an island in the South Seas, and lived there for four months before escaping and reshipping on another vessel. Before writing *Moby Dick*, a story of the great white whale, Melville had written other novels, using material from his adventures at sea. Neither they nor the ones which followed equal *Moby Dick*, which is his masterpiece. In his early work Melville stuck to realities, but in his later novels he let his imagination run freely. As his writing was not in conformity with the ideas of his age, he was not appreciated by his contemporaries, but today his works are read with interest, particularly *Moby Dick*, *Typee*, and *Omoo*.

Edward Everett Hale (1822-1909) is an American author whose fame rests largely upon a single piece of work, *The Man without a Country*. We must not forget, however, that his volume *Ten Times One Is Ten* was influential in the establishment of charitable societies the world over. Hale has won a place in the hearts of all men for his kind and practical Christianity.

Francis Parkman (1823-1893) is one of America's outstanding historians. His life was not an easy one, but his great will helped him to overcome his poor health and to carry out his purpose of telling the story of French colonization in North America from the sixteenth century to the fall of Quebec. Parkman was a student of Indian culture, and at the age of twenty-six wrote *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, an incident of Indian history.

After the publication of this work, Parkman suffered great physical pain, but doggedly continued his work on the French history. Among the volumes of this history we find *The Pioneers of France in the New World*, *The Jesuits in North America*, *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*, and *A Half Century of Conflict*. Parkman said that this series included "the whole course of the American conflict between France and England, or in other words, the history of the American forest; for this was the light in which I regarded it. My theme fascinated me, and I was haunted with wilderness images day and night."

Parkman's vivid account of a journey through the Northwest, *The Oregon Trail*, is his most popular work. In his realistic pictures of this memorable trip, Parkman preserves for us early American pioneer life.

John Fiske (1842-1901) was known as a great historian of his time, but the opinion of his work today seems to place him among those whose work cannot be considered true history because of the liberties he took with his material and the personal prejudice that marked his writing. He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, educated at Harvard, and he undertook to support himself with his pen. His works include *American Political Ideals*, *The Critical Period of History*, *The Beginnings of New England*, *The American Revolution*, and two textbooks which were very successful: *Civil Government in the United States* and *History of the United States for Schools*. Since Fiske was occupied more with the dramatic than with the philosophical, his work is very interesting but frequently inaccurate.

A word must be said about **Phillips Brooks** (1835-1893), one of the outstanding ministers of America. His works reached the heights of eloquence

and Christian ethics, and his influence was all for the good life. Among his works, *Light of the World*, *The Christian City*, *Influence of Jesus*, *The Giant with the Wounded Heel*, and *The Mind's Love for God* are always considered.

IV. TRANSITIONAL PERIOD, 1870-1918

The years from 1870 to 1918 brought about many changes in ways of thinking and living. Industry made rapid progress and many cities developed. Revolutionary inventions were made and new scientific knowledge was applied. Because of these changes the period may be called the Transitional Period in American literature. It is the first period not characterized by a definite underlying thought. Rather it included a breaking down of the Romantic tendencies of the preceding period and the building up of a spirit of realism, or an attempt to picture life as it really is. Accordingly authors wrote on many different subjects during the period. Some held on to Romanticism, some began to make use of the new scientific knowledge, others began to consider the effect of industry, and still others wrote about such matters as social problems and politics. At first the Realists were not very popular, but gradually their productions came into favor. At the same time, the popularity of Romantic writers declined. A discussion of the leading writers of the Transitional Period is given on the following pages. For purposes of classification, the writers are grouped together according to types of literature.

William Dean Howells (1837-1920), born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, was determined to succeed as a literary person. He was denied a formal education, but perseverance and will power carried him to the heights of

literary fame. He started his career as a boy worker in a printshop, studying in the meantime, and finished it as the leading American man of letters. Early in life he came under the influence of Shakespeare, Chaucer, Dickens, Tennyson, and Macaulay through their books, and carefully studied their philosophy and style. He taught himself Latin, Greek, and Spanish. His study of German brought him under the influence of that great German writer Heine, and he wrote poems patterned after those of the German.

The Atlantic Monthly published his work. He was so thrilled by this recognition that he made a trip to Boston to meet some of the great literary figures. His first impressions may be read in *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*. His connections and writings helped him to get the appointment as United States Consul to Venice. While in Italy he studied Italian literature and wrote poetry.

After his return to the United States, he wrote *Venetian Life* and *Italian Journeys*, delightful books in the literature of travel. He became a contributor to *The Nation*, and in 1881 editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

At this stage of his career he began to write novels, and it can be said that it was then that his real contribution to American literature began. *A Chance Acquaintance* indicated that Howells could organize a plot skillfully, and the book also impressed the reading world by its clarity of style. Howells was a realist, and *A Modern Instance* places him as the chief native realist of his time. He wrote of life as it was, but he chose mainly to write of the good life. His best work is *The Rise of Silas Lapham*. It is an American novel in the true sense of the expression, and is definitely among the best novels written in this country.

Henry James (1843-1916), who was one of the most influential novelists of the United States, never reached any great heights of popularity. After finishing his education in this country, he retired to Europe and looked upon the America of his birth in a detached manner. His sympathies were in many ways with the peoples of Europe, especially in their culture, so he spent practically all of his time in London and Paris. He was a great admirer of art and loved the art galleries of Europe. His writing concerns itself with American people and manners as he observed his countrymen in Europe. Not concerned with a story of action, James gives his impressions of characters as he saw them. His only approach to popularity came with *Daisy Miller*. Among his other novels the following are best known: *Portrait of a Lady*, *The Middle Years*, *The American*, and *The Ambassadors*.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910), better known as **Mark Twain**, has a place of distinction in the hearts of all American people, regardless of age, who have read *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. Mark Twain was the son of pioneering people, and inherited from his parents a great love for the open spaces of America and for the men and women who built our western country. He was born in Florida, Missouri, and spent his boyhood exploring the country along the Mississippi River, as well as the river itself. When Mark Twain was twelve years old, his father died, leaving the boy to make his way in the world. For a while he worked as printer's boy for the *Hannibal Journal*, and later he became a skilled printer.

In 1857 he started work on the river, and in a short time became a pilot on a Mississippi river boat.

It was from this experience that he took his name, Mark Twain, because he liked the sound of "Mark Twain!" a river call. Later he took up newspaper work, and finally settled down to a journalistic life in San Francisco.

Within a year of his taking the position in San Francisco, he published a short story, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog." This was the first in a long line of humorous stories that were to be written by Clemens. In 1866 one of his stories was published in *Harper's Magazine*, and thus he made his debut as a literary person.

In quick succession Mark Twain published many stories, and he also gained a wide reputation as a humorous lecturer. He was sent to Europe with a tourist party; his job was to write to his newspaper giving his own reactions to the trip. We can read his very vivid account of the trip in his *Innocents Abroad*.

Mark Twain's first published book was *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and Other Sketches*. His success as a writer was great, and it was just another step in his career for him to become a publisher. He published the memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant, American military hero, and made a fortune from the venture. For some reason Clemens lost all of his money; he began at once the task of repaying his creditors in full, lecturing around the world and writing many books to earn the money.

Mark Twain is one of America's great writers. Known as a humorist for many years, critics are now hailing him as an outstanding novelist. He was an observer of life who could portray little incidents with a rare skill; a satirist whose pen was as sharp as a sword; a humorist whose wit never loses its appeal.

Among the many volumes of Mark Twain the following are outstanding:

Joan of Arc, The Gilded Age, Innocents Abroad, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, Life on the Mississippi, Roughing It, and The Prince and the Pauper.

Edward Eggleston (1837-1902) was a novelist who made the Indiana country important in literary circles. He was a clergyman whose novels are valuable as documents of Indiana life, and as forerunners in the new realism, that is, in the actual interpretation of life. His most famous work is *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, from which he later wrote a juvenile novel called *The Hoosier School Boy*. Among his other novels we find *The End of the World, Roxy*, and *The Circuit Rider*.

Francis Bret Harte (1839-1902) was a professional literary worker whose place in literature was determined by a short story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," a story of life in the gold mines. Born in Albany, New York, he moved to California at the age of fifteen. He worked on newspapers, wrote articles, and, oddly enough, shunned the life he interpreted so well. Harte was no rough-and-ready person; rather he was slight and frail, but he saw the literary value in the lives of the men about him.

"The Luck of Roaring Camp" was an instant sensation. The entire country acclaimed it and its author. When Harte was invited to write for *The Atlantic Monthly* at a salary of \$10,000 a year, he made a triumphal trip East. It is said that no person rode across the country in such state and with such publicity.

After "The Luck of Roaring Camp," Harte wrote "Tennessee's Partner" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." His fame rests upon these stories. In them we see literary skill in the use of condensation, paradox, local color, and dramatic intensity.

Louisa May Alcott (1832-1888) wrote the most popular books for the young people of her period, and they are still popular today. *Little Women*, *An Old-fashioned Girl*, *Eight Cousins*, *Rose in Bloom*, and *Under the Lilacs* are read and enjoyed by young people everywhere.

Frank R. Stockton (1834-1902), the author of *The Lady or the Tiger?*, played a very important part in the development of the short-story form. He had an uncanny knack of making the absurd and improbable appear to be natural. Although his short stories are not read today with as much interest as are those of O. Henry, one can get a great deal of pleasure from reading "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," "Negative Gravity," "The Transferred Ghost," and "The Late Mrs. Null." Stockton's work stands by itself; nothing exactly like it has ever been written in American literature.

The short story is the most popular form of literature read today. It is in many ways a distinct American form, and has contributed greatly to the success of the many magazines in existence at the present time. It would be impossible to name all the short-story writers of the present time. We shall mention only a few of the outstanding men and women who have used, or are using, this form of expression. Among the important earlier writers we see **Hamlin Garland**, whose *Main-travelled Roads* is extremely popular; **Richard Harding Davis**, whose collections, *Gallegher and Others* and *Van Bibber and Others*, were once widely read; and **Mary E. Wilkins Freeman**, who wrote at least two hundred thirty-eight short stories, seventy-one of which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*.

George Washington Cable discovered a rich field of local color and racial characteristics in lower Louisiana, particularly among the Creoles of the nineteenth century in and around New Orleans. *Old Creole Days*, a volume of short stories, is the best of his works of this kind, though the novels *The Grandissimes* and *Bon-aventure* continue in the same type of material.

Joel Chandler Harris (1848-1908) brought the Negro folk tales into literature by his portrayal of "Uncle Remus." *Uncle Remus: His Songs and Sayings*, his first important volume, typifies the American Negro in speech and thought. Harris was born in Georgia, December 9, a date now celebrated annually in all public schools in Georgia.

Sarah Orne Jewett (1849-1909) wrote about the Maine folk who never moved far from home. Berwick became "Deep Haven" and lent its atmosphere to the characterization of people and places made minutely real by the detailed attention given to scenes and persons by Miss Jewett. Her best works are perhaps *A Native of Winby* and *A White Heron*.

William Sidney Porter (1862-1910), better known as **O. Henry**, spent a part of his life in prison meditating upon the world and its people. He was the victim of a bank failure, being sent to prison for the laxity of the bank officials in conducting their business, although he was apparently guiltless of any crime. His prison experience was good for the world, although it contributed nothing to his happiness. A native of North Carolina, O. Henry traveled over a wide expanse of country, including Texas and South America. He was a master of the short story, especially in the ability to

write stories with surprise endings. Admittedly there is a certain cleverness to his work, but that is not all, for when his work is fully analyzed it will be found that its value lies in its portrayal of human interests and peculiarities. Among his collected works are *The Four Million*, *Cabbages and Kings*, *Roads of Destiny*, *Sixes and Sevens*, *Heart of the West*, *The Gentle Grafter*, and *Whirligigs*. His most popular stories are those which deal with life in New York City.

Jack London (1876-1916), short-story writer, novelist, and poet, was one of a large number of children, forced by circumstances to settle on the water front at Oakland, California. His early years were spent in hardship and toil; his education was in the school of street and youthful gang. His imaginative life was stirred by the stories of adventure and romance as told by water-front characters and by authors who appealed to his spirit of daring. He looked upon the sea as a place of escape from the life in Oakland. He seized an opportunity to make a trip to the North Pacific on a sealing vessel, and upon his return published his first work, a prize-winning account of a typhoon he had seen off the coast of Japan. This article was published in the *San Francisco Call*.

Finding no regular employment, London became a hobo, spending much of his time studying conditions in jails throughout the United States.

About this time the gold rush to the Klondike started, and young London joined the fast-moving parade. Illness, however, turned him toward home, and when he returned to California he found himself the sole support of his family, his father having died during the absence of the young adventurer. He turned to writing as

a means of livelihood and, after some months of little success, began to receive small sums ranging from five to seven dollars for his stories. His first book, *The Son of the Wolf*, a collection of short stories that he had previously written, was followed by his first novel, *A Daughter of the Snows*. This work was popular, but it was his next book, *The Call of the Wild*, that made him famous.

London's stories deal with swift action and with primitive instincts. He wrote of what he knew, getting his effect from situation rather than from character portrayal.

Frank Norris (1870-1902), beginning with a thrillingly realistic and tragic story called *McTeague*, undertook to write up the whole epic of wheat in three novels to be called *The Octopus*, *The Pit*, and *The Wolf*. *The Octopus* presented the railroads under the symbol of an octopus stretching out its powerful tentacles to control the transportation of wheat. *The Pit* is the symbol of the marketing of wheat, where sometimes a daring dealer corners the market and causes the price of wheat, and consequently of bread, to soar. The third novel of the trilogy, which was left uncompleted at Norris' death, was to have dealt with the relief of famine in the Old World, in spite of the greed and the lack of coöperation among the economic forces in the New World.

Stephen Crane (1871-1900) is noted for *The Red Badge of Courage*, a novel of war that marks the high note of American fiction in the field of psychological realism. Crane died young, after an eventful life filled with uncertainty and misfortune. It is a pity that he did not live to continue the excellent work displayed in his great novel. Although he had no actual

experience in war, he was able to write with striking realistic art the life story of a young farmer who answered the call to arms and who suffered mental anguish and false faith in his war experiences. This book is a cry against the use of war as a method of settling dispute, and shows conclusively that great courage is frequently the result of great fear and that honor is a hollow shell that cloaks a trembling heart. It is now looked upon as a classic example of the realistic novel dealing with the psychology of its hero.

Edgar Watson Howe (1853-1937) first attracted attention as a writer when his paragraphs in the *Atchison Daily Globe* were quoted in the *Boston Globe*. He traveled extensively and based his writings largely upon his experiences. Some of his sayings are published in a collection known as *Ventures in Common Sense*. He also wrote several novels, the best known of which is *The Story of a Country Town*. This novel is one of the earliest realistic studies dealing with the gossip of the small town and setting a model for the later "Main Street" type of fiction and poetry.

William Allen White (1868—), editor of the *Emporia (Kansas) Gazette*, is one of the most influential newspaper editors of the present day. His editorials are among the outstanding newspaper essays, and his books and essays are read with interest by a discriminating group. Although he is a power in politics, he has never wanted a public office. His works include *The Old Order Changeth*, *Politics: The Citizen's Business*, and *The Editor and His People* (edited by Helen Ogden Mahin). He is also the author of a remarkable realistic book about boy life called *The Court of Boyville*

and several strong novels, including *A Certain Rich Man*.

Gertrude Atherton (1857—), born in San Francisco, is concerned in her novels with social history of California and with life in foreign countries. Although she makes her home in New York, she frequently visits California and travels abroad, bringing to her writing a cosmopolitan point of view. Among her well-known books are *Rezanol* and *The Splendid Idle Forties*, both dealing with the Spanish era in California, *The Californians*, *American Wives and English Husbands*, *The Sisters in Law*, *Black Oxen*, *Tower of Ivory*, *The Conqueror*, which is her best historical novel, and *Dido, Queen of Hearts*.

Owen Wister (1860-1938) was born in Philadelphia and educated in Europe and at Harvard University. After graduating from the Harvard Law School, he practiced in Philadelphia for two years, later giving up the practice of law to devote his time to writing. Early in life he made a trip to the West and became fascinated with the state of Wyoming, which he visited each year from then on until his death. In 1891 he succeeded in having two stories published in *Harper's Magazine*, namely, "Hank's Woman" and "How Lin McLean Went East." Later he prepared a volume of western stories known as *Red Men and White*. His best-known work, and the one which gave him real standing as a writer, is *The Virginian*. Among his other works are *U. S. Grant*, *The Seven Ages of Washington*, *Neighbors Henceforth*, *Watch Your Thirst*, and *When West Was West*.

Winston Churchill (1871—), a native of St. Louis and a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, became a popular writer of historical novels. After his marriage he

moved to Cornish, New Hampshire, and devoted himself to novel writing. Among his successful works are *Richard Carvel*, *The Crisis*, *The Crossing*, *The Inside of the Cup*, and *Coniston*, the last of which is commonly considered his best political novel.

Edith Wharton (1862–1937) was born in New York City. Her friendship with Henry James had a great influence in determining her style, and it was on the advice of James that she began to write of New York society. Mrs. Wharton was of a cosmopolitan nature, having lived in France after 1906, but having retained her American point of view. She did outstanding work during the World War, and was rewarded by decorations from the Belgian and French governments. She wrote poetry, short stories, and novels. Among her outstanding works are *The Valley of Decision*, *The House of Mirth*, which established her reputation; *Ethan Frome*, an extended short story, which probably will become her most permanent work; *The Age of Innocence*, her most successful novel, which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1920; and *The Children*. Mrs. Wharton also wrote many travel books, such as *Italian Villas and Their Gardens*, *Italian Backgrounds*, and *A Motor Flight through France*.

Booth Tarkington (1869—), a Hoosier writer, was educated in Phillips Exeter Academy, Purdue, and Princeton. He was an all-round man in college and desired to be an artist. He was stimulated in his desire to work in the field of drawing when he had a picture accepted by *Life*, but when the next thirty-one he submitted were rejected, he decided that his medium of expression was in the field of writing. *Monsieur Beaucaire*, published in *McClure's Magazine*, brought him

recognition. His first published book was *The Gentleman from Indiana*, which met with instant success. Following the publication of this book, he entered politics and served in the state legislature. As a result of his experience in the legislature he published two novels, *In the Arena* and *The Conquest of Canaan*. Next he developed an interest in the theater and collaborated with Harry Leon Wilson in the production of plays. Within recent years he has practically lost his sight, making it necessary to dictate his productions. He is a student of life and a literary craftsman. Moreover, he is a humorist, depending upon humor to make situations effective. All of his writings, which, as already indicated, consist of short stories, novels, and plays, deal with the problems of life. They are widely known, and read with great satisfaction by both young and old. His best known books are *The Flirt*, *Gentle Julia*, *Alice Adams*, *Young Mrs. Greeley*, *The Magnificent Ambersons*, *The Turmoil*, and *Mary's Neck*.

Ellen Glasgow (1874—), a Virginian by birth, is an able interpreter of her state. Her ill health enabled her to spend much of her youth in reading, with the result that her very practical nature rebelled against the romantic novel of the South and led her to interpret the life of Virginia as it really is. She is one of the outstanding women realists. Her novels deal mainly with the social and political life of Virginia. Among her best works are *Virginia*, *Life and Gabriella*, *The Builders*, *Barren Ground*, *The Romantic Comedians*, *They Stood to Folly*, and *Vein of Iron*.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick (1873–1935), although born in New Jersey, made her home in England from the

time she was nine years old. She studied painting in Paris for a number of years, but developed an interest in stories, often telling long continued stories to her sisters. Finally she put some of the stories in writing, and her father, thinking that they had considerable literary value, submitted one of them to a publisher, who accepted it. This was a start, but Miss Sedgwick did not become well known until the publication of her ninth novel, known as *Tante*. All her writings are characterized by the strong emphasis which she placed upon her characters. Her best-known novels are *Franklin Winslow Kane*, *The Third Window*, *The Little French Girl*, *Dark Hester*, and *Philippa*. She also wrote numerous short stories.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher (1879—) was born at Lawrence, Kansas, but followed her desire to live in Vermont where her family had lived from early pioneer days. Although she makes her home on one of the Canfield farms in Vermont, she is really a resident of Europe as well, having spent a great deal of her time in France, England, and Italy. Part of her education was gained in France. Not only is Mrs. Fisher a novelist, but she is also an outstanding writer in the field of education. Her contributions to education are in the form of magazine articles, and in two books, *A Montessori Mother* and *Mothers and Children*. Her fiction includes *The Squirrel-Cage*, *The Bent Twig*, *Understood Betsy*, *The Brimming Cup*, *The Deepening Stream*, and *Basque People*. *The Day of Glory* is a book about the French civilians during the World War.

Zona Gale (1874–1938) was an author who started her career in writing by means of journalism. Born in Portage, Wisconsin, and educated at

the University of Wisconsin, she began her work in New York. In her spare time she wrote plays and stories. Her first prose was printed in the magazine called *Success*, and her first verses in *Smart Set*. She resigned from her New York work and returned to Portage to devote her entire time to writing. She wrote poetry, essays, plays, short stories, and novels, which include *Romance Island*, her first novel, *Birth*, *Miss Lulu Bett*, *Faint Perfume*, *Preface to a Life*, and *Borgia*. Among her volumes of short stories are *Friendship Village*, *Bridal Pond*, and *When I Was a Little Girl*.

ESSAYISTS AND GENERAL PROSE WRITERS

Many of the writers of fiction treated above have written much general prose also. A few other prose writers have distinguished themselves principally in the various types of nonfictional prose, such as the personal essay, nature interpretation, travel sketches, biography, literary criticism, and so forth.

John Burroughs (1837–1921), friend of Whitman and Emerson, was above all a friend of nature. Born in Roxbury, New York, he grew up loving the soft turf under his feet and the swish of young trees in his face. He taught school for a few years, but gave up this work to take a government position in Washington. There he met Walt Whitman and learned to love the man. All the time Burroughs was keeping a journal, writing out his nature observations, and listing the things that he was going to write about.

He resigned from his Washington position to take up fruit farming. The lure of nature was so strong that Burroughs built a shack in the forest and lived with the creatures of the woods. To his new home he gave the

name of "Slabsides," a name indicative of its rough exterior. Through his nature essays, Burroughs became a well-known man, numbering among his friends another nature lover, Theodore Roosevelt, with whom he made a trip through the Yellowstone region.

John Burroughs made many trips away from the heart of the mountain world, going to Europe, Florida, and the West, but he was never happy when long away from his rustic sounds and songs.

His works are many and varied, for he wrote on literary subjects, men, and animals. His best works are those dealing with nature. *Birds and Poets*, *Locusts and Wild Honey*, *Signs and Seasons*, *Indoor Studies*, *Literary Values*, and *Bird and Bough* are representative books by John Burroughs.

We can name only a few of the many other nature writers. **Walter Pritchard Eaton** is a great traveler and lover of adventure who has written widely of his own experiences. His work includes *Green Trails and Upland Pastures*, *Skyline Camps*, and *A Bucolic Attitude*, as well as much work in dramatic criticism. **Ernest Thompson Seton**, a great lover of the outdoors and of wild life, wrote *Wild Animals I Have Known*, *The Biography of a Grizzly*, *Lives of the Hunted*, and *Wild Animals at Home*. Both Eaton and Seton have prepared many books for the Boy Scouts and the Campfire Girls. They have taught young people not only how to get along in the woods but how to love and take care of the marvelous animal life found there. **Charles William Beebe** has published many books dealing with his scientific expeditions, among them being *Two Bird Lovers in Mexico*, *Tropical Wild Life*, *Jungle Peace*, *Galápagos: World's End*,

The Arcturus Adventure, and *Beneath Tropic Seas*. **Archibald Rutledge** is a well-known nature writer and poet of the South whose essays are highly informative and entertaining. His best prose for young readers is found in *Tom and I on the Old Plantation* and *Tales of Dogs*.

Of the many distinguished members of the great Adams family of Massachusetts, perhaps **Henry Adams** (1838-1918) is destined to achieve the most permanent fame of them all through his two remarkable works, *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* and *The Education of Henry Adams*. This last-named book particularly has attracted such wide public attention that it has already been hailed as a great American prose classic. It was a long time in preparation, and only a few copies were circulated among the author's intimate friends when it was privately printed in 1906; the book was not finally issued to the general public until 1918, the year of the death of Henry Adams. Young readers will find the volume rather heavy reading, but eventually every cultured American, man or woman, should carefully read this remarkable criticism and analysis of life in America in the late nineteenth century.

Biography has become exceedingly popular in the United States. The new type of biography, an intimate sketch of a life, especially of a famous man or woman, reads like a novel and is in great demand. The most significant figure in American biographical writing in recent times was **Gamaliel Bradford** (1863-1932), who was a direct descendant of Governor William Bradford of the Plymouth Colony. He called himself a psychographer, because his biographies are highly analytical of the inner motives of his subjects. He wrote *Damaged*

Souls, American Portraits, and Daughters of Eve. Most of his volumes contain sketches of seven or eight persons; it seems that his style was best adapted to short life sketches. He also wrote a few longer biographies, such as *Lee, the American*.

Samuel McChord Crothers (1857-1927) wrote several volumes of essays which reflect his background and training. He was a clergyman and a scholar whose interests were largely in the field of literature. His works include *The Gentle Reader, The Pardoner's Wallet, Humanly Speaking, The Cheerful Giver,* and *Oliver Wendell Holmes and His Fellow Boarders*.

Agnes Repplier (1858-) began writing short stories when it became necessary for her to earn a living, but her greatest success was in the field of personal essays. Her first volume of essays, *Books and Men*, although written in an informal style, holds to the conventional form. Her numerous works include *Essays in Idleness, Americans and Others,* and *Counter-Currents*. In addition she wrote three biographies, *Jay William White, Père Marquette,* and *Mère Marie of the Ursulines*, and a collection of prose and verse known as *The Cat*.

Paul Elmer More (1864-1937) held a variety of positions, being teacher, editor, and essayist. For many years he worked on a scholarly series of essays portraying literary celebrities. These popular essays, eleven in number, were published under the single title of "Shielburne Essays."

Brander Matthews (1852-1929) was for many years a teacher at Columbia University. His chief interest was in the field of the drama, which he believed could be studied only on the stage. He wrote *Shakespeare as a*

Playwright, Molière: His Life and Works, and *These Many Years*, an account of his own life.

Henry van Dyke (1852-1933) was a versatile and prolific writer, an all-round man of letters, but not supremely gifted in any one of the several types of writing which he practiced. His short story "The Other Wise Man" is a highly admired Christmas story, his *Little Rivers* and *Fisherman's Luck* are good outdoor studies, and his *Collected Poems* contains many lyrics in which the average American citizen finds comfort and delight.

William Lyon Phelps (1865-) is a critic, essayist, and retired Yale professor who became known to the reading public as the editor of "As I Like It," a department in *Scribner's Magazine*. He has enjoyed a long academic life, and is the author of *The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement*, his most scholarly work, *The Pure Gold of Nineteenth Century Literature, Essays on American Literature,* and *Teaching in School and College*. He has published an anthology of English and American Prose, *What I Like*. In addition he has acquired a wide reputation as a lecturer.

A. Edward Newton (1863-1940), a successful business man and world authority on Dr. Samuel Johnson, was also well known as one of the most important collectors of books. He was able to combine business with literature successfully. He wrote *The Amenities of Book-Collecting and Kindred Affections, Dr. Johnson—A Play, The Greatest Book in the World,* and *A Tourist in Spite of Himself*. Besides these books, he contributed a number of articles to *The Atlantic Monthly* and the *New York Times*.

Dallas Lore Sharp (1870-1929) studied for the ministry and wrote for *The Youth's Companion* before becoming a professor of English at Boston University. He was passionately fond of the country and the out of doors about which he wrote. "Turtle Eggs for Agassiz" is considered one of his best essays. It was reprinted in *The Atlantic Monthly* Jubilee number as being one of the best nature essays ever printed in that magazine.

Woodrow Wilson (1856-1924), President of the United States during the World War, wrote chiefly in the field of history and government. He contributed many articles and essays to *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Ray Stannard Baker (1870-1946), under the name **David Grayson**, wrote first-person essays or stories taken directly from his own experiences. These essays were later collected and published as *Adventures in Contentment* and *Adventures in Friendship*. Besides the "David Grayson" essays, Baker wrote under his own name essays on politics, business, and foreign travel. *Follow the Color Line* and *The Spiritual Unrest* represent the best of his travel experiences. In 1910 Baker met Woodrow Wilson, and since that time he has devoted his writing almost exclusively to the War President. He wrote *What Wilson Did at Paris*, *Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement*, *A History of the Peace Conference*, and *Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters*.

May Lamberton Becker (1873—) has won fame as a reader's guide. Her column, "The Reader's Guide," has appeared in the *New York Evening Post*, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and since 1933 in "Books," supplement of the *New York Herald-Tribune*. Mrs. Becker has written many books, most of which are based

on her experience as a reader's guide. She is considered an authority on juvenile literature. Among her works are *A Reader's Guide Book*, *Adventures in Reading*, and *Books as Windows*. She has edited *Golden Tales of Our America* and other books.

Other persons who have made contributions as critics and general prose writers are **Bliss Perry** and **Irving Babbitt** of Harvard University and **Stuart Pratt Sherman** of the University of Illinois.

THE POETS

Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836-1907), editor, poet, and novelist, was a New Englander whose literary work was done in New York and later in Boston. To children and youth his *Story of a Bad Boy* is a great experience in pleasure. To more mature persons his poetry makes a strong appeal. At the age of seventeen he went to work in New York as an assistant editor of a magazine. He was greatly influenced by such English poets as Keats and Tennyson and by the American poet, Longfellow. His first successful work was *The Ballad of Babie Bell and Other Poems*. He was a war correspondent for a New York newspaper, but nothing of his experience is reflected in his work. He left New York for work in Boston, and in the course of time succeeded William Dean Howells as editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Aldrich traveled extensively in Europe and spoke and read many foreign languages. He was a typical Puritan of New England with the veneer of a cosmopolitan gentleman.

He was such a stickler for form that his work lacks a certain spontaneity, although as a speaker and lecturer he was noted for his wit. While many of his best poems are short ones, he wrote a number of long narrative poems. Among his shorter works are

such rare bits of beauty as "Latakia," "Books and Seasons," and "The Flight of the Goddess." His best work is included in *Songs and Sonnets*, published in 1906.

Sidney Lanier (1842-1881), a native of Macon, Georgia, is noted for his contribution to the field of poetry in such poems as "Corn," "The Symphony," "Sunrise," and "The Marshes of Glynn." Lanier was the most important poet of the "new South," showing in his work an impassioned love for poetry and music, but nothing of the bitter years he spent in prison camp as a captured Confederate soldier. Broken in health by his bitter experiences, his best work was undoubtedly unwritten, but what he has left is a monument to a great spirit and a true poet.

John Banister Tabb (1845-1909), a friend of Sidney Lanier, with whom he spent a great deal of the war period in a concentration camp, could never forget the lost cause, and carried his sorrow for the Confederacy with him to his grave. His ability lay in the field of teaching, and his love for music and poetry enhanced his ability to impart the spirit of literature to his classes. His best known works are *Brotherhood* and *Child's Verse*.

Eugene Field (1850-1895), the greatest of the newspaper paragraphers, was a native of St. Louis. He early became a native of the entire United States, however, because of his ability to enter the hearts of all persons in all places through his deep understanding of the trials and tribulations that are the heritage of man. He worked on newspapers in Missouri and in Denver, but spent most of his life in Chicago writing for the *Chicago Record* and the *Chicago Daily News*. His humor was

well known to his colleagues, and sometimes to unsuspecting persons whose inflated ideas of themselves were often deflated by the witty pen of Eugene Field. In his column, "Sharps and Flats," appeared his most characteristic efforts, later collected into *A Little Book of Western Verse* and *A Little Book of Profitable Tales*. Although Field was a political satirist and a denouncer of anything that appeared to him wrong, his best themes are concerned with Christmas festivities and the death of little children. "Little Boy Blue" is characteristic.

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) is not only the most important poet in the group born between 1823 and 1860, but one of the most important poets in American literature. Her extraordinary insight into the mind and soul appeals to discriminating readers of poetry. She wrote of life, love, nature, time, and eternity. Although a small volume of her poems appeared eight years after her death, it was not until 1936 that her last volume, *Unpublished Poems*, appeared. In the meantime her work has had a great influence on contemporary writers. Her *Complete Poems* was published in 1924 and a second volume, *Further Poems*, in 1929. Also a number of biographical and critical volumes on her have appeared recently.

James Whitcomb Riley (1849-1916), known throughout the world as the "Hoosier Poet," was born in Greenfield, Indiana. Traveling with his lawyer-father to the various county seats, he learned the dialect of the Indiana farmer. For a while he left home to travel with a medicine show, but upon his return to Indiana took up journalism. He conducted a column in the *Indianapolis Journal* in which

he published many of his dialect poems. "The Ole Swimmin' Hole" gained him fame, and he was introduced in New York by James Russell Lowell as a "true poet." "Orphan Annie," "When the Frost Is on the Punkin," and "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" are among the favorites of the people, for if any poet can be called a "poet of the people," that poet is Riley.

Edwin Markham (1852-1940), called the champion of the common man, was born in Oregon. His parents were among the early pioneers to this state, having emigrated to the new country in a covered wagon. Here the family lived for a number of years, where his father made a living by farming and hunting. His mother, too, helped to earn a living by running a pioneer store. After a time his father died and his mother moved the family to a cattle ranch in California. In his new environment he worked as a shepherd, snatching every opportunity to acquire learning. Later he taught school and wrote his great masterpiece, "The Man with the Hoe," a poem inspired by Millet's picture of the same name. Following the success of this poem, he retired, to devote his time to writing. Another poem for which he is widely known is "Lincoln, the Man of the People."

Lizette Woodworth Reese (1856-1935) anticipated the present generation of poets by writing as she thought, dropping all the literary elegances of the Victorian period in which she was born. Ideas came quickly to her, but composition was extremely difficult. She kept on writing, however, and finally met with success. She continued her school teaching while she was writing. Her sonnet "Tears" is

her best-known poem, and is considered by critics to be the outstanding sonnet written by an American. Among her works are *A Branch of May*, *A Handful of Lavender*, *Way-side Lute*, *Spicewood*, *Wild Cherry*, *Little Henrietta*, and *White April*.

John Charles McNeill (1874-1907) wrote short poems, many of them in Negro dialect. Among his best-known collections are *Lyrics from the Cotton Land* and *Songs, Merry and Sad*. In 1905, Theodore Roosevelt, the President of the United States, presented him with a cup for outstanding literary work in North Carolina, his native state.

William Vaughn Moody (1869-1910), poet and playwright, became interested in the arts at an early age, and showed promise in his high-school poetry. He taught school after leaving high school, saving enough money to enter Harvard University, where he supported himself during his college career. He accepted a position in Harvard after graduation as an assistant in the English department. Later he joined the faculty of the University of Chicago. Moody taught school in order to save enough money for leisurely vacations, during which he devoted himself to writing. His first publication was *The Masque of Judgment*, a lyrical drama. In conjunction with Robert Morss Lovett, Moody wrote a *History of English Literature* and made enough money to retire from active teaching and spend his time in writing. *The Great Divide*, a prose play, made him known to the general public. His contributions to literature are in the fields of poetry and the drama; his best works are *Poems*, *The Masque of Judgment*, *The Firebringer*, and *The Faith Healer*.

Edwin Arlington Robinson (1869–1935), three times winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, wrote of failures whom he found more interesting than successful men. He wrote in a questioning way, being more interested in what persons think than in what they do. “Richard Cory” and “Miniver Cheevy” are known to every boy and girl. They are poems that make one realize that life isn’t so bad for the one who thinks that there are greener fields around the corner. Robinson was born in Maine and spent many years of his life in that state. After going to New York in order to have a wider outlet for his talents, he took many jobs in order to live, all the while writing poetry. A favorable criticism of his work by President Theodore Roosevelt helped Robinson very much, bringing his work to a wider public. From 1911 until his death, Robinson did much of his writing during the summer in the MacDowell Colony in Peterboro, New Hampshire. Robinson’s works include *Collected Poems*, *The Man Who Died Twice*, *Tristram* (the work for which he received the Pulitzer Prize), *The Children of the Night*, *Captain Craig*, *Town Down the River*, *The Man against the Sky*, *Merlin*, *Lancelot*, *Selected Poems*, and *Matthias at the Door*.

Amy Lowell (1874–1925) introduced herself in this fashion, “I am Amy Lowell of Brookline, Massachusetts.” Miss Lowell was a daughter of the Massachusetts Lowells who were descended from Perceval Lowell who came to Massachusetts from Bristol, England, in 1637. She was brought up in a home of refinement and culture, and as a result of her background and personal feelings she became very much interested in various kinds of art, paying little attention to the current news of her time. She traveled extensively

in Europe and America, and read intensively in all literature pertaining to art. When she discovered that poetry was the medium for her expression, she read and studied diligently to perfect her form and technique. The first collection of poems she published, *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass*, was not successful, showing many weaknesses in idea and technique. Her second volume of poems, however, *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*, convinced critics and public of the importance of her work. This volume includes much of her best work and introduces to American writing a kind of verse, called polyphonic prose, suggested by the French. Miss Lowell’s attempt to introduce this peculiar form of writing into America was successful only in her own writing, and died with her.

Amy Lowell attracted attention by her peculiar manner of living. She was a large woman, domineering, self-satisfied, and confident. Her friends speak of her as one who turned night into day and day into night. It was usual for her to start her day’s work at midnight, and write until dawn, stimulating her imagination and quieting her nerves by smoking numerous cigars. Her cigar habit became the talk of literary circles, and added an individual touch that set Amy Lowell off from other writers of the time. Although she undoubtedly strove to be different from the usual run of writers, she never lost her conservatism as inherited from her ancestors.

A few of her poems are quoted in collections today, but her outstanding work is *John Keats*, a biography of the English romantic poet whose work is among the greatest poetry of England. Miss Lowell loved Keats’s work, and was able to bridge the gap of time between their lives so successfully that she produced the most human

biography of the English poet, and in the writing built a monument of enduring fame for herself. Miss Lowell was a friend of all poets struggling for recognition. Her contribution to American literature rests in her own imagistic poetry, her personal qualities, and her biography of Keats. Her most representative poetry is seen in the following volumes: *Men, Women, and Ghosts*; *Can Grande's Castle*; *Pictures of the Floating World*; *East Wind*; and *Selected Poems of Amy Lowell* (edited by John L. Lowes).

Robert Frost (1875—), although born in San Francisco, is a New England poet in expression and temperament. When he was very young, his mother moved from the West to Massachusetts, where young Frost was educated and later took up farming. He was never content with the studies in college, and retired from Dartmouth and Harvard without taking his degree. For a time he taught in Pinkerton Academy, Derry, New Hampshire, but later lived for a few years in England. While in England he published *A Boy's Will* and *North of Boston*, two collections of poetry that made his reputation. When he returned to America, he became poet in residence at Amherst and then at the University of Michigan, and today holds the same office at Amherst. In 1936 he was appointed to the James Russell Lowell Lectureship in Poetry at Harvard University. Frost typifies the New Englander in idiom and expression. There is a certain friendliness in his poetry—a kind of verse that takes you into the confidence of the poet and invites you to sit down and listen to him. His other works are *Mountain Interval*, *New Hampshire*, *West-Running Brook*, *Selected Poems*, *Collected Poems*, *A Further Range*, and a play, *A Way Out*.

Vachel Lindsay (1879–1931) was born in Springfield, Illinois. He was interested in art and studied in Chicago and New York. He spent some time in hitch-hiking about the country in true hobo fashion, selling his rhymes for bread. His best known poem is "The Congo," a very interesting poem, but one that seemed to overshadow his other work. Lindsay chanted his songs very effectively, holding that singing was the medium of expression for oral poetry. His was not a happy life, but it was a full life in that he identified himself with many social movements and gave his energy to them. His poetry is written about things that are noisy, colorful, and animated; all life interested him, from the breaking in of a colt to the entrance of a Salvation Army general into heaven. His works include *General Booth Enters into Heaven*, *The Congo*, *The Chinese Nightingale*, *The Daniel Jazz*, *The Golden Whales of California*, *Collected Poems*, *Going-to-the-Sun*, *Going-to-the-Stars*, *Johnnie Appleseed*, and *Every Soul Is a Circus*.

Carl Sandburg (1878—), the son of Swedish immigrants, was born in Galesburg, Illinois. He is the poet of the average man, interpreting the life of stockyards, large cities, and the country. His verse shows traces of the Whitman plan of writing, but has as its subject matter the life Sandburg knows so well. He finds beauty in ugliness, and interprets life as it is. Carl Sandburg has done practically every kind of work imaginable, has served in the army, and has used his entire experience for his creative expression. He attended Lombard College and supported himself there by all kinds of work; but he found time to play on the basketball team and to take part in the proceedings of the "Poor Writer's Club." His editorial

work was discontinued when he became a successful poet. He now spends his time in writing and in lecturing throughout the country. His works include *Chicago Poems*, *Cornhuskers*, *Smoke and Steel*, *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*, *Selected Poems*, *The American Songbag*, *Good Morning America*, *Early Moon*, and prose tales for children under the title of *Rootabaga Stories*. His most important prose books, however, are *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*, and *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*. Part of the former has been issued as a juvenile under the title *Abraham Lincoln Grows Up*.

Edgar Lee Masters (1869—), a native of Kansas, a Chicago lawyer, and traveler about the United States, gained prominence with his *Spoon River Anthology*, a collection of free-verse poems on persons he had met during his life. His first work, *A Book of Verses*, published in 1898, attracted very little attention, but when William Marion Reedy, an editor who did much to influence young writers, gave him a copy of *The Greek Anthology*, Masters seems to have found his inspiration. After *Spoon River Anthology*, Masters gave up the law to devote his time to writing. Following his anthology, Masters published *Songs and Satires*, *The Great Valley*, *Toward the Gulf*, *Starved Rock*, *Domesday Book*, *The Open Sea*, and *The New Spoon River*. In 1931 Masters published a very unpopular biography of Abraham Lincoln. Besides his poetry and biography, Masters has written several novels and a number of books especially for boys.

Adelaide Crapsey (1878–1914) was a teacher of English, a student of verse technique, and a poet. She invented a peculiar stanza which she called the "cinquain," from the French

word meaning a group of five. It consists of five unrhymed lines of two, four, six, eight, and two syllables respectively. Her *Poems* and *A Study in English Metrics* were not published until after her death.

Joyce Kilmer (1886–1918) was an American poet and journalist who sacrificed his life for his country. He disdained the easy bullet-proof job of statistician, insisting that he be allowed to do some actual fighting. His peculiar desire to be in the firing line finally caused his death, for by his own request he joined the first rank in battle, his own being in the rear at the time. Kilmer is known and loved for his poem "Trees." Born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, Kilmer was educated in Rutgers Preparatory School, and for two years in Rutgers University, finishing in Columbia University, New York City. After graduation from Columbia, he taught for a year in Morristown High School, and then turned his attention to editorial and magazine work. He was known as a lecturer, and toured the country talking of poetry and old romance. He wrote as much for bread as for fame, so that his work is a strange mixture of hurried journalism and exquisite poetry. His outstanding work is seen in *Summer of Love*, *Trees and Other Poems*, and *Main Street and Other Poems*.

Alan Seeger (1888–1916) was an American poet whose best work was written in Paris, which he found more to his liking than the America he didn't understand. He was a handsome fellow whose thoughts and superior actions caused his friends no little concern, placing him beyond the pale of warm and enduring friendship. When the World War broke out, Seeger seized the opportunity to join the French Foreign Legion, saying, "I

have always had the passion to play the biggest part within my reach, and it is really in a sense a supreme success to be allowed to play this. If I do not come out, I will share the good fortune of those who disappear at the pinnacle of their careers." He didn't come out alive, but he left for us the poem upon which his fame is based, "I Have a Rendezvous with Death." Besides this single gem of the war, Seeger left *Poems*, published in 1916, and *Letters and Diary*, published in 1917.

V. CONTEMPORARY PERIOD, 1918—

The line of demarcation between the Transitional Period and the Contemporary Period is difficult to trace. The realistic trend in literature is still dominant, but after the close of the World War in 1918, when modern civilization seemed to hang in the balance and chaos seemed to impend over the world, there sprang up everywhere a desire to try something new, to experiment and find some new forms of expression in the several arts. Impressionism was succeeded by expressionism, and expressionism by various forms of post-expressionism, such as cubism, futurism, and even dadaism. Literature became frankly experimental. All sorts of odd forms in poetry, fiction, drama, and even in ordinary prose began to appear. Some of these experiments have been very beneficial, but others have only served to show the world what to avoid in various forms of literary art rather than what to develop or imitate.

The following pages will discuss a few of the modern writers of drama, fiction, miscellaneous prose, and poetry in order that you may know who some of the leading writers are and what they have produced.

THE DRAMA

The American drama did not exert a great world influence until within the last two or three decades. The only playwrights of any particular distinction before this time were Clyde Fitch, Bronson Howard, Augustus Thomas, William Vaughn Moody, David Belasco, Edward Shelton, and Percy MacKaye. These writers began to raise American drama to a place where it was worthy of being compared with other forms of American poetry and prose.

Since 1914, when the Provincetown players started their experimental theater, the rise of the American drama has been rapid and continuous. The most important dramatist to issue from the Provincetown group is **Eugene O'Neill** (1888—), who was born in New York City. O'Neill is the son of James O'Neill, a popular actor who gained fame in *The Count of Monte Cristo*. The boy accompanied his parents in their journeys about the country, receiving his education in the metropolitan life of the nation. After his early travels, he attended boarding schools for six years, and then entered Betts Academy in Stamford, Connecticut. After graduating from Betts, he attended Princeton University, but was expelled before the end of the first year for some prank. Then he entered business in a New York mail-order house, but gave that up to go on a gold-prospecting trip to Honduras. After his return from the south, he became assistant manager of his father's theatrical company, and toured for three months. He continued to live a peculiar life, drinking and carousing until his health failed. He was placed in a sanatorium, and this experience seems to have given him time to think.

When he was fully recovered, he took special work with Professor Baker in the famous "Harvard Forty-seven Work Shop" of Harvard University. There he learned the technique of play writing. His first plays were of the one-act variety, and were presented by the Provincetown Players of Provincetown, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. They were a great success and brought O'Neill before the public. Later his first full-length play, *Beyond the Horizon*, was produced successfully in New York.

O'Neill is the outstanding American dramatist. His one-act plays are based on his wanderings about the face of the earth and have as characters many of the sailors who were his colleagues on board ship. His full-length plays are different from the usual run of plays in that they are composed of elements frankly experimental in character. Eugene O'Neill has contributed the following plays to American literature: *Anna Christie*, *Strange Interlude*, *Mourning Becomes Electra*, *Beyond the Horizon*, *The Emperor Jones*, *The Hairy Ape*, *Desire under the Elms*, and *Ah! Wilderness*. O'Neill won the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1920, 1922, and 1928. Another Provincetown playwright is **Susan Glaspell**, who wrote *Allison's House* and *Inheritors*.

Other important dramatists are **Rachel Crothers**, whose plays are *Nice People*, *When Ladies Meet*, *As Husbands Go*, and *Mary the Third*; **Maxwell Anderson**, who wrote *Mary of Scotland*, *Elizabeth the Queen*, *Both Your Houses*, and *Winterset*; and with **Laurence Stallings** wrote three plays which became popular, *What Price Glory*, *First Flight*, and *The Buccaneer*; **Sidney Howard**, who wrote *Yellow Jack*, *The Silver Cord*, and *They Knew What They Wanted*; **Paul**

Green, who wrote *In Abraham's Bosom* and *The House of Connelly*; **George Kelly**, who wrote *The Torch Bearers* and *Craig's Wife*; **Elmer Rice**, author of *Street Scene*, *On Trial*, and *Counselor at Law*; **Zona Gale**, who wrote *Miss Lulu Bett*; **Zoe Akins**, author of *Déclassé* and *The Old Maid*; and **George S. Kaufman**, who with **Marc Connelly** wrote *Beggar on Horseback*, *Dulcy*, *To the Ladies*, and *Merton of the Movies*; with **Edna Ferber** Kaufmann wrote *The Royal Family* and *Dinner at Eight*, and with **Moss Hart** he wrote *Merrily We Roll Along* and *Once in a Life Time*. An outstanding play of recent years is *The Green Pastures*, a Negro Biblical play based upon several short stories of Roark Bradford. The play itself was written by **Marc Connelly**.

CONTEMPORARY FICTION

Fiction continues to be the dominant type of literature throughout the Contemporary Period. We have seen how most of the poets of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century were forced to write fiction either to provide themselves with bread or to attract an audience for their other literary wares. So in the present time we may expect to find all sorts of writers turning to fiction to get a hearing. Some have tried to escape from the hard conditions of the present by creating an imaginary world to which they might retire. The first writer treated below claims that he sought to create such an imaginary world, but in a recent article he confesses that he, too, in a certain sense belongs among the realists.

James Branch Cabell (1879—) was born in Virginia and began work as a reporter on Richmond and New York

newspapers. Before many years he discontinued his work as a reporter and devoted himself to writing. As a background for his writing he set up an imaginary country known as "Poictesme," where he laid all his scenes and placed all his characters. He created the country largely because his novels deal with medieval characters. In 1919 he published *Jurgen*, a novel that was quickly suppressed but which served to bring him into prominence. Since then he has written numerous other works, among the best known of which are *Gallantry*, *The Cords of Vanity*, *The Soul of Melicent*, *The Certain Hour*, *Beyond Life*, *The High Place*, *The Silver Stallion*, and *Way of Eben*.

Ernest Poole (1880—), a product of Chicago, devotes his creative writing to an exposition of the seamy side of life. After his graduation from Princeton, he lived in New York, where he studied the characters and situations portrayed in his novels and plays. His novels are fairly successful, his *His Family* winning the Pulitzer Prize in 1916. He has been a newspaper correspondent and has contributed much to the literature about Russia in his articles for *The Saturday Evening Post*. His works, aside from *His Family*, are *The Harbor*, *His Second Wife*, *Millions*, *Danger*, *Silent Storms*, and *Great Winds*. Among his plays we find *None So Blind*, *A Man's Friends*, and *Take Your Medicine*. Aside from plays and articles, Poole wrote a biography of Captain Dollar of the "Dollar Line" for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Theodore Dreiser (1871—) was born in Indiana. His parents were poor and unable to give the boy all the advantages that his alert mind wished for. Being an energetic per-

son, however, young Dreiser soon sought his place in the world through the medium of a Chicago newspaper. After his first newspaper experience in Chicago, he spent a little time in the University of Indiana, but soon left the university to devote himself to the business of making a living. In 1894 he went to New York and did editorial work on a magazine called *Every Month*, and later became editor-in-chief of the Butterick publications. His first novel, *Sister Carrie*, was written in 1900, but after the sale of only a few copies was withdrawn by the publishers. Soon after this he wrote *Jennie Gerhardt*, *The Financier*, *A Traveler at Forty*, *An American Tragedy*, which caused quite a disturbance, especially in Boston where it was banned by the courts. Other books are *Dreiser Looks at Russia*, *A Gallery of Women*, and *Dawn*. Dreiser is a realist; his work was never popular until the publication of *An American Tragedy*, a book that undoubtedly has influenced greatly the many "realistic" writers of the present day.

Upton Sinclair (1878—) comes from a family of fighting men, and has carried on the tradition by his aggressive socialism. By hack writing, he financed his education in the College of the City of New York. After his graduation and his marriage, he began to devote his writing to serious subjects, and himself to the cause of human welfare. Naturally, not everybody agrees with Sinclair, but few question the seriousness of his intentions. The money made from his books is always invested in some socialistic enterprise. His works of merit are *The Jungle*, *The Metropolis*, *Samuel, the Seeker*, *Love's Pilgrimage*, *Damaged Goods*, *King Coal*, *Mountain City*, and *Roman Holiday*. Sinclair has also written plays. He is known

throughout the world. His works have been published in thirty-four countries.

Fanny Hurst (1889—) was born in Ohio, but was taken to St Louis in her infancy. In her high-school and college days she wrote many stories for the school publications, and later sent manuscript after manuscript to such publications as *The Saturday Evening Post*. Her rejection slips seemed to be the answer to her efforts, but Miss Hurst continued to write. Believing that she could do better away from home, she moved to New York, where she took any type of work that would give her background for her writing, once going to Europe steerage in order to learn about people. *Just around the Corner*, a book of short stories published in 1914, launched Miss Hurst on a career that has been unusually successful. This publication was followed by three volumes of short stories, and then her novel *Star Dust* was published. Her reputation was firmly established with the publication of *Lummox*. Among her other novels are *Appassionata*, *Mannequin*, *Five and Ten*, and *Back Street*.

Ernest Hemingway (1898—) is one of the outstanding younger writers. Like many other successful writers, he entered the profession of journalism after completing his formal education. He enlisted in the army during the war and had a varied experience. At first he served in the ambulance corps and later in the Italian army, with which he fought at the front. Therefore he was well qualified to write stories with a war background. His first important production, *Farewell to Arms*, a story of the war as it affected certain individuals, was an instant success. Among his other works are *In Our Time*, *The Torrents of Spring*, *The Sun Also Rises*, *Men without Women*, *Death*

in the Afternoon, *Green Hills of Africa*, and *To Have and Have Not*.

Stark Young (1881—), of Mississippi and Texas, has done much journalistic work, winning distinction as a dramatic critic. He has also done a large amount of creative work in poetry, drama, critical essays, personal and travel essays, the short story, and the novel. Of all his works the one which captivated the public was *So Red the Rose*, which was a best seller in 1934. This novel gives an intimate picture of the Old South plantation civilization, a phase of American life which was completely destroyed by the War between the States. This book presents a sad but beautiful and true picture of the old southern plantation life.

Joseph Hergesheimer (1880—) was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He studied at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts and in Venice and Florence, but forsook art for the profession of novelist. It was not an easy road that Hergesheimer traveled, for his success came very slowly. His first novel, *The Lay Anthony*, was published in 1914. Hergesheimer treats his profession in a very business-like manner, going to his office every day and dictating his ideas to a stenographer. The remainder of his day is spent in the enjoyment of the arts. The basis of his writing is the traditions of America. His works include *The Three Black Pennys*, *Java Head*, *Cytharea*, *The Party Dress*, and *Linda Condon*.

Sinclair Lewis (1885—) was born in Minnesota and educated at Yale University. After graduating from Yale, he spent considerable time in newspaper work. Finally, in 1920,

he published the novel *Main Street*, which brought him to the front and gave him a reputation that he has held successfully ever since. This work was followed by *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith*, *Mantrap*, *Elmer Gantry*, *Dodsworth*, *Ann Vickers*, *Works of Art*, *It Can't Happen Here*, and *Bethel Merriday*. Lewis by nature is a realist and frequently has been ranked as a nonconformist. In his writings he calls attention to certain inconsistencies in life and seeks to bring out what he conceives to be the truth. Thus he tends at times to jar the complacency of the reader. Nevertheless he has achieved a great reputation as a novelist, being considered one of the best not only in this country but throughout the world. In fact, his books have been translated into many foreign tongues. In 1926 when he released *Arrowsmith* he was offered the Pulitzer Prize for the best American novel but refused to accept because he disliked certain restrictive terms in the award. In 1930, however, he was granted and accepted the Nobel Prize for outstanding work in literature.

Edna Ferber (1887—) is a native of Michigan. Her youth was spent in Appleton, Wisconsin, where she showed promise as a writer in high school. After graduating from high school, she became successively a reporter for Appleton, Milwaukee, and Chicago papers. When Miss Ferber was twenty-three, she published a successful short story in *Everybody's Magazine*, and then began work on a novel. When the novel was finished, Miss Ferber cast it aside, but her mother insisted upon its publication, and so *Dawn O'Hara* was presented to the reading public. Although Miss Ferber now lives in New York, many of her characters are mid-western, middle-class people, doing the things

that the average American does. She has written successful novels, plays, and short stories. Among her novels are *So Big*, *Show Boat*, *Cimarron*, all of which have been made into motion-picture plays, and *The Girls*. Her short story collections include *Cheerful by Request*, *Gigolo*, and *Mother Knows Best*. With George S. Kaufman she has written two plays, *The Royal Family* and *Dinner at Eight*. Her most recent book, *A Peculiar Treasure*, is her autobiography, written in narrative form. In this book she pleads for democratic freedom and tolerance, especially among races.

Willa Cather (1876—), although born in Virginia, is known for her novels of western life, especially among the pioneer families, and for her sympathetic attitude toward those who contribute to the building of a country. Miss Cather worked for a time on a Pittsburgh paper, and then became the head of the English department in the Allegheny High School. At this time she began to write poetry and novels. Her success was almost immediate. Most of her writing deals with the places she knew as a child, and her pictures of Nebraska have made a great impression on the reading public. Her work includes the novels *O Pioneers!*, *My Antonia*, *One of Ours*, *A Lost Lady*, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, and *Shadows on the Rock*. Besides these novels Miss Cather has published many short stories and some verse.

James Boyd (1888—) was influenced to write novels by the great English novelist and dramatist, John Galsworthy. Mr. Boyd spent some time in the publishing business after his graduation from Princeton University, but because of ill health retired to a plantation in the South. He

began his literary life by writing short stories for magazines, but not until after his meeting with Galsworthy did he begin to write novels. His field is the historical novel, to which he has contributed *Drums, Marching On*, and *Long Hunt*.

Louis Bromfield (1896—) is a native of Mansfield, Ohio. Having an idea that he would like to be a farmer, he spent some time in the agriculture college of Cornell University, but soon found that his interests were in the field of writing. Soon after the World War, in which he served with the French army, Bromfield returned to New York and entered the publishing business. It was not long, however, before he began to devote his entire time to writing. He wrote a number of novels before 1924, but the publication of *The Green Bay Tree* brought him success and gave him the opportunity to devote his time to writing.

Bromfield has been influenced by the English writer Joyce and the German novelist Wasserman, but is content to take his experimentation slowly. His *Twenty-four Hours* is somewhat like the works of the novelists who are describing the life of characters in a day or less, but aside from this novel, Bromfield's works are rather conservative. Aside from the books mentioned, Bromfield has written *Possession*, *Early Autumn*, and *A Good Woman*. These three novels, with *The Green Bay Tree*, are novels of American life, and make a set called "Escape." *The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg* is a peculiar novel dealing with a day in the life of a queer American woman living in Italy. It is a criticism of Americans in their willingness to believe a certain type of evangelist and at the same time to be thoughtless and bitter toward persons who appear a little "different."

Thornton Wilder (1897—) was born in Wisconsin, but was educated in China, California, Ohio, Yale University in Connecticut, and at the American Academy in Rome. As a young man he was interested in music, prose, and verse. After his educational experiences he taught French in Lawrenceville Academy in New Jersey, devoting his spare time to writing for his own pleasure. In 1926 he published *The Cabala*, which had a limited circulation, but when he published *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* the next year, his reputation became international. Other publications by Wilder are *The Woman of Andros*; *The Angel That Troubled the Waters*, a collection of three-minute plays; *The Trumpet Shall Sound*; and *Our Town*.

Glenway Wescott (1901—) is a promising young writer who became interested in literature through his affiliation with the Poetry Club in the University of Chicago. He makes his home in France, and seems to dislike the Middle West of America cordially. His first novel, *The Apple of the Eye*, was published in book form in 1924. *The Grandmothers*, a portrait, won the Harper's prize novel contest for 1927-28. Wescott speaks and writes in a style that indicates a self-discipline. Among his works not mentioned heretofore are *Good-bye, Wisconsin*, and *The Babe's Bed*.

Thomas Wolfe (1900-1938), born in Asheville, North Carolina, caused Sinclair Lewis to say, "If Wolfe keeps up the promise of *Look Homeward, Angel*, he has a chance to be the greatest American writer of all time." Such a statement, coming from an already great American writer, indicated that Wolfe had power. He was educated at the University of North Carolina and at Harvard University. Later he

traveled in Europe in preparation for a position as instructor of English, which he resigned in 1930 to devote his time to writing. His first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel*, was published in 1929 while he was still abroad. This novel met with instant success and was followed in 1936 by another novel known as *Of Time and the River*. This novel was designed as part of a long story which he planned to develop in a series of six volumes.

Among the almost innumerable recent writers of short stories we may mention **Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews**, whose "Perfect Tribute" is one of the best of American stories; **Irvin S. Cobb**, whose humorous stories of "Judge Priest" are the delight of all Americans; and **Struthers Burt**, who is known for his first story, "The Water Hole." **Wilbur Daniel Steele** of North Carolina has written plays and novels as well as many short stories; but the last-named form seems to be his forte, for he has three times won prizes from the O. Henry Award Committee for distinguished work in the short story. Among the humorous writers of the short story one must not forget **Ring Lardner** and his stories of the baseball rookie. His *You Know Me, Al* is a distinct contribution to American literature.

The short story continues to be the most widely read form of literature at the present time. Many persons who do not have time to read longer works of fiction find pleasure in picking up a newspaper or a magazine to read a daily short story.

THE ESSAYISTS AND JOURNALISTS

The large number of editors and journalists in this day of many periodicals makes it difficult to single out the important writers of critical and personal essays and general prose

articles. Only a handful of names can be given here.

Carl Van Doren (1885—) is a famous literary critic and editor, one of the best known of the times. For many years he has striven to acquaint people with good literature. With this in mind he helped to found the Literary Guild of America in 1926, of which he was editor for a time. Among his books are *Contemporary American Novelists*, *James Branch Cabell*, *Swift*, *Sinclair Lewis*, *What Is American Literature?*, *Three Worlds*, and *Benjamin Franklin*. Also, he helped to prepare *The Cambridge History of American Literature*. With his brother Mark, who is also an author, he helped to prepare *American and British Literature since 1890*.

Henry Louis Mencken (1880—) received his literary training as a newspaper reporter. He is a severe critic who does not spare his readers. In 1924 he founded the *American Mercury*, of which he was the sole editor until the early 1930's. In this magazine he expressed his views of American life and encouraged other writers to do the same. He has published *Notes on Democracy*, *Treatise on the Gods*, *Selected Prejudices*, *A Book of Prefaces*, and an excellent treatise on the use of words, known as *The American Language*.

Christopher Morley (1890—), one of the best-known essayists of this time, is also a poet and novelist. He was a Rhodes scholar and devoted his study to literature while he was in England. He returned to the United States after his Oxford experience and went into the publishing business with Doubleday, Page and Company and continued to write. His first novel, *Parnassus on Wheels*, was a success, and later he did editorial work on

magazines. By 1931, he had written nearly forty books, and edited as many more. His works include essays and sketches like *Shandygaff*, *Mince Pie*, *Pipefuls*, *The Romany Stain*, and *Letters of Askance*; among his novels are *The Haunted Bookshop*, *Thunder on the Left*, *John Mistletoe*, and *Where the Blue Begins*.

Lewis Mumford (1895—) is one of the most influential present-day critics. He has written critical works such as *The Story of Utopias*, *Sticks and Stones*, and *The Golden Day*. In his *Herman Melville* he has employed all the means at his command to interpret the man and his environment. Mr. Mumford is an authority on architecture, and has contributed articles to *The Journal of the American Institute of Architecture*, as well as articles to *The New Republic*, *The American Mercury*, and *Scribner's*.

George Ade became known for his *Fables in Slang* written in the common language of the average man. He also contributed dialog and lyrics for musical pieces and wrote several plays. **Ellis Parker Butler** won fame as a humorist with the hilarious story *Pigs Is Pigs*. He also wrote *The Incubator Baby* and *The Thin Santa Claus*. **Finley Peter Dunne** was a master of political and social satire. His "Dooley" articles, which first appeared in the *Chicago Times-Herald*, were the foundation of much of his work, including *Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War*, *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen*, and *Mr. Dooley's Philosophy*. **Don Marquis** wrote drama, novels, verse, and short story, but he was best known as a columnist and humorist. Among his writings are *The Old Soak*, *Archie and Mehitabel*, and *Love Sonnets of a Cave Man*. **Heywood Broun** was a columnist,

critic, and essayist whose work was largely satirical. **Franklin P. Adams**, better known as "F. P. A.," is often considered the dean of newspaper columnists. He has acquired this reputation largely because of his witty sallies on current problems of life. In recent years he has gained a wide reputation for his work on the radio, being noted for his infinite wit and knowledge.

THE LATER POETRY

Twentieth-century poetry in America shows American poets standing on their own feet, to use Walt Whitman's phrase. Romanticism, realism, and the new feeling for psychology caused American poets to break away from old models and to express themselves as they wished to. The new industrial life of the nation called for new terms of interpretation and a keener observation of life. The material of everyday life became the material of the poet, and the speech of the everyday man found its way into the poet's expression. It was natural for a number of freakish ideas to gain prominence in the field of poetry, but they have gradually died out. Hence we can say now that American poetry has come of age and that American poets are interpreting their country with great intelligence. Let us become acquainted with some of the outstanding poets.

Since literature is not a dead thing but a living, growing, continuous thing, we must learn to read the poets of our own time thoughtfully and respectfully, for we never can tell when a new star of the first magnitude will shine forth in the poetic sky. We have chosen below just a few of the well-nigh countless contemporary poets of America. The ones we have chosen may after all not prove to be the permanent poets of our time. All that can be said is

that they are attracting considerable attention and are, as it were, prominent candidates for permanent poetic fame.

William Ellery Leonard (1876—) is a professor of English at the University of Wisconsin but long before he assumed this position he was a poet. He began publishing as early as 1906, but his most significant work has been done since the World War. *Two Lives* (1925), a series of sonnets, is the tragic story of his first marriage. In addition to his creative work in poetry he has written a strange autobiography called *The Locomotive God* and translated several classic poets, as well as the old Anglo-Saxon epic *Beowulf*, into English verse.

Louis Untermeyer (1885—), poet and anthologist, wanted to be a composer, but entered his father's jewelry manufacturing business. In 1923 he retired from business and studied abroad for two years. Returning home, he devoted his time to writing poetry and to criticism. Among his writing we find poetry, parodies, translations, and critical prose. His first book, *First Love*, published in 1911, was strongly influenced by Heine and Housman, but he expressed his own ideas in *Challenger* in 1914. Since that time he has been making contributions to poetry and to critical writing. His works include *These Times*, *The New Adam*, *Roast Leviathan*, *Burning Bush*, and *New Songs for New Voices*, a collection of modern poems set to modern music, written in collaboration with David and Clara Mannes. His critical satire is seen in *The Younger Quire* and *Other Poets*, including "Horace" and "Heavens." His best book of criticism is *American Poetry Since 1900*. His anthologies *Modern American*

Poetry, *Modern British Poetry*, and *Yesterday and Today* are very popular.

Sara Teasdale (1884–1933), a native of St. Louis, made her reputation in the field of lyric poetry. She has been called the "woman's poet" in that she interpreted the feminine point of view. Miss Teasdale's first attempts in the field of poetry were in the translation of poems by Heine and other German poets. William Reedy accepted her original work, "Guinevere" and thereafter her work was published in various magazines throughout the country. Her works include *Helen of Troy and Other Poems*, *Rivers to the Sea*, *Love Songs*, and *Flame and Shadow*.

Elinor Wylie (1887–1928), born of a notable family by the name of Hoyt, was a highly gifted and sensitive personality. She made an early marriage and published her first volume of poems, *Nets to Catch the Wind* under the name of Elinor Wylie. She later published three other volumes of poetry, *Black Armor*, *Trivial Breath*, and *Angels and Earthly Creatures*. Along with her poetry she wrote four novels, perhaps the best of them being *Mr. Hodge* and *Mr. Hazard*, an imaginative treatment of the life of the English poet Shelley, who was supposed to have visited America under an assumed name. Later Mrs. Wylie married **William Rose Benét**, himself a poet and a critic of importance, and it was during this later period of her life that Elinor Wylie was happiest and did her best work.

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892—), born in Rockland, Maine, is the most important woman poet of the present day. While still in high school, she wrote "Renascence," a poem that

prepared the way for her present place among American writers. She is a master of the sonnet form, and it is in this field that she has done her best work. Miss Millay works hard at her writing, but she writes only when in the mood. Her works include *A Few Figs from Thistles*, *Second April*, *The Harp-Weaver*, *The Buck in the Snow*, *Selected Poems for Young People*, *Fatal Interview*, and *Wine from These Grapes*. She is also interested in acting and in play-writing, and in addition to several shorter plays she collaborated with Deems Taylor in writing the opera *The King's Henchman*, one of the most successful works of its kind ever produced in America.

John Gould Fletcher (1886—) was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, and was educated at Harvard. He wrote five small volumes of conventional verse and then joined Amy Lowell and **H. D. (Hilda Doolittle)** to form the American Imagist Poets who, with three English poets, published successive anthologies called *Some Imagist Poets* in 1915, 1916, and 1917. Fletcher is primarily an impressionistic colorist in verse. He has written numerous poems which he called by such titles as "The Blue Symphony," "The Orange Symphony," and so forth. In addition, he has written poems of the lovely color effects seen in Arizona and in the Mexican quarters of the southwestern states.

T. S. Eliot (1888—) signs his name by his initials only, though he was christened Thomas Stearns Eliot when he was born in St. Louis in 1888. He was educated at Harvard, at Merton College, Oxford, England, and at the Sorbonne in France. He migrated to England and has lived in London since 1914, where he has been en-

gaged in editing such magazines as *The Egoist* and *The Criterion*. He published *Poems* in 1920 and won *The Dial* prize in 1922 with his difficult long poem called "The Waste Land." His "Portrait of a Lady," "Rhapsody on a Windy Night," and "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" are good realistic poems with a dash of irony. Recently Eliot has turned his attention to play-writing and has produced two successful plays in verse on religious subjects, namely, *The Rock* and *Murder in the Cathedral*.

Conrad Aiken (1889—) was born in Savannah, Georgia, and educated at Harvard. He is a student and critic of poetry as well as perhaps our most cosmopolitan and widely traveled American poet. He has attempted to create a type of poetry closely allied with music, just as Fletcher attempted to create poetry allied with color. One of Aiken's better volumes is called *Nocturne of Remembered Spring*, and his best known single poem is "Morning Song from Senlin." Aiken has also written *Blue Voyage*, a novel, and two volumes of short stories.

Robert Hillyer (1895—) of New Jersey attended Harvard University, drove an ambulance in the American expeditionary forces in France during the World War. For a time he was a teacher of English in Trinity College, Connecticut. He also taught at Harvard University. He has published a number of volumes of poetry, among them *The Five Books of Youth*, *The Seventh Hill*, *The Gates of the Compass*. One of his works, "A Letter to Robert Frost," a long poem in *The Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1936, is full of literary chit-chat, criticism and congeniality.

Nathalia Crane (1913—) of New York City was hailed by Louis Untermeyer as the most remarkable phenomenon in the way of a youthful prodigy in modern literature. She began to write at eight, published poems purely on their merit in the *New York Sun* at nine, and shortly afterward had published *The Janitor's Boy*, a volume of verse, when she was eleven. She has since published three other volumes of poetry, a volume in alliterative prose on the Children's Crusade, and a novel.

Hart Crane (1899–1932) was a native of Ohio who became a writer of advertisements after he finished the public schools. He began to compose modernistic verse of a richly rhetorical type, and when he published *The Bridge* in 1930 he was recognized as one of the most significant of the radical or "left-wing" modern poets. His poetry is rather difficult for young readers. He was undoubtedly a genius, but his life was an unhappy one, and his work never quite attained the success which he hoped for. He committed suicide by jumping off a steamer while he was crossing the Gulf of Mexico on a return voyage from South America to New York.

Robinson Jeffers (1887—) is one of the moderns who has been hailed as America's coming great poet. He began writing in 1912 and has since published eight sizable volumes. He lives on a high bluff overlooking the Pacific at Carmel, California. Here he has built with his own hands a rock tower thirty feet high for his study. His longer poems furnish a rather too heavy literary diet for young readers, but some of the shorter poems, or passages from the longer poems, are well worth your attention, such passages, for example, as

"Shine, Perishing Republic," "Age in Prospect," and "Compensation." Most of Jeffers' poetry is written in a sonorous free-verse rhythm without rhyme, but occasionally, as in "Compensation" mentioned above, he writes in the regular sonnet or rhymed stanza forms.

Stephen Vincent Benét (1898—), a younger brother of William Rose Benét, began to write poetry when he was fifteen, but it was not until he was twenty-five that he attracted public attention by publishing two volumes, *The Ballad of William Sycamore* and *King David*, the last-named poem winning a prize in *The Nation* contest. Then in 1928 his *John Brown's Body*, a long epic poem based on the War between the States, was published and at once became a best seller, and Benét was recognized as a most promising young poet.

Archibald MacLeish (1892—) is at present perhaps the most widely admired of the new or modernistic poets. He was born in northern Illinois, attended Yale University, and later studied law there, though he soon deserted the law for literature. He began writing poetry in 1915, but it was not until he had published his fourth volume, *Pot of Earth*, in 1925, that he became a recognized claimant for consideration as a major poet. His two longer poems, *The Hamlet of A. MacLeish* and *Conquistador*, have placed him in the forefront of our more thoughtful modern poets. The last-named poem won the Pulitzer Prize in 1932. In 1937 MacLeish attracted attention by a magnificent long poem, "The Fall of the City," written especially for radio broadcasting. It was the first time that a poem of real quality was composed specifically for broadcasting and it became very popular.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND ITS SETTING

The following chart shows the setting in which American literature has been produced. It includes the important social, political, economic, and cultural events that have been associated with the development of American civilization. For the most part, the events have been drawn from American history, but a few have been drawn from world history to indicate the progress of the world at large. As the chart is used, the following points should be noted:

1. There is no rigid line of demarcation between any two of the periods. In fact, they greatly overlap in some of their characteristics. Each period, however, has certain features that distinguish it in general from the period that precedes and the one that follows. The events listed in each period help to identify the distinctive characteristics that prevailed and the influences that were felt by the authors of the time.

2. The chart gives dates of publication, rather than dates when productions were written. Often a date of publication is much later than the date of writing. Usually it is also more significant, for an author becomes known largely through his published works. His influence and his reputation both date from the time his works are published, not from the time when he wrote them. Some writings are published posthumously, that is, after an author has died. For example, Emily Dickinson's *Poems* were published in 1890, four years after her death, and all of her poems were not published until 1936.

3. The dates given for events and literary productions have been taken from well-known sources. Occasionally, however, there are disagreements in the dates given in the source materials. This has made it necessary in certain cases to choose a date arbitrarily, even though others are sometimes recorded.

4. Some authors contributed to two periods of literature. For example, Franklin is listed in the Colonial Period and also in the Revolutionary and Formative Period that follows. Even so, we usually think of him as belonging to the Colonial Period. His activities during the later colonial days helped to bring about a unity of feeling that led into the Revolutionary and Formative Period.

5. The chart is divided into four columns, labeled "Selections and Authors," "Political Events," "Social and Economic Events," and "Foreign Events." Just as there is no clear line of demarcation between the periods, there is no clear line of demarcation between the effects of the historical events and the appearance of literary productions. The Constitution of the United States is listed in the political column, but certainly it affected the social, economic, and even the cultural life of the land. Likewise, the publication of Hale's *Man without a Country* in 1868 had definite cultural effects, but it also had considerable influence in social and political fields as well.

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
COLONIAL PERIOD, 1606-1765			
Smith, <i>A True Relation</i> , 1608	First French trading post established on St. Lawrence, 1601		Pilgrims migrated from England to the Netherlands, 1606
	Jamestown settled by English, 1607		Plymouth Company founded, 1607
	Quebec settled by French, 1608		
	Santa Fe settled by Spanish, 1608	Henry Hudson explored Hudson River, 1609	
Anne Bradstreet born, 1612		Jamestown suffered "Starving Time," 1609-1610	King James version of Bible published, 1611
Smith, <i>A Description of New England</i> , 1616	Dutch trading post established at Albany, 1614	John Smith's <i>Map of New England</i> appeared, 1614	Shakespeare died, 1616
	House of Burgesses established as first representative assembly in America, 1619	First slaves brought to Virginia, 1619	Thirty Years' War began in Europe, 1618
	Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, 1620		
Smith, <i>Generall Historie of Virginia</i> , 1624	New Amsterdam founded, 1623		
Winslow, <i>Good News from New England</i> , 1624		First sawmill built in New England, 1628	
		Massachusetts Bay Company granted charter, 1629	
Winthrop, <i>Journal</i> , 1630- 1649	Massachusetts Bay Colony founded by John Winthrop, 1630		
John Smith died, 1631	Law restricting vote to church members passed in Massachusetts, 1631		
	Settlement of Maryland began, 1634	Law requiring church attendance passed in Massachusetts, 1635	
	First settlement made in Connecticut, 1636	Harvard College founded, 1636	
Mason, <i>A Brief History of the Pequot Wars</i> , 1637	Pequot War fought with Indians, 1637		
	Swedish settlement founded at Wilmington, 1638	Printing press established in Cambridge, Mass., 1639	
Increase Mather born, 1639			

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
COLONIAL PERIOD, 1606-1765—continued			
<i>Bay Psalm Book</i> , 1640			
Bradstreet, <i>Poems</i> , 1640			
Bradford, <i>Plymouth Plan- tation</i> , 1647	New England Confeder- ation founded, 1643		
John Winthrop died, 1649			Thirty Years' War ended, 1648
Anne Bradstreet, <i>Exact Epitome of the Four Monarchies</i> , 1650			
William Bradford died, 1657			Cromwell made Lord Pro- tector in England, 1653
			Milton began <i>Paradise Lost</i> , 1658
Wigglesworth, <i>Day of Doom</i> , 1662			Royal Society founded, 1660
Cotton Mather born, 1663	Charter granted Rhode Island, 1663		
Eliot, <i>Translation of the Bible into Indian Tongues</i> , 1663	Carolinas first settled, 1663		
	New Netherland captured by English, 1664		
Eliot, <i>Indian Grammar</i> , 1666	Quakers settled in New Jersey, 1665		Great Fire of London occurred, 1665
Wigglesworth, <i>Meat Out of the Eater</i> , 1669	New Amsterdam ceded to England by Treaty of Breda, 1667		<i>Paradise Lost</i> published, 1667
	Charleston founded, 1670	Hudson's Bay Company chartered, 1670	
		Explorers from Virginia crossed Appalachian Mountains and claimed country along Ohio Riv- er for England, 1671	
Anne Bradstreet died, 1672		Marquette and Joliet ex- plored Mississippi, 1673	
William Byrd born, 1674			
Thompson, <i>New England Crisis</i> , 1676			First part of Bunyan's <i>Pilgrim's Progress</i> pub- lished, 1678
Cotton Mather, <i>Diary</i> , 1681	Pennsylvania granted to William Penn, 1681	First printing press estab- lished in Virginia, 1680	
Penn. <i>Frame of Govern- ment</i> , 1681			
<i>New England Primer</i> , 1682	Pennsylvania and Dela- ware settled, 1682	LaSalle explored the Mis- sissippi River, 1682	
Increase Mather, <i>An Es- say for the Recording of Illustrious Providences</i> , 1684	Philadelphia founded, 1683		

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
COLONIAL PERIOD, 1606-1765—continued			
Cotton Mather, <i>Memorable Providences</i> , 1689	King William's War began (War of the League of Augsburg in Europe), 1689	Huguenot immigration began, 1686	Edict of Nantes revoked and Huguenots persecuted in France, 1685
Increase Mather, <i>Cases of Conscience concerning Evil Spirits</i> , 1693		Salem witchcraft persecutions began, 1692	James II deposed, 1688
		Rice growing introduced in Carolinas, 1693	William and Mary called to throne by Parliament, 1689
	King William's War ended, 1697	College of William and Mary founded, 1693	Bill of Rights passed in England, 1689
Cotton Mather, <i>Magnalia Christi Americana</i> , 1702		Yale College founded, 1701	Bank of England founded, 1694
Jonathan Edwards born, 1703			Freedom of press established in England, 1695
<i>Boston Newsletter</i> , first newspaper, founded, 1704	Coffee houses flourished in England, 1700-1712		
Beverly, <i>A History of Virginia</i> , 1705		First daily newspaper published in England, 1702	
Benjamin Franklin born, 1706			
John Williams, <i>Redeemed Captive</i> , 1706	Queen Anne's War ended, 1713		<i>Tatler</i> and <i>Spectator</i> published in England, 1709-1712
Cotton Mather, <i>Essays to Do Good</i> , 1710		Franklin moved to Philadelphia, 1723	Defoe's <i>Robinson Crusoe</i> published, 1719
Increase Mather died, 1723		Byrd headed a surveying expedition in Virginia and North Carolina, 1728	Swift's <i>Gulliver's Travels</i> published, 1726
James Otis born, 1725			
Cotton Mather died, 1728			
Franklin, first edition of <i>Poor Richard's Almanac</i> , 1732	Oglethorpe founded Georgia, 1733		Molasses Act passed, putting heavy duties on molasses trade with French West Indies, 1733
George Washington born, 1732			

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
COLONIAL PERIOD, 1606-1765—continued			
Patrick Henry born, 1736		Byrd and party made second surveying expedition in Virginia and North Carolina, 1736	
Prince, <i>A Chronological History of New England in the Form of Annals</i> , 1736			
Thomas Paine born, 1737			
Edwards, <i>Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God</i> , 1741		Franklin invented stove, 1742	Richardson's <i>Pamela</i> , first actual novel, published, 1740
Thomas Jefferson born, 1743			
Franklin, <i>An Account of the New Invented Pennsylvania Fire Places</i> , 1744	King George's War (War of the Austrian Succession in Europe) began, 1744		
William Byrd died, 1744			
John Jay born, 1744			
Joseph Quincy born, 1744			
Joel Barlow born, 1745		Franklin experimented with electricity, 1746	
	King George's War ended, 1748		
John Trumbull born, 1750			
James Madison born, 1751			
Franklin, <i>Experiments and Observations in Electricity</i> , 1751-1754			Gray's <i>Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard</i> published, 1751
Timothy Dwight born, 1752			
Philip Freneau born, 1752			
Edwards, <i>Freedom of the Will</i> , 1754	French and Indian War began, 1754	King's College (now Columbia University) founded, 1754	
	Braddock's army defeated by French and Indians, 1755		Johnson's <i>Dictionary</i> published, 1755
Alexander Hamilton born, 1757			
Franklin, last edition of <i>Poor Richard's Almanac</i> , 1757			
Jonathan Edwards died, 1758	Louisburg captured by British and Colonials, 1758		
Godfrey, <i>Prince of Parthia</i> , first American drama, published, 1759			
	French and Indian War ended, 1763	Proclamation of 1763 issued, restricting settlement westward to avoid trouble with Indians, 1763	
	Treaty of Paris—French possessions in America ceded to England 1763		Sugar Act passed, lowering duties on molasses but placing them on other American imports, 1764

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
REVOLUTIONARY AND FORMATIVE PERIOD, 1765-1815			
	Patrick Henry delivered famous speech in the Virginia House of Burgesses, 1765		Stamp Act passed, 1765
		Travel by stagecoach began between New York and Philadelphia, 1766	Stamp Act repealed, 1766
		First settlement made in Tennessee, 1769	Townshend Acts passed, placing duties on many articles, 1767
		First California mission established, 1769	Watt invented steam engine, 1769
	"Boston Massacre" took place, 1770		Townshend Acts repealed, 1770
Charles Brockden Brown born—first American to make writing a profession, 1771			
Franklin, <i>Autobiography</i> begun, 1771			
Woolman, <i>Journal</i> , 1772			
John Randolph, orator, born, 1773	"Boston Tea Party" emptied tea in Boston harbor, 1773		
Jay, <i>Address to People of Great Britain</i> , 1774	First Continental Congress assembled, 1774		Burke delivered famous <i>Speech on American Taxation</i> , 1774
Joseph Quincy, <i>Memoirs</i> , 1775	First battle of Revolution fought, April 19, 1775	San Francisco founded, 1775	Burke delivered <i>Speech on American Conciliation</i> , 1775
Henry, <i>Speech</i> in Virginia convention, 1775	Second Continental Congress met, 1775	Daniel Boone founded settlement in Kentucky, 1775	
	Battle of Bunker Hill fought, 1775		
	Washington made commander-in-chief, 1775		
Paine, <i>Common Sense; American Crisis</i> , 1776	<i>Declaration of Independence</i> signed, 1776	Franklin sent to France to seek aid for the colonies, 1776	Adam Smith's <i>Wealth of Nations</i> published, 1776
Henry Clay born, 1777	Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga, 1777		
	Washington's army spent hard winter at Valley Forge, 1777-1778		
	France recognized independence of colonies, 1778		
	George Rogers Clark captured the Western Territory, 1778		
James Kirk Paulding born, 1779	Cornwallis defeated Gates at Camden, 1780		
	Morgan defeated British at Cowpens, 1781		

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
REVOLUTIONARY AND FORMATIVE PERIOD, 1765-1815—continued			
Daniel Webster born, 1782	Articles of Confederation ratified, 1781		
John C. Calhoun born, 1782	Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, 1781		
Crèvecoeur, <i>Letters from an American Farmer</i> , 1782			
James Otis died, 1783	Treaty of Peace signed with England, 1783		Balloon invented, 1783
Washington Irving born, 1783			
Webster's blue-backed speller, 1783			
Jefferson, <i>Notes on Virginia</i> , 1784-1785			Power loom invented by Cartwright, 1784
Dwight, <i>Conquest of Canaan</i> , 1786		Ohio Company formed for settling of Middle West, 1786	
Freneau, <i>Poems</i> , 1786			
Barlow, <i>Vision of Columbus</i> , 1787	Constitution written, 1787	Ordinance of 1787 approved for governing the Northwest Territories, 1787	
Hamilton, <i>The Federalist</i> , 1787-1788		Cincinnati founded, more than 18,000 settlers going down the Ohio, 1788	
Morton, <i>Power of Sympathy</i> , 1789	Constitution became effective, 1789		French Revolution began, 1789
James Fenimore Cooper born, 1789	Washington inaugurated as president, 1789		
Franklin died, 1790		First federal census taken, 1790, the population being 3,929,214	
Fitz-Greene Halleck born, 1790			
Tyler, <i>The Contrast, A Comedy</i> , 1790			
Suzannah Rowson, <i>Charlotte</i> , 1791		United States Bank founded, 1791	Boswell's <i>Life of Johnson</i> published, 1791
		Kentucky, first western state admitted to the Union, 1792	
		Cotton gin invented, 1793	England declared war on France, 1793
William Cullen Bryant born, 1794	Wayne defeated Indians in Battle of Fallen Timbers, 1794		French Revolution ended, 1794
Edward Everett born, 1794			
		United States granted right by Spain to use the mouth of the Mississippi River, 1795	
William Hickling Prescott born, 1796		Cleveland founded, 1796	
Barlow, <i>Hasty Pudding</i> , 1796			
Washington, <i>Farewell Address</i> , 1797			

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
REVOLUTIONARY AND FORMATIVE PERIOD, 1765-1815—continued			
Foster, <i>Coquette</i> , 1797	John Adams inaugurated as president, 1797		
Hopkinson, <i>Hail Columbia</i> , 1798			
Brown, <i>Wieland</i> , 1798			
Washington died, 1799			Napoleon became First Consul of France, 1799
George Bancroft born, 1800		Second federal census taken, 1800, the population being 5,308,483	
<i>The Port Folio</i> (magazine) founded, 1801	Jefferson inaugurated as president, 1801	Travel by stagecoach established from Boston to Savannah, 1802	
George Ripley born, 1802		Spain ceded Louisiana Territory to France, 1802	
Ralph Waldo Emerson born, 1803	Louisiana Purchase completed, 1803		
Alexander Hamilton died, 1804	Barbary pirates subdued, 1804-1805	Lewis and Clark expedition began, 1804	Napoleon became Emperor of France, 1804
Nathaniel Hawthorne born, 1804			
William Lloyd Garrison born, 1805			
William Gilmore Simms born, 1806		Lewis and Clark expedition returned, 1806	Rebellion of Venezuela against Spain began, 1806
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow born, 1807	Embargo Acts passed, 1807-1808	First steamboat, Fulton's "Clermont," made successful trip, 1807	
John Greenleaf Whittier born, 1807			
Paulding and Irving, <i>Salmagundi</i> , 1807-1809		Importation of slaves prohibited, 1808	
Irving, <i>Knickerbocker History of New York</i> , 1809	Embargo Acts repealed, 1809		
Lincoln born, 1809	Madison inaugurated as president, 1809		
Thomas Paine died, 1809	Tecumseh's Indians defeated at Battle of Tippecanoe, 1809		
Oliver Wendell Holmes born, 1809			
Edgar Allan Poe born, 1809			
Charles Brockden Brown died, 1810		Third federal census taken, 1810, the population being 7,239,881	
Harriet Beecher Stowe born, 1811			
Joel Barlow died, 1812	War of 1812 began, 1812	First steamboat traveled from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, 1812	
Henry Ward Beecher born, 1813	Battle of Lake Erie fought, 1813	Term "Uncle Sam" first used, 1813	
Key, <i>Star-Spangled Banner</i> , 1814	City of Washington burned, 1814	Power loom introduced in New England, 1814	Locomotive invented by Stevenson, 1814
John Lathrop Motley born, 1814	War of 1812 ended, 1814		

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
ROMANTIC PERIOD, 1815-1870			
Richard Henry Dana, Jr., born, 1815	Battle of New Orleans fought, 1815	Cotton mills of New Eng- land first employed 100,- 000 persons, 1815	Battle of Waterloo fought, 1815
Freneau, <i>To a Caty-Did</i> , 1815	Barbary pirates finally suppressed, 1815		
<i>North American Review</i> founded, 1815			
Timothy Dwight died, 1817	Monroe inaugurated as president, 1817	New York stock exchange established, first in Am- erica, 1817	
Henry David Thoreau born, 1817			
Paulding, <i>Letters from the South</i> , 1817			
Bryant's <i>Thanatopsis</i> in <i>North American Review</i> , 1817			
Paulding, <i>Backwoodsman</i> , 1818			
Drake, <i>American Flag</i> , 1819	Marshall rendered deci- sions giving power to Supreme Court, 1819	Oregon occupied jointly by Great Britain and United States, 1819	
Walt Whitman born, 1819			
Herman Melville born, 1819		Financial panic occurred, 1819	
Irving, <i>Sketchbook</i> , 1819- 1820		Florida bought from Spain, 1819	
Julia Ward Howe born, 1819		First steamship, the "Sa- vannah," crossed Atlan- tic, 1819	
James Russell Lowell born, 1819			
Webster, <i>Plymouth Ora- tion</i> , 1820	Missouri Compromise passed, 1820	Cumberland Road com- pleted from Cumber- land to Wheeling, 1820	
Webster, <i>First Bunker Hill Oration</i> , 1820		Fourth federal census taken, 1820, the popu- lation being 9,638,453	
Cooper, <i>The Spy</i> , 1821		First trading wagon reached Santa Fe over Santa Fe Trail, 1821	Venezuela won independ- ence from Spain, 1821
Bryant, <i>To a Waterfowl</i> , 1821			Greek War of Independ- ence began, 1821
Dana, <i>Idle Man</i> , 1821- 1822		First public high school established in Boston, 1821	
Edward Everett Hale born, 1822			
Irving, <i>Bracebridge Hall</i> , 1822		Stephen Austin planted colony in Texas, 1822	
Francis Parkman born, 1823	Monroe Doctrine pro- claimed, 1823		
Payne, <i>Home, Sweet Home</i> , 1823			
Cooper, <i>The Pilot</i> , 1823			
Sedgwick, <i>Redwood</i> , 1824			
Bayard Taylor born, 1825	John Quincy Adams in- augurated as president, 1825	Erie Canal finished, 1825	

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
ROMANTIC PERIOD, 1815-1870—continued			
Webster, <i>Second Bunker Hill Oration</i> , 1825			
Pinkney, <i>Rodolph and Other Poems</i> , 1825			
Jefferson, <i>Autobiography</i> , 1826			Spanish rule in South America ended, 1826
Thomas Jefferson died, 1826			
Webster, <i>Adams and Jefferson</i> , 1826			
Woodworth, <i>Old Oaken Bucket</i> , 1826			
Cooper, <i>The Prairie</i> , 1827			
Halleck, <i>Marco Bozzaris</i> , 1827			
Dana, <i>Poems</i> , 1827		First railroad, the Baltimore and Ohio, built, 1828	
John Jay died, 1829	Jackson inaugurated as president, 1829		Greek independence won, 1829
Henry Timrod born, 1829	Spoils system began, 1829		
Jefferson, <i>Correspondence and Miscellany</i> , 1829		First covered wagon reached the Rocky Mountains, 1830	
Emily Dickinson born, 1830	Question of nullification arose—right of states to set aside a federal law, 1830	Movement began for abolition of slavery, 1830	
Webster, <i>Reply to Hayne</i> , on nullification, 1830		Fifth federal census taken, 1830, the population being 12,866,020	
		Reaper invented, 1831	
John Trumbull died, 1831			
Paul Hamilton Hayne born, 1831	Black Hawk War ended Indian troubles in central states, 1831		
Garrison, <i>Liberator</i> , (Magazine) founded, 1831			
Poe, <i>The Bells</i> , 1831			English Reform Bill passed, providing wider suffrage and fairer representation in Parliament, 1832
Philip Freneau died, 1832	New tariff law passed which South Carolina declared null and void within the state, 1832		
Louisa M. Alcott born, 1832			
Calhoun's speech on nullification, 1832	New tariff law modified and South Carolina accepted, 1832		
Smith, <i>America</i> , 1832	Indian Territory established, 1832-1835		
John Randolph died, 1833		Oberlin College, first co-educational college, founded, 1833	Slavery abolished in British Empire, 1833
Edmund C. Stedman died, 1833			
Black Hawk, <i>How the Red Man Lived</i> , 1833			
Frank R. Stockton born, 1834			
Bancroft, <i>History of the United States</i> , 1834			

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
ROMANTIC PERIOD, 1815-1870—continued			
Emerson, <i>Rhodora</i> , 1834			
Phillips Brooks born, 1835			
Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain) born, 1835			
Willis, <i>Pencillings by the Way</i> , 1835			
Simms, <i>Yemassee</i> , 1835	Seminole War fought, 1835-1842, resulting in the removal of Florida Indians to the West		
Kennedy, <i>Horse-Shoe Robinson</i> , 1835			
James Madison died, 1836		Texas won independence, 1836	
Thomas Bailey Aldrich born, 1836			
Emerson, <i>Nature</i> , 1836			
Holmes, <i>Poems</i> , 1836			
John Burroughs born, 1837	Van Buren inaugurated as president, 1837	Morse invented telegraph, 1837	Queen Victoria's reign began, 1837
Edward Eggleston born, 1837		Financial panic occurred in which nine-tenths of New England factories closed, 1837	
William Dean Howells born, 1837			
Hawthorne, <i>Twice-told Tales</i> , 1837			
Henry Adams born, 1838			
Longfellow, <i>Psalm of Life</i> , 1838			
Bret Harte born, 1839		First steamship line (Cunard) established, 1839	
Poe, <i>Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque</i> , 1839		Goodyear discovered process of vulcanizing rubber, 1839	
Longfellow, <i>Voices of the Night</i> , 1839			
Furness, <i>Manual of Domestic Worship</i> , 1840		Sixth federal census taken, 1840, the population being 17,069,453	
Dana, <i>Two Years before the Mast</i> , 1840			
Joaquin Miller born, 1841	Harrison inaugurated as president, but died within month, and Tyler succeeded, 1841		
Cooper, <i>The Deerslayer</i> , 1841			
Emerson, <i>Essays</i> , first series, "Self-Reliance," 1841			
John Fiske born, 1842	Webster-Ashburton Treaty settled boundary of Maine, 1842		China opened to trade, 1842
Sidney Lanier born, 1842			
Henry James born, 1843			
Prescott, <i>Conquest of Mexico</i> , 1843			
Lowell, <i>Poems</i> , 1844	Boundary of Oregon Territory settled by agreement with England, 1844	Morse sent first telegraph message from Washington to Baltimore, 1844	

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
ROMANTIC PERIOD, 1815-1870—continued			
John Banister Tabb born, 1845	Polk inaugurated as presi- dent, 1845		
Sumner, <i>True Greatness of Nations</i> , 1845			
Taylor, <i>Views Afoot</i> , 1846	Mexican War began, 1846	Sewing machine invented, 1846	Irish potato crop failed, causing many Irish to emigrate to America, 1846-1847
Hawthorne, <i>Mosses from an Old Manse</i> , 1846		Matches invented, 1846	
Melville, <i>Typee</i> , 1846			
Emerson, <i>Poems</i> , 1847		Mormons settled at Great Salt Lake, 1847	
Longfellow, <i>Evangeline</i> , 1847			
Joel Chandler Harris born, 1848	Mexican War ended, 1848	Gold discovered in Cali- fornia, 1848	Revolutions occurred in Europe, 1848, causing many immigrants to come to America
Lowell, <i>Biglow Papers</i> ; <i>Vision of Sir Launfal</i> ; <i>A Fable for Critics</i> , 1848	Texas, California, and Southwest became part of United States, 1848		
	Oregon became a terri- tory, 1848		
Poe died, 1849	Taylor inaugurated as president, 1849	Great gold rush began to California, 1849	
Sarah Orne Jewett born, 1849			
James Whitcomb Riley born, 1849			
Ticknor, <i>History of Span- ish Literature</i> , 1849			
Calhoun, <i>Disquisition on Government</i> , 1850	Compromise of 1850 quiet- ed slavery issue for a decade, 1850	Clayton - Bulwer Treaty agreed upon with Eng- land regarding Central America, 1850	
Calhoun died, 1850			
Eugene Field born, 1850	Taylor died and Fillmore succeeded as president, 1850	Great expansion of rail- roads occurred, 1850- 1860	
Whittier, <i>Songs of Labor</i> , 1850			
Longfellow, <i>Seaside and Fireside</i> , 1850		Seventh federal census taken, 1850, the popula- tion being 23,191,876	
Cooper died, 1851			London Exposition held, 1851
Parkman, <i>Conspiracy of Pontiac</i> , 1851			Louis Napoleon became emperor of France, 1851
Melville, <i>Moby Dick</i> , 1851			
Daniel Webster died, 1852			
Stowe, <i>Uncle Tom's Cabin</i> , 1852			
Brander Matthews born, 1852			
Henry Van Dyke born, 1852			
Edwin Markham born, 1852			
Henry Clay died, 1852			
Edgar Watson Howe born, 1853	Pierce inaugurated as president, 1853		

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
ROMANTIC PERIOD, 1815-1870—continued			
Calhoun, <i>Works</i> , 1853			
Thoreau, <i>Walden</i> , 1853			
Shay, <i>Ten Nights in a Bar- room</i> , 1854	Kansas-Nebraska Bill passed, making Kansas slave territory and Ne- braska free territory, 1854		Crimean War began, 1854 Japan opened to trade, 1854
Hayne, <i>Poems</i> , 1855	Republican party formed, 1854		
Whitman, <i>Leaves of Grass</i> , 1855		First agricultural college established, 1855	Panama Railroad built, 1855
Longfellow, <i>Hiawatha</i> , 1855			
Woodrow Wilson born, 1856			Crimean War ended, 1856
Motley, <i>Rise of the Dutch Republic</i> , 1856			
Story, <i>Poems</i> , 1856			
Curtis, <i>Prue and I</i> , 1856			
Gertrude Atherton born, 1857	Buchanan inaugurated as president, 1857	Financial panic, 1857	
	Dred Scott Decision ren- dered, 1857		
Agnes Repplier born, 1858	Famous Lincoln-Douglas debates occurred, 1858		
Holmes, <i>Autocrat of the Breakfast Table</i> , 1858		Oil discovered in Pennsyl- vania, 1859	Darwin's <i>Origin of Species</i> published, 1859
Everett, <i>Orations and Speeches</i> , 1859		John Brown led raid on arsenal at Harper's Fer- ry, 1859	
Washington Irving died, 1859			
Prescott died, 1859			
Owen Wister born, 1860	War between the States began with secession of South Carolina, 1860	Eighth federal census tak- en, 1860, the population being 31,443,321	
Paulding died, 1860			
Hamlin Garland born, 1860			
Bliss Perry born, 1860			
Ernest Thompson Seton born, 1860			
Timrod, <i>Poems</i> , 1860			
Whitman, <i>I Hear America Singing</i> , 1860			
Holmes, <i>Songs in Many Keys</i> , 1861	Lincoln inaugurated as president, 1861		
	Battle of Bull Run or Manassas fought, 1861		
William Sidney Porter (O. Henry) born, 1862	Battle of New Orleans opened the Mississippi to the North, 1862	Lincoln signed Homestead Act, giving tracts of 160 acres each to settlers, 1862	
Edith Wharton born, 1862	Battle between "Merri- mac" and "Monitor" fought, 1862		
Thoreau died, 1862			

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
ROMANTIC PERIOD, 1815-1870—continued			
Longfellow, <i>Tales of a Wayside Inn</i> , 1863	Emancipation Proclamation issued, 1862, to be effective Jan. 1, 1863	National Bank System founded, 1863	
Gamaliel Bradford born, 1863	Battle of Gettysburg fought, 1863		
Lincoln, <i>Gettysburg Address</i> , 1863			
<i>Emancipation Proclamation</i> , 1863			
Thompson, <i>Music in Camp</i> , 1863			
Bryant, <i>Thirty Poems</i> , 1863			
Hawthorne died, 1864	Sherman captured Atlanta and marched to the sea, 1864		International Red Cross founded, 1864
Edward Everett died, 1865	War between the States ended, 1865		
Irving Babbitt born, 1865	Lincoln assassinated, 1865, and Johnson became president		
Parkman, <i>Pioneers of France in the New World</i> , 1865			
Dodge, <i>Hans Brinker</i> , 1865			
Whitman, <i>Drum Taps</i> , 1865			
William Lyon Phelps born, 1865			
Louis Untermeyer born, 1865			
Mark Twain, <i>The Celebrated Jumping Frog</i> , 1865			
George Ade born, 1866	First Sioux War was fought, 1866-1868	Atlantic cable completed, 1866	
Read, <i>Poems</i> , 1866			
Whittier, <i>Snow-Bound</i> , 1866			
Finley Peter Dunne born, 1867	Harsh Reconstruction Act passed by Congress over president's veto, 1867	Alaska purchased from Russia, 1867	
Timrod died, 1867		Refrigerator cars invented, 1867	
Halleck died, 1867			
Parsons, <i>Inferno</i> , 1867			
Beecher, <i>Norwood</i> , 1867			
Alcott, <i>Little Women</i> , 1867			
Timrod, <i>Ode</i> , 1867			
William Allen White born, 1868			
Harte, <i>Luck of Roaring Camp</i> , 1868			
Hale, <i>Man without a Country</i> , 1868			

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
ROMANTIC PERIOD, 1815-1870—continued			
Booth Tarkington born, 1869	Grant inaugurated as president, 1869	First transcontinental railroad completed, 1869	Suez Canal completed, 1869
Edgar Lee Masters born, 1869		Fifteenth Amendment passed, giving Negroes the right to vote, 1869	
Ellis Parker Butler born, 1869			
William Vaughn Moody born, 1869			
Edwin Arlington Robin- son born, 1869			
Harte, <i>Outcasts of Poker Flat</i> , 1869			

TRANSITIONAL PERIOD, 1870-1918

Ray Stannard Baker born, 1870	Last of the seceding states readmitted to the Union with full rights, 1870	Ninth federal census tak- en, 1870, the popula- tion being 38,558,371	Prussia won Franco-Prus- sian War, 1870-1871
William Gilmore Simms died, 1870			
Frank Norris born, 1870			
Miller, <i>Kit Carson's Ride (Songs of the Sierras)</i> , 1871		Chicago fire occurred, 1871	German Empire founded, 1871
Eggleston, <i>Hoosier School- master</i> , 1871			
Stephen Crane born, 1871			
Winston Churchill born, 1871			
Theodore Dreiser born, 1871			
Hayne, <i>Legends and Lyr- ics</i> , 1872			
Anne Douglas Sedgwick born, 1873		Financial panic occurred, 1873	
Holland, <i>Arthur Bonni- castle</i> , 1873			
Timrod, <i>Poems</i> , 1873			
Pike, <i>Poems</i> , 1873			
Zona Gale born, 1874		W. C. T. U. founded, 1874	
Amy Lowell born, 1874		International Postal Un- ion established, 1874	
John Charles McNeill born, 1874			
Ellen Glasgow born, 1874			
Robert Frost born, 1875			
Willa Cather born, 1876	Second Sioux War fought, 1876	First practical telephone system installed, 1876	
Irvin S. Cobb born, 1876	Prohibition Party first appeared in presidential election, 1876		
William Ellery Leonard born, 1876			
Jack London born, 1876			

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
TRANSITIONAL PERIOD, 1870-1918—continued			
Brooks, <i>Boy Emigrants</i> , 1876			
Motley died, 1877	Hayes inaugurated as president, 1877	Railroad and industrial strikes occurred, 1877	
William Beebe born, 1877			
Bayard Taylor died, 1878	United States established a coaling station in Samoa, 1878	French company began work on a canal across Isthmus of Panama, 1878	
Bryant died, 1878			
James Truslow Adams born, 1878			
Walter Pritchard Eaton born, 1878			
Don Marquis born, 1878			
Carl Sandburg born, 1878			
Upton Sinclair born, 1878			
William Lloyd Garrison died, 1879		Incandescent electric lamp invented, 1879	
James Branch Cabell born, 1879		Pipe line completed from Pennsylvania oil fields to Atlantic Coast, 1879	
Dorothy Canfield Fisher born, 1879			
Vachel Lindsay born, 1879			
Joseph Hergesheimer born, 1880		Tenth federal census tak- en, 1880, the population being 50,155,783	
Henry L. Mencken born, 1880			
George Ripley died, 1880			
Ernest Poole born, 1880			
Stoddard, <i>Poems</i> , 1880			
Ryan, <i>Poems</i> , 1880			
Stuart Pratt Sherman born, 1881	Garfield inaugurated as president and assassi- nated, 1881; succeeded by Arthur	American Federation of Labor founded, 1881	First Boer War fought 1881
Franklin P. Adams born, 1881			
Lanier, <i>Marshes of Glynn</i> , 1881			
Lanier died, 1881			
Stark Young born, 1881			
Dana died, 1882			
Longfellow died, 1882			
Whittier died, 1882			
Emerson died, 1882			
Stockton, <i>Lady or the Tiger</i> , 1882			
Howe, <i>Story of a Country Town</i> , 1883	Pendleton Act passed, creating Civil Service Commission, 1883	Brooklyn Bridge complet- ed, 1883	

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
TRANSITIONAL PERIOD, 1870-1918—continued			
<p>Sara Teasdale born, 1884</p> <p>Page, <i>Marse Chan</i>, 1884</p> <p>Cable, <i>Old Creole Days</i>, 1884</p> <p>Mark Twain, <i>Huckleberry Finn</i>, 1884</p> <p>Sinclair Lewis born, 1885</p> <p>Ring Lardner born, 1885</p> <p>Howells, <i>Rise of Silas Lapham</i>, 1885</p> <p>William Rose Benét born, 1886</p> <p>Paul Hamilton Hayne died, 1886</p> <p>Emily Dickinson died, 1886</p> <p>Grady, <i>The New South</i>, 1886</p> <p>Joyce Kilmer born, 1886</p> <p>Jackson, <i>Sonnets and Lyrics</i>, 1886</p> <p>Edna Ferber born, 1887</p> <p>Henry Ward Beecher died, 1887</p> <p>Edward Rowland Sill died, 1887</p> <p>Robinson Jeffers born, 1887</p> <p>Elinor Wylie born, 1887</p> <p>Reese, <i>A Branch of May</i>, 1887</p> <p>Wilkins, <i>A Humble Romance</i>, 1887</p> <p>Riley, <i>Afteruchiles</i>, 1887</p> <p>Louisa M. Alcott died, 1888</p> <p>Heywood Broun born, 1888</p> <p>T. S. Eliot born, 1888</p> <p>Lew Sarett born, 1888</p> <p>Eugene O'Neill born, 1888</p> <p>Fiske, <i>Critical Period of American History</i>, 1888</p> <p>Replier, <i>Books and Men</i>, 1888</p> <p>Conrad Aiken born, 1889</p>	<p>Cleveland inaugurated as president, 1885</p> <p>Interstate Commerce Act passed, 1887</p> <p>Benjamin Harrison inaugurated as president, 1889</p>	<p>Great railroad strikes occurred in St. Louis and Chicago, 1886</p> <p>Oklahoma opened to settlement, 1889</p> <p>First antitrust legislation passed, 1889</p>	<p>First Imperial Conference held in London, 1887</p> <p>French company abandoned attempt to dig Panama Canal, 1889</p>

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
TRANSITIONAL PERIOD, 1870-1918—continued			
Christopher Morley born, 1890	Silver Act passed, 1890	Eleventh federal census taken, 1890, the population being 62,947,714	
Brooks, <i>Light of the World and Other Sermons</i> , 1890			
Garland, <i>Main-Travelled Roads</i> , 1890			
Riley, <i>Rhymes of Childhood</i> , 1890			
Dickinson, <i>Poems</i> published, 1890			
Herman Melville died, 1891		Ellis Island opened as receiving station for immigrants, 1891	
Bancroft died, 1891			
Lowell died, 1891			
Wilkins, <i>A New England Nun</i> , 1891			
Howells, <i>Criticism and Fiction</i> , 1891			
Davis, <i>Gallegher and Other Stories</i> , 1891			
Whitman, <i>Goodbye, My Fancy</i> , 1891			
Archibald MacLeish born, 1892	Agreement reached by arbitration with England on questions arising from seal hunting in Bering Sea, 1892		
Edna St. Vincent Millay born, 1892			
Whitman died, 1892			
Whittier died, 1892			
Phillips Brooks died, 1893	Cleveland inaugurated as president, 1893	First automobile operated successfully, 1893	
Parkman died, 1893		World's Columbian Exposition held, 1893	
Wilson, <i>Mere Literature</i> , 1893		Financial panic occurred, 1893	
Holmes died, 1894		Railroad strike occurred, 1894	
Muir, <i>Mountains of California</i> , 1894		First motion picture shown, 1894	
Field, <i>Little Boy Blue (Songs of Childhood)</i> , 1894			Insurrection broke out in Cuba, 1895
Eugene Field died, 1895			
Lewis Mumford born, 1895			X-rays discovered, 1895
Howe, <i>Is Polite Society Polite?</i> 1895			
Van Dyke, <i>Little Rivers</i> , 1895			
Harriet Beecher Stowe died, 1896			Wireless invented, 1896
Louis Bromfield born, 1896			
Roosevelt, <i>Winning of the West</i> , 1896			
Stephen Crane, <i>Red Badge of Courage</i> , 1896			

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
TRANSITIONAL PERIOD, 1870-1918—continued			
Dickinson, <i>Poems</i> published, 1896			
Mabie, <i>Books and Culture</i> , 1896			
Wister, <i>Red Men and White</i> , 1896			
Thornton Wilder born, 1897	McKinley inaugurated as president, 1897		Gold discovered in Klondike, 1897
Mitchell, <i>Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker</i> , 1897			Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee held in England, 1897
Robinson, <i>Children of the Night</i> , 1897			
Stephen Vincent Benét born, 1898	Spanish-American War fought, 1898		Sudan conquered for Great Britain, 1898
Ernest Hemingway born, 1898	Philippine Islands and Puerto Rico annexed by the United States and Cuba made a protectorate, 1898		Madame Curie discovered radium, 1898
Seton, <i>Wild Animals I Have Known</i> , 1898	Hawaii annexed by the United States, 1898		
Dunne, <i>Mr. Dooley in Peace and War</i> , 1898			
Hart Crane born, 1899	First Hague Peace Conference met, 1899		Open-door policy adopted in China, 1899
Churchill, <i>Richard Carvel</i> , 1899			Second Boer War began, 1899
Markham, <i>Man with the Hoe</i> , 1899			
Stephen Crane died, 1900		United States Steel Corporation founded, 1900	Boxer uprisings occurred in China, 1900
Thomas Wolfe born, 1900		Twelfth federal census taken, 1900, the population being 75,994,575	
Markham, <i>Lincoln, the Man of the People</i> , 1900			
Carman, <i>Songs of Vagabondia</i> , 1900			
Moody, <i>Poems</i> , 1901	McKinley assassinated and Roosevelt became president, 1901		Queen Victoria died, 1901
Norris, <i>The Octopus</i> , 1901			
John Fiske died, 1901			
Bret Harte died, 1902		First wireless message sent across Atlantic, 1902	Second Boer War ended, 1902
Frank R. Stockton died, 1902		Newlands Act passed, conserving natural resources, 1902	Trans-Siberian Railroad completed, 1902
Frank Norris died, 1902			Cuba made a republic, 1902
Wilson, <i>History of the American People</i> , 1902			
Wister, <i>The Virginian</i> , 1902			
Ade, <i>Fables in Slang</i> , 1902			
Wiggin, <i>Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm</i> , 1903		Department of Commerce founded, 1903	
London, <i>Call of the Wild</i> , 1903		Pacific cable laid, 1903	
		Control acquired of strip of land across Isthmus of Panama, 1903	

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
TRANSITIONAL PERIOD, 1870-1918—continued			
<p>Cabell, <i>Eagle's Shadow</i>, 1904</p> <p>Churchill, <i>The Crossing</i>, 1904</p> <p>Wharton, <i>House of Mirth</i>, 1905</p> <p>Sinclair, <i>The Jungle</i>, 1906</p> <p>O. Henry, <i>The Four Million</i>, 1906</p> <p>John Charles McNeill died, 1907</p> <p>Thomas Bailey Aldrich died, 1907</p> <p>Ade, <i>The Slim Princess</i>, 1907</p> <p>Gale, <i>The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre</i>, 1907</p> <p>Joel Chandler Harris died, 1908</p> <p>Edmund C. Stedman died, 1908</p> <p>Sarah Orne Jewett died, 1909</p> <p>John Banister Tabb died, 1909</p> <p>Moody, <i>Great Divide</i>, 1909</p> <p>Reese, <i>Wayside Lute</i>, 1909</p> <p>White, <i>A Certain Rich Man</i>, 1909</p> <p>William Vaughn Moody died, 1910</p> <p>Mark Twain died, 1910</p> <p>O. Henry died, 1910</p> <p>Julia Ward Howe died, 1910</p> <p>Grayson (Ray Stannard Baker), <i>Adventures in Friendship</i>, 1910</p> <p>White, <i>Old Order Changeth</i>, 1910</p> <p>Sterling, <i>House of Orchids</i>, 1911</p> <p>Crothers, <i>Humanly Speaking</i>, 1911</p> <p>Millay, <i>Renascence</i>, 1912</p> <p>Joaquin Miller died, 1913</p>	<p>United States sent troops to quell uprising in Cuba, 1906</p> <p>Taft inaugurated as president, 1909</p> <p>Progressive Party organized with Theodore Roosevelt as candidate for president, 1912</p> <p>Wilson inaugurated as president, 1913</p>	<p>Wright Brothers made first airplane flight, 1903</p> <p>United States Forest Service created, 1906</p> <p>Financial panic occurred, 1907</p> <p>Postal Savings Bank established, 1910</p> <p>Thirteenth federal census taken, 1910, the population being 91,972,266</p> <p>Rogers made first airplane flight across United States, 1911</p> <p>Parcel Post established, 1913</p>	<p>Russo-Japanese War began, 1904</p> <p>Russo-Japanese War ended, 1905</p> <p>Work began on Panama Canal, 1906</p> <p>Pearcy reached North Pole, 1909</p> <p>Union of South Africa established, 1909</p> <p>First airplane flight made across English Channel, 1909</p> <p>Edward VII died, 1910</p> <p>Amundsen discovered South Pole, 1911</p> <p>Revolution occurred in Mexico, 1911</p> <p>China became a republic, 1912</p>

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
TRANSITIONAL PERIOD, 1870-1918—continued			
Nathalia Crane born, 1913	Seventeenth Amendment providing for direct elec- tion of senators ratified, 1913	Federal Reserve Act passed, 1913	
Lindsay, <i>General Booth En- ters Heaven</i> , 1913			
Glasgow, <i>Virginia</i> , 1913			
Matthews, <i>Shakespeare as a Playwright</i> , 1913			
Cather, <i>O Pioneers</i> , 1913		Federal Trade Commis- sion established, 1914	World War began, 1914 Panama Canal completed 1914
William Rose Benét, <i>Fal- coner of God</i> , 1914			
Frost, <i>North of Boston</i> , 1914			
Untermeyer, <i>The Chal- lenge</i> , 1914			
Amy Lowell, <i>Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds</i> , 1914			
Masters, <i>Spoon River An- thology</i> , 1915		Little Theater Movement began, 1915	"Lusitania" sunk, 1915
Teasdale, <i>Rivers to the Sea</i> , 1915			
Cobb, <i>Old Judge Priest</i> , 1915			
Crapsey, <i>Vendor's Song</i> (verse), 1915			
Jack London died, 1916	Intervention occurred in Mexico, 1916	Federal Farm Loan Banks established, 1916	
James Whitcomb Riley died, 1916			
Henry James died, 1916	Diplomatic relations brok- en off with Germany, 1916		
A. Lowell, <i>Men, Women and Ghosts</i> , 1916			
Seeger, <i>Poems</i> , 1916			
Sandburg, <i>Chicago Poems</i> , 1916			
Teasdale, <i>Love Songs</i> , 1917	United States entered World War, 1917	Government took control of railroads for duration of war, 1917	Revolution occurred in Russia, 1917
Mark Twain's <i>Letters</i> pub- lished, 1917	Virgin Islands purchased from Denmark, 1917		
Wilson, <i>War Message to Congress</i> , 1917			
Kilmer, <i>Main Street and Other Poems</i> , 1917			
Poole, <i>His Family</i> , 1917			
Garland, <i>A Son of the Mid- dle Border</i> , 1917			
Hergesheimer, <i>Three Black Pennys</i> , 1917			

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
CONTEMPORARY PERIOD, Since 1918			
Henry Adams, <i>The Education of Henry Adams</i> , 1918; died, 1918	World War ended, 1918		Germany became a republic, 1918
Beebe, <i>Jungle Peace</i> , 1918		First airplane flight made across Atlantic, 1919	Versailles Peace Conference held, 1919
Edward Everett Hale died, 1919		Einstein announced famous theory of relativity, 1919	
Cabell, <i>Jurgen</i> , 1919		Eighteenth Amendment, providing for prohibition, ratified, 1919	
Marquis, <i>Prefaces</i> , 1919		Nineteenth Amendment, providing for woman suffrage, ratified, 1920	League of Nations organized, 1920
O'Neill, <i>In the Zone</i> , 1919		Economic depression occurred, 1920	
Lewis, <i>Main Street</i> , 1920		Fourteenth federal census taken, 1920, the population being 105,710,620	
William Dean Howells died, 1920			
Wharton, <i>Age of Innocence</i> , Pulitzer Prize, 1920			
O'Neill, <i>Beyond the Horizon</i> , 1920			
Sandburg, <i>Smoke and Steel</i> , 1920			
Teasdale, <i>Flame and Shadow</i> , 1920			
John Burroughs died, 1921	Harding inaugurated as president, 1921	First radio broadcasting station established, 1921	Irish Free State established, 1921
Fletcher, <i>Breakers and Granite</i> , 1921	Washington Arms Conference held, 1921	United States Bureau of the Budget set up, 1921	
Guest, <i>When Day Is Done</i> , 1921			
Broun, <i>Seeing Things at Night</i> , 1921			
Van Doren, <i>American Novel</i> , 1921			
Robinson, <i>Miniver Cheevy (Collected Poems)</i> , 1921			World Court established, 1922
Cather, <i>One of Ours</i> , Pulitzer Prize, 1922			Mussolini became premier of Italy, 1922
Lewis, <i>Babbalanza</i> , 1922			Egypt acquired independence, 1922
Wharton, <i>Glimpses of the Moon</i> , 1922			Turkey became a republic, 1923
Frost, <i>New Hampshire</i> , 1923	Harding died and Coolidge became president, 1923	German dirigible reached America, 1924	
Rogers, <i>Letters of a Self-made Diplomat to the President</i> , 1924		Federal law passed establishing quota limits for immigration, 1924	
Nathalia Crane, <i>The Janitor's Boy</i> , 1924			
Woodrow Wilson died, 1924			
Phelps, <i>Essays on American Authors</i> , 1924			
Bromfield, <i>Green Bay Tree</i> , 1924			
Heyward, <i>Skylines and Horizons</i> , 1924			

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
CONTEMPORARY PERIOD, Since 1918—continued			
Masters, <i>New Spoon River Anthology</i> , 1924			
Jeffers, <i>Tamar and Other Poems</i> , 1924			
Amy Lowell died, 1925	Nine-power disarmament treaties ratified, 1925		Locarno Pacts made, 1925
Dreiser, <i>American Tragedy</i> , 1925			
Stuart Pratt Sherman died, 1926			Richard E. Byrd flew over North Pole, 1926
Sandburg, <i>Lincoln</i> , 1926			
Wilder, <i>Bridge of San Luis Rey</i> , 1926			British Commonwealth of Nations established, 1926
Bromfield, <i>Early Autumn</i> , Pulitzer Prize, 1926			
Elizabeth Madox Roberts, <i>Time of Man</i> , 1926			
Teasdale, <i>Dark of the Moon</i> , 1926			
Wylie, <i>Orphan Angel</i> , 1926			
Beebe, <i>Pheasant Jungles</i> , 1926			
Robinson, <i>Tristram</i> , 1927	U. S. marines sent to protect American interests in Nicaragua, 1927	Serious floods occurred in the Mississippi and its tributaries and in New England, 1927	
Cather, <i>Death Comes for the Archbishop</i> , 1927		Lindbergh flew across Atlantic, 1927	
Stuart Pratt Sherman, <i>Main Stream</i> , 1927			
Elinor Wylie died, 1928	Kellogg Pact, outlawing war, agreed to, 1928		
Stephen Vincent Benét, <i>John Brown's Body</i> , 1928	United States participated in Pan-American Conference at Habana, Cuba, 1928		
O'Neill, <i>Strange Interlude</i> , 1928			
Hemingway, <i>Farewell to Arms</i> , 1928			
Leonard, <i>A Son of Earth</i> , 1928			
Fletcher, <i>The Black Rock</i> , 1928			
Brander Matthews died, 1929	Hoover inaugurated as president, 1929	Airmail service began to South America, 1929	Richard E. Byrd flew over South Pole, 1929
Mumford, <i>Herman Melville</i> , 1929		Stock market collapsed and depression began, 1929	Byrd reached South Pole, 1929
Ferber, <i>Cimarron</i> , 1929			Vatican City established, 1929
Adams, <i>Our Business Civilization</i> , 1929			
LaFarge, <i>Laughing Boy</i> , Pulitzer Prize, 1929			
Jaffee, <i>Crucibles</i> , 1930	London Naval Reduction Treaty ratified, 1930	Fifteenth federal census taken, 1930, the population being 122,775,046	Masefield became poet laureate of England, 1930
Lewis, Nobel Prize, 1930			
Margaret Ayer Barnes, <i>Years of Grace</i> , Pulitzer Prize, 1930			
Frost, <i>Collected Poems</i> , 1930			
Sandburg, <i>Early Moon</i> , 1930			

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
CONTEMPORARY PERIOD, Since 1918—continued			
Vachel Lindsay died, 1931			Spain became a republic, 1931
Burbank, <i>Harvest of Years</i> , 1931			Japan began occupation of Manchuria, 1931
Pearl Buck, <i>The Good Earth</i> , Pulitzer Prize, 1931			
Stephen Vincent Benét, <i>Ballads and Poems</i> , 1931			
Hart Crane died, 1932	January 20 instead of March 4 made date for presidential inauguration, 1932	Depression reached lowest depths, 1932	Province of Manchuria set up as state of Manchukuo, 1932
Gamaliel Bradford died, 1932		Reconstruction Finance Corporation established, 1932	
Henry Van Dyke died, 1933	U. S. marines withdrawn from Nicaragua, 1933	National Industrial Recovery Act passed, 1933	Hitler became chancellor of Germany, 1933
Ring Lardner died, 1933	Franklin D. Roosevelt inaugurated as president, 1933	Agricultural Adjustment Administration; Civilian Conservation Corps; Federal Emergency Relief Administration; Home Owners' Loan Corporation; National Labor Board; Public Works Administration; and various other agencies established, 1933	
Sara Teasdale died, 1933		Embargo on gold exports and law against gold hoarding passed, 1933	
Irving Babbitt died, 1933		Prohibition repealed, 1933	
Hill, <i>The Richest American</i> (radio), 1933		United States Gold Reserve Act passed, 1934	
Allen, <i>Anthony Adverse</i> , 1933		Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation and Federal Housing Administration established, 1934	
Young, <i>So Red the Rose</i> , 1934	Act passed changing government of Philippine Islands and granting independence after ten years, 1934	Severe drought occurred in West, 1934-1936	
Freeman, <i>Robert E. Lee</i> , 1934	United States signed anti-war pact with Latin-American countries, 1934		
J. T. Adams, <i>America's Tragedy</i> , 1934		Streamline trains first used, 1935	Italian-Ethiopian War fought, 1935-1936
Robinson, <i>Amaranth</i> , 1934		National Youth Administration and Soil Conservation Service established, 1935	First president of Philippines inaugurated, 1935
Millay, <i>Wine from These Grapes</i> , 1934		National Labor Relations Act (Wagner Act) and Social Security Act passed, 1935	
Edwin Arlington Robinson died, 1935			
Anne Douglas Sedgwick died, 1935			
Will Rogers died, 1935			
Wolfe, <i>Of Time and the River</i> , 1935			
Anne Morrow Lindbergh, <i>North to the Orient</i> , 1935			
Untermeyer, <i>Selected Poems and Parodies</i> , 1935			
Robinson, <i>King Jasper</i> , 1935			
Lewis, <i>It Can't Happen Here</i> , 1935			
Jeffers, <i>Solstice</i> , 1935			

SELECTIONS AND AUTHORS	POLITICAL EVENTS	SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EVENTS	FOREIGN EVENTS
CONTEMPORARY PERIOD, Since 1918—continued			
<p>Buck, <i>The Exile</i>, 1936</p> <p>Finley Peter Dunne died, 1936</p> <p>Frost, <i>A Further Range</i>, 1936</p> <p>Mitchell, <i>Gone with the Wind</i>, Pulitzer Prize, 1936</p> <p>Malvina Hoffman, <i>Heads and Tales</i>, 1936</p> <p>Don Marquis died, 1937</p> <p>Ellis Parker Butler died, 1937</p> <p>Edgar Watson Howe died, 1937</p> <p>Millay, <i>Conversation at Midnight</i>, 1937</p> <p>Van Loon, <i>The Arts</i>, 1937</p> <p>Eve Curie, <i>Madame Curie</i>, 1937</p> <p>Bromfield, <i>The Rains Came</i>, 1937</p> <p>Steinbeck, <i>Of Mice and Men</i>, 1937</p> <p>MacLeish, <i>The Fall of the City</i>, 1937</p> <p>Maxwell Anderson, <i>High Tor</i>, 1937</p> <p>Thomas Wolfe died, 1938</p> <p>Zona Gale died, 1938</p> <p>Owen Wister died, 1938</p> <p>Mumford, <i>The Culture of Cities</i>, 1938</p> <p>Wilder, <i>Our Town</i>, 1938</p> <p>Byrd, <i>Alone</i>, 1938</p> <p>Anne Morrow Lindbergh, <i>Listen! The Wind</i>, 1938</p> <p>Heywood Broun died, 1939</p> <p>Edward Markham died, 1940</p> <p>Hamlin Garland died, 1940</p>	<p>President Roosevelt attended Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace, Buenos Aires, 1936</p> <p>United States participated in Pan-American Conference at Lima, 1938</p>	<p>United States Housing Authority established, 1937</p> <p>Federal Emergency Relief Administration discontinued, 1938</p> <p>Federal Wage and Hour Law passed, 1938</p>	<p>Edward VIII, king of England, abdicated, 1936</p> <p>Spanish Revolution took place, 1936-1938</p> <p>Japan renewed penetration and control of Chinese territory, 1937</p> <p>Germany annexed Austria, 1938</p> <p>Germany annexed Czechoslovakia, 1938</p> <p>Germany and Soviet Union occupied and partitioned Poland, 1939</p> <p>France and Britain declared war on Germany, as result of invasion of Poland, 1939</p> <p>Soviet Union invaded Finland, 1939</p>

SELECTIONS GROUPED BY PERIODS

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Great Poets and Small	Paul Hamilton Hayne	435
Hindrance	John Charles McNeill	456
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Some selections are much easier to identify as types of literature than others. *Moby Dick*, for instance, is definitely a novel and is never referred to as anything else. "The Declaration of Independence," on the other hand, may be considered an essay or merely a document. Often, therefore, it is called a documentary essay. Other selections do not fall into any exact classification but show characteristics of several types. The following index lists the selections according to the standpoint from which they may be considered for study.

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